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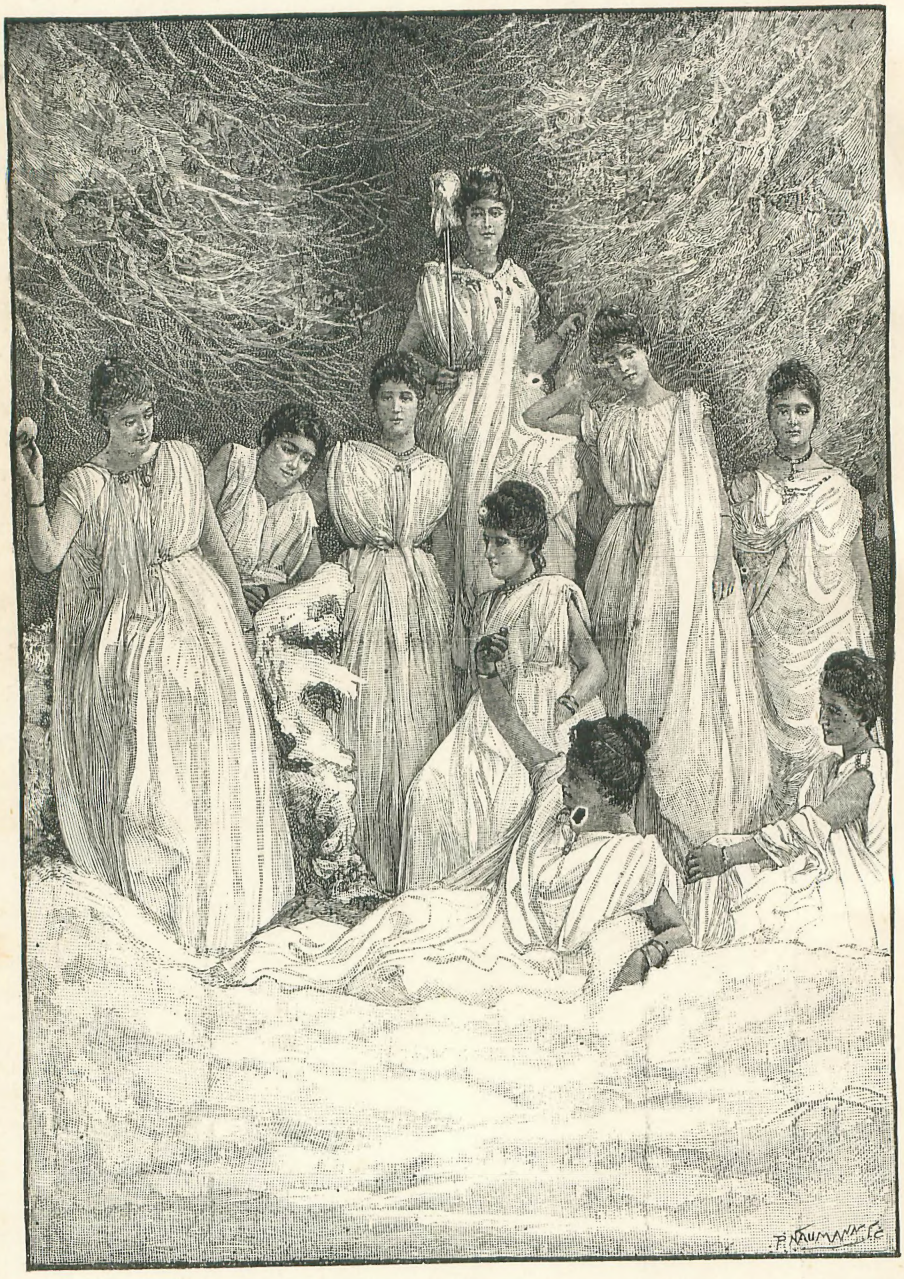


"THE SNOW QUEEN."

(*Tableaux Vivants.*)

Tableaux Vivants.

"THE GAMBLER'S WIFE."

SO much attention has lately been given to tableaux, that it will no doubt be interesting to go through the minutiæ which must be properly attended to before anything like success can be attained. We have often seen tableaux completely ruined by an awkward piece of mismanagement, clumsy grouping, or bad lighting, which, but for these defects, would have been very effective.

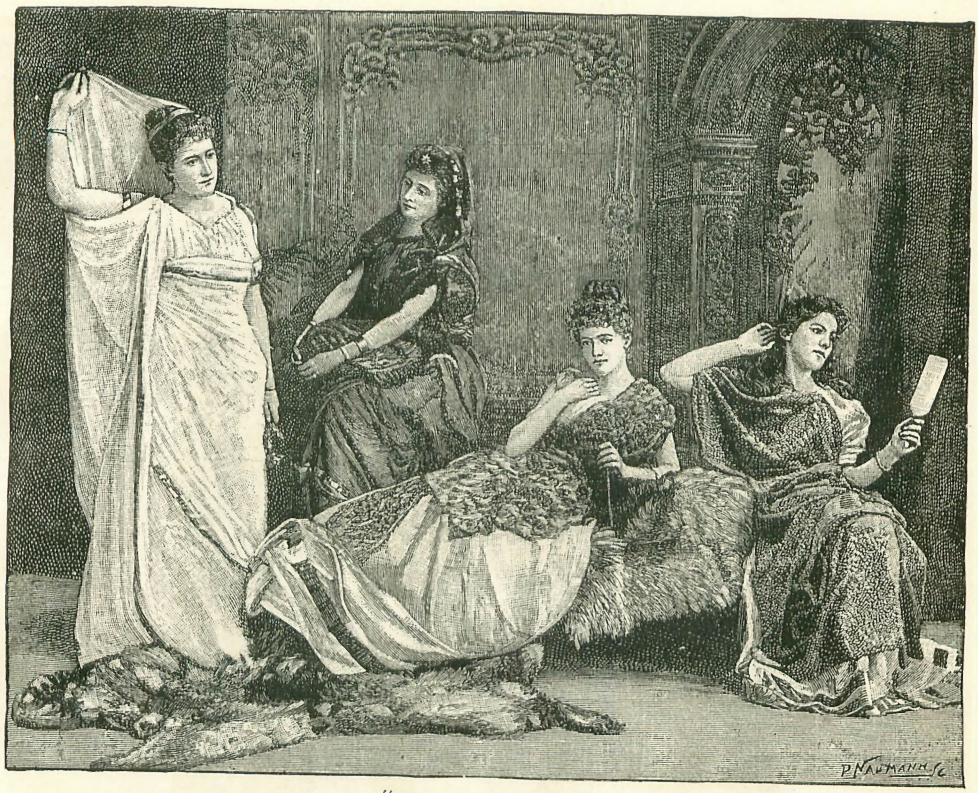
Of course, nearly everything depends upon the stage manager, who should be an experienced man, and with plenty of good temper and patience, for he has a great deal to put up with. And first a word or two about the stage. Very often one has to be improvised, and in that case it is most essential to have a proper "rake"—that is, a slope down from the back to the front, of not less than one inch to one foot, in order that the group presented may be better seen from every part of the auditorium. In some cases stages are built, as it were, in three tiers, each about nine inches to one foot above the other; but this is not a satisfactory construction, as, in arranging tableaux, quickness is the very essence of success, and, in running the properties on and off, these tiers get in the way. Stages should be firmly and substantially constructed. There have been cases of collapse, under the united weight of scenery and groups.

SCENERY.—It is contended by some people that scenery is unnecessary, and only takes the eye from the group in front; but such is not really the case; and where artistic scenery is obtainable, relative to the subject of the group, not too strongly

expressed, and prettily arranged, it is most helpful, and, in fact, a *sine quâ non*. As regards the properties, the stools and boxes, of which, generally, a good number are required, should be made on purpose, of different heights. These are most helpful in posing groups; but the stage should not be overburdened with them, as they are then only in the way, and make extra work in removing. It is a great thing, if possible, to have these properties so made that they will suit all the tableaux to be presented.

"A SUMMER SHOWER."

Perhaps the most important subject is the lighting. It is a disputed point as to whether footlights are advantageous. In the tableaux here illustrated they were always used, as sometimes it was found that the limelight does not reach the feet, and a hard white line is the result. The overhead floats are a necessity. As to the limelight, the two men who manage this must throw their light from a height of not less than six feet; they should be opposite one another, and room must be arranged for their apparatus and oxygen bottle. It is well to have reliable operators for this work, as they are not always trustworthy; and not to allow them to leave the stage until their work is completed, as should anything go wrong with the limelight the tableaux would be inevitably ruined. On figures draped in white, or statuary, the blue light is perhaps the best, and altogether the most suited to the subject, on account of the softness it gives to the drapery; and, especially in the case of statuary, it has all the appearance and effect of marble. As tableaux are generally shown



"THE SHRINE OF VENUS."

two or three times, the curtain is rung down for a few seconds while another pose is arranged. A different lighting effect may be used in the second and third exhibitions: for instance, in "The Snow Queen" (represented in the frontispiece) in the first representation, the blue light was used; and in the second a red, and this, of course, combined with the light from the floats and footlights, produced a happy effect. This tableau was perhaps the most successful of the whole series, which were all put on at Blackheath recently, and arranged by Mrs. Hart and Mr. W. E. Parker, in aid of various charities in the neighbourhood. Those which we have chosen as subjects for illustration were very successful, and these we will now particularise more minutely.

Special attention was paid to the grouping and lighting. Of course in the case of "The Snow Queen" all the dresses were of a pure white, in keeping with the subject, and a very effective foreground was made with some light diaphanous drapery, the realism being heightened by some glistening powder, known as Jack Frost, thrown over the dresses of the figures at the last moment to represent hoar-frost. This tableau was encored every time.

"The Gambler's Wife" is taken from the well-known picture. In this tableau the colour is pretty evenly balanced, the costumes were remarkably good, and every detail carefully studied from the original. The scenery, too, was a great success, and altogether was much admired.

In "The Summer Shower" the dresses, if not quite white, nearly approached it, and the mixture of blue and white in the lighting was very appropriate. The tableau represents three young ladies, who have been caught by a shower, taking shelter under a somewhat conventional tree until the sky clears again. This tableau always found favour with the audience.

"The Shrine of Venus" had the advantage of being taken from Mr. Alma Tadema's beautiful picture. It would be superfluous to comment on the composition of it. The dresses, which of course were as near facsimiles of the painting as possible, were well lighted; once with the admixture of the red and white, and again by the blue

"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

and white lights. This tableau, it is needless to say, was very well received.

"Scandal, or Private and Confidential," was a very pretty conception. It was either supposed to represent three bosom friends engaged in reading a proposal, all unconscious of the proximity of the proposer himself, accompanied by some eager listeners, or a group of ladies engaged in discussing the latest bit of scandal, whilst some of those concerned are hearing their own characters extolled, or otherwise. This shared the enthusiastic reception accorded to the former.

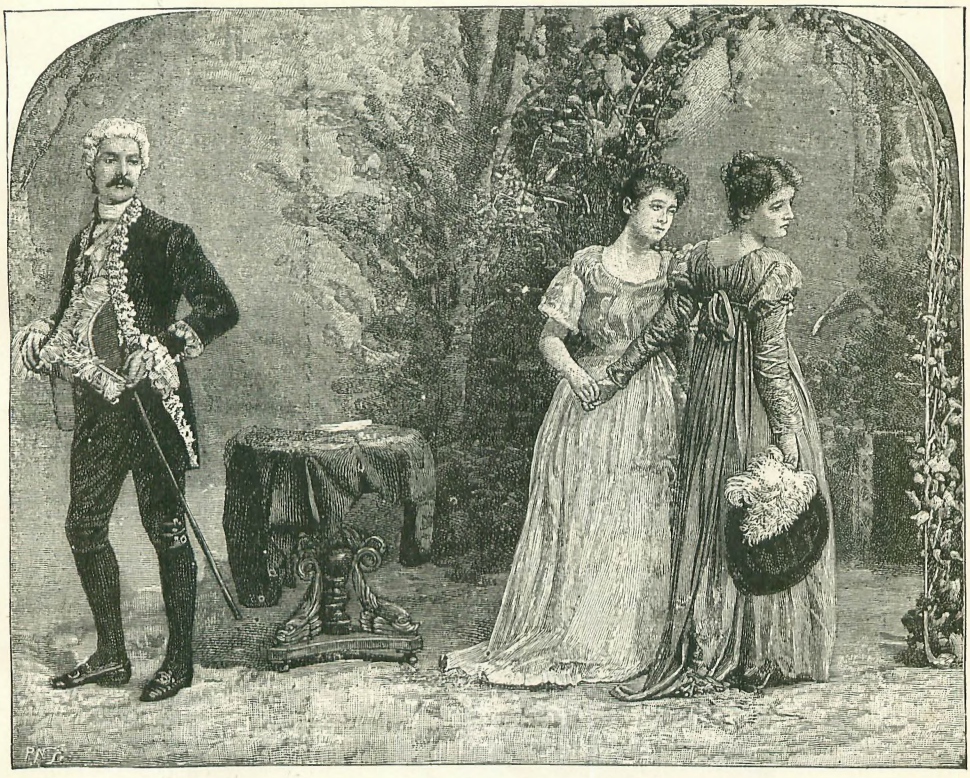
"The Tiff" is reproduced from a well-known painting; a friend is acting as a peacemaker between wife and husband. This tableau saved the stage-manager the trouble of composition by the study from the original. The dresses were in subdued art shades, on which the red light had a charming effect.

"He loves me; he loves me not," was hardly less successful.

In arranging tableaux of this kind, especial care should be taken not to throw contradictory colours on to the groups, such as red light on to yellow. The red light is generally used to represent evening; the blue, moonlight; and the white, sunshine. As the operators cannot communicate with each other whilst

the curtain is up, a complete and exact list of the lights required for each tableau must be supplied to them beforehand, so that no hitch occurs. The gas wants good arrangement, so that the man who attends to it can turn the footlights and floats up exactly at the right moment, or moderate the light as required. The curtain should, as a rule, be up for fifteen to twenty-five seconds, or even more, at the stage-manager's discretion, as he will be at the side watching the group, and, should any of the members show sign of wavering or moving, he will at once ring down the curtain.

It is necessary to have three or four rehearsals, the last of which should be, if possible, a dress rehearsal, and the stage-manager should use the same properties for the members of the various tableaux that are to be in use when presented to the audience ; and it is a good plan to label these, in order that there may be no confusion at the last moment. The properties require quite as much rehearsing as the posing of the figures. Some people are instinctively better able to pose than others, and it is the want of power in this direction that gives the stage-manager so much trouble. As one remarked : " When you ask for the hand or arm to be extended, the effect is very often more like an old Dutch doll than anything else." In this lies the hardest part of the work. Of course, when a tableau is taken from a picture, line for line, the picture, or a copy of it, should be on the stage, in order that the members may study each individual part ; but when, as is more often the case, the manager is responsible for the group, it depends a great deal on his artistic ability as to whether the posing and grouping are good. Very often the moving back of a member will mar or make the success of a tableau. Again, the turn of a wrist, or the inclination of a head, will have the same effect ; as, although a tableau is judged in its



"A TIFF."

entirety, each member should endeavour to hold herself or himself gracefully, so as to contribute to a harmonious whole.

There is one caution to be noted. The soot from the gas in the floats sometimes collects on the ironwork overhead, and, having got red-hot, falls. It was noticed in one of the tableaux that the audience did not consider it a success on account of a young lady, who was supposed to be putting on her shoe, but who was in reality pinching out a large piece of burning soot, which had fallen on her dress. A fine piece of wire gauze under the float will entirely remedy this. Indeed, floats should never be fixed without it, as otherwise an accident is so liable to happen.

We think we have rehearsed all the details necessary to produce pretty and successful tableaux, and the illustrations above given will be a help to those who wish to represent them.

"HE LOVES ME; HE LOVES ME NOT.

Woke Up at Last.

THE VISION OF ST. HELENA. BY PAULO VERONESE.
(In the National Gallery.)

"THERE'S room for you too, Neliie!" said Ralphie, in his sweet, feeble voice. So Nellie curled herself up beside him in the capacious old leathered-covered arm-chair which always stood beside the parlour fire.

There was a splendid fire flaming in the grate, so the children did not mind being alone in the on-coming darkness. They were quite happy, nestling together in the big chair, with the firelight playing on their faces and flickering all over the room. The changeful golden glow and the strange leaping shadows brought beauty and

mystery into Mrs. Clarke's barely-furnished little parlour.

Mrs. Clarke herself had gone out to do some marketing. She had been a long time gone, and in their secret hearts the children hoped it would be a long while yet before she returned. Poor Mrs. Clarke, soft-hearted as a baby, but careful and troubled about many things, was often rather cross and disagreeable. Since Mr. Clarke's death four years ago she had been a lodging-house keeper, and lodging-house keeping had spoiled her temper, and brought anxious puckers and wrinkles to her once smooth forehead. But the fact that she had adopted little orphaned Ralphie was proof enough of her being at heart a thoroughly kind and womanly woman.

"THE FIRELIGHT SHONE ON THE TWO LITTLE FACES."

This was the sad history, so far as Mrs. Clarke knew it, of Ralphie's parentage. Seven years ago, when Mr. Clarke was alive and when Mrs. Clarke only let out two top rooms of her house, there came one day a gentleman seeking lodgings for himself, his wife, and baby. Mrs. Clarke knew he was a gentleman, although he was shabbily dressed, and could not afford to pay much for the rooms. He was an artist, he said, and his face was so sad, gentle, and winning that Mrs. Clarke needed no other recommendation, and even let him have the rooms for much less than she had originally asked. No one knew better than Mrs. Clarke the heart-rending struggles with ill-fortune and poverty her lodgers went through, and no one was sadder than Mrs. Clarke when the young artist laid down his brush for the last time, and took to his bed and died. And when, not many months later, the young artist's girl-wife, broken-hearted, followed her husband into the unseen world, it was Mrs. Clarke who took compassion on the sickly, wailing baby boy, and brought him up side by side with her own little daughter Nellie.

As the firelight shone on the two little faces it was easy to see that the children were not brother and sister. Ralphie's face was delicately pretty, with white arched brow and sensitive blue eyes; Nellie's was plain, plump, and happy-looking. They had been sitting silent for a long time. Nellie was half asleep, her dark head with the straight hair cut short all round it lying against Ralphie's curls of silky gold. Ralphie's dreaming, dilating eyes were fixed upon the clear flaming fire.

"Nellie!" said Ralphie suddenly, "I should think that lady in the picture woke up!"

"What lady, Ralphie?" said Nellie, opening wide her sleepy brown eyes.

"The lady that's asleep, and that the angel boys are flying down to with a cross," said Ralphie.

"That picture in the big gallery that you're so fond of?" said Nellie, suddenly comprehending.

"Yes," answered Ralphie, and went on dreamily: "P'raps these angels are her own little boys that died one day and went to heaven. And one day they wanted to go back to see their mother. So Jesus let them fly down on His cross. But they found their mother fast asleep, she was so tired out with crying because her little boys had died. That's what the picture shows you. I 'spect she woke up soon, and saw her little boys that had been turned into angels. The picture doesn't show you that, but I should think Jesus didn't let them go back to heaven without letting their mother wake up and see them."

This was Ralphie's interpretation of the picture of the vision of St. Helena which hangs in the National Gallery. Mrs. Clarke's house was in a small street scarcely a quarter of an hour's walk from Trafalgar-square, so Ralphie and Nellie often wandered to the "big gallery," as they called it, and spent many happy hours there, gazing and marvelling at the pictures. To Ralphie the pictures were of absorbing and entrancing interest, and many an odd, quaint fancy about them was lodged in his busy brain. The child had inherited his father's impressionable, imaginative artist nature. "How glad she must have been," went on Ralphie, "when she woke up and saw——"

Ralphie stopped. Mrs. Clarke had come

"MRS. CLARKE HAD COME HOME VERY TIRED."

home, heavily laden with parcels, very tired, and consequently very cross, so although they were very quiet and could not possibly have been in the way, snugged up as they were in the armchair, Ralphie and Nellie were immediately dispatched to bed. They were able, however, to finish their talk about the picture while they undressed. Nellie shared her mother's bed, and Ralphie slept in a closet close by. They always left their doors open, and talked while they got into bed, and sometimes for a long time after. To-night Ralphie would have continued to talk about the lady in the picture long after he and Nellie had nestled down in bed, but Nellie was tired, and fell asleep as soon as her little head touched the pillow.

Ralphie had a bad night. Sometimes he was burning hot, sometimes shivering with cold. He tossed about and muttered to himself, and it was very late before he fell asleep. In the morning when he awoke, there was a strange excitement in his eyes. He lay still a little while, his brain working strangely. Then he slipped out of bed, and went to Nellie's bedside. Mrs. Clarke had been up for some time, but little Nellie was still sleeping. A good shake soon aroused her.

"Nellie!" cried Ralphie, excitedly. "The lady in the picture woke up! She woke up and spoke to me! Nellie, let's go and see if it'll come true! She opened her eyes, and spoke to me! Let's go and see if it'll come true!"

He had much ado to make the bewildered Nellie understand what he wanted her to do—to get up there and then, and go with him to the National Gallery to see if the sleeping lady in the picture was awake! When Nellie did at last comprehend what was required of her she made no demur. She was accustomed to follow and obey Ralphie in everything, and was easily carried away by his excitement and eagerness.

The two children dressed and went quietly downstairs. Mrs. Clarke was busy in the kitchen, so they slipped out of the front door unobserved. Ralphie was weak and dizzy, but his excitement gave him strength, and he started off at a quick patter down the street, almost dragging Nellie with him. All the way he babbled strangely about the lady in the picture, and what she had said to him in his dream.

When they reached the Gallery, Ralphie found, to his keen disappointment, that the doors were not yet open. He had quite overlooked the fact that they did not open till ten o'clock. The clock of St. Martin's showed that it was now half-past eight.

It never occurred to Ralphie to go back, and the two children sat down in the porch to wait an hour and a half.

Ralphie's eyes, fixed with an intent look upon vacancy, grew ever more and more brilliant. Nellie, who had had no beautiful strange dream to make her forget everything else, began to feel cold and hungry. She listlessly drooped her little round head against a stone pillar, and wondered if Ralphie would really wait there till ten o'clock.

Big Ben struck the hour of nine, and St. Martin's chimed in a moment later.

Nellie was fast asleep. Ralphie sat in a waking dream with wide, unblinking eyes.

The hour passed, and Big Ben and St. Martin's proclaimed that it was ten o'clock.

The doors opened. Ralphie roused Nellie. They slipped in, and stole quickly up one of the stone flights of stairs.

Without a glance of recognition, Ralphie hurried past all his favourite pictures —the Madonnas and baby Christs; the man pierced with cruel arrows; the angel heads emerging from clouds; the lady with the wheel, her face upturned to heaven, and her beautiful dress of ruby and yellow, grey and green; the boy with the bushy hair and flying blue cloak running arm in arm with an angel, and with a fish dangling from one hand;—all these he almost ran past, never pausing until he reached the sleeping lady.

That sweet, weary, calm face of St. Helena, resting on her hand, had taken a great hold on Ralphie's heart. As he and Nellie stopped before the picture now, he clasped his hands together, and fixed his glittering blue eyes on St. Helena's face.

St. Helena was fast asleep.

"Won't you wake up, lady?" Ralphie began to whisper wistfully, "Won't you—?" The little limbs trembled and failed, a strange giddy feeling came into the poor little head, everything grew black, and Ralphie slid to the ground in a swoon.

Nellie screamed in terror, and threw herself down beside him. It filled her with an awful dread to see him lying so motionless and white. Frantically she pulled him by the hand, but he did not stir. She implored him to open his eyes, but he kept them closed. Nellie sobbed in an agony of fear and desolation.

St. Helena slept on. Neither Ralphie's wistful appeal nor Nellie's wild sobs had pierced through her dreams.

But help was coming.

Olivia Ross had been out an hour ago on an errand of mercy. She was now walking slowly back to her lonely home, pondering over the sad scene she had just quitted, marvelling at the strange dealings of God with men.

"NELLIE WAS FAST ASLEEP."

Something in the pathetic story she had just listened to had reminded her of the fate of her young brother Ralph. Ten years ago Ralph, a dreamy, unpractical, talented boy, had turned his back on his home and on his wrathful, disappointed father to live by the Art his father despised and to make himself a name in the world as a painter. Since then there had been no word or sign from him. The wide world had engulphed him.

Olivia Ross was a sweet and tender-hearted woman. About her compassionate lips and on her serene brow there were traces of outlived sorrow. She had had much grief since Ralph, the brother she had loved so well, had gone away. The proud old father had died, not forgiving his son even at the last, and then Olivia, unable to live in the sorrow-haunted home,

had left it to come to London, there to expend her wealth and her compassion wherever she found need for it.

Her way this morning lay through Trafalgar-square. As she reached the National Gallery, some strong impulse made her turn and enter. She used to say afterwards that an angel must have taken her by the hand and led her in. The galleries seemed to be quite empty. She walked slowly from one room to another, stopping now and then to glance at a picture, but always drawn irresistibly on again.

Suddenly a child's terrified scream, breaking the stillness of the place, startled her. She hastened in the direction from which the sound had come, and was soon on the spot where Ralphie lay unconscious on the floor, Nellie crouched beside him.

"RALPHIE LAY UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR."

"My poor little ones!" cried Olivia Ross, and in a moment she was lifting the prostrate child into her pitying arms.

Ralphie stirred and opened his eyes.

What a radiant smile it was that stole into his face as he looked up at the lady in whose arms he lay! It was as if some celestial vision had been granted him.

"You have woke up at last!" he whispered. "Woke up at last!" There was a cadence of perfect content in the feeble little voice, and for a moment the blue eyes shone out from the pallor of the child's face with a wonderful lustre and beauty.

Olivia started. It was not Ralphie's words, but his beautiful eyes, that awoke a strange agitation within her.

"How like! How like!" she exclaimed wonderingly to herself, as she scanned the lines of Ralphie's face.

But this was no time for wonder and wild speculation. The exhausted condition of the little fellow demanded immediate relief. Learning from Nellie, who clung sobbing to her skirts, that the children's home was farther away than her own, she did not pause long to consider what she should do. Nellie was sent home to tell the story to her mother, and in a brief time Ralphie was under Olivia Ross's roof with a doctor beside him.

Ralphie was very ill, said the doctor, but with extreme care there was hope of his recovery.

He had always kept but a frail hold on life, and now he had a hard struggle not to let go of it altogether. He lay in a state of semi-consciousness. Now and then he opened his eyes, and always that seraphic smile came into them when he saw the pitiful face of Olivia Ross bending over him. And Olivia smiled back at him, because she saw that it satisfied the child, but her heart was full of tears, and she yearned strangely towards him.

When Mrs. Clarke came, and when Olivia heard the story of Ralphie's parents, her heart nearly broke with mingled joy and pain. There was no doubt that little

Ralphie, to whose help she had been so wonderfully guided, was her own nephew, Ralph's child.

Ralphie did not die, Olivia could not let him die. She watched over him with tireless, ceaseless care, keeping hungry death at bay.

"You have woke up at last! Woke up at last!" Ralphie would murmur again and again.

And Olivia, because it soothed him, would answer softly as she stroked his brow with a tender hand, "Yes, I have woke up at last, little Ralph; I have woke up at last!"

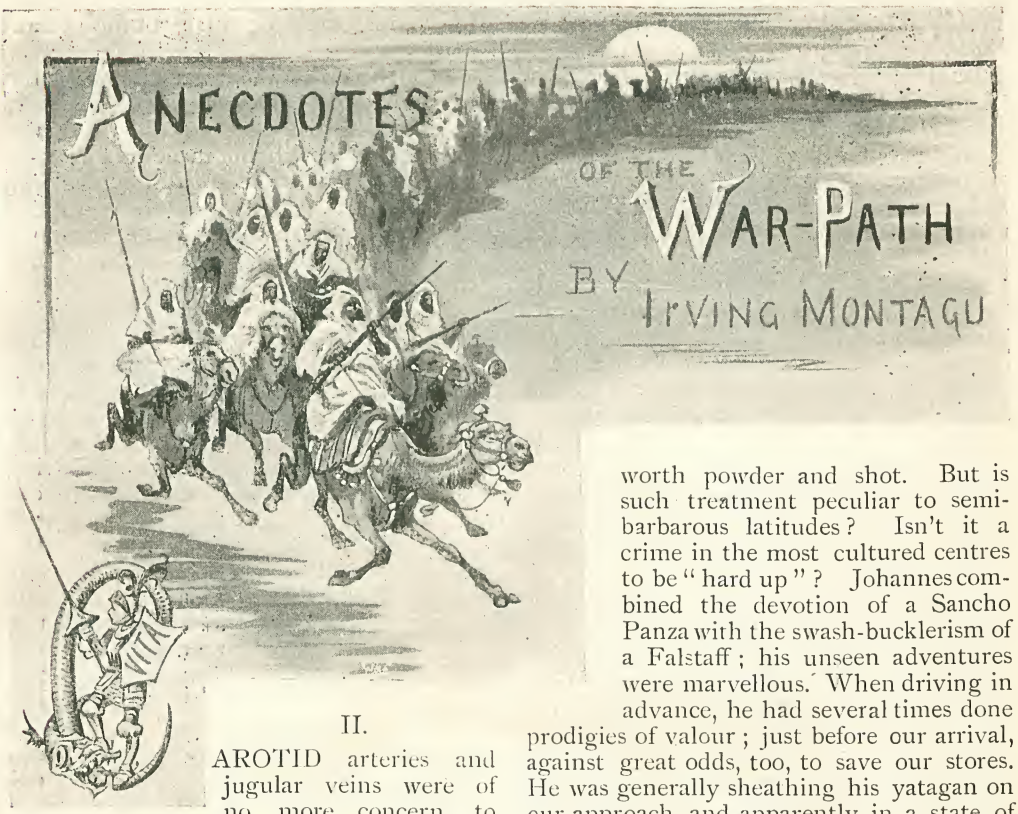
To herself, thinking of her young brother's thwarted aspirations and unhappy fate, Olivia cried passionately:

"If he lives—and he must live—I will give him all that was denied to poor Ralph. If he loves Art as Ralph loved it, he shall have sympathy without stint. He shall study, and have the best of teachers. He shall travel, and see all that is best in Art in the world. He shall have every opportunity of developing his talent. He shall be a great painter if it is in him to be one."

When Ralphie was at last free from his delusion, and was able to be told that the lady who had nursed him so pitifully and so lovingly through his illness was his own aunt, his wonder and rapture knew no bounds. It seemed strange at first to hear that he was never to go back to live with Nellie and Mrs. Clarke, and it was hard to part from them. But he was soon reconciled to the change. How could he help it, when it was so beautiful and happy a one? How could he help liking to be loved and cared for by so sweet and noble a lady as his aunt Olivia?

It need scarcely be added that Nellie and Mrs. Clarke were never forgotten, not even when little Ralphie had grown to man's estate, and had become a promising young painter, of whom it was confidently predicted that he would some day write R.A. after his name.

"YOU HAVE WOKE UP AT LAST."



II.

AROTID arteries and jugular veins were of no more concern to Mehemet Ben Ali than the laws of *Meum and Tuum*, yet he was true to the core when it served his own interests, and invaluable to us in the capacity of Postmaster-General when on the war-path in Asia Minor. The fact was, Ben had had his critical eye on the messengers we sent to the rear with despatches for some considerable time, as recent experiences proved.

Not long since, our faithful Johannes, the driver of the ramshackle areba, or native cart, which contained our supplies, had been attacked when on a foraging expedition in quest of black bread, and very roughly treated. As a representative of English pashas, he was supposed to be a man of more substance than he turned out to be when his pockets were rifled by a detachment of four burly brigands who had been sent out by the wily Ben to intercept him. On his joining us, there could be little doubt that he really had suffered considerably at their hands, having been unmercifully cudgelled as a poverty-stricken knave who was not (happily for himself) worth powder and shot. But is such treatment peculiar to semi-barbarous latitudes? Isn't it a crime in the most cultured centres to be "hard up"? Johannes combined the devotion of a Sancho Panza with the swash-bucklerism of a Falstaff; his unseen adventures were marvellous. When driving in advance, he had several times done prodigies of valour; just before our arrival, against great odds, too, to save our stores. He was generally sheathing his yatagan on our approach, and apparently in a state of considerable excitement. He was, however, honesty itself in its broadest sense, and the fact of his having returned on that particular occasion *sans* almost everything, and severely knocked about into the bargain, was sufficient evidence of the maltreatment he had received. No; mulching oneself into something like a jelly, is not a likely or pleasant way of producing evidence of an experience. Johannes had been an unmistakable victim.

We all liked him; he was a cheery soul, and generous to a fault—many faults, in fact, as one of our experiences proved. It happened in this way. We found him one morning in advance of our party, commiserating with a poor traveller who, weary and footsore, was leaning against a box-tree in a glade through which we were passing. He had already elicited from the poor wretch the rough story of his strange career, even to the fact that he was then returning by long and exhausting stages to his native village near Lake Van, which he hoped to reach before his aged kotona joined the houri.

What he feared most was brigands ; he was in a state of abject dread of them. He had one or two little things which he valued about him, and a small amount of money as well ; and, when we came up, he was imploring Johannes to intercede for him that he might be allowed to accompany us and enjoy the protection of our escort for such time as our way lay in his direction. Seven times a day would he kiss the hems of our garments if need be, to say nothing of prostrating himself each night before the setting sun to supplicate the blessings of Allah on the kindly pashas who had afforded him this much-coveted protection.

We were quite willing he should accompany us, and, moreover, gave him the additional advantage of riding in our areba.

He would "grovel in the sand to serve us"; he would remember when in Paradise (he seemed sure of his ethereal destination) the services we had rendered him, and perpetually sing our praises.

From the point of view of futurity, our wanderer had been a good investment, and we metaphorically patted each other on the back as good Samaritans. So it was that days and nights succeeded each other in which we received ample recompense in blessings for the protection we were affording. Five days had in all passed, and night had closed in, when our fellow traveller, having shared our frugal meal, as usual, and discussed equally, as usual, our post-prandial *café noir*, was smoking his last pipe before retiring to rest, when (my dragoman translating) he volunteered the following story :—

"Once upon a time, O mighty white Pashas," he began, with a delightful Oriental vagueness as to period, "once upon a time, there dwelt at Teheran a mighty monarch and a miserable mendicant. The monarch's wealth was abundant, and the eyes of his lovely daughter Myrrah were as lode-stars in the rays of which he basked. As far as this world's possessions were concerned he had nothing left to desire, yet was he the most miserable man in all Persia ; for in his youth he had violated (no matter how) the confidence of his best friend, and now old age was creeping upon him so rapidly that he feared insufficient time for repentance would be left him.

"Now, one day while riding in the vicinity of his palace, he noticed a starving mendicant lying by the wayside, and he felt that in him Allah had afforded him an opportunity for doing good as a means by which to compensate for his youthful shortcomings.

"So he bade the beggar rise and follow him. Then for his rags were substituted fine raiment, and he not only showered upon him untold wealth, but made him even the highest officer in his royal household, his Grand Vizier.

"Now, what did that Grand Vizier do ? Did he sing the praises of his deliverer from cockcrow to sundown ?

"No, he did not ; he did nothing of the kind. He added to his obligations by falling desperately in love with the king's only daughter, the princess Myrrah, whose eyes, you will remember, were as lode-stars and whose complexion blended in one the beauties of the lily and the rose, and whose lips were 'ruddier than the cherry'; and he said unto her : 'Take of thy father's jewels and gold all thou canst secure, and I also will do the same, he has enough and to spare. And, when we have gathered together all that cometh within our reach, we will journey hence together while your royal father the king sleepeth, and none shall know whither.'

"And this, O pashas, in the dead of night they did, so that when the monarch awoke in the morning he found himself, not only robbed of his most valuable worldly possessions, but, above all, discovered himself to be childless.

"'There is no gratitude in this world," said the king. 'In striving by good deeds to erase bad ones, I have but proved that the ready-witted rogue is the winner in the long run.'"

This was the strange philoscphy of the wanderer's story on which I pondered when, half an hour later, all others in the khan were wrapped in slumber.

At the first grey streak of dawn I awoke, and felt, as was my custom, in my waistcoat pocket for my watch, that I might time our uprising.

It was gone ! Not the waistcoat, but the watch. The chain had been nipped by a sharp instrument, many sovereigns too had been dexterously abstracted from my gold belt.

Several other correspondents had suffered somewhat similarly. An entry must have been made in the night. We all hoped the poor stranger with his small stock of hard-earned valuables, which he cherished

so dearly, had not suffered as well. No, he had not. The spot where he had disposed himself to rest the night before, in the language of the East, "knew him not."

It had been an exit, not an entry, after all. He had, in other words, made tracks, taking with him everything he could lay hands on. We had, in short, been done to a turn by an Asiatic sharper of the first water, and it was with sickly smiles that we concurred with the moral of his story of the night before—

"There is no gratitude in this world. Ready-witted rogues generally win in the long run."

Those abundant blessings had been a bad investment after all. The poor stranger would have made an able officer in the service of Mehemet Ben Ali.

The incident, however, which decided our future action with a view to keeping in touch with the base of operations in Fleet-street was the premature return of one of our messengers who had been sent by us with sketches and despatches to Erzeroum. The story he told was a simple one.

A HANGING COMMITTEE.

The leathern case in which he carried our pen and pencil contributions to the London press had attracted the notice of several brigands, who had followed him into a gloomy copse ; and, having first beaten him, the invariable custom of those who are too humane to kill outright, they had bound him to a tree, a helpless witness to the examination of his effects.

The manuscripts had of course no interest for them, but the sketches delighted them immensely. They literally roared when they saw themselves as others saw them.

Having formed a hanging committee, they disposed of a batch of these drawings on the surrounding forest trees. A sylvan exhibition of black and white sketches, to "a private view" of which they now left our scared servant.

Later on they returned, bringing with them many others, amongst whom they were ultimately divided with a general good humour which was so catching that they unanimously agreed to let the messenger who had been the innocent means of so much amusement go free, and thus it was that he had been able to again join us.

Happily for us, this discovery was made so early that it did not materially affect us, and served as a wholesome hint that, under certain circumstances, when not in touch with the regular army, and sometimes even then, we must avail ourselves of the services of "our friend, the enemy," in other words of these very brigands themselves. Williams, my Levantine interpreter, was on all such critical occasions invaluable, and we now at once consulted him.

There were, he told us, many villages *en route* known by the natives to be chiefly occupied by desperadoes of the highway, whose propensities, bloodthirsty enough when in the open, were mild and lamblike at home to all passing strangers who claimed their hospitalities. Once within the limits and your protection was assured till your departure, when, becoming again public property, you were attacked with all possible precipitancy, lest some other gang secured you who had not extended to you any hospitalities at all.

To one of several such remote villages I would refer. Our approach had evidently not been expected, or we should probably have been intercepted. We were in fact palavering with several of the villagers before the chief, or headman, of the place

was well aware of our arrival. He was a venerable rogue, with a merry twinkle in his eye; nature had designed him for a *very* low comedian, but, fate having ordained otherwise, he was the leading spirit of that little community of cut-throats.

The village, however, was "ours," and they, the inhabitants, were "our veriest slaves."

Immediately the women had been accommodated elsewhere, we should have "the best khan in the place." In vain did we protest that we wouldn't for the world disturb the ladies. They were bundled off *instanter*, and we were ushered, still on horseback, into a huge stable, one portion of which was divided off into stalls where sheep, goats, oxen, and several very faded-looking horses were indiscriminately huddled together, while the smaller division of the place was devoted to the accommodation of poor humanity.

Several bewrinkled old hags, who were understood to be proof against our blandishments, had been allowed to remain to satisfy, later on, the curiosity of their fairer sisters.

The night was cold, and the wood fire which burned brightly in a convenient corner came as a welcome invitation to make ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances, which, it is needless to say, we at once proceeded to do.

Having been supplied plentifully with youart (a sort of rank curds and whey) and pelaff (a concoction of rice and the fat obtained from the pendulous tails of Asiatic sheep), we wrapped ourselves snugly up in our many wraps, lit our pipes, and calmly awaited what "Kismet" had in store for us.

Presently the rude door of the place was thrown wide open and a chilly gust of wind careered through the khan, bearing with it a volume of smoke from our primitive fireplace to be circulated in a sort of sooty cloudland above the rafters, chimneys being unknown in this happy valley.

Was it a funeral procession, or what?

The measured tread of many feet was to be heard without: first a beturbaned native entered, who, walking majestically to where I was seated, presented me with much solemnity with a flint stone, upon which, salaaming, he left the khan, to be succeeded by another and yet another, till some twelve or fourteen villagers had thus paraded before us, each bringing unconsidered trifles as presents for the white pashas. Broken bits of rusty flint-locks, bunches of leaves, old horseshoes, anything, in short, to convey an impression of kindly welcome and suggest future bucksheesh.

These presentations were hardly concluded when the clatter of horses' hoofs outside suggested the return from one of

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

their raids of a small party of marauders who, the next moment, had ridden into the khan and dismounted. First and foremost amongst these was Mehemet Ben Ali, whose glorious indifference with regard to carotid arteries and jugular veins was spoken of at the commencement of this article.

We joined the amused throng in the village later on, who gathered round those swarthy exhibitors of our effects, as they held up, one after another, our effects for inspection—a comb causing much amusement, its use, with that of a hair brush, requiring considerable explanation. I distinctly remember, too, a necktie, the band of which fastened with a patent clasp and an ominous click, which at once associated itself in their minds with the click of a pistol, and it was quite ludicrous to see how suddenly it was dropped by the first, and how carefully it was avoided by the rest of those who were examining the contents of our saddle bags. Soap, again, was more than once supposed to be eatable, and its use for washing purposes, when explained, was only half believed, its colour happening to be pink and white, suggesting to them some form of Rahat Lakoum, they evidently thought we were trying to save our sweetstuff. Everything, however, was returned to us, pilfering being only practised *without* the village lines, once having left which we were open to attack at any moment from our late entertainers, who now followed to waylay us.

BEN ALI.

I was so pleased with Mehemet Ben Ali's superior intelligence that I consulted Williams with a view to explaining to him our desire to keep up a direct communication with Erzeroum and thus with Trebizond on the coast, the latter part of the postal communication being covered by Tatas, or native footmen, generally some six or eight in number, who carry their letters and parcels in the saddlebags of the mules or horses they ride, and who are always accompanied by an armed escort of zapteahs. Thus, if once we could deposit our supplies of sketches and MS. with the British Consul at Erzeroum, all would go well.

It has been seen that ordinary messengers between the villages at which—when not sleeping in the open—we put up, and that place were invariably waylaid, so we further explained how utterly valueless to anyone, save our own people in England, were the despatches we sent; while, on the other hand, if we could once obtain an assurance of their safe delivery, we would reward Mehemet personally to a considerable extent, and he could pay his hirelings as he thought fit. Thus would he make more by the transaction in a week than he would perhaps make by the uncertain profession of brigandage in six months.

Ready-witted Ben saw at a glance that in this case honesty was the best policy, and thus it was that, not only there, but elsewhere, we were able to keep up direct communication with the rear, which would have been otherwise impossible. Every short cut through the mountains was known to these fellows, who thus circumvented the regular troops who sometimes were despatched in small bodies in search of them. This they did in the most marvellous way, always managing, through some intermediary, to get our literary and artistic contributions to the press by hook or by crook into the town, turning up a few days later with some unmistakable evidence of their delivery; then the Postmaster-General, as we dubbed Ben Ali, received the promised largess, the same system being made afterwards to apply, as I have said, with equal success elsewhere during such time as we were traversing that wild track of country intervening between Erzeroum and Kars, where we eventually joined the army of Ahmed Muckhtar Pasha.

The revolver they hold in special abhor-

rence, as containing the shafts of Sheitan—the devil's bolts—since, from their point of view, it goes off without loading. We never failed to show these easily-deluded creatures the repeating qualities of our weapons, never, of course, letting them see us load them.

I remember one occasion on which for their edification I proposed that a bottle should be put up and smashed by us at a fairly long pistol range, each correspondent firing six shots. I fired first. I emptied my revolver without—I blush to confess it—going within measurable distance of that bottle; it had, indeed, been a most unfortunate suggestion on my part. Utterly disgusted at my failure, *The Manchester Guardian*, an excellent revolver shot as a rule, took up his position. He failed now, as utterly and ignominiously as I had done. *The Scotsman* came next, with no better result. At this moment a lanky Circassian, who had been looking on, inquired mildly what the great white pashas were trying to do; and, when it was explained that they had intended hitting that bottle, he expressed himself as wonderstruck, picked up a stone, and, certainly with a force and precision I never witnessed before, or since, he smashed that bottle to smithereens.

"FLIRTING THAT FAN OF HERS.'

We did no more revolver practice in that village. Small matters have sometimes weighty significance, as instanced on another occasion, a delightfully calm evening, when we were steaming from Constantinople across the placid waters of the Sea of Marmora towards Brindisi. It was some months after our Anatolian experiences recorded above.

* * *

Did I ever suffer from palpitation of the heart? Why, who could help it who has spent more than a week in Spain. She certainly "takes a side glance and looks down, beware!" but then, at the same time, to have basked in the sunny smiles of Spanish beauty is to have enjoyed a glimpse of Paradise and the Peri.

In any other country, war would have crushed, at least for the moment, the spirit of love; not so, however, during the Spanish campaign. I assure you that in San Sebastian, where I was during the siege of that place by the Carlists, the Alemada, or chief boulevard, was the scene every evening of the wildest gaiety. Staid duennas with patronising air enjoying the gambols of their younger sisters to the full, as much as those accomplished fan-flirters did themselves, while the wild Fandango, the graceful Bolero, and seductive waltz won over by turns the hearts of all the male on-lookers.

Night after night have I watched my own particular Dulcinea del Toboso—or rather of San Sebastian in this case—flirt her fan and frolic on the light fantastic toe till I swore solemnly never again to visit the Peninsula, without having learnt to conjugate the verb to love in Spanish.

I recall, too, how I once nearly lost my heart and my balance at one and the same moment when in the Basque frontier town of Irun—it was during the siege of that place also that I happened to be there. It was evening. A typical Spanish damsel was crossing the Plaza, her mantilla gracefully wrapped about her shoulders; she was flirting that fan of hers as Spanish women alone know how, and cast so bewitching a glance in my direction as she passed that I confess I was—well—— To continue, she was presently joined by several female friends, who, notwithstanding the fusillade which was going on from the roof of the great square tower of the cathedral, and the occasional bursting of a shell on the out-

skirts (a deadly messenger from the Carlist fort of St. Marcial, on the heights), were as light-hearted and frolicsome as if they were going to a *fête de nuit*—on, on they came again in my direction.

I had eyes only for one—and she evidently knew it. Oh, the exquisite delight of that moment! Twilight was closing in, yet I presently noted that "the queen of my heart" was followed by an uncanny reptile, she was evidently quite unconscious of its pursuit of her; with unwieldy leaps and bounds whichever way she turned it dogged her footsteps.

Now I have the greatest repugnance to anything of the insect or reptile kind, yet I had manifestly only one course to pursue now; besides, what a happy—may I say heroic?—medium for introduction thus presented itself.

I rushed at the grim, black, lizard-like beast. Twice did it dexterously evade the foot which would have crushed it. The third time, however, I was more fortunate, the full force of my heel had come down on the agile creature, and there was at the same time a curious feeling that it had been severed from the skirt to which it had been clinging tooth and nail. The little party stopped, and the lady of my particular choice with a look of amazement exclaimed, "Señor!"

I hastily explained in French, which happily that lady understood. I pointed to the dead animal at my feet, raised my hat, and smiled triumphantly.

Then, turning to her friends, she pointed at it too, and all united in roars of laughter at my expense, intermingled with loud shouts of "El drap! El drap!"

The fact was it was a well-known Spanish practical joke by which the uninitiated are led to suppose that a cleverly cut piece of cloth attached to a girl's skirts and twitched into action by her as she walks is a reptile of dangerous proportions. Who shall say that *men* were "gay deceivers ever" after that?

* * *

It has not been given to many to make pen and pencil notes of the ladies of a Pasha's harem, yet twice when in Asia Minor did I come across them as fugitives hastening on before the Russian advance. On the first occasion the impression conveyed was that of a travelling menagerie, so closely were those fair ones packed in a long gilded diligence-like conveyance, the sides of which were closely latticed, while the Pasha—at other times no doubt "a lion amongst the ladies"—was now at large, riding sedately at the rear.

My second was the experience of which I make a pencil note in this article, and which struck me as far the most characteristic of the two.

HAREM ON THE MARCH.

A handsome bronzed Asiatic Turk, not having evidently had time to make all necessary arrangements for flight, had accommodated his seven wives as best he could; two had secured the shelter of a latticed sedan chair, while the others, alternating between horse and camel-back, adapted themselves to the situation as best they could; indeed, those in the sedan alighted from time to time when a halt was made, and it was then the distinctive positions of those wives in relation to that Pasha were most noticeable. Of the seven, four were really more or less attendants on the remaining three, while the actual favourite, the wife of wives, the queen of the harem, held amongst these three a distinctive position. She was generally the happy possessor of a French parasol. I don't mean to infer that this is the distinguishing badge of an Oriental favourite, but when, in far-off up-country villages and small townships, the local Kiamakans and others can secure one of those much-coveted Parisian or Viennese sunshades, it becomes as a matter of right the property of her who takes first *rôle* in the Pasha's household.

When I came across the little group which forms the subject of my illustration, they were halting for refreshment; the Pasha calmly smoking his mid-day nargilé and sipping black coffee, while his wives were refreshing themselves with sweetmeats.

I couldn't help noticing, as far as good taste in personal appearance was concerned, that Pasha's choice of a favourite; her yashmack, much more gauzy than the rest, revealing most charming features, while her figure, judging from the folds of her voluminous draperies, was of perfect contour.

Fate, apparently, had no horrors for this much-married magnate: perhaps, when he looked around, and his wives, with one accord, said, or seemed to suggest: "We are seven, to say nothing of our retainers, together with our dogs, cats, and parrots," he felt that he was beyond its reach. He was the very embodiment of philosophy, as he stood there calmly surveying his surroundings, lazily smoking his sweet-scented nargilé; it takes a good deal to rouse the average Turk to action, but when his blood is up, he's a demon. This Pasha will however retreat leisurely, till he touches the coast, when, with all his impedimenta round about him, he will make his way in the first available ship to Constantinople—at least, so he hopes—Kismet!

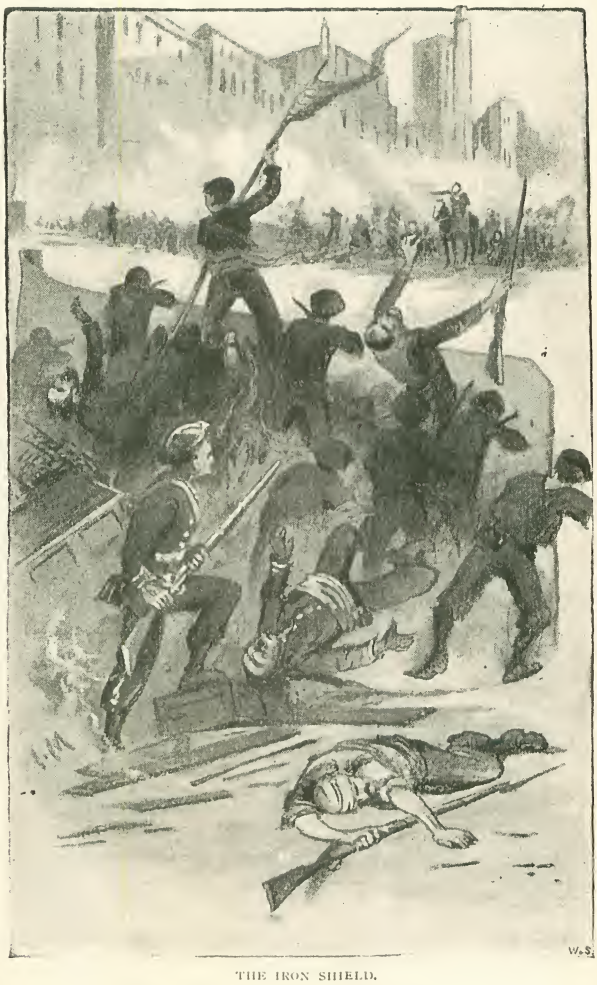
* * *

Whistler's butterfly, whose flutterings are represented by the splutterings from that eccentric artist-author's pen, would find happy hunting-grounds on these pages, where incident follows incident regardless of place or period. Thus would I now ask you to return with me for the nonce to Spain, that we may indulge together in more impressions by the way.

Under certain circumstances there is something singularly eloquent about absolute silence. I have, on several occasions in my wandering career, been infinitely

SANCTUARY.

more impressed by it than by noisy demonstration. Look up at that massive Gothic tower, standing out as black as approaching night against a saffron sky; it's the cathedral of Irun, in the erst market-place of which we are standing—shambles had been a better name for it since the commencement of this civil war. Hush! there is an appalling silence over all to-night, which may not be rudely broken. There is no evidence of movement anywhere. Accustoming one's eyes to the deepening twilight, one certainly sees here and there groups of men, women, and, in some cases, children huddled together in strange attitudes and gloomy corners round about the dark entry to the cathedral—horror depicted on the faces of some, perfect serenity on those of others, yet never a word do they utter. They are "in the garden of sleep." They are dead, all dead, the market-place, after a hard day's fighting, being deserted by the living—all save you and I, and that spectre-like sentry yonder on the cathedral tower "on guard."



THE IRON SHIELD.

But the gloom is suddenly relieved by a ray of many-coloured light which comes through one of the cathedral windows. This is succeeded by another, and yet another.

The priests within are lighting up the altar, and a flood of prismatic brilliance mingles with the smoke from burning embers and the still night air without, save where the old pile faces the Carlist lines, in which direction the windows have been carefully barricaded, so as not to attract the enemy's shell fire. Hark! sweet and low the organ peals forth exquisite strains of music; while, now and again, Dong! and a sonorous metallic voice from the belfry invites the stricken ones to sanctuary. A company of Migueletes, with slow, measured tread, emerge from a neighbouring street, and, directing their steps towards the cathedral, are followed by a miscellaneous crowd, all hastening for the protection of Mother Church. Dong! Again that bell, so full of solemn warning.

Look! What are they carrying on that splintered door, which serves as a stretcher? Let us reverently lift the cloak which half conceals a human form. It is a young officer, evidently dying, to whom the last rites are about to be administered. Not a word is spoken as the regimental favourite is tenderly carried by his comrades to the altar. Crucifix in hand, the officiating priest affords this suppliant for pardon the spiritual assurances he most needs. Raising himself on one arm, he looks first this way, then that, as if uncertain as to what is going on around him; and then, realising it all, he sinks back, with a restful, satisfied smile on his young face. He is dead! The regimental surgeon, who happens to be

present, certifies it. "Those whom the gods love die young."

The procession moves on just as another similar one takes its place at the altar steps. And all this to the running accompaniment, now of the clank of arms; the continuous strains, still soft and low, of organ music; the occasional irregular rattle of musketry when the pickets are exchanging shots; and again the measured, muffled, periodical Dong! of that passing bell.

This is no fancy picture: I saw and heard it more than once when on the war-path; but yet, as I have said, the silence which preceded or succeeded events was often more eloquent than events themselves. At Hernani, near Oreamendez, the tolling of sanctuary came across hill and dale with ominous significance, which made the intervening silence doubly terrible; while in remote, unexpected places, up in the hills perhaps, it was not unusual to come across just such a scene as the one I have depicted—a beautiful Gothic setting to a monument of inhuman passion. The eloquence of silence at such times is indeed impressive, and may fitly contrast with the incident on the title-page of this article. A long line of Bedouins, shouting, yelling to their camels, "Ider! Ider! Ider!" have come at a swinging pace between myself and the setting sun. From a certain point of view, the wild devilry of the whole thing cannot be excelled: as a picture of weird activity it stands alone. Yet a few hours later, when under the still, starlit canopy of heaven they are reposing by their exhausted camels, wrapped in the silence of sleep, a crescent moon glimmering over the crest of the distant uplands, one feels infinitely more impressed than before.

* * *

All things are comparative in this world—finding ourselves transported on the wings of fancy—you and I are again in Spain. That Arab encampment was but a dissolving view. We are at the battle of Behobie, on the Franco-Spanish frontier. As will be seen by the illustration, that which at a first glance looks not unlike a huge Gladstone collar is, as a matter of fact, an immense iron shield which the Carlists used on several occasions with signal effect. Oh! the rattle of the musketry against that barrier, which, as the fighting progressed, was moved forward on cross-beams and rollers, while behind it all the securable furniture and débris were piled up, so as to give vantage points to those of the defending party who had been unable to secure holes for the muzzles of their rifles, apertures with which this novel defence was plentifully studded.

Just as love laughs at locksmiths because he penetrates everywhere, so could the Carlists laugh at the enemy whose bullets in harmless confusion rattled against that iron shield, save when the more adventurous exposed themselves above it.

* * *

It is astonishing what the association of ideas will do. In jotting down my pen and pencil notes for this article I must not omit to refer to a strange Jewish encampment at Zimnitza, the particular attraction of which was a circus of considerable proportions under a huge umbrella tent. Zimnitza, it will be remembered, is situated on the banks of the Danube, just where, in 1877, the Russians threw their magnificent bridge of boats across that river.

Here, just at the rear of the fighting, as it were, were speculative Jews—and Gentiles, too—making hay while the sun shone. Almost everything which money could buy was obtainable in this canvas village. Holes dug deep into the ground were canvassed over and dubbed by such high-sounding titles as the Hôtel de la Reine Hortense, Grand Hôtel de la Guerre, and so on, while that great circular curriculum was an unfailing attraction when night closed in.

Here Mr. Merryman, dressed *à la grand* Turk, was master of the ceremonies; here, too, marvellous feats of horsemanship on piebald and spotted screws were performed; Mademoiselle Elise dancing with exquisite skill on the tight-rope, while tumblers tumbled to the delight of a well-packed audience of those who could afford the exorbitant charges of the speculative proprietors. Indeed, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seemed the spirit which infused those Russian officers as they applauded the antics of the acrobats or the grimaces of Mr. Merryman; in fact, it was difficult to realise that, once across that bridge of boats yonder, glittering when lit up after dark like a chain of diamonds, you would be in touch, as it were, with what was hourly becoming one of the hardest contested military positions of modern warfare.

There is a gaiety about Tommy Atkins at the front, no matter what his nationality be, which is truly marvellous.

"Furnished" and "unfurnished" apartments, too, were obtainable here—at a

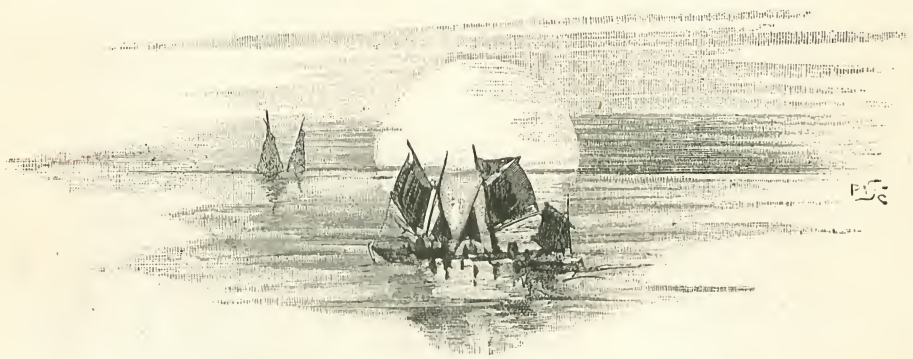
price. Their construction was delightfully simple. Unfurnished accommodation was represented by a hole bearing a striking resemblance to a grave covered in at the top with lightly interwoven branches—the snow did the rest. On the other hand, a furnished apartment had boards thrown down at the bottom, on which a quantity of straw was placed, to which, for the convenience of the sleeper, a short ladder was sometimes added, that he might not, like his "unfurnished" neighbour, have to jump too precipitously into bed. There were many such on the Bulgarian side of the river, too. I well remember taking one of these (furnished) myself one night, and when I questioned the price, which was thirty francs, I was assured that on the previous night—true, it was snowing at the time—a brigadier had cheerfully handed over thirty-six francs for the same accommodation.

The quick and the dead in turn, in many cases, occupied these queer quarters; since, when there was no further use for them as far as the living were concerned, they were often used for purposes of interment.

Thus will it be seen from these anecdotes of the war-path that the "special" must be no feather-bed soldier or carpet knight who would represent the Press at the front.

Compared with many, I have been myself most fortunate, yet even I have had fevers, small-pox, and two sunstrokes, to say nothing of imprisonment as a spy, hair-breadth 'scapes, and other such minor matters to contend with.

Of my brethren of the pen and pencil I might say much, not only as far as their services to the Press have been concerned, but their services to humanity as well, when—in quest of incident—they have been at the front with the Red Cross. As I write, such distinguished men as Archibald Forbes, Fred Villiers, O'Donovan, McGahan, Christie Murray, and many others, naturally present themselves as amongst those who have already "left their footprints on the sands of time."



A DEATH'S HEAD.
(Curious effect seen on the Sea of Marmora.)

Why He Failed.

HE threw away a great chance of success, and has been a happier man ever since.

There is no one but myself in England now, who knows exactly how it happened, and as I was thinking over it to-night (something in the papers about a clever detective in New York brought it all fresh back to my mind) it seemed to me such a queer story altogether that I think it will interest others to know it.

I must just alter one or two of the names, that's all, because it is not so very long ago since it happened, and it came out in one or two papers at the time, but all more or less wide of the mark. None of them had just the rights of it.

You see, no one could make out how Allan got away so easily—no one knows except my friend and I, and one man over the seas, and not even the cutest Yankee could ever guess the truth.

It is stranger than fiction, as you will find. But this is the story.

I put it short enough, for writing is not in my line. I can think things out in my head, and turn them over and over, till there is not much left of them that has not been put through the sieve, so to speak, but when it comes to pen and ink I'm a poor hand. It means sitting down indoors for hours, and that I am not used to. No, thank Heaven, I can earn my bread by something else, or very little bread would come to me, and no chance of butter or cheese.

This is not my story at all; I mean, not about my own life. It is about a friend of mine, George Markson.

If I told you his real name, you would probably remember at once; he was one of the best known detectives of that time. Talk about five senses, George had ten at least. He could see round a case, and through a man, and into your mind almost, and tell you what you were thinking of, better than you knew yourself.

And all so quiet—you would not think he saw much, but he had seen everything at a glance, and forgotten nothing. I have known him look into a room that he had never seen before, and in the evening, when we were sitting together, he would describe that room, down to the maker's name on the clock, as minutely as if he were holding a picture of it in his hand at the time.

He worked on his own account, and he had constant and well paid employment, since the day he tracked the man who robbed the bank of Westminster; you may remember the case—a daring daylight robbery.

He traced him after a long search to Paris, and spotted him there as a garçon in a câfé—a good disguise too. George was in Spain after that for a long time, and then went to Cairo, so I did not see him for more than a year. He came back with a reputation more brilliant than ever, and settled down into the same rooms he had shared with me before he left.

He was a middle-aged man when I knew him, and the severe mental strain of his employment, together with home troubles, made him seem older than he was.

"A GOOD DISGUISE TOO."

His wife, to whom he had been much attached, had died many years before. His only son, too, had turned out badly, got into debt (the old story of a weak will influenced by bad companions), and then had emigrated to the gold diggings, and was believed to have died there, after a few more wasted years of riot and dissipation.

His father had built many hopes on his only son, and carried about an unhealed wound caused by the bitter disappointment of all his expectations.

At the time I am writing about, I saw there was something more than usual on George's mind.

He never talked much about what he was engaged in, and I took care never to plague him with questions, but it happened that a chum of mine, named Miles, told me that George had missed a good clue, and that another man, named Smollett, was beginning to make a name, and was now bent on outdoing George.

Once run to earth someone whom George had failed to trace, and his reputation was secure.

To outshine one of the best men then at work was a high game to try for, but Smollett was trying no less.

Not long after, I met Miles again in Oxford-street. He told me that Smollett had scored again, and that George had missed a find he had made pretty sure of.

I pooh-poohed the whole thing.

"Chance, all chance. Fine thing for Smollett, more luck than good management, no doubt," I said, feeling rather nettled, I own. "Wait a bit; you will see which is the best man of the two."

"I'll back Sm—" said Miles, but he remembered that George was my friend and said no more.

I came across Miles in very nearly the same place next day. "Heard the latest?" he shouted, and then proceeded to explain that a forger, who had been wanted for some time, was supposed to be in London, and that a large reward was offered for him.

"Both on the war trail this time," said Miles. "Which will be the best man now, eh? Getting exciting, isn't it?"

That evening George, who had been out all day, came quickly into the room soon after six.

I knew by his look that he was employed on some important mission. His brows were drawn down into a single straight line, and his lips were firmly pressed together.

He stood for some time on the hearth-rug, evidently deep in thought. He had not removed his top coat.

"Are you off again?" I remarked.

"HE STOOD FOR SOME TIME DEEP IN THOUGHT."

He looked up suddenly. "Going to drive to Holloway," he said. "Will you come?"

I knew by this that he would tell me more of his errand. I rose at once. He looked at his watch.

"The cab will be round here in a few minutes," he said quickly. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, if I miss this, I shall give up this work altogether. I have not been very lucky lately, old man, though I have not worried you about my affairs."

"They never worry me," I began, "I only wish you——"

"I know, I know," he interrupted kindly; "you think your back is broad enough to carry my cares as well as yours, but you shall never have mine to bother you, Tom, while you have got any of your own. This is the thing you have heard of"—and then he went on to tell me the details of the case that Miles had referred to.

"I came across the track this afternoon," he said, "and now it's only a question of time."

He drew a deep breath of relief, and threw his shoulders back. "I *did* make a mess of that last thing, and that makes me more keen about this. You see, there's another man" (I knew he meant Smollett) "who would give a good bit to get hold of this job before me, but there's not much fear of my losing it now."

He smiled as he spoke, and looked more hopeful than he had done for a long time.

We said nothing more, and drove off.

It was a wet, cold night, and I was glad when the cab stopped, and we left it at the corner of a shabby-looking side street.

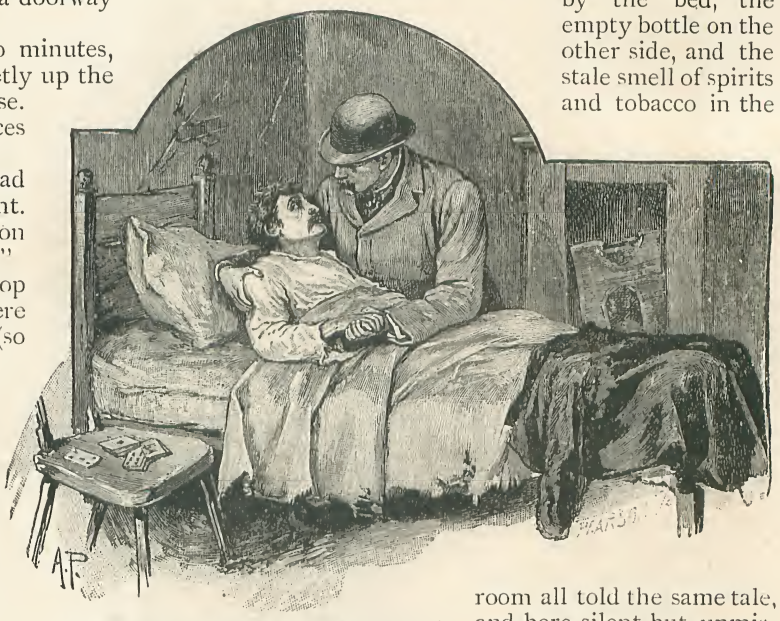
"Third door on the right," said George, partly to himself, "past the coal yard, over the butcher's. You wait here for two minutes, Tom; if I am not down then, you follow me. Back room on the top of staircase. I may want you. Don't stand in the wet. Here's a doorway to shelter in."

At the end of two minutes, I was climbing quietly up the narrow dark staircase. No sound of voices anywhere.

"Bird's flown. Bad luck to him," I thought. "Awfully hard on George, poor fellow."

I was at the top when suddenly there came the sound (so seldom heard) of a man's voice broken by sobs, striving to speak quickly and coherently.

"Ah! found it's no go, confessing his sins," I smiled to myself, and pushed the door ajar.



"HOLDING IN HIS ARMS THE FIGURE OF A MAN."

Ah! how could I have known George's voice, always so quiet, so self-controlled? How could I recognise George himself, kneeling on the floor, by the side of a poor, miserable bed, holding in his arms the figure of a man. A head was resting on his shoulder; his hands were smoothing back the dark hair from a thin, white face on which his own tears were fast falling.

"Come, my boy, no time to lose. You know me? Bob dear, quick, say you know me—your father, Bob, it's only your father; you must get out of this, no one knows but me, Bob, no one will know, no one will follow you—quick, quick." And with a sob in his throat, he turned round and saw me.

He had forgotten my existence, but now seemed to think that I knew everything.

No explanation that this was his lost son, whom he had tracked to earth, and whose discovery was to bring him so much credit. No thought of the object for which he had come. The detective was not there; in his place stood a broken-hearted father, with but one thought in his mind, how best to get his unhappy son out of the reach of the law which had so nearly caught him.

"Come," he cried, in a hoarse whisper to me, "help him to stand, he is weak; we must arrange for him."

I had looked round the place. The squalid poverty of the uncleaned room, the well-worn pack of cards lying on the chair by the bed, the empty bottle on the other side, and the stale smell of spirits and tobacco in the room all told the same tale, and bore silent but unmistakable witness to the complete mastery of evil habits.

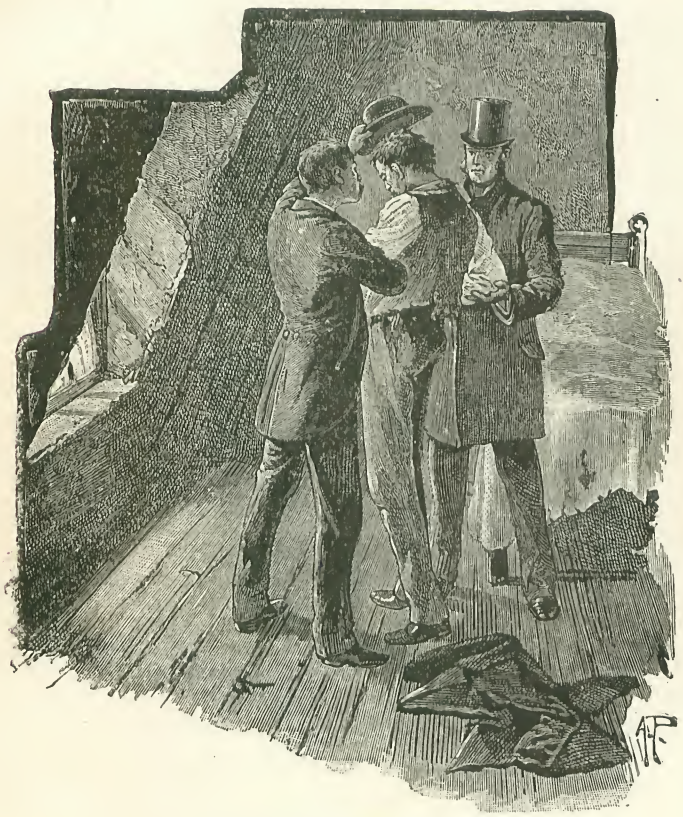
But of all this George seemed to see nothing.

The sharp-searching scrutiny of the detective had given place to the loving look of a father, to whom all forgiveness was possible.

With hasty hands he had taken off his hat, greatcoat, and scarf, and was now hurriedly putting them on the figure, who offered no help, and who seemed too dazed and bewildered to speak.

"Here is money, my boy," he whispered

in a husky voice ; " it is all I have now, but you shall have more ; and here, take care of this," hurriedly writing a few words upon a scrap of paper. " See, I put it in the breast pocket with the purse. It is the name of a house at Liverpool. Stay there till you hear from me, and then you shall get right away from this. There is a cab waiting at the corner ; tell him to drive to the nearest station. You follow me, Bob, you understand what I have said ? The money is here in this pocket. Now quick ! if anyone——" I read the thought in his heart. What if someone



" HE SEEMED TOO DAZED TO SPEAK."

had come on the clue which had helped *him*, and should be already on the way. Is that a foot on the stair ? No, all is quiet.

" Now go, I dare not go with you. Do not lose a moment. Downstairs, and then to the left. Tell him to drive fast. God bless you, Bob ;" and following him to the head of the stair with broken utterances of endearment and caution, George watched the unsteady figure descend the steps, and listened with strained ears until he caught the sound of wheels driving rapidly away.

We waited for what seemed to me a long, long time, in a silence which I dared not break. And then we went out into the wet and deserted street.

We stopped at the corner where the cab had waited ; and I watched my friend as he stood under the gas-lamp, looking out into the darkness with a far-away look in his eyes, not knowing, or at least not heeding, that the rain was beating upon his uncovered head.

There is a better smile on his face now, than the smile he wore early in the evening at the thought of his coming success. His reputation would suffer greatly, beyond doubt, but what is that to him ?

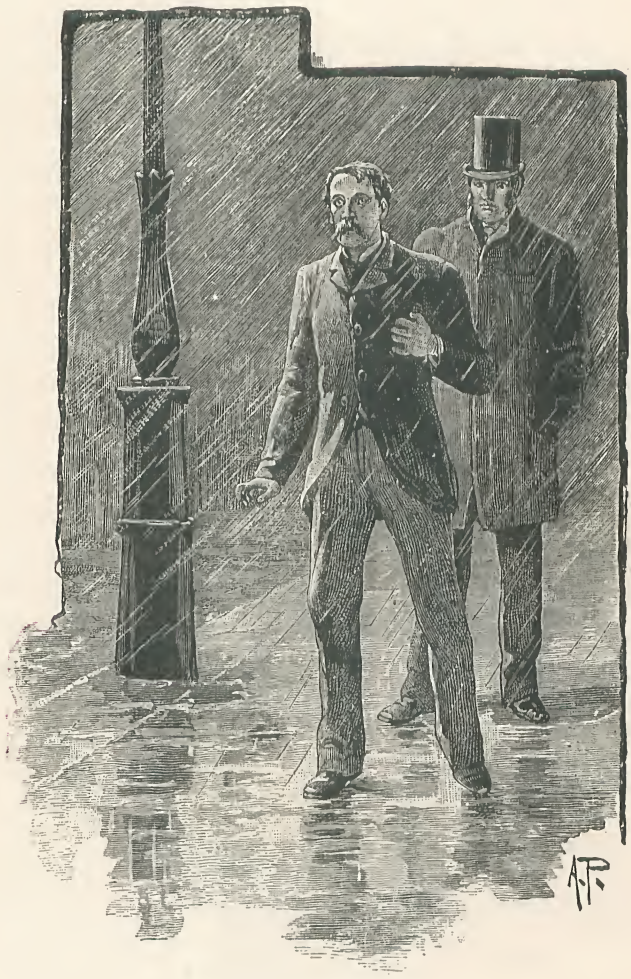
He stands there a defeated—and a happy man.

I always meet Miles when I want to keep out of his way. So I was not surprised to come across him next day, walking by the Horse Guards.

" Ha, ha ! " he shouted boisterously, before we had well met. " Queer go, wasn't it ? What was ? You haven't heard from Markson ? Oh, of course, he would be as mute as a fish. Hard lines on him, too, when he had got the whole thing as neat as could be. Went to the very house yesterday where Allan was. The man at the pub. saw him go into the house. Ha ! ha ! what does my lord Allan do ? Awfully sharp fellow ! lets himself down by a rope out of the back window, and goes off in Markson's own cab—not bad, ha ! ha ! ha ! Markson rushed after him too late. Smollett is furious that he was just out of it. He found out where Allan was hiding, and came on the scene a day behind

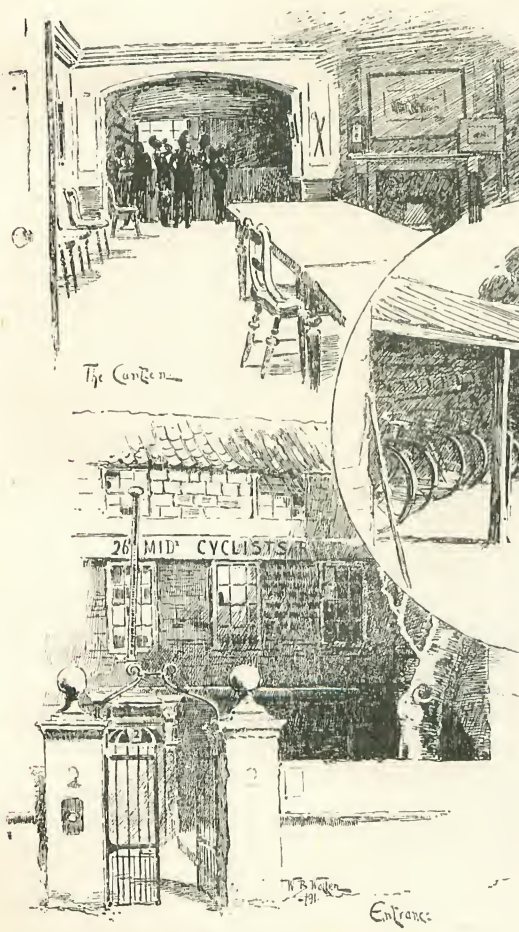
the fair. Pity he did not get the chance. He'd have nailed him. Everyone says that Markson has made an awful mull of it, and now the fellow has got clean away, no one knows where. Who's the best man now? You can't say much for your side, Tom."

As I watched him stride away towards the park, I thought: "Yes, but thank God, Smollett did *not* get the chance."



A Regiment on Wheels.

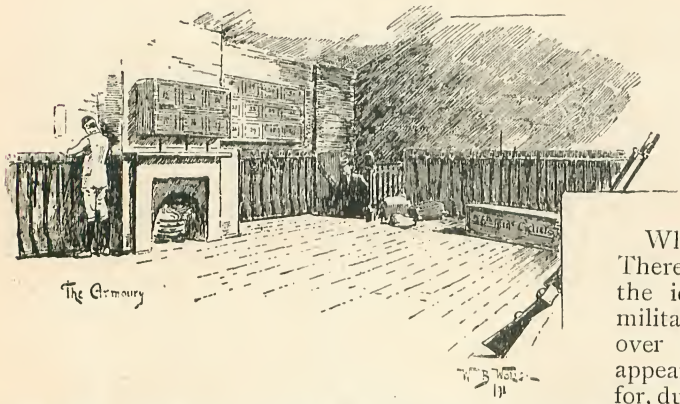
THERE is a house in the Queen's-road, Chelsea, which is not without its history. It stands exactly opposite Chelsea Hospital, and there was a time when gay cavaliers of Charles II.'s reign frequented it, for in those merry days its first bricks were laid. On the top floor a small apartment is still to be seen, in the door of which is a small sliding opening capable of admitting the entrance and exit of a head. Not for decapitation, for tradition says that here stood the fashionable hairdresser, whilst handsome lords and fair ladies placed their heads through the aperture to have their wigs powdered and prevent the spoiling of their silks and velvets. Here, too, cells with iron gratings in the doors may be found. In 1820 the house was converted into a school of discipline, and so it remained until March of last year, when our regiment on wheels brought with them their iron steeds and transformed it into their "head-quarters." Its solid mahogany doors and ornamented marble mantelpieces remain as they were in the days of old—its gateway is intact, and probably the same fine trees are flourishing, but outside in unmistakable capitals is written, "Headquarters, 26th Midx. Cyclists," with a substantial flag-staff visible. Its fifteen or sixteen rooms now comprise an armoury, with its repairing bench, arm stands, and innumerable lockers, which are leased at a yearly rental of 2s. 6d. to the members. The sergeants' mess is a cosy abode, and the officers' room—to which a corner devoted to smoking is attached—is furnished in a style approaching luxuriousness, with basket and velvet pile chairs. There is an excellent lecture-room, various offices, and the all-important canteen, the speciality of which are its pork pies and sausage rolls, dear to the heart and soothing to the appetite of all average cyclists. Round its walls are many a fine military picture—"Floreat Etona" and "The Last Eleven at Maiwand," "General Roberts" and "Lord Wolseley," the "Queen" and the "Prince of Wales." There, too—possibly as a reminder to cyclists of the distant climes to which their machines may yet travel on active service—are picturesquely arranged assegais, Indian knives, and Burmese drums, which an enthusiastic cyclist took down from his own bedroom and transported to Chelsea. Look into the garden, some 150 yards long, where drills are held when the corps is not at the Guards' barracks, and peep in at the stable, where fifty or sixty machines may be easily



HEADQUARTERS.

accommodated. Such are the headquarters of the only volunteer regiment on wheels in the country—the pioneer corps amongst all volunteers.

We are not unmindful of the useful work of our cyclists amongst the regulars. They are a goodly body, and at Aldershot a remarkable multicycle called a "Victoria" may be seen, capable of carrying a dozen riders, and conveying provisions and ammunition, &c. Neither do we forget that to-day amongst all the volunteer battalions throughout the kingdom nearly every one of them has a cyclist section attached to it, amounting in all to some 5,100 men, credit going to "The Artists" for holding the riding record. Twelve "artistic" cyclists, under command of Sergeant Dixon, last year rode a distance of 102 miles in 16 hours 55 minutes, fully armed, and out of this time they were forced to halt for five hours owing to an accident, making the actual riding time a trifle over the twelve hours.

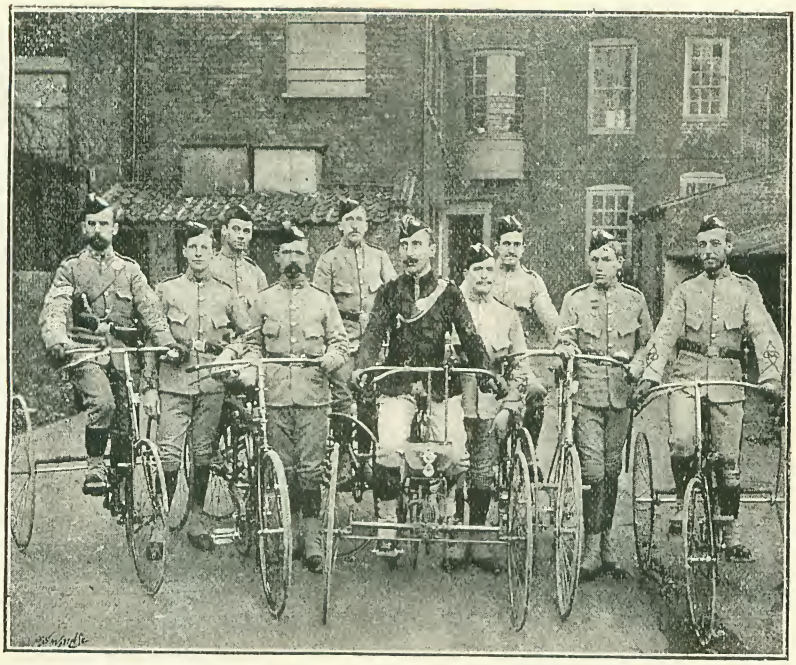


But, seeing that Sir Evelyn Wood has expressed the opinion that Parliament could not make a mistake in sanctioning the raising of at least 20,000 volunteer cyclists, and Lord Wolseley has shown himself so strongly in favour of them—to quote his speech, he said: "There are very few countries in the world where you cannot use cycles. During the whole time I was in India during the Mutiny, I do not remember—except when actually in the hills for three or four days' fighting—I do not remember one day's march, or any one fight in which we took part, where cyclists could not have been used with the greatest possible advantage"—we are inclined to single out this regiment on wheels—the 26th Middlesex—who started with a handful of men as recently as April 1, 1888, and whose work cannot but prove highly interesting to the 800,000 cyclists throughout Great Britain.

Who suggested military cycling? There can be very little doubt that the idea of utilising wheels for military purposes has been brought over from the Continent. Italy appears to be first in the field; for, during the manœuvres of 1875, a service of cyclists at Somma were called into requisition for carrying messages to and fro. Both Germany and Austria have also found work for the military cyclists; and, during the French autumn manœuvres of 1886, their skill as letter carriers was again put to the test. The honour of introducing the fighting cyclist in England apparently belongs to Colonel Tamplin, who employed them as scouts during the Easter manœuvres of 1885, though attention was drawn to this now important subject by Lieut.-General J. Sprot four years previously. Colonel Stracey, of the Scots Guards, has also taken a great interest in this matter. We shall probably be correct in saying that no one has done more to popularise the movement than Lieut.-Colonel A. R. Savile, who is the commanding officer of the regiment on wheels.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SAVILE.

Lieut.-Colonel Savile is himself a thorough soldier, and is generally considered to be a thorough tactician, and an excellent cyclist. He joined the Royal Irish in 1863, soldiered up to 1888, when

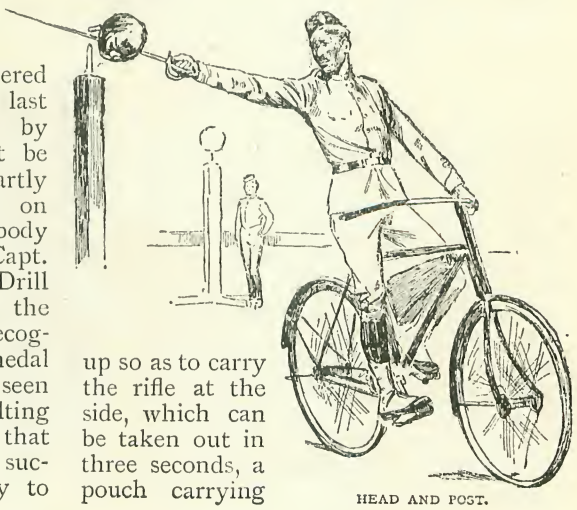


From a Photo. by] PRIZE WINNERS: DRILL COMPETITION. *[R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

he retired, but before six weeks were up, owing to his love of soldiering and cycling, he found himself a member of the 26th Middlesex, which regiment he now commands.

The full strength of the 26th Middlesex Cyclists Corps is a hundred and twenty—there being two companies, one in the South of London, the other in the West—and already they contemplate starting a fresh corps in the North of London. Many people are, no doubt, sceptical as to what this very formidable body are capable of in the way of useful work. Possibly it may be remembered that, at the Military Exhibition held last year, they showed their capabilities by performing a number of what might be termed fancy feats on the cycle, as smartly and successfully as our regulars do on horseback. We give a picture of the body of men who, under the command of Capt. Phillips, gained the first prize in the Drill Competition, whilst the abilities of the members composing the team were recognised by the presentation of a silver medal to each one of them. Those who have seen the lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, and tilting at the ring may be interested to know that the cyclist, in order to bring about a successful operation, found it necessary to ride his machine at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The lemon was suspended by a single wire, and, on approaching it, the cyclist, whilst going at this high rate of speed, had to guide his machine with the left hand, whilst he slashed out at the fruit with his right.

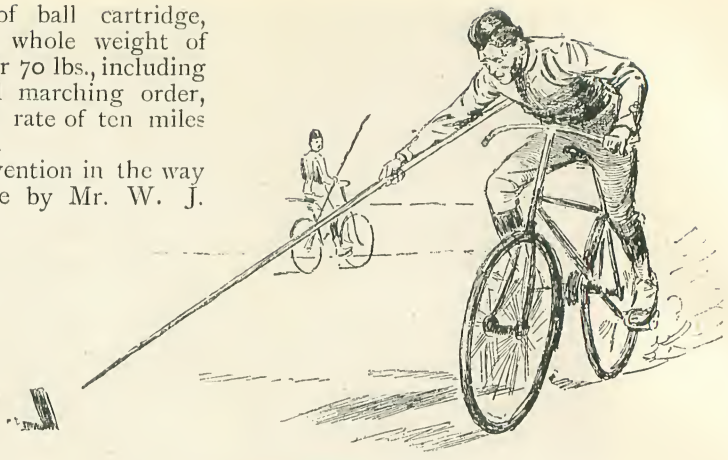
A word about the machines used. All sorts and conditions of safety bicycles are called into requisition. The ordinary bicycle is never used. They are fitted up so as to carry the rifle at the side, which can be taken out in three seconds, a pouch carrying



HEAD AND POST.

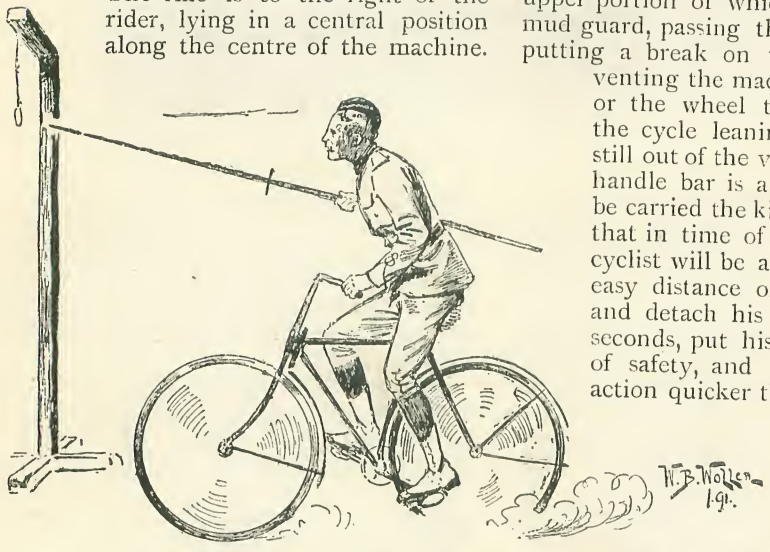
one hundred rounds of ball cartridge, signalling flag, &c., the whole weight of which is something under 70 lbs., including machine. When in full marching order, they can get along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and often faster.

We hear the latest invention in the way of military cycles is one by Mr. W. J. Cocks, of Ealing. This cycle has received the approval of some of the military authorities and below we give a sketch of the same. It shows at a glance all the weapons of warfare carried by the cyclist.



TENT-PEGGING.

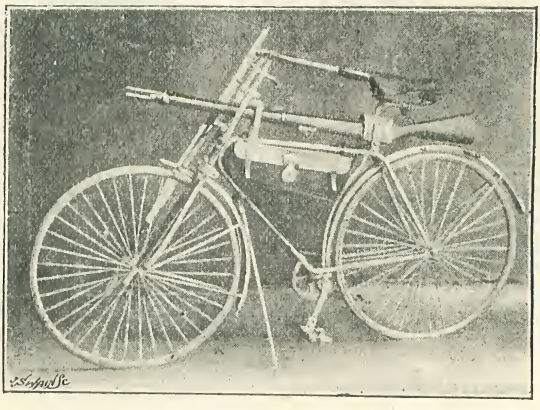
The signalling flag is carried in a semi-perpendicular position down the front fork. The rifle is to the right of the rider, lying in a central position along the centre of the machine.



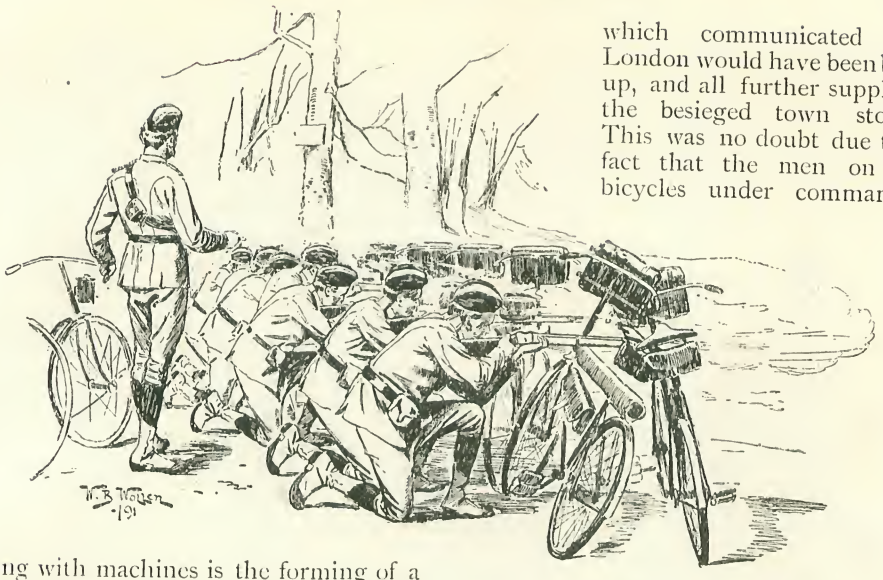
TILTING AT THE RING.

Not an inch of spare space is lost, as all the distance between the back and front wheel is taken up by a leather valise, which is divided into various parts, the upper portion of which carries a good supply of cartridge cases, and there is plenty of room below for the various travelling instruments required in case of accident to the cycle, and for all other necessaries. The whole thing weighs something like 56 lbs. including the rifle. The standing gear is a very important item in the construction of this machine. A single prop or leg is removed by the feet from a spring clip, the upper portion of which engages with the mud guard, passing through the same and putting a break on the wheel, thus preventing the machine moving forward or the wheel turning to an angle, the cycle leaning on the side prop still out of the vertical. Fixed to the handle bar is a valise, in which can be carried the kit. It seems probable that in time of action the mounted cyclist will be able to get within an easy distance of the field, dismount and detach his rifle in a couple of seconds, put his machine in a place of safety, and be on the scene of action quicker than he could by any other means.

Amongst the smartest things which our fighting cyclists are capable

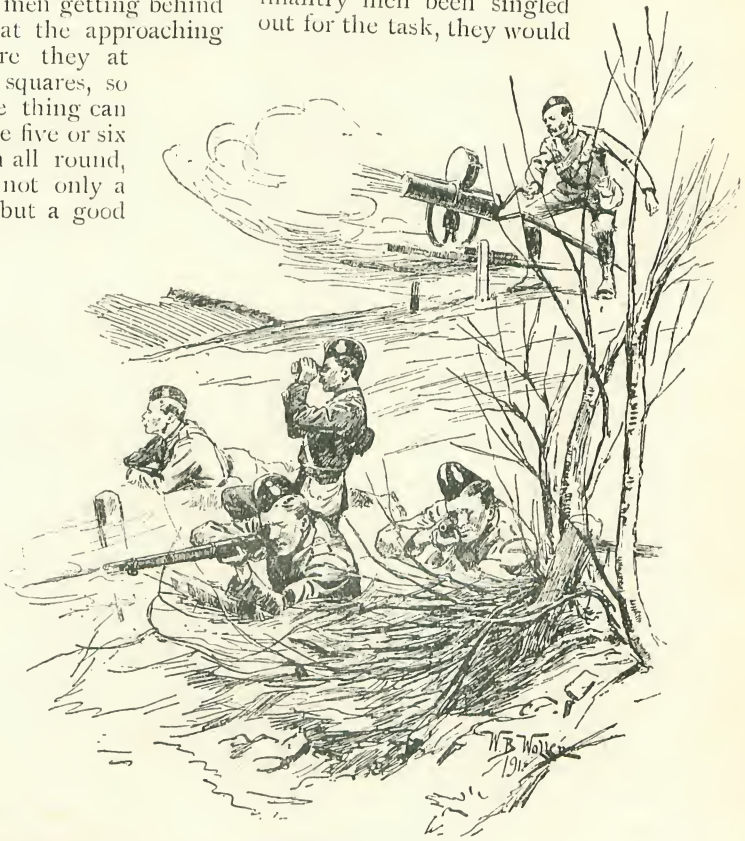


THE MILITARY BICYCLE.



A moveable Zereba. Fire!!!

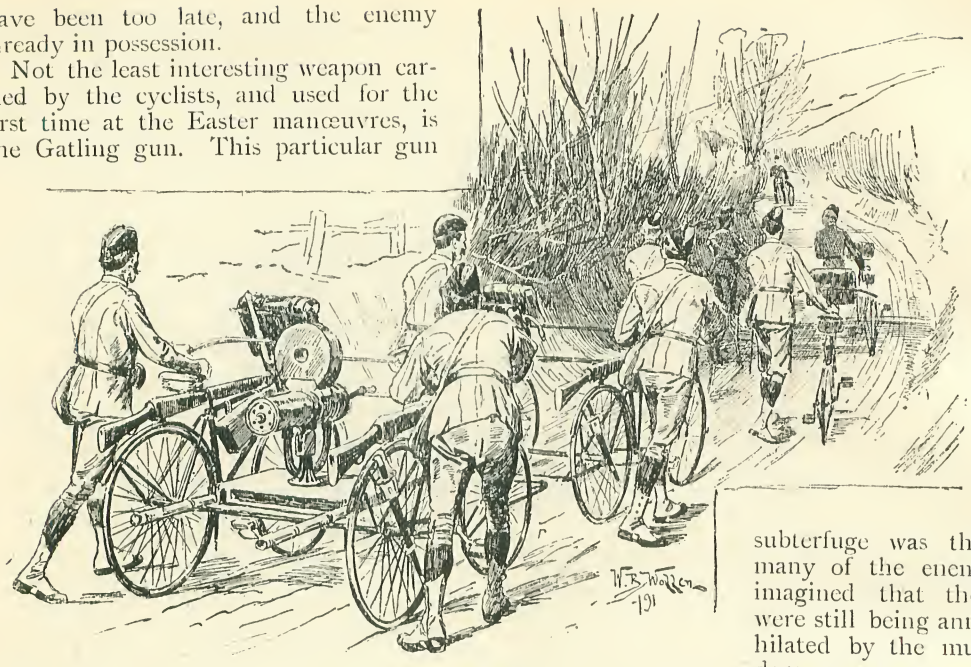
of doing with machines is the forming of a zereba for the defence of a road, as shown in our illustration. This is for the purpose of resisting cavalry, and is formed by some twenty or thirty machines, which are stacked on to one another; the men getting behind the cycles and firing at the approaching enemy. So clever are they at forming these cycling squares, so to speak, that the whole thing can be accomplished in some five or six seconds. Indeed, taken all round, the military cyclist is not only a very ingenious fellow, but a good way ahead of the ordinary infantry men; in fact, he is really an infantry man on temporary wheels; for, when engaged in fighting, he dismounts from his machine, places his cycle on the ground, or hides it in a hedge, and combats on foot. We have spoken of the ingenuity of the cyclist. The writer of this article went to Dover last Easter for the purpose of following this regiment on wheels, in order to see what practical use they would be in time of warfare. Had it not been for the cyclists, the bridge over the railway at Lydden which communicated with London would have been blown up, and all further supplies to the besieged town stopped. This was no doubt due to the fact that the men on their bicycles under command of Captain Holmes were able to reach the spot which the enemy desired, whereas had infantry men been singled out for the task, they would



THE GATLING IN ACTION.

have been too late, and the enemy already in possession.

Not the least interesting weapon carried by the cyclists, and used for the first time at the Easter manœuvres, is the Gatling gun. This particular gun



UP-HILL.

used is capable of discharging shot at a distance of one thousand yards at the rate of six shots a second easily. It weighs 97 lbs., the ammunition being carried in cases for the purpose. It is transported to and fro on a gun-carriage composed of four safety machines coupled to one another, and ridden by four men. Not only is this quartette of cycles useful for this purpose, but an ambulance may also be carried with it. With this weighty load, over a smooth road, it can be ridden at the rate of nine miles an hour. This idea of the best means of getting a Gatling to and fro belongs to Sergeant Watkins, and with this weapon he did some deadly work (imaginary, of course) at Dover.

A somewhat amusing incident was witnessed by the writer, who stood by the side of the Gatling on the hill some few miles from Kearsney, near Dover. The gallant sergeant found his ammunition exhausted ; there was no more to be had. It suddenly occurred to the officer in charge of the men, who had now left the machines on which it had been carried, and were lying on the ground ready to let go at the enemy with their rifles, that the impression might be conveyed that the Gatling gun was still blazing away by the men firing in quick succession one after the other. This was done, and the result of this ingenious subterfuge was that many of the enemy imagined that they were still being annihilated by the murderous weapon.

The Duke of Cambridge, who is a strong adherent of military cycling, singled out this regiment on wheels for his special approval at the late Easter manœuvres. When he saw the Gatling gun on its carriage, he gave the command that the gun should at once be put into action. The men sprang from their machines, dismounted the gun, placed it ready for firing, took up their positions, the whole thing being accomplished in twenty seconds. The Duke encouraged the men by saying most heartily, "Very creditable, very creditable."

A story, however, may be told which will show that there was a time when our Commander-in-Chief had his doubts of the efficacy of cycles being adapted for military purposes: this happened in 1887, the first appearance of military wheelmen at Dover. Some two or three miles from the seaport town there is a picturesque little village called Kearsney, and amongst its sights is a particularly steep hill leading to St. Radigund's Abbey. The Duke chanced to pass where the military cyclists were congregated together, and approaching the officer in command, good-humouredly looking up at the hill, his Royal Highness said, "Well, I've no doubt your men are a capable body, but I question whether any cyclist could possibly mount that hill." Now it so happened that there was a very

fast rider present, an exceptionally powerful man on wheels, Mr. M. D. Rucker. This little fact the commanding officer knew, and asked the Duke for permission to put his remarks to the test; this was readily granted, and away Mr. Rucker went on his machine, the Duke himself watching him for a considerable distance until at last he rode away himself. Some time passed by, when again the cyclist body found itself near to the Duke: once more riding up, he asked, "Is that man back yet?" when our smart cyclist immediately stepped up with a salute, and said, "Yes, sir, here I am." We are probably right in saying that this was the foundation of the Duke's faith in utilising cyclists for military purposes, as having sent a horseman with him, at the first six-barred gate, which was locked, the cyclist lifted his machine over, leaving the unfortunate "galloper" behind, his horse refusing to "take" the gate.

The important question now arises as to what advantage the propeller of the iron steed has over the ordinary rider on horseback. In the first place, we cannot do better than quote the estimate of the cost of a mount of cavalry in proportion to that of cyclist infantry as compared by Captain Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish, in a paper he contributed to *The United Service Magazine* twelve months ago. His estimates are as follow :—

CYCLIST INFANTRY.

Cost of cycle per man, £12.

Life of cycle (say six years), therefore cost per annum, £2.

Repairs, oil &c., say £1.

Total cost per annum, £3.

CAVALRY.

Cost of horse, £35.

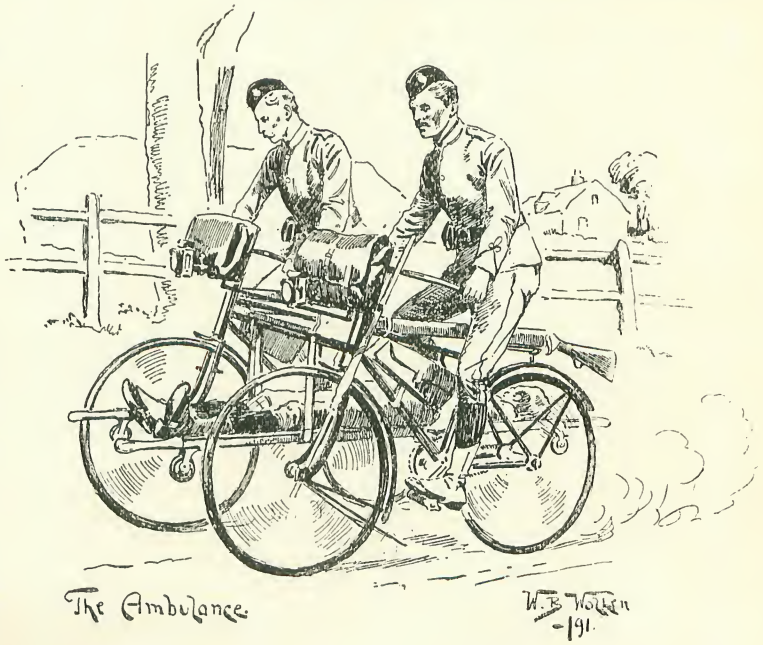
Useful life (say seven years), therefore cost per annum, £5.

Maintenance, £40.

Total cost per annum, £45.

It will at once be seen that the cyclist is by a long way the cheaper of the two. Again, the machines are more easily conveyed by rail, as many could be stacked in the space occupied by a single horse. On the score of staying power, it is calculated that a man could ride a cycle thirty miles and be just as fit for marching as an infantryman would be, fresh to the task, without having had the benefit of the thirty miles' start. Machines, too, are noiseless; but what strikes us as the greatest advantage of all is the fact that cyclists are able to ride along roads unseen, whereas a cavalryman traversing the same path would be immediately spotted, on account of the dust his horse's hoofs would raise on a dry day. A man on his machine, by bending over the handles somewhat, is really able to make himself shorter than the ordinary foot soldier; he still keeps on his way, being covered by the hedges, and the chances are that he will arrive at his destination with a far greater amount of certainty than the man on horseback.

The principal duties which the cyclists have to perform are those of carrying despatches, skirmishing, and reconnoitring. Owing to the long distance which they are able to cover in a short space of time, they are likely to prove very successful in the way of making sketches of the surrounding country, reporting on the probability of provisions, the state of the roads, railways, rivers, and canals, the situation of fortified places, indeed, all the thousand and



one items of observation which constitute reconnoitring duties. As patrols they are unquestionably useful, and a capital example is that afforded by the ingenuity of a number of cyclists who cleverly managed to get through the enemy's lines and gain the required information as to what was their strength. This force was told off to get through the lines at any cost. Our heroes of the wheel, seeing a waggon filled with straw passing along the road, induced the driver for a consideration to let them take shelter with their machines underneath the straw; this he agreed to do, and by this means they got through the outpost line, did their spying, and returned in perfect safety the same way that they went.

It is needless to say that the cyclists have to put up with a fair share of good-humoured chaff from their rival, the cavalryman, but the horseman is beginning to recognise the fact that his brother rider is becoming a substantial acquisition in matters military, and almost regards him with respect. Our regiment on wheels seems to be wanting in only one thing—a band. Many suggestions of a decidedly humorous nature have already been made, the most likely of which is the idea of a member of the corps for a huge musical box, to be ridden in a similar style to that of the Gatling gun on four machines. He is of opinion that in this age of invention it should be possible to construct a musical machine in such a way that as the riders work the treadles so should the "bandbox" give forth martial strains to cheer the cyclist on as he went forth to meet the foe.

A STERN CHASE.

From a Photo. by] AGE 11. *[Maull & Fox.*

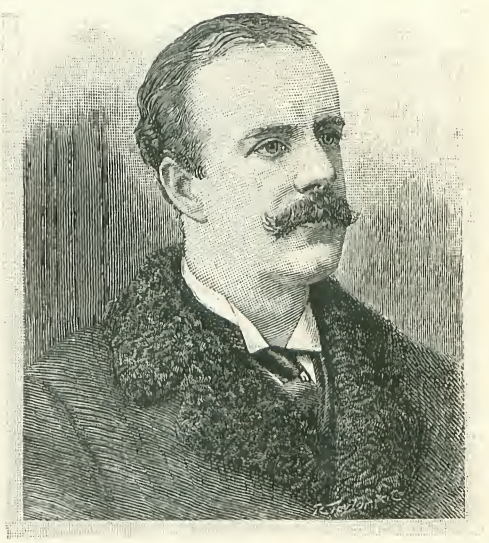
THE DUKE OF FIFE.

BORN 1849.

OUR first portrait of the Duke of Fife, in which he is fitly represented in the native costume of his country, was taken in the year 1860, when he was eleven years old. His title was at that time Lord Macduff. He was then preparing for Eton, which, in due course, he entered, and where he was extremely popular. At the age of twenty-five, at which date the second of our portraits represents him, he had just entered the House of Commons as the Member for Elgin and Nairn—a position which he continued to occupy for five years. It is interesting to compare with this presentment of the Duke the portrait of his future wife, taken at about the same date, which we gave in our last number, and which represents her as a charming little girl of six. Such was her appearance when the Duke, as the friend and neighbour of the Prince of Wales in Scotland, first knew the young Princess, with whom he was afterwards to make the happiest and most popular of marriages. The Duke of Fife is

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Maull & Fox.*

a partner in the London banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Co. He is also Lord Lieutenant of Elginshire, and Hon. Colonel of the Banffshire Artillery Volunteers.



From a Photo. by] AGE 41. *[Walery.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 7. *[Hoberaft.*

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

THE accompanying portraits, taken from photographs, give us Mrs. Beerbohm Tree at various ages, and will be most interesting to her many admirers. As we look at them, we see the intelligent child growing into the gifted girl, and giving every promise of the cultivated, accomplished woman—a promise well fulfilled. Her marriage with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in 1882 was the occasion of her adopting the stage as a profession, of which she has ever since been an adornment. Her success has been very great in many and very different *rôles*. *Hester Gould* in "The Millionaire," *Lady Ingram* in "The Scrap of Paper," *Belinda* in "Engaged," and later on the *Pompadour*, the graceful *Stella* in "Captain Swift," and the loving daughter in "The Village Priest," are characters all fresh in the memory of all appreciative playgoers; and it is only to be regretted that Mrs. Tree has been unable to take part in the production at the Haymarket of "The Dancing Girl," which has created the greatest sensation of any play yet produced there. Mrs. Tree's return to the stage, which takes place this month, is a matter of congratulation to all playgoers who admire intelligence and beauty in dramatic art.

From a Photo by] AGE 16. *[Reynolds.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[J. Thomson.*

We are indebted for these portraits to the kindness of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

From a] AGE 28. *[Painting.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 34. *[Mayall.*

AGE 50.
From a Photo. by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

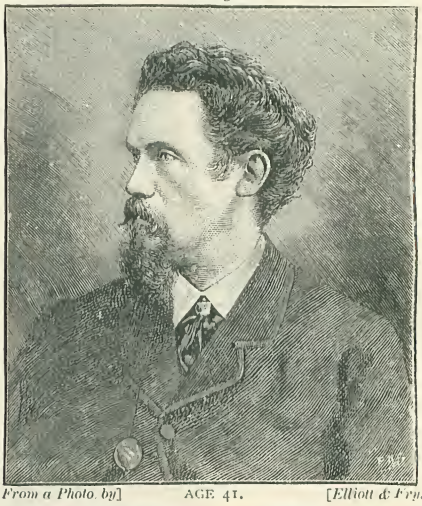
BORN 1829.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA may be pronounced the most famous and popular journalist the Victorian era has produced. In 1846, when he was but 17 years of age, he was scene painter to the late William Beverley at the Princess's Theatre. Two years later we find him a draughtsman on wood and editor of a paper called *Chat*. In 1850 he painted the comic panorama for Soyer's Symposium, and at the age of 23 he joined *Household Words* with the friend of his childhood, Charles Dickens. He remained with Dickens till 1856, having meanwhile engraved the panorama of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, which somewhat impaired his eyesight. He then visited Russia to learn the language, and a year later joined *The Daily Telegraph*. Mr. G. A. Sala is now in his 62nd year, and his pen is as vigorous, powerful, and picturesque as in the days of his youth.

From a Photo. by] AGE 62. *[Walery.*

From a] AGE 19. *[Daguerreotype.*

From a] AGE 23. *[Photograph.*



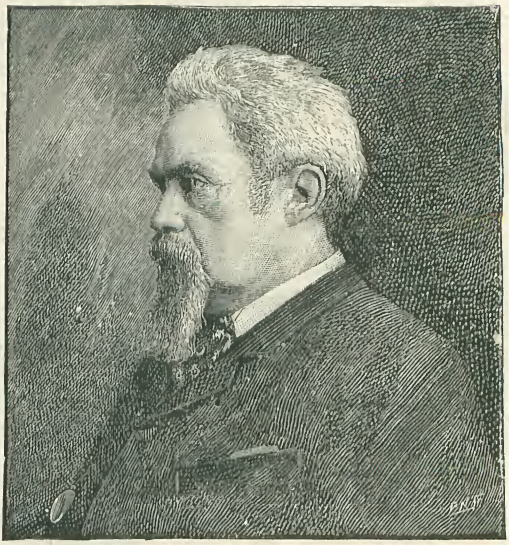
From a Photo. by] AGE 41. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.

BORN 1829.

AT 19, Mr. Marks was studying art at Leigh's Academy. At 23 he was a Royal Academy student. At 27, he had just painted his great picture, "Toothache in the Middle Ages." At 41 he was elected an A.R.A.; in 1878, R.A. By the courtesy of Mr. Marks, the second of our "Illustrated Interviews" will give a most interesting account of himself and his work.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[Wilkins & Haigh.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 16. *[Paul de Witt.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Barraud.*

MISS MARY MOORE.

MISS MARY MOORE'S association with dramatic art commenced when, a child of three, she appeared in some private theatricals as a fairy in "Cinderella." She was but sixteen years of age when she married James Albery, of "Two Roses" fame. In September, 1885, she was playing with Charles Wyndham in "The Candidate" at Liverpool, and she afterwards came to London to join the regular Criterion company. The success she achieved received emphatic endorsement in Berlin, where she played *Ada Ingot* in "David Garrick," in German, and shared with Mr. Wyndham the laurels won from the critical German audiences. Miss Moore's presence on the stage is distinguished by grace, sweetness, and beauty, and her appearance in a new character is always regarded with interest.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Barraud.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Naudin.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 39. *[Bertin, Brighton.*

DAVID JAMES.

FROM the Princess's Theatre, then under the management of Charles Kean, Mr. David James, quite a young lad, migrated to the Royalty Theatre, where, in Burnand's "Ixion," he played the part of *Mercury*. Six years afterwards he took an important step by assuming the management of the Vaudeville Theatre, in association with Harry Montague and Thomas Thorne. There "Two Roses" was produced, Mr. James playing *Our Mr. Jenkins;* and on January 16, 1875, the ever-memorable "Our Boys" commenced its phenomenal career. Mr. James's admirable and masterly performance of *Perkyn Middlewick* lifted him at once into the front rank of comedians; and night after night, for four years and three months, the Vaudeville was the scene

From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[Elliott & Fry.*

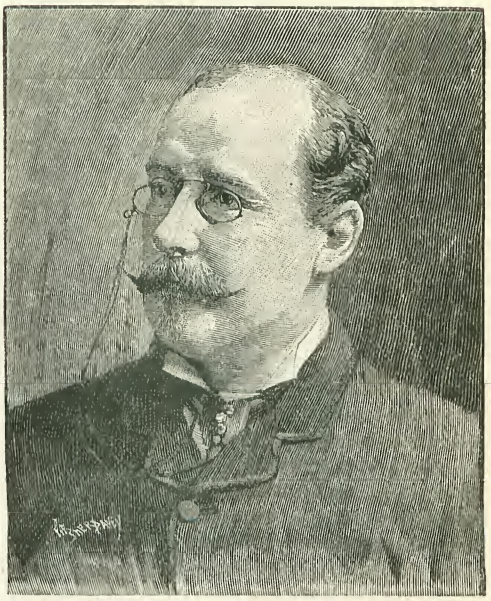
of as honest and healthful laughter as was ever heard within a theatre's walls. In 1886 he went to the Gaiety Theatre, and was afterwards specially engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham. There are few more popular comedians than Mr. James.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[The Stereoscopic Co.*

From a] AGE 13. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 21. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[Sée, Strasburg.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Martin & Sallnow.*

MAX O'RELL.

BORN 1848.

PAUL BLOUËT ("Max O'Rell") was born in Brittany, and received his commission in the French cavalry at the age of 21. Having been severely wounded, he retired with a pension, and came to England. In 1882, while master at St. Paul's School, he published the enormously successful "John Bull and His Island." Max O'Rell married an English lady, who translates all his books into English, and who is herself—as the reader may judge for himself by the following story—a charming writer.

Sister Gabrielle.

A REMINISCENCE OF MAX O'RELL DURING THE WAR.

By His Wife.

WHEN the Franco-Prussian War broke out I was a young girl, and the awful news of the commencement of hostilities made a profound impression upon me. When, four years later, I met and married my husband, it was one of my great delights to get him to tell me "all about the war." Of the many reminiscences of his soldier days, none, perhaps, interested me more than the story of a sweet nun who nursed him in St. Malo Hospital. This is the story just as I heard it for the first time years ago. I hope it will not lose too much by not being told in French, as it was then given to me.

We were sitting by the bridge of Neuilly, near the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris: "There," said my husband, "is just about the spot where I was knocked over. We were fast getting the better of the Communards, and my men were warming to the work in grand style, when the piece of spent shell hit me, and some of the fellows carried me off to hospital. I remember being puzzled that there should be relatively no pain in a wound of that sort; but the pain came soon enough when the fever set in. The doctor of the Versailles Hospital was a rough specimen, as army doctors often are—in France, at any rate—and you may fancy that the groans and moans of the other wounded were not soothing either. One day the doctor told me I should soon be able to be removed to a country hospital. That was after I had been under his treatment for six weeks.

"The sights, sounds, and smell of the place had grown so sickening to me that I think I could have kissed him when he talked of sending me to St. Malo. He came in one morning, and, in his brusque way, said, as he probed the wound for bits of shattered bone:

"'We shall be able to pack you off in a few days. You would like to get transferred to St. Malo, would you not? You come from that part of the country, don't you? The air will suit you.'

"He was a brute, but he had awfully good cigars, and used to make me smoke one when he was going to have an extra go at my wound. I suppose he hoped the goodness might prove infectious. I used to call him strings of bad names while he was digging away at his work on my arm. Somehow it relieved me, and, truth to tell, he took it all in good part.

"In a few days, then, I saw the last of him, and he of me; and glad enough was I to find myself in the clean, quiet, nun-tended hospital in the dear old Breton town. There I had a room to myself, as each officer had; and

"A PIECE OF SPENT SHELL HIT ME."

to lie there in that sweet, sunny room and hear no groans but my own was almost like being in heaven. The daily cleanings of the wound, still pretty painful, were recommenced under the hands of another surgeon, who proved to be a very good fellow. He and I struck up quite a friendship after a while.

"Well, life was, if not exactly rosy, at any rate once more worth living. The brightness and calm were very sweet after the horrors of the Versailles hospital, and a serenity filled the air, like an echo of organ tones brought in by the nuns from chapel.

ST. MALO.

"The nun who attended to me was an angel. Don't be jealous. I was there in St. Malo three months. Before one month had passed, I had grown to love her as I should have loved my sister, if she had lived. I loved the sound of her voice, and the touch of her deft, gentle hands. I would have gone through the surgeon's probings without a groan, if she might have re-bandaged the arm afterwards. But Dr. Nadaud always did that himself. Sister Gabrielle—that was what they called her—would come directly he had done with me, and would try the bandages to make sure they were not hurting, arrange the pillows afresh, and smooth out the wrinkles in the counterpane, and my brow at the same time, sympathising with me all the while in the sweetest fashion possible. Her voice was a great part of her charm: very low, and yet the clearest voice in the world. She had a way of looking at one all the time, too, with a gaze that was almost like a mother's caress, and that wrapped one around with a delicious feeling of security and well-being. Sometimes she would sit and talk with me about the battles, and lead me into chats about my mother, who was ill herself at this time, and not able to come to see me.

"'How old was Sister Gabrielle?' Oh, I suppose she must have been about twenty-four or five then. She had the Norman blue eyes, and a fair complexion, which the white wrappings about her face seemed to heighten and irradiate. Is it the white lawn, or is it a beauty that the self-denying life lends to them, which makes the faces of so many of those women look so lovely? I called Sister Gabrielle an angel just now, but you must not fancy there was any cold saintliness about her; in fact, it was her very ready sympathy with all my accounts of my young life in the outer world that drew out my heart towards her. It was her very womanliness that soon set me wondering who she could have been, and what had led her to shut herself away from the world. There was little to do, lying there in bed week after week, and hundreds of times, as I looked at that sweet woman moving about the room, I pictured her without the coif, and said to myself that if she were not then a beloved wife, with a husband's protecting arm around her, and children climbing about her knees, it was not because the love that should have led to this had been wanting, but certainly because some marring chance had prevented the realisation of such happiness. It amused me to 'make a pretty history to myself,' with Sister Gabrielle for the heroine. A woman with a voice like hers, and such a smile, was bound to have loved deeply. Sometimes, when she was not speaking, her eyes had a sad far-away look. I can only compare it to the look that an emigrant who was toiling along a hot, dusty high-road to embark for a new country, might turn and give to the dear spot that he had said a long good-

bye to. But that look never lasted more than a minute on Sister Gabrielle's face. It was as if the traveller settled his burden afresh on his shoulders, and with fresh, vigorous resolution, stepped on into the long expanse of road that went stretching away to the horizon.

"One day—I could not help it—I broke into one of those little reveries of hers.

"'My sister,' I said, 'sweet and beautiful as you are, how is it that you never married?'

"With lifted finger, as one speaks to a too daring child, she said only: 'Sssshh!'

"Then, with the movement of the emigrant readjusting his knapsack, she added: '*Allons!* half-past ten! Dr. Nadaud will be here before we are ready for him!'

"From that day Sister Gabrielle avoided sitting by my bedside. She watched over me just as tenderly as before; but our talks were shorter, and I never ventured to repeat my question, as you may imagine. Nevertheless, lying there through the long days, it was impossible not to go on wondering what had sent this beautiful woman into the rough groove where I found her.

SISTER GABRIELLE.

"One day I discovered that Dr. Nadaud came from the same town as herself, and I fell at once to questioning him about her. All that I could elicit from him was that her name in the world had been Jeanne D'Alcourt, and that she came of a good old Norman titled family. I did not learn much by that; it was not necessary to hear that she was noble, for she had the stamp of nobility in every line and in every pose of her body. For a talkative fellow, I thought Nadaud had remarkably little to say about his former townswoman; and, after gently sounding him once or twice on the subject, I came to the conclusion that it was useless to look to him for enlightenment, but I also came to the conclusion that Sister Gabrielle had a history.

"August came. I had been three months in St. Malo Hospital, and now the time for leaving it had arrived.

"It was early morning. A *fiacre* stood at the gate, with my luggage upon it, and Sister Gabrielle had come to the doorway which led into the courtyard to see me off. Early as it was, the sun was already well on his day's journey, and perhaps it was the strong glare from the white wall that made her shade her eyes so persistently with her left hand while we were saying 'Good-bye.' As for my own eyes, there was something the matter with them, too, for the landscape, or so much of it as I could see from the St. Malo hospital doorway, had taken on a strange, blurred look since I saw it from the window ten minutes before.

"'*Adieu, mon lieutenant! Adieu!*' cried Sister Gabrielle, in a voice meant to be very cheery.

"'*Adieu, ma sœur!* May I come to see you and the old place, if ever I find myself in these latitudes again?'

"'Yes, yes, that is it; come back and see who is in your little bed under the window. Take care of the arm!' touching the sling that held it, 'Dr. Nadaud will expect a letter from you in copper-plate style before another month is over. *Allons!* We will say, *Au revoir*, then, not *Adieu*. *Bon voyage, mon lieutenant, bon voyage!*'

"Another hand-grasp, and I made my way to the cab, feeling a strange intoxicated sensation at being once more on my legs in the open air after such a long stretch between the blankets. Away we rattled down the steep stone-paved street, past the queer old high houses that, as the window-shutters were swung back, seemed to open their eyes and wake up with a spirited relish for another day's bustle and work. Very different, my dear, to the lazy drawing up of a roller-blind in England is the swinging open of a pair of French *persiennes*. Whiffs of new bread and freshly ground coffee

floated out from the open doorways of the baker, and the earliest risers of St. Malo, and presently the pungent, invigorating odour of the sea made itself smelt in spite of the mixed odours of the street. It was

"ADIEU, MA SŒUR!"

new life to be out in the open air again; and I was going to see my mother. But I could not forget Sister Gabrielle."

Several years passed before my husband saw again the old steep streets of St. Malo. These years brought great changes to him. His right arm being no longer capable of using a sword, he retired from the army, took to journalism, and eventually accepted an engagement in London. In the English capital he made his home, marrying and settling down to a quasi-English life, which possessed great interest for him from the first.

One summer (six years after the war) we began to make a yearly journey to a town on the borders of Brittany, and always landed at St. Malo to take train for our destination. Trains ran there only twice a day, and so there was generally time enough to climb the dirty, picturesque street to the hospital and see sweet Sister Gabrielle, whose face would light up at sight of her old patient, and whose voice had still the same sympathetic charm. When the now English-looking traveller presented himself, it was always the Mother Superior who came to him in the bare, cool room reserved for visitors. And then Sister Gabrielle would arrive with a sweet, grave smile playing about her beautiful mouth, and there would be long talks about all that he had been doing; of the pleasant free life in England, of the English wife he had married, and of Bébé, a regular little Norman, whom he promised to bring and show her some day. But that day never came.

One hot August morning, just seven years after he had left the hospital with his arm in a sling, my husband pulled at the big clanging bell, and asked to see Sister Gabrielle. He was ushered into the shady waiting-room, and stood drinking in the perfume of the roses that clambered about the open window. Presently the Mother's steps approached, but when she saw him she had no longer in her voice the cheery notes with which she used to greet him, nor did she offer to send Sister Gabrielle to him.

In a few sad words she told him his sweet nurse was dead, that she had died as she had lived, beloved by all who were privileged to be near her. There was no positive disease, the doctor had said, but some shock or grief of years before must have undermined her health, and the life of self-sacrifice she led had not been calculated to lengthen the frail strand of her life. Gently and without struggle it had snapped, and she had drooped and died with the early violets.

Touched and saddened, our traveller turned down the steep street to the lower town. More than ever he wondered what had been the history of the brave, beautiful woman who had nursed him seven years before.

Turning the corner of the Place Châteaubriand, he ran against a man.

"*Pardon, monsieur!*"

"*Pardon, monsieur!*"

The exclamations were simultaneous. Looking up, the two men recognised each other.

"Ah, my dear Doctor!" exclaimed my husband.

"*Sapristi*, my dear Lieutenant! What are you doing in St. Malo?"

The younger man having properly accounted for his presence in the old Breton town, and made known to Dr. Nadaud how glad he was to see him again, the two went off together to lunch at the Hôtel de Bretagne, where M. Blouët had left his luggage.

Having refreshed themselves with a light French *déjeûner*, the doctor and his former patient strolled out of the long dining-room into the central courtyard of the hotel, which the sun had not yet made too warm; and there, installing themselves at a little round table, under a huge laurel, they smoked and sipped their coffee.

"I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW," SAID THE DOCTOR.

"I will tell you all I know," said the doctor, in reply to a question from his companion. "It seemed almost a breach of confidence to tell you Sister Gabrielle's story while she lived, for I knew that she had come away out of the world on purpose to work unknown, and to bury all that remained of Jeanne D'Alcourt. When she first came she seemed not at all pleased to see me; no doubt because my presence reminded her of Caen, and of the scenes that she had turned her back upon for ever."

"Well," continued Dr. Nadaud, "the D'Alcourts had lived for generations in a fine old house on the Boulevard de l'Est, and it was there that Jeanne was born. Next door lived my sister and her husband, M. Leconte, the chief notary of the town, and a man well considered by all classes of his townsmen. It is the old story of affections knotted together in the skipping rope, and proving to be as unending as the circle of the hoop. My sister had a girl and a boy. The three children played together, walked out with their nurses together, and were hardly ever separated, until the time came for Raoul to go to Paris to school. The boy was fourteen when they parted; Jeanne was only eleven; but the two children's love had so grown with their growth that, before the day of parting came, they had made a solemn little compact never to forget each other.

"Eight years passed, during which Jeanne and Raoul saw little of each other.

"The first time the boy came home he seemed to Jeanne no longer a boy, and the shyness which sprang up between them then deepened with each succeeding year.

"The boy was allowed to choose his profession, and he chose that of surgery. News reached Jeanne from time to time, through his sister, of the promising young student who, it was said, bid fair to win for himself a great name some day.

"At the age of twenty-two Raoul left Paris. His parents, who were growing old, wished their son near them; and steps were taken to establish him in a practice in Caen.

"Time passed on, and Raoul had been six months in partnership with old Dr. Grévin, whom he was eventually to succeed, when Mme. D'Alcourt fell ill of inflammation of the lungs, and so it happened that the two young people often met beside the sick-bed, for the elder partner was not always able to attend the patient, and his young *aide* was called upon to take his place.

"By the time that Mme. D'Alcourt was well again, both the young people knew that the old love of their childhood had smouldered in their hearts through all the years of separation, and was ready to burst into flame at a touch. But no word was spoken.

"It was Raoul's fond hope to be one day in a position to ask for Jeanne as his wife, but he knew that by speaking before he was in that position he would only destroy all chance of being listened to by her parents.

"The touch that should stir the flame soon came.

"One day in the summer following, a hasty summons from Mme. D'Alcourt took Dr. Grévin to Jeanne's bedside, and a few moments' examination showed him that the

poor girl had taken diphtheria. After giving directions as to the treatment to be followed, he said he would return late in the evening, or would send M. Leconte.

"It was Raoul who came.

"With horror he saw that the case was already grave, and a great pang went through him as he spoke to Mme. D'Alcourt of the possibility of its being necessary to perform tracheotomy in the morning. When morning came, in fact, all next day, Jeanne was a little better, and the young man hoped with a deep, longing, passionate hope.

"The day after, however, it was evident that nothing could save the girl but the operation, and it was quickly decided to try this last chance.

"The rest is soon told. In that supreme moment, as Raoul made ready for the work, the two young people told all their hearts' secret to each other in one long greeting of the eyes, that was at once a 'Hail'! and a 'Farewell'!

"The operation was successful.

"All went well with Jeanne, and in two days she was declared out of danger.

"But Raoul, unmindful of everything except Jeanne's danger, had not been careful for himself, and had received some of the subtle poison from her throat."

"A GREAT PANG WENT THROUGH HIM."

In the cemetery of Caen, high up where the sun first strikes, can be seen a gravestone with the inscription :—

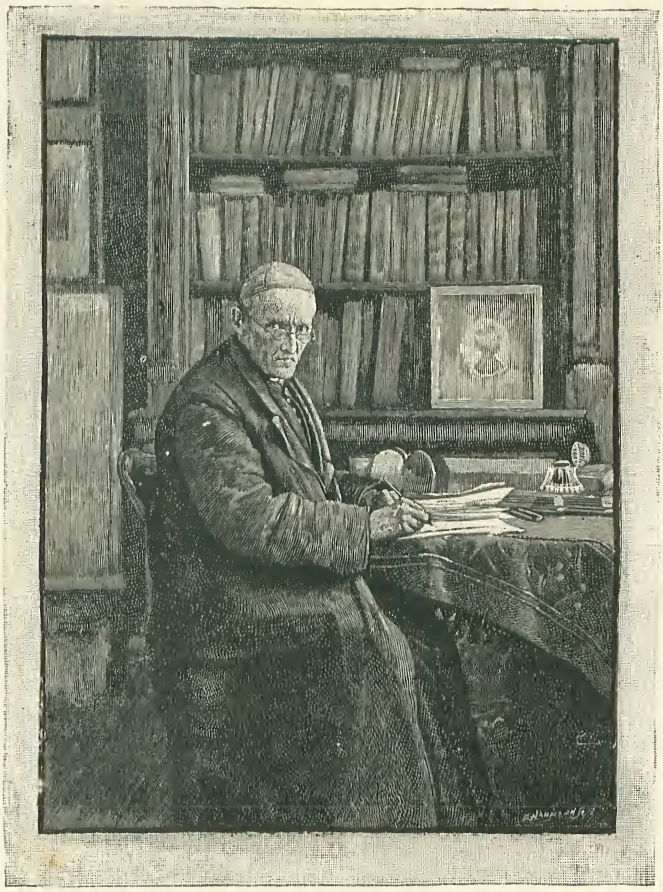
Ci-gît
RAOUL LECONTE,
Décédé le 18 *Juillet*, 1869.

* *
*

And this is why Sister Gabrielle never married.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. I.—CARDINAL MANNING.

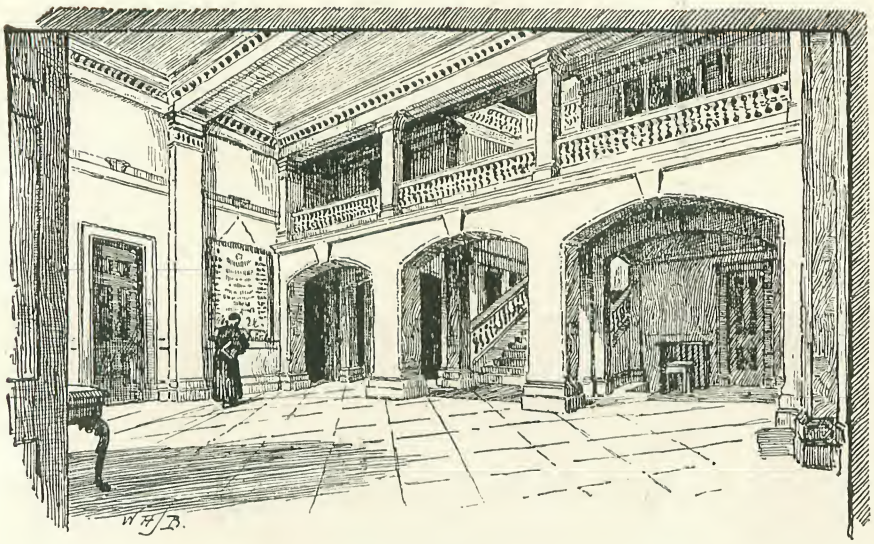


From a Photo. by] [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

CARDINAL MANNING IN HIS LIBRARY.

WHEN the officers of the three regiments of Guards conceived the idea some twenty-five years ago to build an institute for their privates and non-commissioned officers, they little thought that the great square building at the corner of Carlisle-place, near Victoria Station, would one day be converted into the residence of the Archbishop of Westminster. It was destined to be so, however, and was purchased in March, 1873, for this purpose. It is hard to realise, as the door closes behind me, and with it shuts out the slightest noise of passing traffic, that His Eminence Cardinal Manning sleeps in a small corner of a great gallery where a stage once stood, and where red-coats once danced to the strains of merry music; that the great reception-room was a few years ago fitted up with carpenters' benches, and Guardsmen so inclined could try their skill with plane and chisel. Not a vestige of their presence remains. Nothing could be quieter or more simple. There is an air of solemnity about the place, this home of Cardinal Manning.

I have just seen the Cardinal. The day is cold, and he wears over his black cassock, edged with the traditional red, a long overcoat. Around his neck is the gold chain and cross of the See, and on his finger a massive ring, set with a glorious sapphire given to him by the late Pope. His still bright eyes, in a face typical of intense



ENTRANCE HALL.

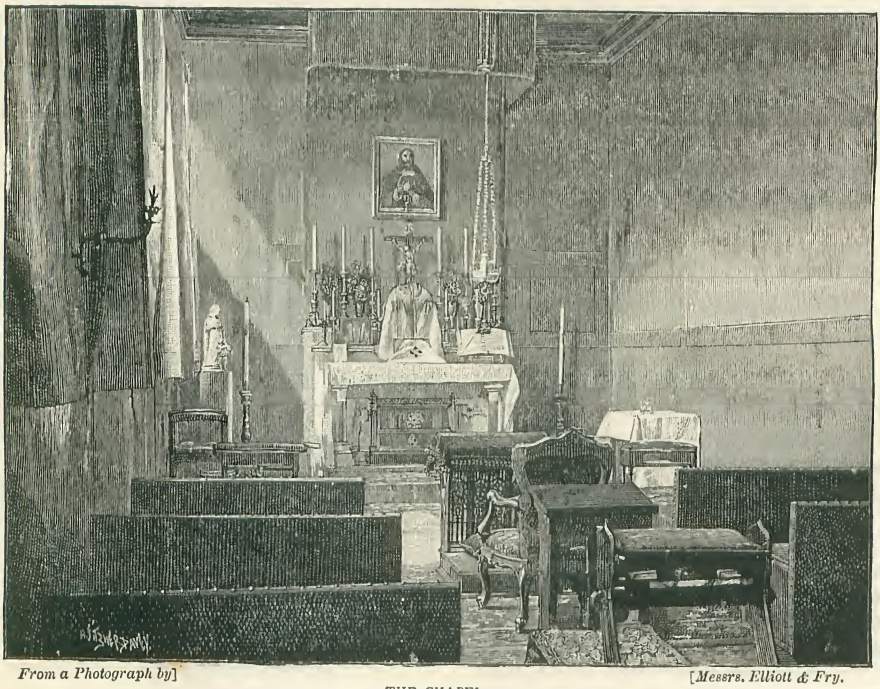
kindness, begin to twinkle merrily when I tell him I want to take his memory back to sixty or seventy years ago—his boyhood days. He is fond of children. He tells me that he has letters from them in the United States, Australia, Canada, and how on every birthday—he was born on July 15, 1808—bunches and bunches of flowers come, the chapel and house are full of flowers. "But, go and see the house. In half an hour we will sit down and talk together."

There is the house dining-room, the windows of which look on to the street, interesting from the fact that it contains authentic portraits of the Vicars Apostolic from the time of James I., since the breach with Rome. On a pedestal near the window is a bust of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate; and on the mantelpiece, on either side of the clock, are two small busts of Pius IX. and the present Pope. The Cardinal takes all his meals alone, and is next-door to a vegetarian. The domestic chapel is in close proximity to the dining-room. Through a little ante-apartment, where the vestments are kept, and past a small confessional exquisitely carved in oak, the door of the chapel is opened, and the rays of light stream through the windows on to a simple altar. Here, in a glass case, is the mitre of white silk, to which the gold trimming still clings, worn by St. Thomas à Becket, whilst in residence at Sens. At another corner is a relic of St. Edmund. There are seats on the green baize benches for a dozen worshippers; the gilt chair once used by the Cardinal is in the centre, with a black knee cushion richly worked with flowers. The relics, one of the most precious collections in the kingdom, are preserved in a case at the far end. They are a sight of rare beauty—wonderfully carved specimens of Gothic work in ivory, elaborate gold, silver,

THE CARDINAL'S FATHER.

and silver-gilt work. Amongst the most precious of them all, contained in a piece of crystal, is a fragment of the column against which our Lord was scourged; and set in a silver and enamelled shrine are three small pieces of dark wood, resembling ebony, round which are engraved the words: "Behold the wood of the cross on which our Saviour was hung."

Ascending the stone steps leading from the entrance hall, I pass into an ante-room, where stands a life-size bust of the Cardinal's father, William Manning, a London merchant, a Governor of the Bank of England, and sometime member of Parliament for Evesham, and afterwards for Penrhyn. A very heavy statue of the Virgin Mary finds a place here. It was made from cannon taken at Sebastopol. The great reception-room, too, with its massive heavy gilt chairs, its richly carved cabinets, whereon are set out numerous treasures, is a fine apartment. On the tables are huge volumes containing the countless testimonials presented from time to time. The latest of these tributes is on the wall near the door: that presented by the Jews on October 30, 1890, and bearing such names as Lord Rothschild, Joseph Sebag Montefiore, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Reuben and Albert Sassoon, and Sir Henry Isaacs. The Cardinal's biretta, given to him by the Pope, is under a glass case, as it is always the practice of Cardinals to keep the one so given when raised to this exalted position and never wear it. Amongst the works of art—including one of Savonarola—is a magnificent painting by Louis Haghe representing "High Mass in St. Peter's, Rome, on Christmas Day." The picture is peculiarly interesting, for the artist died before he had time to light the wicks of the candles on the altar.

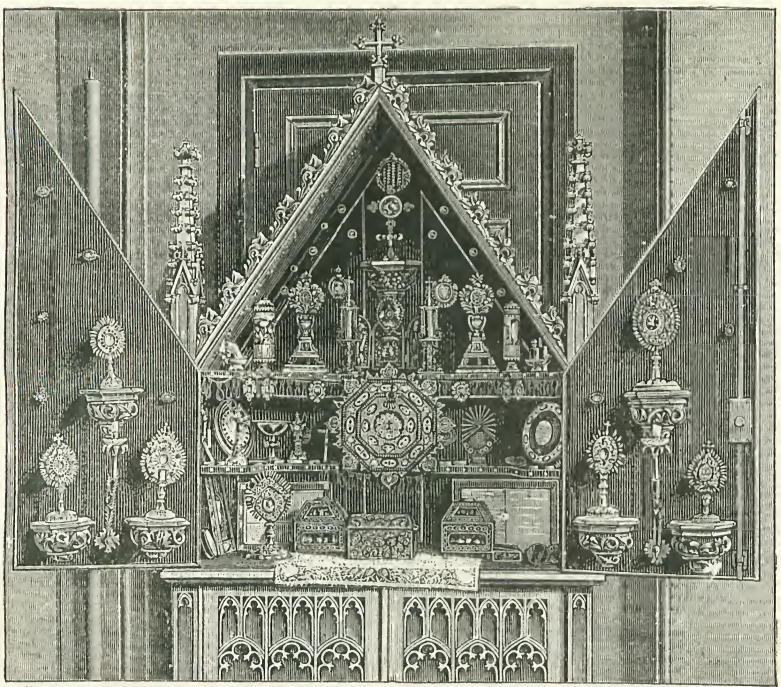


From a Photograph by] [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

THE CHAPEL.

The library is large, and the numerous book-shelves of black wood are well stocked with volumes. A portrait of the Duke of Norfolk, and an original oil painting of the late Cardinal Newman, rest against the wall. Many portraits of Cardinal Manning are scattered about, and there is a bust of himself and his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, side by side over the fire-place.

The Cardinal's bedroom is at the top of the building. Here in a corner of the Guards' ball-room, some seven or eight small apartments have been made—little square abodes, homely and simple to a degree. These rooms very much resemble, save that they are somewhat larger, the monks' cells in the Convent Church of San Marco



From a Photograph by] [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

THE RELIQUARY.

at Florence. The Cardinal has always slept in a camp bed. It is covered with a red eider-down quilt. Just a wardrobe, an armchair, a washstand, and on the dressing table at the open window little nicks-nacks of toilet are laid out with distinctive neatness. A door opens from the sleeping apartment to the Cardinal's private oratory. Its almost quaint situation has secured for it the name of "The Noah's Ark." An altar, almost unadorned, has been set up here—very plain and unpretentious. Look where you will, it is all suggestive of the quiet and gentle disposition of a great man, and the illustration shows the sanctuary as it is when the Cardinal passes from his bedroom in the morning. Exactly opposite "The Noah's Ark" is another small oratory, a trifle more decorative perhaps, but still remarkably simple. This is used by the bishops when visiting His Eminence. Just then the butler tells me that the stipulated half-hour is past. This old family servant may be regarded with interest, for when he first ushered me into the presence of the Cardinal, His Eminence remarked that he had served him for over a quarter of a century. His coachman had been with him quite as long, for of all things he disliked it was changing servants.

Passing through the now ancient ball-room, round the walls of which are a plentiful supply of pails filled to the brim in case of fire, and descending the stone steps once more, a door leading from the library opens into the Cardinal's work-room. What a litter! It is full of baskets, papers and pamphlets are scattered all over the place. Letters, bearing the postmark of every quarter of the globe, lie in a heap, waiting to be opened. The Cardinal, who sits in a great blue arm-chair, and rests back upon a red velvet pillow, expresses sympathy in my astonishment. There are no fewer than eleven tables about, and he happily remarks, "You cannot count the chairs, for every one of them is a bookshelf." Then in a voice of wonderful firmness, and remarkably clear, he invites me to sit close to him.

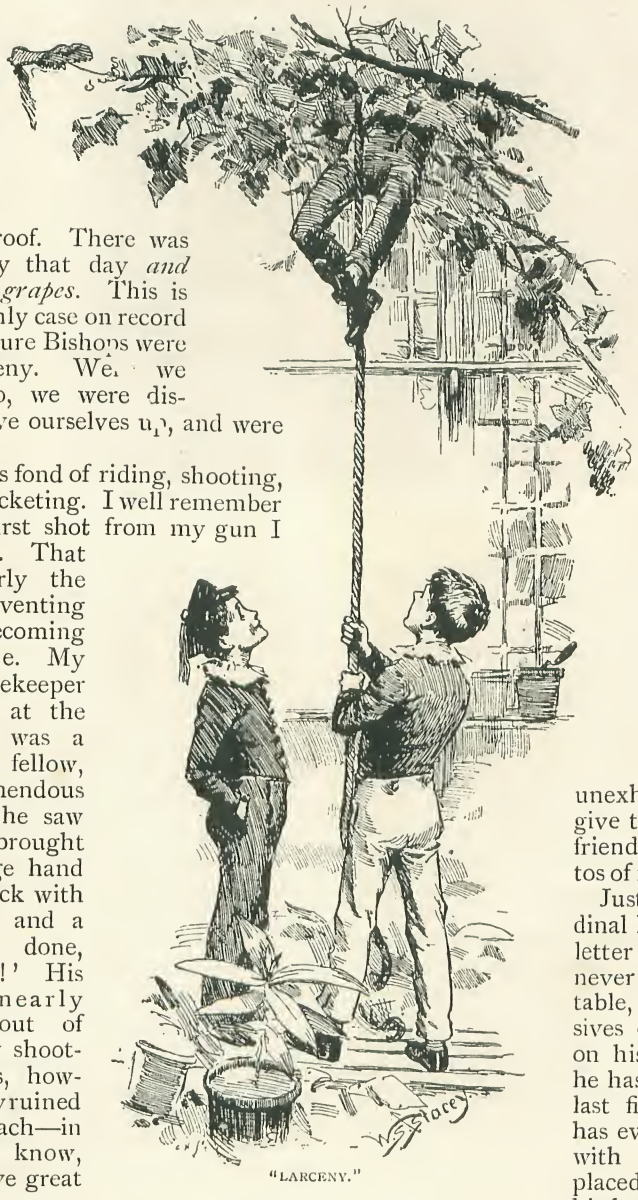
"Yes, every day brings a multitude of letters. I open them all myself. Many I reply to, and the remainder keep two secretaries busy all day, and then they are by no means finished. I have a long, long day myself. At seven I get up, and ofttimes do not go to bed until past eleven—working all the time. My dinner is early, at 1.30, and tea comes round at 7 o'clock. Newspapers? I manage to get through some of the principal ones every day. Of course, I only 'skim' them over, but I make a point of reading the foreign news." He merrily—and with great humility—remarked in reference to the many books he had written that he "had spoilt as much paper as most people."

"Will you tell me something about your boyhood?" I asked.

"Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am eighty-three, but I spent

my childhood at Totteridge. As a boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wordsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day *and there were no grapes*. This is probably the only case on record where three future Bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up, and were forgiven.

"I was always fond of riding, shooting, boating, and cricketing. I well remember that with the first shot from my gun I killed a hare. That shot was nearly the means of preventing me from ever becoming eighty-three. My father's gamekeeper was with me at the time, and he was a very tall, heavy fellow, with a tremendous hand. When he saw the hare fall, he brought that same huge hand down on my back with all his might, and a hearty 'Well done, master Henry!' His enthusiasm nearly knocked me out of the world. My shooting inclinations, however, once nearly ruined the family coach—in those days, you know, we used to have great cumbersome, uncomfortable vehicles. I had a battery of cannons, and my first target was the coach-house-door. One of these formidable weapons carried a fairly weighty bullet. Well, I hit the door—the bullet went clean through, and nearly smashed the panel of the coach.



"LARCENY."

"I went to Harrow when I was fourteen, and remained there four years. I fear I can tell you but little about my cricketing days. I wish I could say that 'our side' won, but, alas! in the three matches I played in against Eton and Winchester at Lords we were beaten every time. I certainly scored some runs, but their total is forgotten. Then, as a boy, I was very fond of wood-carving, and the principal articles of home manufacture were boats. I made many of them, and as a lad they used to constitute my birthday present to my youthful companions. After I had reached manhood I found my stock of small river craft unexhausted, so I would give them away to my friends as small mementos of my boating days."

Just then the Cardinal had to reply to a letter brought in. He never uses a writing table, but pens his missives on a pad resting on his knee, a practice he has followed for the last fifteen years. He has even written them with the notepaper placed in the palm of his hand. A few notes of his wonderful career are jotted down. From Harrow he went to Oxford.

The Cardinal became a Catholic in 1851, previous to which he had been Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, since

1833, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman in February, 1865, he was made Archbishop, and ten years later raised to the dignity of Cardinal. He became a teetotaler in the autumn of 1868, and has been a firm adherent to teetotal principles ever since.

But the photographer is waiting. As the Cardinal sat down for a special picture for these pages he exclaimed wittily, "Well, you look like assassins, waiting to 'take' me." He tells a photographic story, too, whilst the operator is changing one of the plates, as to how a member of his clergy was preaching in the open air in the East End, and an itinerant photographer elbowed his room through the crowd and prepared to "catch" the cleric. The audience, however, were so much interested in the discourse, that one of them shouted out, "Now, then, get out with that shooting gallery!"

"I WAS VERY FOND OF CARVING BOATS."

My visit to the Cardinal, however, was not only for the purpose of gathering some delightful reminiscences, but to ask his opinion on one of the burning questions of the hour. The great affection he has always had for the welfare of children, and the thoughtful kindness he has ever directed towards parents, suggested "Free Education," and His Eminence said :—

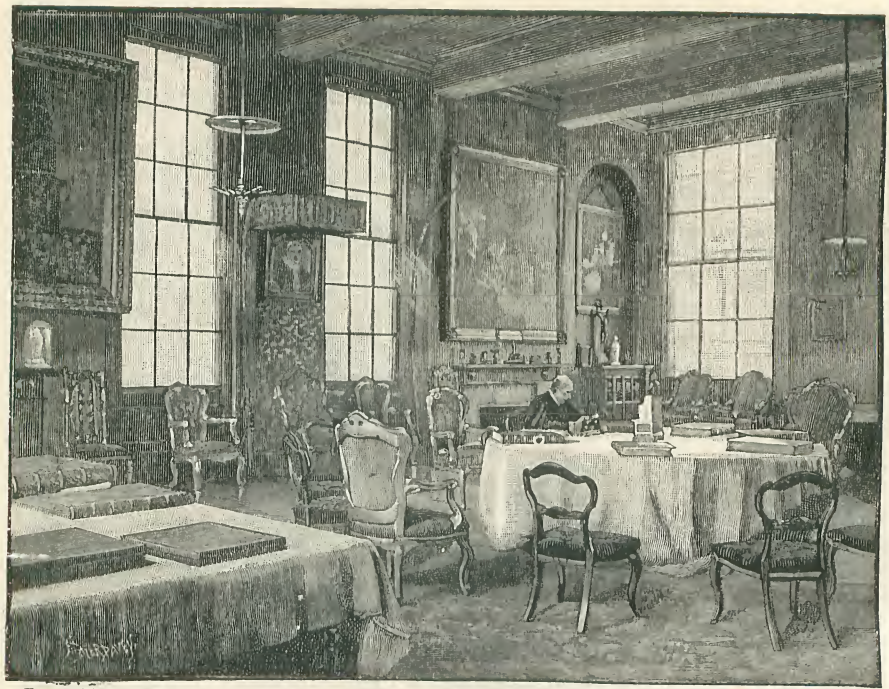
"In the sense understood in America in their system of common schools, free for all classes and conditions, or in the sense understood in France, where the State pays for all degrees of education, I am as much opposed to free schools as possible. Lord Salisbury has spoken of assisted education, and I can attach to these words a sound meaning. Free schools display only a destructive part of State education.

"What do you mean by 'national' system?"

"I mean a system in which the nation educates itself. The education of children is a natural duty, or responsibility of the people itself, in all its homes and in all its localities; and until parental duty has been fulfilled to the utmost, by the intelligence and energy of individuals, I believe the intervention of the State to be premature and mischievous, because it obstructs the fulfilment of parental and natural duty.

"Do you believe that a national system of education can ever exist without the assistance of the State?"

"No, unless it be in a very low and imperfect manner; but I believe that the whole greatness of the Empire, and all our world-wide commerce, and all our national character itself, is the creation not of the State but of the intelligence, energy, and free-will of individuals. This was the original principle from which it sprung. The State has come in to assist when the first foundations have been laid, and gives permanence and extension to the work of individual energy. It is said that 'trade follows the flag,' but there was no flag when trade first entered upon the foreign lands which have become our colonies. Individual energy goes first, and the State follows after. I apply this to what is termed the voluntary system of education in England. Individuals began educating themselves and others, before the State granted a halfpenny to their



From a Photograph by] [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

THE RECEPTION ROOM.

education, and I believe that it ought always to maintain itself in the same subordinate position. I am not unconscious that people say, 'Where the voluntary system contributes hundreds of thousands the State contributes millions,' but the State can never contribute that which is of more value than all the millions in the Treasury —I mean the parental responsibility, the zeal, fidelity, patience, and self-sacrifice of the body of teachers, and the docility and good conduct of children responding to those who treat them with love and care. This in the last twenty years has doubled the extent and the efficiency of the voluntary system, in spite of all poverty, which greatly burdens it, so that at this moment the poorest of the voluntary schools are running neck and neck with the Board Schools, which are the richest in the land. I would refer in proof of this to Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham last April, and to Mr. Stanley's excellent and generous pamphlet upon the state of the schools at Preston."

"Do you not approve of what the Government has done since the year '35 or '36?"

"Very heartily; only I think that the Government down to 1870, when it authorised School Boards to put their hands in the pockets of the people, has behaved in an unequal way, and I hope that assisted education will show that the Government has risen to a full sense of its responsibility."

"Do you mean that contributions of the parents or the department are sufficient for the voluntary system?"

"By no means; I believe that the responsibility of parents in every home creates a responsibility of localities in every community or parish in the land. It is an absolute duty of local administration that the heads of such administration should take care that every child within their limits is duly educated. I believe, however, that the contribution of parents and the local rates, with assistance from the Treasury, will suffice for a voluntary system of national education."

"Then, where are free schools?"

"I believe that every parent who is able to pay for the education of his children is bound to do so, but that others, the State included, are bound to pay for those who are unable to pay for themselves. In this sense, as a subordinate detail, I heartily accept free schools, but not the name."

THE GREAT GALLERY.

"Does not contribution from local rates involve local management?"

"Without doubt, so far as to see that the local rates are honestly applied, but it is a universally established and admitted principle that neither grants from the Treasury nor rates from the locality can be applied to the teaching of religion. They are exclusively given for the secular education and efficient management of schools, outside the matter of religion, and therefore for that reason, and upon that broad principle, neither the inspectors of Government nor local managers, unless they be of the religion of the schools, have any right to make or meddle with any management except within the limits of the Government inspection.

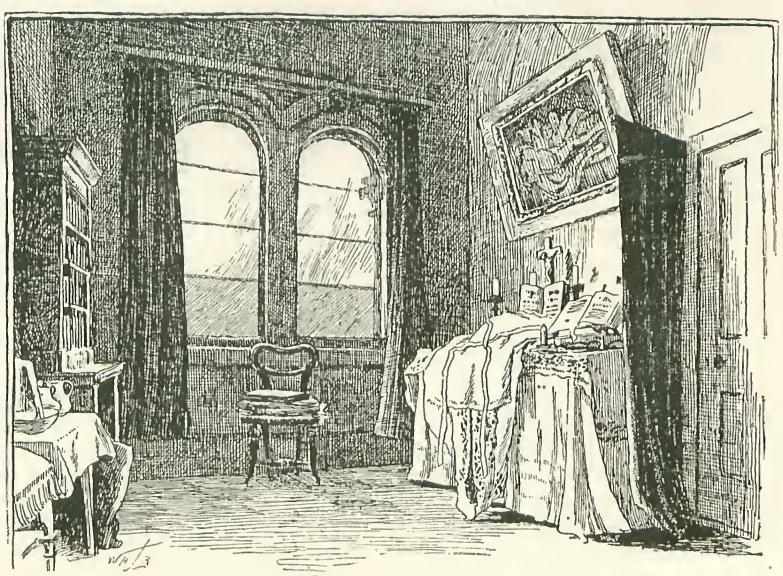
"I have had long experience of the yearly inspection of the Home Office, the Education Department, of the Boards of Guardians of the Metropolitan District, and I can bear witness that their visits and comments have been fair, just, and useful, and of great service to us and to our schools."

"Have you any objection to the School Board system?"

"Many, too many to enumerate now, but four in chief:—

"First: they make us pay education rate to maintain their schools, which we cannot conscientiously use, leaving us, at the same time, to maintain our own.

"Secondly: from the want of definition as to what are elementary or primary schools, the School Boards have in the last few years extended the curriculum of education up to the standard of Harrow and Eton, and have charged it upon the education rate paid by the poor. This was never intended by the Legislature in the year 1870.



THE CARDINAL'S PRIVATE ORATORY.

"Thirdly: there is no practical limit to the amount of rate that may be charged, and, in my belief, no audit of its expenditure sufficient to control its unlimited outlay.

"Lastly: I have no confidence in undenominational religion, which means a 'shape that shape hath none.'"

"What, then, do you wish that they were extinguished?"

"It is too late for me to wish them anything better than a definite faith; but I desire to see a new and higher legislation, under which the Voluntary System and the Board Schools shall find their place, and their action controlled by a ju ter and more efficient administration."

HARRY HOW.

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

From a Photograph by]

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE I.—A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA.

By A. Conan Doyle.

TO Sherlock Holmes she is always *the* woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen; but, as a lover, he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer—excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory.

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention; while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker-street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries, which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night—it was on the 20th of March, 1888—I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker-street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest, and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug-created dreams, and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell, and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own.

His manner was not effusive. It seldom was; but he was glad, I think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye, he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars, and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he stood before the fire, and looked me over in his singular introspective fashion.

"Wedlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you."

"Seven," I answered.

"Indeed, I should have thougnt a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness."

"Then, how do you know?"

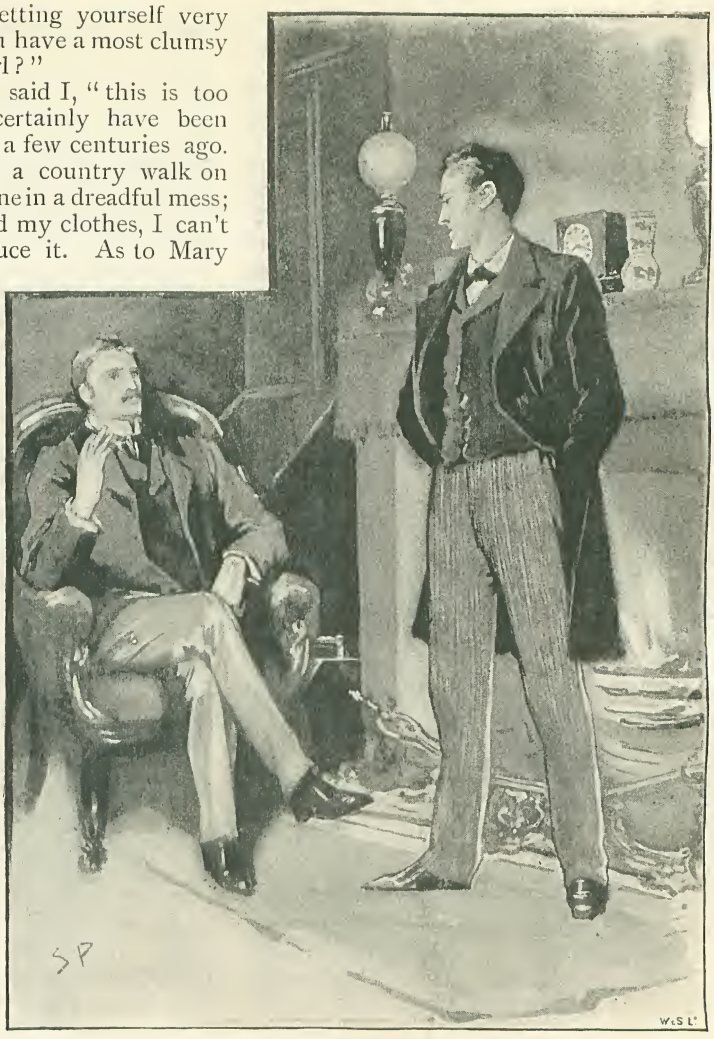
"I see it, I deduce it. How do I know

that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess; but, as I have changed my clothes, I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there again I fail to see how you work it out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long nervous hands together.

"It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right fore-finger, and a bulge on the side of his top-hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession."



"THEN HE STOOD BEFORE THE FIRE."

I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. "When I hear you give your reasons," I remarked, "the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled, until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours."

"Quite so," he answered, lighting a cigarette, and throwing himself down into an armchair. "You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room."

"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

"How many! I don't know."

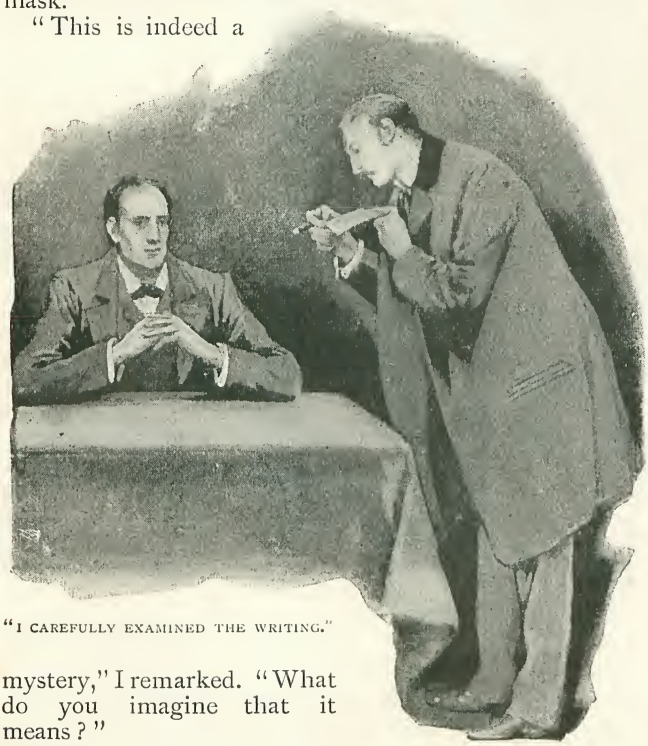
"Quite so! You have not observed.

And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this." He threw over a sheet of thick pink-tinted notepaper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud."

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

"There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the Royal Houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask."

"This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?"



"I CAREFULLY EXAMINED THE WRITING."

"I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorise before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

"The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavouring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

"Peculiar—that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

I did so, and saw a large *E* with a small *g*, a *P*, and a large *G* with a small *t* woven into the texture of the paper.

"What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

"Not at all. The *G* with the small *t* stands for "Gesellschaft," which is the German for "Company." It is a customary contraction like our "Co." *P*, of course, stands for "Papier." Now for the *Eg*. Let us glance at our Continental Gazetteer." He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. "Eglow, Eglonitz—here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country—in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass factories and paper mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

"The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

"Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence—'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper, and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he

comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

"A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else."

"I think that I had better go, Holmes."

"Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it."

"But your client ——"

"Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention."

A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

A man entered who could hardly have been less than six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules. His dress was rich with a richness which would, in England, be looked upon as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of Astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat, while the deep blue cloak which was thrown over his shoulders was lined with flame-coloured silk, and secured at the neck with a brooch which consisted of a single flaming beryl. Boots which extended half way up his calves, and which were trimmed at the tops with rich brown fur, completed the impression of barbaric opulence which was suggested by his whole appearance. He carried a broad-brimmed hat in his hand, while he wore across the upper part of his face, extending down past the cheek-bones, a black vizard mask, which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long straight chin, suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of obstinacy.

"A MAN ENTERED."

"You had my note?" he asked, with a deep harsh voice and a strongly marked German accent. "I told you that I would call." He looked from one to the other of us, as if uncertain which to address.

"Pray take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

"You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone."

I rose to go, but Holmes caught me by

the wrist and pushed me back into my chair. "It is both, or none," said he. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

The Count shrugged his broad shoulders. "Then I must begin," said he, "by binding you both to absolute secrecy for two years, at the end of that time the matter will be of no importance. At present it is not too much to say that it is of such weight that it may have an influence upon European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

"You will excuse this mask," continued our strange visitor. "The august person who employs me wishes his agent to be unknown to you, and I may confess at once that the title by which I have just called myself is not exactly my own."

"I was aware of it," said Holmes dryly.

"The circumstances are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of the reigning families of Europe. To speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia."

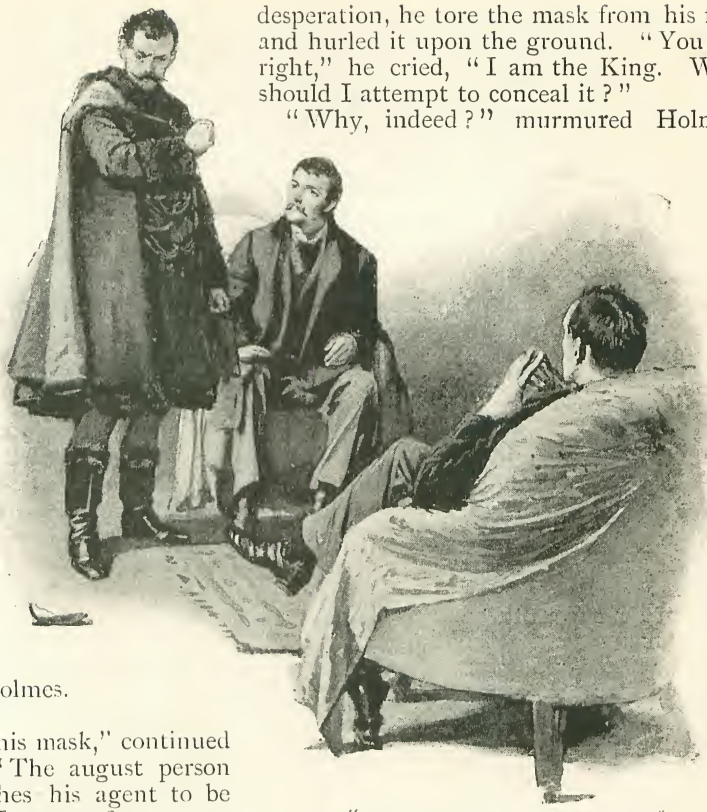
"I was also aware of that," murmured Holmes, settling himself down in his armchair, and closing his eyes.

Our visitor glanced with some apparent surprise at the languid, lounging figure of the man who had been no doubt depicted to him as the most incisive reasoner, and most energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly reopened his eyes, and looked impatiently at his gigantic client.

"If your Majesty would condescend to state your case," he remarked, "I should be better able to advise you."

The man sprang from his chair, and paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. Then, with a gesture of desperation, he tore the mask from his face and hurled it upon the ground. "You are right," he cried, "I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Holmes.



"HE TORE THE MASK FROM HIS FACE."

"Your Majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and hereditary King of Bohemia."

"But you can understand," said our strange visitor, sitting down once more and passing his hand over his high, white forehead, "you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come *incognito* from Prague for the purpose of consulting you."

"Then, pray consult," said Holmes, shutting his eyes once more.

"The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well-known adventuress Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you."

"Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor," murmured Holmes, without opening his eyes. For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concern-

ing men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew Rabbi and that of a staff-commander who had written a monograph upon the deep sea fishes.

"Let me see?" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—Yes! Retired from operatic stage—ha! Living in London—quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back."

"Precisely so. But how——"

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"None."

"No legal papers or certificates?"

"None."

"Then I fail to follow your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?"

"There is the writing."

"Pooh, pooh! Forgery."

"My private notepaper."

"Stolen."

"My own seal."

"Imitated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

"We were both in the photograph."

"Oh dear! That is very bad! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

"I was mad—insane."

"You have compromised yourself seriously."

"I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but thirty now."

"It must be recovered."

"We have tried and failed."

"Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen, then."

"Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she travelled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result."

"No sign of it?"

"Absolutely none."

Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a very serious one to me," returned the King, reproachfully.

"Very, indeed. And what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

"I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

"And Irene Adler?"

"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it. You do not know her, but she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women, and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman, there are no lengths to which she would not go—none."

"You are sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

"Oh, then, we have three days yet," said Holmes, with a yawn. "That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. Your Majesty will, of course, stay in London for the present?"

"Certainly. You will find me at the Langham, under the name of the Count Von Kramm."

"Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress."

"Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety."

"Then, as to money?"

"You have *carte blanche*."

"Absolutely?"

"I tell you that I would give one of the provinces of my kingdom to have that photograph."

"And for present expenses?"

The king took a heavy chamois leather bag from under his cloak, and laid it on the table.

"There are three hundred pounds in gold, and seven hundred in notes," he said.

Holmes scribbled a receipt upon a sheet of his note-book, and handed it to him.

"And mademoiselle's address?" he asked.

"Is Briony Lodge, Serpentine-avenue, St. John's Wood."

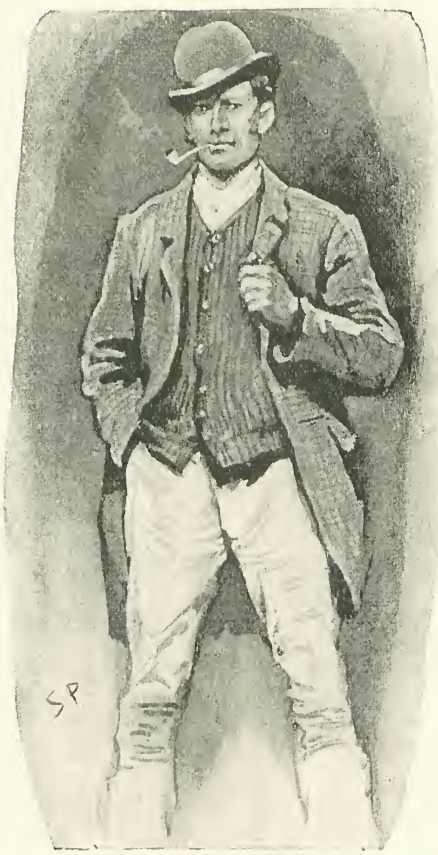
Holmes took a note of it. "One other question," said he. "Was the photograph a cabinet?"

"It was."

"Then, good night, your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the Royal brougham rolled down the street. "If you will be good enough to call to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock, I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

II.

At three o'clock precisely I was at Baker-street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting him, however long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his inquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still, the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client gave it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in his masterly grasp of a situation, and his keen, incisive reasoning, which made it a pleasure to me to study his system of work, and to follow the quick, subtle methods by which he disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. So accustomed was I to his invariable success that the very possibility of his failing had ceased to enter into my head.



"A DRUNKEN-LOOKING GROOM."

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom, ill-kempt and side-whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed as I was to my friend's amazing powers in the use of disguises, I had to look three times before I was certain that it was indeed he. With a nod he vanished into the bedroom, whence he emerged in five minutes tweed-suited and respectable, as of old. Putting his hands into his pockets, he stretched out his legs in front of the fire, and laughed heartily for some minutes.

"Well, really!" he cried, and then he choked; and laughed again until he was obliged to lie back, limp and helpless, in the chair.

"What is it?"

"It's quite too funny. I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning, or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits, and perhaps the house, of Miss Irene Adler."

"Quite so, but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after eight o'clock this morning, in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsey men. Be one of them, and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a *bijou* villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sitting-room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous

English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top of the coach-house. I walked round it and examined it closely from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest.

"I then lounged down the street, and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in a lane which runs down by one wall of the garden. I lent the ostlers a hand in rubbing down their horses, and I received in exchange twopence, a glass of half-and-half, two fills of shag tobacco, and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighbourhood in whom I was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

"Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. So say the Serpentine-mews, to a man. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and returns at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out at other times, except when she sings. Has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He is dark, handsome, and dashing; never calls less than once a day, and often twice. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, of the Inner Temple. See the advantages of a cabman as a confidant. They had driven him home a dozen times from Serpentine-mews, and knew all about him. When I had listened to all that they had to tell, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign.

"This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, his friend, or his mistress? If the former, she had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge, or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have to let you see my little difficulties, if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely," I answered.

"I was still balancing the matter in my mind, when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge, and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline, and moustached—evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

"He was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of him, in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab, he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly. 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent-street, and then to the church of St. Monica in the Edgware-road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!'

"Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I should not do well to follow them, when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half buttoned, and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

"'The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it, or whether I should perch behind her landau, when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare; but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Church of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us. The cab and the landau with their steaming horses were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man, and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in

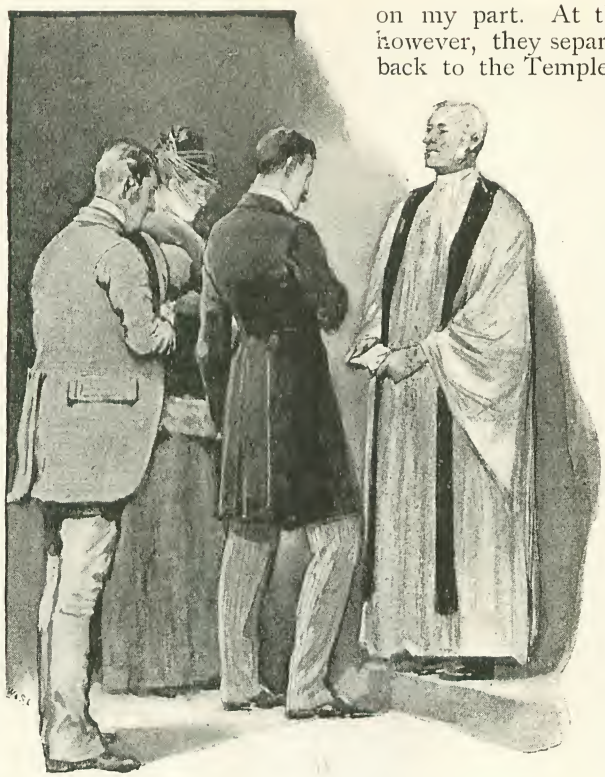
front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as hard as he could towards me."

"Thank God!" he cried. "You'll do. Come! Come!"

"What then?" I asked.

"Come man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal."

I was half dragged up to the altar, and, before I knew where I was, I found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear, and vouching for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying up of Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor. It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman thanking me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in front. It was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their licence, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a witness of some sort, and that my lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch chain in memory of the occasion."



"I FOUND MYSELF MUMBLING RESPONSES."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I; "and what then?"

"Well, I found my plans very seriously menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic measures on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the Temple, and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the Park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more. They drove away in different directions, and I went off to make my own arrangements."

"Which are?"

"Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and I am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, Doctor, I shall want your co-operation."

"I shall be delighted."

"You don't mind breaking the law?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor running a chance of arrest?"

"Not in a good cause."

"Oh, the cause is excellent!"

"Then I am your man."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

"But what is it you wish?"

"When Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you. Now," he said, as he turned hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much time. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns from her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her."

"And what then?"

"You must leave that to me. I have already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come what may. You understand?"

"I am to be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness.

Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterwards the sitting-room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

"Yes."

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand—so—you will throw into the room what I give you to throw, and will, at the same time, raise the cry of fire. You quite follow me?"

"Entirely."

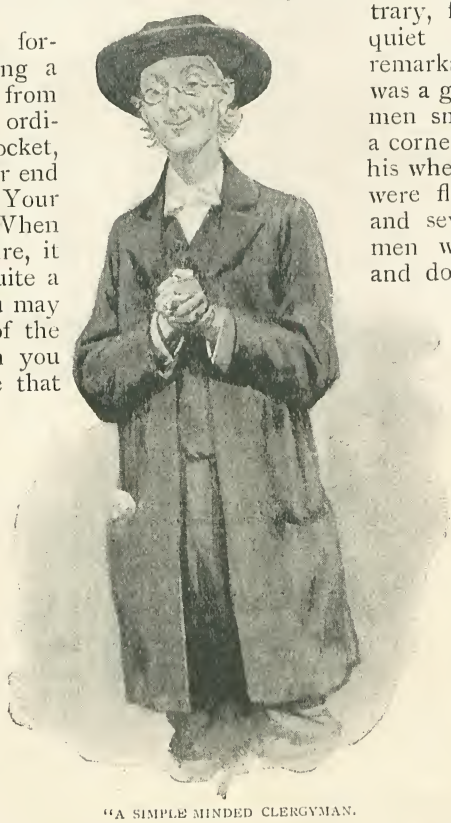
"It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire, it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street, and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made myself clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and, at the signal, to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire, and to wait you at the corner of the street."

"Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think perhaps it is almost time that I prepared for the new *rôle* I have to play."



"A SIMPLE MINDED CLERGYMAN."

He disappeared into his bedroom, and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile, and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were such as Mr. John Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that he assumed. The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when he became a specialist in crime.

It was a quarter past six when we left Baker-street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine-avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes' succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighbourhood, it was remarkably animated. There was a group of shabbily-dressed men smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

"You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as averse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton, as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his Princess. Now the question is — Where are we to find the photograph?"

"Where, indeed?"

"It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size. Too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the King is capable of having her waylaid and searched. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it then that she does not carry it about with her."

"Where, then?"

"Her banker or her lawyer. There is that double possibility. But I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting. Why should she hand it over

to anyone else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell what indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be where she can lay her hands upon it. It must be in her own house."

"But it has twice been burgled."

"Pshaw! They did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

"I will not look."

"What then?"

"I will get her to show me."

"But she will refuse."

"She will not be able to. But I hear the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter."

As he spoke the gleam of the sidelights of a carriage came round the curve of the avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up one of the loafing men at the corner dashed forward to open the door in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers, and by the scissors grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the centre of a little knot of flushed and struggling men who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes dashed into the crowd to protect the lady; but, just as he reached her, he gave a cry and dropped to the ground, with the blood running freely down his face. At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better dressed people who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the injured man. Irene Adler, as I will still call her, had hurried up the steps; but she stood at the top with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall, looking back into the street.

"HE GAVE A CRY AND DROPPED."

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried several voices.

"No, no, there's life in him," shouted another. "But he'll be gone before you can get him to hospital."

"He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and watch if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one too. Ah, he's breathing now."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, marm?"

"Surely. Bring him into the sitting-

room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!"

Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Briony Lodge, and laid out in the principal room, while I still observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with compunction at that moment for the part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindliness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the blackest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had entrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke-rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are but preventing her from injuring another.

Holmes had sat up upon the couch, and I saw him motion like a man who is in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the same instant I saw him raise his hand, and at the signal I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of "Fire." The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill — gentlemen, ostlers, and servant maids — joined in a general shriek of "Fire." Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room, and out at the open window. I caught a glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later the voice of Holmes from within, assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd I made my way to the corner of the street, and in ten minutes was rejoiced to find my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of uproar. He walked swiftly and in silence for some few minutes, until we had turned down one of the quiet streets which lead towards the Edgware-road.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right."

"You have the photograph!"

"I know where it is."

"And how did you find out?"

"She showed me, as I told you that she would"

"I am still in the dark."

"I do not wish to make a mystery," said he laughing. "The matter was perfectly simple. You, of course, saw that everyone in the street was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening."

"I guessed as much."

"Then, when the row broke out, I had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face, and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick."

"That also I could fathom."

"Then they carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else could she do? And into her sitting-room, which was the very room which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was determined to see which. They laid me on a couch, I motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

"It was all-important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire, her instinct is at once to rush to the thing which she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering impulse, and I have more than once taken advantage of it. In the case of the Darlington Substitution Scandal it was of use to me, and also in the Arnsworth Castle business. A married woman grabs at her baby—an unmarried one reaches for her jewel box. Now it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a recess behind a sliding panel just above the right bell pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse of it as she half drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm, she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the room, and I have not seen her since. I rose, and, making my excuses, escaped from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at once; but the coachman had come in, and, as he was watching me narrowly, it seemed safer to wait. A little over-precipitance may ruin all."

"And now?" I asked.

"Our quest is practically finished. I shall call with the King to-morrow, and with you, if you care to come with us. We will be shown into the sitting-room to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she may find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to

His Majesty to regain it with his own hands."

"And when will you call?"

"At eight in the morning. She will not be up, so that we shall have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay."

We had reached Baker-street, and had stopped at the door. He was searching his pockets for the key, when someone passing said:—

"Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes."

There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by.

"I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street. "Now, I wonder who the deuce that could have been."

III.

I SLEPT at Baker-street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room.

"You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by either shoulder, and looking eagerly into his face.

"Not yet."

"But you have hopes?"

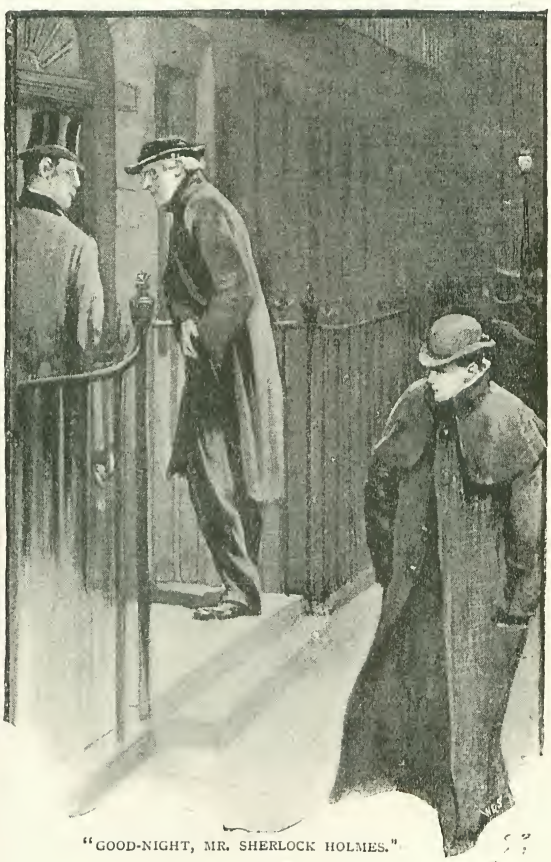
"I have hopes."

"Then, come. I am all impatience to be gone."

"We must have a cab."

"No, my brougham is waiting."

"Then that will simplify matters." We descended, and started off once more for Briony Lodge.



"GOOD-NIGHT, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES."

"Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.

"Married! When?"

"Yesterday."

"But to whom?"

"To an English lawyer named Norton."

"But she could not love him?"

"I am in hopes that she does."

"And why in hopes?"

"Because it would spare your Majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your Majesty. If she does not love your Majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your Majesty's plan."

"It is true. And yet—! Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!" He relapsed into a moody silence which was not broken, until we drew up in Serpentine-avenue.

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.

"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.

"Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning with her husband, by the 5.15 train from Charing-cross, for the Continent."

"What!" Sherlock Holmes staggered back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Never to return."

"And the papers?" asked the King, hoarsely. "All is lost."

"We shall see." He pushed past the servant, and rushed into the drawing-room, followed by the King and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves, and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell-pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open, and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night, and ran in this way:—

"My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes,—You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire, I had not a suspicion. But then, when I found how I had betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that, if the King employed an agent, it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet, with all this, you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious, I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran upstairs, got into my walking clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed.

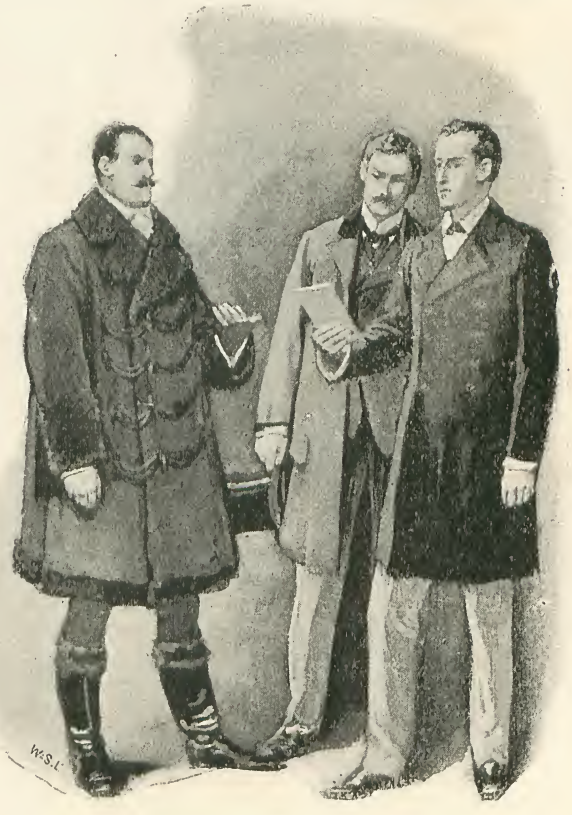
"Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I, rather imprudently, wished you good night, and started for the Temple to see my husband.

"We both thought the best resource was flight, when pursued by so formidable an antagonist; so you will find the nest empty when you call to-morrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love and am loved by a better man than he. The King may do what he will without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only to safeguard myself, and to preserve a weapon which will always secure me from any steps which he might take in the future. I leave a photograph which he might care to possess; and I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, very truly yours,

"Irene Norton, *née* Adler."

"What a woman—oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we had all three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity that she was not on my level?"

"From what I have seen of the lady, she seems, indeed, to be on a very different level to your Majesty," said Holmes, coldly. "I am sorry that I have not been able to



"THIS PHOTOGRAPH!"

bring your Majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the King. "Nothing could be more successful. I know that her word is inviolate. The photograph is now as safe as if it were in the fire."

"I am glad to hear your Majesty say so."

"I am immensely indebted to you. Pray tell me in what way I can reward you. This ring——." He slipped an emerald snake ring from his finger, and held it out upon the palm of his hand.

"Your Majesty has something which I should value even more highly," said Holmes.

"You have but to name it."

"This photograph!"

The King stared at him in amazement.

"Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly, if you wish it."

"I thank your Majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning." He bowed, and, turning away without observing the hand which the King had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.

And that was how a great scandal threatened to affect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's wit. He used to make merry over the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, or when he refers to her photograph, it is always under the honourable title of *the* woman.

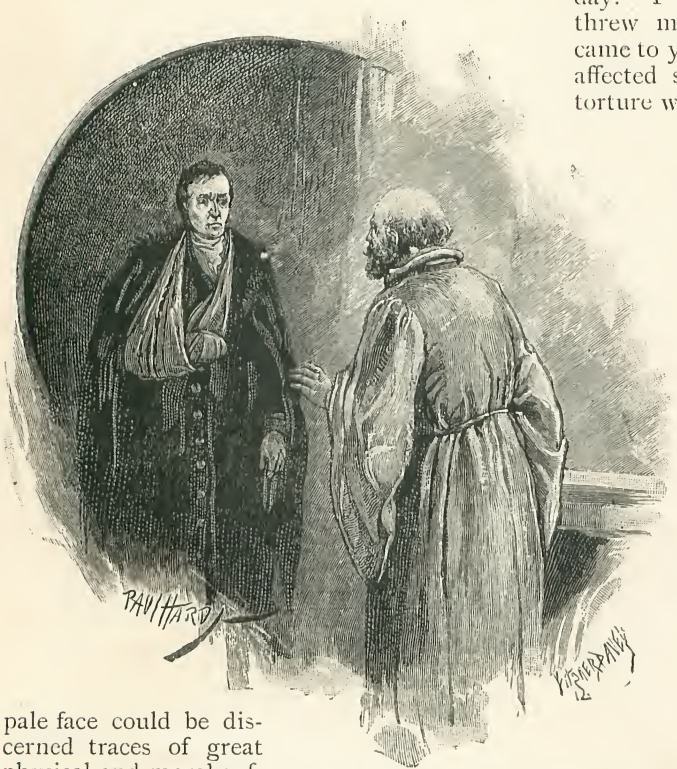
The Bundle of Letters.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF MORITZ JOKAI.

ONE of the celebrated medical practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K——, was one morning, at an early hour, obliged to receive a very pressing visitor. The man, who was waiting in the ante-room, sent in word by the footman that all delay would be dangerous to him; he had, therefore, to be received immediately.

The doctor hastily wrapped a dressing-gown about him, and directed the patient to be admitted to him.

He found himself in the presence of a man who was a complete stranger to him, but who appeared to belong to the best society, judging from his manners. On his pale face could be discerned traces of great physical and moral sufferings. He carried his right hand in a sling, and, though he tried to restrain himself, he now and then could not prevent a stifled sigh escaping from his lips.



"HE CARRIED HIS RIGHT HAND IN A SLING."

"You are Dr. K——?" he asked in a low and feeble tone of voice.

"That is my name, sir."

"Living in the country, I have not the honour of knowing you, except by reputation. But I cannot say that I am delighted to make your acquaintance, because my visit to you is not a very agreeable one."

Seeing that the sufferer's legs were hardly able to sustain him, the doctor invited him to be seated.

"I am fatigued. It is a week since I had any sleep. Something is the matter with my right hand; I don't what it is—whether it is a carbuncle, or cancer. At first the pain was slight, but now it is a continuous horrible burning, increasing from day to day. I could bear it no longer, so threw myself into my carriage and came to you, to beg you to cut out the affected spot, for an hour more of this torture will drive me mad."

The doctor tried to reassure him, by saying that he might be able to cure the pain with dissolvents and ointments, without resorting to the use of the bistory.

"No, no, sir!" cried the patient; "no plaisters or ointments can give me any relief. I must have the knife. I have come to you to cut out the place which causes me so much suffering."

The doctor asked to see the hand, which the patient held out to him, grinding his teeth, so insufferable appeared to be the pain he was enduring, and with all imaginable precaution he unwound the bandages in which it was enveloped.

"Above all, doctor, I beg of you not to hesitate on account of anything you may see. My disorder is so strange, that you will be surprised; but do not let that weigh with you."

Doctor K—— reassured the stranger. As

a doctor in practice he was used to see everything, and there was nothing that could surprise him.

What he saw when the hand was freed from its bandages stupefied him nevertheless. Nothing abnormal was to be seen in it—neither wound nor graze ; it was a hand like any other. Bewildered, he let it fall from his own.

A cry of pain escaped from the stranger, who raised the afflicted member with his left hand, showing the doctor that he had not come with the intention of mystifying him, and that he was really suffering.

"Where is the sensitive spot ? "

"Here, sir," said the stranger, indicating on the back of his hand a point where two large veins crossed, his whole frame trembling when the doctor lightly touched it with the tip of his finger.

"It is here that the burning pain makes itself felt? "

"Abominably ! "

"Do you feel the pressure when I place my finger on it ? "

The man made no reply, but his eyes filled with tears, so acute was his suffering.

"It is surprising ! I can see nothing at that place."

"Nor can I ; yet what I feel there is so terrible that at times I am almost driven to dash my head against the wall."

The doctor examined the spot with a magnifying-glass, then shook his head.

"The skin is full of life ; the blood within it circulates regularly ; there is neither inflammation nor cancer under it ; it is as healthy at that spot as elsewhere."

"Yet I think it is a little redder there."

"Where ? "

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket book and traced on his hand a ring about the size of a sixpenny-piece, and said :

"It is there."

The doctor looked in his face ; he was beginning to believe that his patient's mind was unhinged.

"Remain here," he said, "and in a few days I'll cure you."

"I cannot wait. Don't think that I am a madman, a maniac ; it is not in that way that you would cure me. The little circle which I have marked with my pencil causes me internal tortures, and I have come to you to cut it away."

"That I cannot do," said the doctor.

"Why ? "

"Because your hand exhibits no pathological disorder. I see at the spot you have indicated nothing more amiss than on my own hand."

"You really seem to think that I have gone out of my senses, or that I have come here to mock you," said the stranger, taking from his pocket-book a bank-note for a thousand florins, and laying it on the table. "Now, sir, you see that I am not playing off any childish jest, and that the service I seek of you is as urgent as it is important. I beg you to remove this part of my hand."

"I repeat, sir, that for all the treasures in the world you cannot make me regard as unsound a member that is perfectly sound, and still less induce me to cut it with my instruments."

"And why not ? "

"Because such an act would cast a doubt upon my medical knowledge and compromise my reputation. Everybody would say that you were mad ; that I was dishonest in taking advantage of your condition, or ignorant in not perceiving it."

"Very well. I will only ask a small service of you, then. I am myself capable of making the incision. I shall do it rather clumsily with my left hand ; but that does not matter. Be good enough only to bind up the wound after the operation."

"HE TOOK A BISTORY IN HIS LEFT HAND."

It was with astonishment that the doctor saw that this strange man was speaking seriously. He stripped off his coat, turned up the wristbands of his shirt, and took a bistory in his left hand.

A second later, and the steel had made a deep incision in the skin.

"Stay!" cried the doctor, who feared that his patient might, through his awkwardness, sever some important organ. "Since you have determined on the operation, let me perform it."

He took the bistory, and placing in his left hand the right hand of the patient, begged him to turn away his face, the sight of blood being insupportable to many persons.

"Quite needless. On the contrary, it is I who must direct you where to cut."

In fact he watched the operation to the end with the greatest coolness, indicating the limits of the incisions. The open hand did not even quiver in that of the doctor, and when the circular piece was removed, he sighed profoundly, like a man experiencing an enormous relief.

"Nothing burns you now?"

"All has ceased," said the stranger, smiling. "The pain has completely disappeared, as if it had been carried away with the part excised. The little discomfort which the flowing of blood causes me, compared with the other pain, is like a fresh breeze after a blast from the infernal regions. It does me a real good to see my blood pouring forth: let it flow, it does me extreme good."

The stranger watched with an expression of delight the blood pouring from the wound, and the doctor was obliged to insist on binding up the hand.

During the bandaging the aspect of his face completely changed. t no longer bore a dolorous expression, but a look full of good humour was turned upon the doctor. No more contraction of the features, no more despair. A taste for life had returned; the brow was once again calmed; the colour found its way back to the cheeks. The entire man exhibited a complete transformation.

As soon as his hand was laid in the sling he warmly wrung the doctor's hand with the one that remained free, and said cordially:

"Accept my sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The trifling remuneration I offer you is not at all proportioned to the service you have rendered me: for the rest of my life I shall search for the means of repaying my debt to you."

The doctor would not listen to anything of the kind, and refused to accept the thousand florins placed on the table. On his side the stranger refused to take them back, and, observing that the doctor was losing his temper, begged him to make a present of the money to some hospital, and took his departure.

K—— remained for several days at his town house until the wound in his patient's hand should be cicatrised, which it did without the least accident. During this time the doctor was able to satisfy himself that he had to do with a man of extensive knowledge, reflective, and having very positive opinions in regard to the affairs of life. Besides being rich, he occupied an important official position. Since the taking away of his invisible pain, no trace of moral or physical malady was discoverable in him.

The cure completed, the man returned tranquilly to his residence in the country.

About three weeks had passed when, one morning, at an hour as unduly as before, the servant again announced the strange patient.

The stranger, whom K—— hastened to receive, entered the room with his right hand in a sling, his features convulsed and hardly recognisable from suffering. Without waiting to be invited to sit down, he sank into a chair, and, being unable to master the torture he was enduring, groaned, and without uttering a word, held out his hand to the doctor.

"What has happened?" asked K——, stupefied.

"We have not cut deep enough," replied the stranger, sadly, and in a fainting voice. "It burns me more cruelly than before. I am worn out by it; my arm is stiffened by it. I did not wish to trouble you a second time, and have borne it, hoping that by degrees the invisible inflammation would either mount to my head or descend to my heart, and put an end to my miserable existence; but it has not done so. The pain never goes beyond the spot, but it is indescribable! Look at my face, and you will be able to imagine what it must be!"

The colour of the man's skin was that of wax, and a cold perspiration beaded his forehead. The doctor unbound the bandaged hand. The point operated on was well healed; a new skin had formed, and nothing extraordinary was to be seen. The sufferer's pulse beat quickly, without feverishness, while yet he trembled in every limb.

"This really smacks of the marvellous!" exclaimed the doctor, more and more astonished. "I have never before seen such a case."

"It is a prodigy, a horrible prodigy, doctor. Do not try to find a cause for it, but deliver me from this torment. Take your knife and cut deeper and wider: only that can relieve me."

The doctor was obliged to give in to the prayers of his patient. He performed the operation once again, cutting into the flesh more deeply; and, once more, he saw in the sufferer's face the expression of astonishing relief, the curiosity at seeing the blood flow from the wound, which he had observed on the first occasion.

When the hand was dressed, the deadly pallor passed from the face, the colour returned to the cheeks; but the patient no more smiled. This time he thanked the doctor sadly.

"I thank you, doctor," he said. "The pain has once more left me. In a few days the wound will heal. Do not be astonished, however, to see me return before a month has passed."

"Oh! my dear sir, drive this idea from your mind."

The doctor mentioned this strange case to several of his colleagues, who each held a different opinion in regard to it, without any of them being able to furnish a plausible explanation of its nature.

As the end of the month approached, K—— awaited with anxiety the reappearance of this enigmatic personage. But the month passed and he did not reappear.

Several weeks more went by. At length the doctor received a letter from the sufferer's residence. It was very closely written, and by the signature he saw that it had been penned by his patient's own hand; from which he concluded that the pain had not returned, for otherwise it would have been very difficult for him to have held a pen.

These are the contents of the letter:—

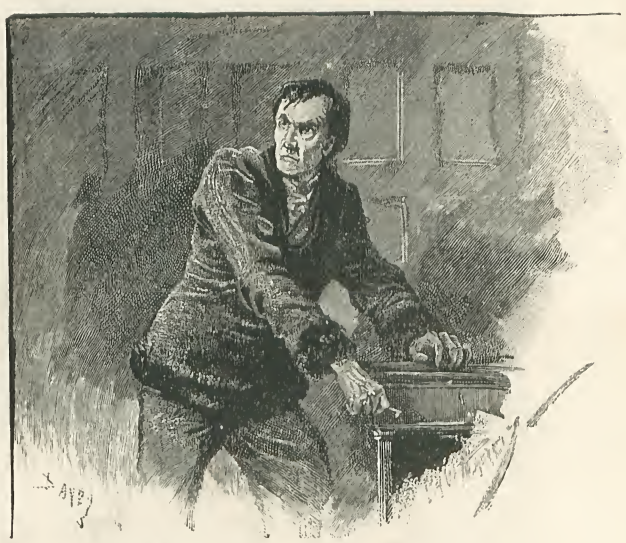
"Dear doctor, I cannot leave either you or medical science in doubt in regard to the mystery of the strange malady which will shortly carry me to the grave.

"I will here tell you the origin of this terrible malady. For the past week it has returned the third time, and I will no longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only able to write by placing upon the sensitive spot a piece of burning tinder in the form of a poultice. While the tinder is burning I do not feel the other pain; and what distress it causes me is a mere trifle by comparison.

"Six months ago I was still a happy man.

"EVERY DAY APPEARED HAPPIER THAN THE ONE BEFORE IT."

I lived on my income without a care. I was on good terms with everybody, and enjoyed all that is of interest to a man of five-and-thirty. I had married a year before—married for love—a young lady, handsome, with a cultivated mind, and a heart as good as any heart could be, who had been a governess in the house of a countess, a neighbour of mine. She was fortuneless, and attached herself to me, not only from gratitude, but still more from real childish affection. Six months passed, during which every day appeared to be happier than the one which had gone before. If, at times, I was obliged to go to Pesth and quit my own land for a day, my wife had not a moment's rest. She would come two leagues on the way to meet me. If I was detained late, she passed a sleepless night waiting for me; and if by prayers I succeeded in inducing her to go and visit her former mistress, who had not ceased to be extremely fond of her, no power could keep her away from her home for more than half a day; and by her regrets for my absence, she invariably spoiled the good-humour of others. Her tenderness for me went so far as to make her renounce dancing, so as not to be obliged to give her hand to strangers, and nothing more displeased her than gallantries addressed to her. In a word, I had for my wife an innocent girl, who thought of nothing but me, and who confessed to me her dreams as enormous crimes, if they were not of me.



"I FELT LIKE A MAN COMMITTING HIS FIRST CRIME."

"I know not what demon one day whispered in my ear: Suppose that all this were dissimulation? Men are mad enough to seek torments in the midst of their greatest happiness.

"My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she carefully locked I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open.

"That question haunted my mind. What could she be hiding there? I had become mad. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face or the purity of her looks, nor in her caresses, nor in her kisses. What if all that were hypocrisy?

"One morning the countess came anew to invite her to her house, and, after much pressing, succeeded in inducing her to go and spend the day with her. Our estates were some leagues from each other, and I promised to join my wife in the course of a few hours.

"As soon as the carriage had quitted the courtyard, I collected all the keys in the house and tried them on the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of my poor wife. My hands trembled as I carefully pulled out the drawer, and, one by one, turned over the objects within it, so that no derangement of them might betray the fact of a strange hand having disturbed them. My bosom was oppressed; I was almost stifled. Suddenly—under some lace—I put my hand upon a packet of letters. It was as if a flash of lightning had passed through me from my head to my heart. Oh! they were the sort of letters one recognises at a glance—love letters!

"The packet was tied with a rose-coloured ribbon, edged with silver.

"As I touched that ribbon this thought came into my mind: Is it conceivable?—is this the work of an honest man? To steal the secrets of his wife!—secrets belonging to the time when she was a young girl. Have I any right to exact from her a reckoning for thoughts she may have had before she belonged to me? Have I any right to be jealous of a time when I was unknown to her? Who could suspect her of a fault? Who? I

am guilty for having suspected her. The demon again whispered in my ears: 'But what if these letters date from a time when you already had a right to know all her thoughts, when you might already be jealous of her dreams, when she was already yours?' I unfastened the ribbon. Nobody saw me. There was not even a mirror to make me blush for myself. I opened one letter, then another, and I read them to the end.

"Oh, it was a terrible hour for me!

"What was there in these letters? The vilest treason of which a man has ever been the victim. The writer of these letters was one of my intimate friends! And the tone in which they were written!—what passion, what love, certain of being returned! How he spoke of 'keeping the secret!' And all these letters dated at a time when I was married and so happy! How can I tell you what I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a mortal poison. I read all those letters—every one. Then I put them up again in a packet, retied them with the ribbon, and, replacing them under the lace, relocked the drawer.

"I knew that if she did not see me by noon she would return in the evening from her visit to the countess—as she did. She descended from the *calèche* hurriedly, to rush towards me as I stood awaiting her on the steps. She kissed me with excessive tenderness, and appeared extremely happy to be once again with me. I allowed nothing of what was passing within me to appear in my face. We conversed, we supped together, and each retired to our bed-rooms. I did not close an eye. Broad awake, I counted all the hours. When the clock struck the first quarter after midnight, I rose and entered her room. The beautiful

"SHE KISSED ME WITH EXCESSIVE TENDERNESS."

fair head was there pressed into the white pillows—as angels are painted in the midst of snowy clouds. What a frightful lie of nature's is vice under an aspect so innocent! I was resolved, with the headlong wilfulness of a madman, haunted by a fixed idea. The poison had completely corroded my soul. I resolved to kill her as she lay.

"I pass over the details of the crime. She died without offering the least resistance, as tranquilly as one goes to sleep. She was never irritated against me—even when I killed her. One single drop of blood fell on the back of my hand—you know where. I did not perceive it until the next day, when it was dry.

"We buried her without anybody suspecting the truth. I lived in solitude. Who could have controlled my actions? She had neither parent nor guardian who could have addressed to me any questions on the subject, and I designedly put off sending the customary invitations to the funeral, so that my friends could not arrive in time.

"On returning from the vault I felt not the least weight upon my conscience. I had been cruel, but she had deserved it. I would not hate her—I would forget her. I scarcely thought of her. Never did a man commit an assassination with less remorse than I.

"The countess, so often mentioned, was at the *château* when I returned there. My measures had been so well taken that she also had arrived too late for the interment. On seeing me she appeared greatly agitated. Terror, sympathy, sorrow, or, I know not what, had put so much into her words that I could not understand what she was saying to console me.

"Was I even listening to her? Had I any need of consolation? I was not sad. At last she took me familiarly by the hand, and, dropping her voice, said that she was obliged to confide a secret to me, and that she relied on my honour as a gentleman not to abuse it. She had given my wife a packet of letters to mind, not having been able to keep them in her own house; and these letters she now requested me to return to her. While she was speaking, I several times felt a shudder run through my frame. With seeming coolness, however, I questioned her as to the contents of the letters. At this interrogation the lady started, and replied angrily:—

"'Sir, your wife has been more generous than you! When she took charge of *my* letters, she did not demand to know what they contained. She even gave me her promise that she would never set eyes on them, and I am convinced that she never read a line of any one of them. She had a noble heart, and would have been ashamed to forfeit the pledge she had given.'

"'Very well,' I replied. 'How shall I recognise this packet?'

"'It was tied with a rose-coloured ribbon edged with silver.'

"'I will go and search for it.'

"I took my wife's keys, knowing perfectly well where I should find the packet; but I pretended to find it with much difficulty.

"'Is this it?' I asked the countess, handing it to her.

"'Yes, yes—that is it! See!—the knot I myself made has never been touched.'

"I dared not raise my eyes to hers; I feared lest she should read in them that I

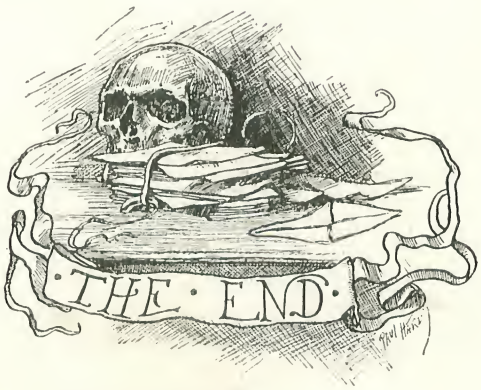
"IS THIS IT?"

had untied the knot of that packet, and something more.

"I took leave of her abruptly; she sprang into her carriage and drove off.

"The drop of blood had disappeared, the pain was not manifested by any external symptom; and yet the spot marked by the drop burned me as if it had been bitten by a corrosive poison. This pain grows from hour to hour. I sleep sometimes, but I never cease to be conscious of my suffering. I do not complain to anybody: nobody, indeed, would believe my story. You have seen the violence of my torment, and you know how much the two operations have relieved me; but concurrently with the healing of the wound, the pain returns. It has now attacked me for the third time, and I have no longer strength to resist it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me; it is that she has avenged herself here below. She will perhaps forgive me above. I thank you for all you have done for me. May heaven reward you."

A few days later one might have read in the newspapers that S——, one of the richest landowners, had blown out his brains. Some attributed his suicide to sorrow caused by the death of his wife; others, better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who best knew him said that he had been attacked by monomania, that his incurable wound existed only in his imagination.



The State of the Law Courts.

IV.—THE CRIMINAL COURTS.

IN many respects the Criminal Courts form the most interesting branch of the Judicature. Not only in their legal aspect, but also from their social bearing do they afford matter for reflection. Certain it is that so long as a large section of the community is permitted to exist under conditions of filth and depravity repugnant to civilisation, there will be plenty of work for the Criminal Courts to do. Many of the children of the slums are bred to a life of crime from their earliest days; they are taught to regard the law as their enemy, and law-abiding citizens as their legitimate prey. They have no conception of right and wrong, and in their eyes it is as praiseworthy an act to relieve an old gentleman of a watch as Elizabeth's mariners thought it to plunder a Spanish galleon. Members of every profession, whether it be the law, the drama, art, music, or medicine, are often distinguishable by their characteristic appearance, and there is a peculiar look about the London pickpocket which can hardly be mistaken. Mr. Montagu Williams gives the following description of a typical young criminal:—"He is small in stature—his growth being stunted by drink and other causes; his hair is closely cropped (that being a matter of necessity), and there is a sharp, terrier-like look about his face." The truth of this picture will be recognised by all whose business has taken them frequently into the police and other Criminal Courts.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

Mr. Montagu Williams was once retained to defend a young ruffian of this class, who was charged with stealing a watch. The case was so clearly against the prisoner that the learned counsel advised him to plead "Guilty." At this he was most indignant, and exclaimed, "Go on, I want you to do my case. You'll win, I know you will. You've done so twice for me before." In the end he was acquitted. On hearing the verdict he began to dance in the dock, and after shouting "I told you so," to his counsel, and bowing to the judge, he retired, highly pleased with the result.

So far as its procedure is concerned, our criminal law has hardly changed since the time of the Conquest, and in the opinion of many lawyers as well as laymen who have studied the matter, it is high time that some improvements were introduced. It is not our intention here to review the whole field of criminal administration. The work is too vast for the limits of this article. We may, however, briefly direct attention to those matters wherein we think that improvement might be effected.

The Criminal Courts in this country consist of the petty sessions, or, as they are generally termed in boroughs, the police courts, the Courts of Quarter Sessions, and the Assize Courts.

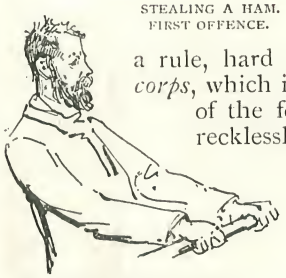
In the large cities, such as Manchester, Newcastle, &c., there are stipendiary magistrates who are appointed by the Home Secretary at the instance of the local town council, which provides their salaries.

The metropolis is divided for the purpose of police administration into various districts, every police-court having two magistrates, each of whom sits three days a week, the busiest days being Mondays and Tuesdays.

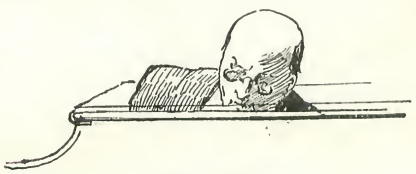
The work of the London police magistrates is of an exceedingly diversified character, consisting principally of charges

of drunkenness, petty larceny, assaults on the police or on private individuals, and indictable offences in which they take the preliminary hearing, and, if satisfied that there is a *primâ facie* case, commit the accused for trial. In addition to this, they have a vast number of duties recently imposed upon them by the Legislature, such as School Board prosecutions and cases under the Sanitary, Tramway and Public Carriage, Building, and Employers and Workmen's Acts, as well as various other matters which it is unnecessary to detail. Altogether the work is of a singularly repulsive character, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that many of the magistrates pride themselves on getting through the greatest possible number of cases in the shortest time. But this system of administering justice at high pressure is not entirely satisfactory. Most of the magistrates are

STEALING A HAM. FIRST OFFENCE.



AN INCORRIGIBLE ROGUE.



CHIEF USHER.

remiss in the matter of taking depositions and notes of evidence. Indeed, this is very seldom done at all except in cases of indictable offence. The rapidity with which some of the cases are disposed of is almost absurd. For instance, in some courts when a prisoner is charged with being drunk and disorderly, the magistrate does not even give him time for defence, the trial occupying about two minutes and consisting of something like the following :—Officer (kissing the book) : I found the prisoner outside the "Green Lion" publichouse last night at twelve o'clock. He was drunk and disorderly, and I took him into custody. Magistrate (interrupting) : Five shillings, or seven days.

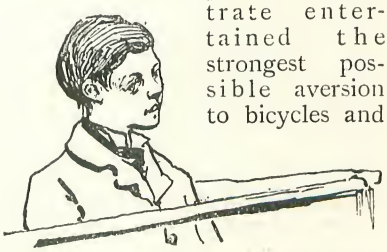
There is no appeal, and no note is taken by means of which a possible injustice might be investigated.

Undoubtedly the magistrates ought to take notes in every case, so that, in the event of a miscarriage of justice, they might be submitted to the Home Secretary.

One of the gravest defects in the administration of justice by police magistrates results from the almost implicit reliance that they place upon the uncorroborated testimony of a single police-constable. We shall probably not be accused of exaggeration when we assert that the police are, as a rule, hard swearers. The very *esprit de corps*, which is in itself a commendable feature of the force, leads the constables often recklessly to support each other's evidence. Besides this, whenever the police make a charge against any individual they at once jump to the conclusion that he is guilty, and there is nothing that they desire so much as a conviction.

To such an outrageous degree has the acceptance of police evidence extended that the public have come to look upon it as next to useless to defend themselves against a police charge. No better illustration of this is to be found than in the complaints against omnibus and tramway drivers for loitering. One well-known magistrate was in the habit of doubling the fine where a defence was offered, and, conviction being inevitable, the public drivers now invariably plead "Guilty" by the instruction of their employers. They pay the fine without demur, rather than incur the expense and delay of what would certainly be a futile defence, be the real merits of the case what they may.

Not very long ago a well-known Metropolitan magistrate entertained the strongest possible aversion to bicycles and



"FOR ROBBING THE TILL TO BUY A BICYCLE."

tricycles, and whenever he had before him a dispute between a cyclist and a constable, or, indeed, any other person, it was almost a certainty that he would decide in favour of the latter.

The fact that charges against police-constables are rare is largely due to the hope-

lessness of success. The Treasury, in our judgment very unfairly, places at the disposal of the policeman the best legal advice, and he is represented by a clever criminal

"FOR STEALING TOYS."

lawyer, while a poor man bringing a charge has to rely upon his own unaided resources, or, perhaps, on one of those fifth-rate solicitors who haunt the purlieus of the police-courts, and whose advocacy is too often detrimental to the interests of their client. It is a serious fault in the system that the magistrates should always have the same division of police before them. Frequently seeing the same officers, they become predisposed in their favour, the more so as they find that a great acceleration of business is thereby attained. Many of the magistrates, indeed, through being too mindful of their own convenience in this respect, have gradually become mere slaves of the police. The magistrate is practically the only protector of the public against the indiscretions of the police, and if he invariably sides with that body against the public, whose servant he is, he undoubtedly fails in his duty.

In order that the magistrates should be as far as possible independent of the police, they should themselves be moved constantly from Court to Court—a course that would be more convenient than changing the police from one division to another.

MR. LUSHINGTON, BOW-STREET.

The *personnel* of the Metropolitan magistrates, apart from recent appointments, is not all that could be desired. Most of them are old, and many are of feeble temper; and, as a rule, they pose as great autocrats. Unfortunately, after frequent contact with misery and crime, they are apt to become callous and indifferent; but, notwithstanding this, be it said to their credit, one does sometimes hear of acts of kindness and humanity on the part of the magistrates.

There is not sufficient facility for appeal to protect the poor man against the arbitrary conduct or incapacity of the magistrate. It is true that in cases of imprisonment without the option of a fine an appeal may be made to the Quarter Sessions. But this is an expensive operation, and it is only open to those who have means; and

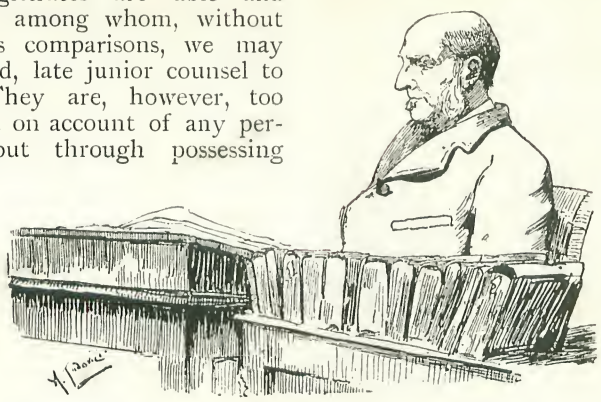
THE MAGISTRATE, MARYLEBONE POLICE COURT.

it is a further deterrent that if the appellant cannot find bail he must remain in prison until the hearing, thus adding considerably to his punishment.

But although there is practically no appeal against the decisions of the magistrates, they are liable to be discharged in case of misconduct. Sir James Grahame, when he was Home Secretary, removed one of the magistrates, and Mr. Newton ran serious risk of being dismissed in consequence of giving too much weight to the charges that had been fabricated by the police against Miss

Cass. As it was, he was severely reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor.

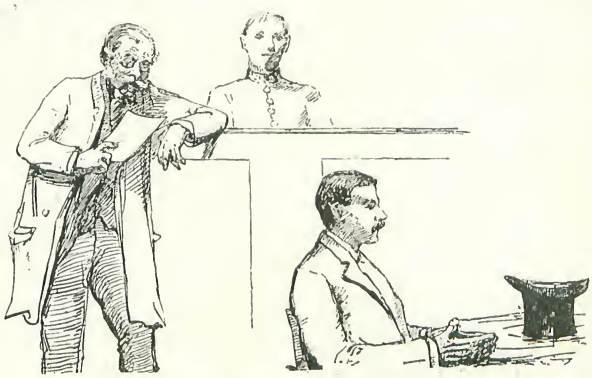
It is only just to say that many of the Metropolitan magistrates are able and painstaking men, among whom, without drawing invidious comparisons, we may mention Mr. Mead, late junior counsel to the Treasury. They are, however, too often selected, not on account of any personal capacity, but through possessing family influence in high quarters. It is most essential that only men who have had experience in criminal work should be appointed; but as it is, in order to qualify, they have only to be barristers of seven years' standing. The choice lies with the Home Secretary, and the salaries are £1,500 a year, except in the case of the chief magistrate, at Bow-street, who receives £1,800.



MR. NEWTON.

The Bow-street Court is the chief police-court in London, and has exclusive jurisdiction in extradition and in all political offences against the Crown. One of the ablest and most respected magistrates who ever sat at Bow-street was Sir James Ingham, who died a few years ago at a very advanced age.

A story is told of Sir James having once had before him a case of a man charging another with stealing his watch. It, however, transpired that the prosecutor had not worn his watch on the day in question, but had, in fact, left it at home, where it was safely found. He was overwhelmed with regret at having made a false charge, and Sir James, in order to smooth matters, said: "We are all liable to make mistakes. I was under the impression that I had put my watch in my pocket this morning; but on arriving at this Court I found that I had left it at home by mistake." When the magistrate arrived home in the evening, his daughter said: "I hope you got your watch all right, papa. I gave it to the man from Bow-street who called for it."



MR. ALBERT, THE INTERPRETER, TRANSLATING EVIDENCE.

Too late, Sir James recognised his indiscretion in having stated in open court that he had left his watch at home. The "gentleman from Bow-street" who had taken advantage of the information was never discovered.

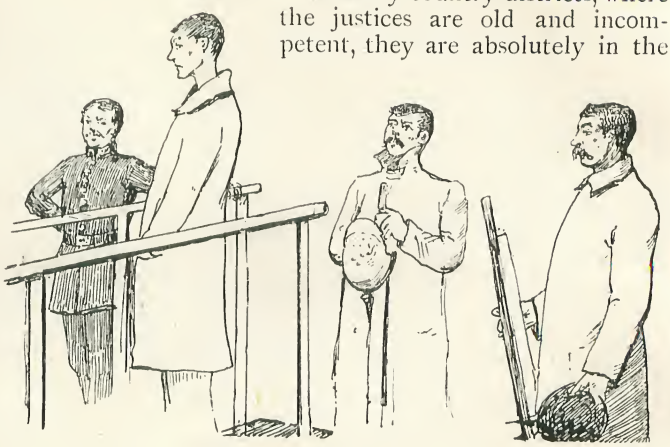
In the country, and also in many of the boroughs, justice is administered by unpaid magistrates. There are borough justices, composed of the Mayor of the town *ex officio*, and such merchants and well-to-do tradesmen as the Lord Chancellor, in the exercise of his political discretion, may think fit to appoint. The country justices in agricultural districts are almost exclusively drawn from the ranks of the landed gentry. In industrial districts, such as Durham and Lancashire, from which country gentlemen have been driven away by the increase of factories, the country justice usually belongs to a lower social class, big brewers and manufacturers being the only persons available. The country justice has by this time obtained a well-established reputation as a laughing-stock. Shakespeare, Fielding, and Dickens have successively held him up to ridicule, and the modern Press has frequent opportunities of making merry over his absurdities. But all to no purpose, for the simple reason that though many reformers would gladly see the great unpaid abolished, no one has yet been able to suggest a means of replacing them. It is obvious that a paid

magistracy could not be established throughout the country without a complete reorganisation of our judicial system, involving great additional expense.

"Justices' justice" has long been a byword, and it is curious to note that it is usually administered in its most drastic and eccentric form by reverend gentlemen, whose religion one would think should guide them to more merciful decisions, even if they ignore the legal hand-books.

The practice of allowing clergymen to sit upon the bench is very objectionable for many reasons. They are often very narrow-minded, being for the most part unable to differentiate between sin and crime, and, knowing everyone in their parish, they are apt, when opportunity offers, to severely punish those who do not belong to their own denomination; and, further than this, they are too often the pliant tool of local aristocrats. There is undoubtedly a strong and apparently uncontrollable tendency on the part of country justices generally to accept the word of the constable rather than that of a poor man charged with an offence. The constable who assists in protecting game and in guarding the landlords and their farmers against trespassers, undoubtedly acquires a great deal of influence over the bench in many districts. The country justices, as a rule, know nothing of the law, and are obliged to rely on the advice of the clerk of the court, who is often a solicitor of some position, and probably acts as private solicitor to one or more of the magistrates. His knowledge of the law is usually not very extensive, and is generally derived for the purposes of each case as it arises from "Stone's Justices' Manual."

In many country districts, where the justices are old and incompetent, they are absolutely in the hands of their clerk, who for all practical purposes becomes not only a magistrate, but the sole magistrate present.



A DESERTER.

PRISONER: "YOUR WUSHIP, I AM SUBJECT TO EPILEPTIC FITS."
MAGISTRATE: TO EPILEPTIC *drinks*, YOU MEAN."

A vicious system prevails in most provincial districts, by which the police have the choice of the solicitor who prosecutes. The result of this is that, in order to ingratiate himself with the police, he is always more anxious to obtain convictions than to do justice, and is therefore obliged to abet the police in all the well-known tricks of suppressing facts, and even hard swearing in which they sometimes indulge. It would be more satisfactory to appoint a public official wholly independent of the police, resembling the Procurator-Fiscal in Scotland.

But although there is a good deal to be said against the great unpaid, they are perhaps not quite so bad as their numerous enemies delight to paint them. A strong bench, with a good clerk to keep them right in law, has many advantages, owing to the variety of mind and judgment brought to bear.

AN INSPECTOR.

Some of the magistrates, no doubt, merely occupy their positions on the bench for the gratification of their own vanity ; but there are others who perform their duties ably and conscientiously for the public good, and these are certainly deserving of the thanks of the community. It is the incompetent men, swayed by class prejudices, who, by their absurdly vindictive sentences in labour disputes, trespass and poaching cases, and the like, bring the whole body into disrepute. Perhaps, if it were necessary for those young gentlemen who aspire to the dignity of a magistrate to first obtain a call to the Bar, many of the present evils might be mitigated.

DRUNK, AND FURIOUS DRIVING.

The Quarter Sessions are established in all the counties, including the county of London and other county boroughs, as well as in certain Quarter Session boroughs. In the small boroughs where there are no Quarter Sessions, the appeal from petty sessions goes to the Quarter Sessions of the county in which the borough is situate. Besides its appellate jurisdiction, the Quarter Sessions constitutes a court for the trial of those criminal cases that are not within the exclusive jurisdiction of the High Court. In London the Court is presided over by a salaried officer known as the Assistant-Judge ; in some boroughs the Recorder presides, and in the counties there is usually an unpaid justice called the Chairman. All the cases are heard before a jury. The Quarter Sessions in the provinces are usually attended by a numerous Bar, chiefly composed of the younger men on each circuit, together with a few more experienced barristers who have never emerged from criminal work. A prisoner unable to employ a solicitor to instruct counsel is entitled to secure the services of a barrister by handing a guinea over the dock, and many young advocates do a brisk trade in what are termed "dockers." It would be a great gain if the State were to provide for the proper defence of prisoners, who are undoubtedly at a great disadvantage when opposed by astute criminal lawyers. In Scotland a system prevails by which every prisoner can secure the services of counsel ; whereas in this country they are left entirely to their own resources, and there can be little doubt that a miscarriage of justice is too often the result. It has often been advocated that the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions should be extended so as to include some of those more serious cases that can now only be tried before a judge of assize ; and this would undoubtedly relieve the pressure on the High Court judges. But, until the presiding officer is of a higher type than the ordinary Chairman of Quarter Sessions (some of whom, however, are very capable men), it would be unwise to enlarge the jurisdiction. Probably the County Court judges—who, at present, have ample leisure—might, if better men were obtained, be entrusted to preside at Quarter Sessions with extended jurisdiction ; and certainly, if a Court of Criminal Appeal were established, such a scheme as this would be open to no objection.

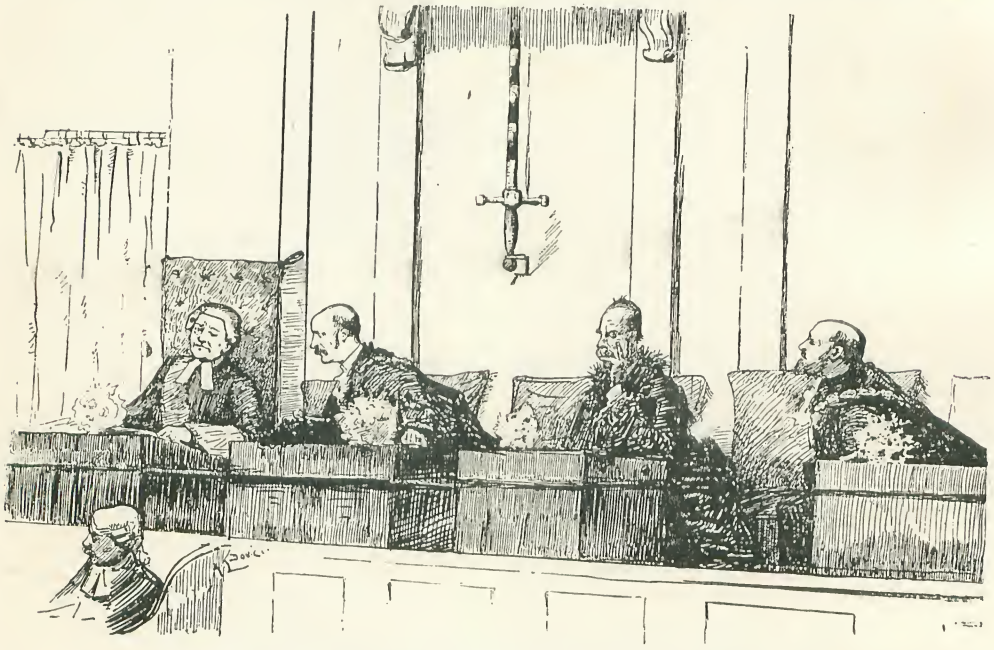
FASHIONABLE PICKPOCKET.

The judges of the High Court go on assize four times a year to try those more serious cases which are outside the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions, and also to deliver the gaols of such prisoners as, whatever their offence, have been committed for trial since the previous Quarter Sessions.

And while the judges are away on assize, the Common Law work of the Metropolis is, as we have previously pointed out, absolutely at a standstill. Even at the Assize Court it is doubtful whether adequate justice is always done ; it certainly depends in a great degree on the individual temperament of the judges. The extraordinary disparity between the sentences passed by different judges for offences of the same gravity gives rise to continual comment. It seems strange, indeed, that the judges and chairmen of Quarter Sessions have not conferred together to lay down some approximate rule as a guidance in the measure of their punishments. Some

judges are in the habit of inflicting almost uniformly light sentences, while there are others who are remarkable for their extreme severity. Lord Coleridge has, in a praiseworthy manner, always discountenanced those barbarous sentences of penal servitude for trumpery larceny which have sometimes shocked the public conscience.

It is certainly most objectionable that judges who have had no previous criminal experience should be sent to try cases of serious crime. Before being entrusted with such work it is desirable that they should go through some form of apprenticeship by sitting with an experienced criminal judge.



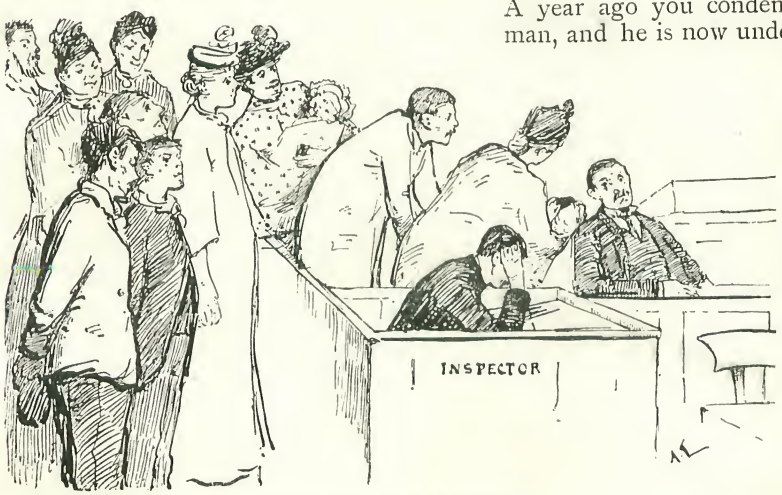
THE OLD BAILEY. OPENING OF THE SESSIONS BY THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The present haphazard method was illustrated in a remarkable manner some years ago when Mr. Justice North, who had passed his professional career in the placid atmosphere of a Court of Equity, quietly arguing some nice points of realty and trusts, became a Judge of Assize. He had probably never heard a criminal case tried, and perhaps had hardly ever examined a witness, so that it was natural enough that he should feel himself incompetent for the new duties that had been thrust upon him. Fortunately, such a gross scandal cannot occur again, for Chancery judges have since been released from Assize work.

It is a curious anomaly that while in a civil cause involving a trifling sum, a suitor may appeal from one Court to another until he reaches the House of Lords, a man fighting for his life, liberty, and reputation has no appeal from the verdict of a perhaps ignorant and prejudiced jury, acting it may be under the guidance of a judge who has had no experience in criminal procedure. Such a verdict is irrevocable, and at the best its effects can only be mitigated by the occasional and reluctant intervention of the Crown through the medium of the Secretary of State, who is in a great measure swayed by the opinion of the judge. The wicked absurdity of such a state of things must be at once apparent, especially when it is remembered that judges themselves are sometimes prejudiced, and are in any case far from infallible. It is true that finality in the process of criminal law prevents the shocking mental torture that must be endured by prisoners lying in gaol for weary months awaiting the uncertain progress of appeals. But while there is life there is hope, and even the painful suspense of appeal is preferable to an unjust conviction.

Although there is no appeal in criminal cases on questions of fact, it is within he discretion of the judge to reserve points of law. Legal technicalities, however, do not often give rise to mistakes in criminal law, and where a miscarriage of justice takes

place it is nearly always in consequence of a misapprehension of facts. Too often within recent years have subsequent events shown that punishment has been inflicted upon an innocent man. It is needless to multiply instances, many of which are doubtless in the minds of our readers. We may, however, mention a case that is described at length in his interesting "Leaves of a Life," by Mr. Montagu Williams.



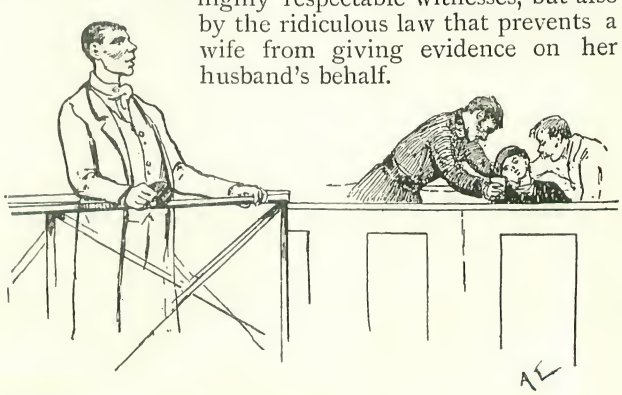
APPLICATIONS TO THE MAGISTRATE.

That eminent counsel once defended a prisoner who was charged with sheepstealing. Two constables declared that they had seen the accused driving the flock in the early morning, and swore positively to his identity, one of them having given him a light for his pipe; and he was also identified by another man, who swore that he had seen him drive the sheep into the Meat Market. On the other hand, the members of the prisoner's household declared that he had been at home in bed at the time, and had not risen until long after the offence had been committed. His wife, who had been with him, was not allowed to give evidence. The Assistant-Judge who tried the case ridiculed the *alibi*. "You have only," he said, "to state a certain number of facts that are actually true, to change the date, and there you have your *alibi*."

The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Twelve months afterwards a man was convicted of a similar offence at the same court. On being asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "Nothing about myself, my lord, but something about you. A year ago you condemned an innocent man, and he is now undergoing penal servitude. Mr. Williams, my counsel, was counsel for him. It was I who stole the sheep that were driven from Hornsey to the Meat Market. I am he for whom the innocent man was identified."

It was at once obvious that there was a striking resemblance between the two men. The Judge, however, poohpoohed the matter, and if it had not been that the chairman of the Drovers' Association took the matter up, the innocent man might never have been liberated. As it was, he received Her Majesty's "pardon" and a sum of money by way of compensation. But it was too late. The unfortunate man's wife had died during his imprisonment, and he himself had become hopelessly insane.

In this case a failure of justice brought disaster upon a whole family, for they were all dependent upon the unfortunate prisoner, who not only suffered by the fatuity of the Judge and jury in preferring the evidence of two policemen to that of several highly respectable witnesses, but also by the ridiculous law that prevents a wife from giving evidence on her husband's behalf.



FOR ASSAULTING HIS WIFE

There is another grave defect in the administration of criminal law, but to this —as it has been of late widely discussed— we need do no more than briefly advert. We refer to the fact that England stands almost alone in not according to persons charged with offences the right to give evidence on their own behalf. Recent legislation has given this privilege in offences of a certain class; but these cases are rare, and they merely accentuate the absurdity of closing the mouth of the prisoner in the majority of criminal charges. Lawyers of experience generally concur in the view that, if a prisoner were always permitted to give evidence on his own behalf, the innocent would be materially assisted. It is a curious fact that the present practice is a survival of an older system under which a defendant in a civil cause was also ineligible as a witness. The disability has been removed in the one case, and there is a strong feeling among those who should best know, in favour of its abolition in the other.

Our review of the Law Courts is now concluded. We have necessarily been unable to go very deeply into detail, and we have not paused to lay stress on the many admirable features that are undoubtedly to be found in our judicial system. Our object has been to call attention to such imperfections as are conveniently open to reform. The Legislature has, since we began our series, given some tentative attention to the matter; but if improvement is to be effected it must be in response to the demand of the electors, who should exact from their Parliamentary representatives a promise of reform.

ANTONY GUEST.

THE JURY DISAGREE.

Captain Mayne Reid: Soldier and Novelist.

By Maltus Questell Holyoake.

Part I.—Biographical.

THE publication of a memoir of the late Capt. Mayne Reid by his widow, has aroused the interest of a new generation in the works of a gallant gentleman, whose novels, translated into many languages, gave universal pleasure; and the memory of whose brilliant military exploits, in the Mexican war of 1846-8, will ever be preserved by those who admire brave deeds. Three countries take especial pride in Mayne Reid. Ireland, the land of his birth; America, the country for which he fought, and in which the scenes of his chief novels were laid; and England, his home for thirty-four years, wherein his books were written.

The following sketch is indebted for several particulars to the excellent life of Mayne Reid, by Mrs. Reid, to whom acknowledgments are due for permitting the publication of the letters, and illustrations presented.

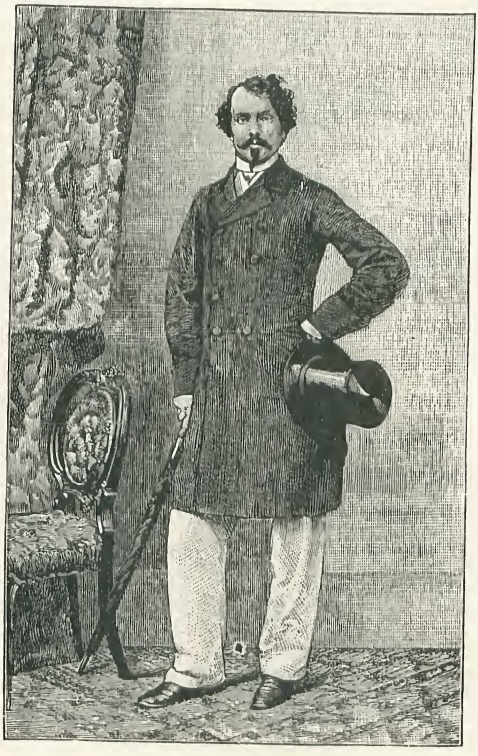
LIEUT MAYNE REID, AGE 29.

Capt. Mayne Reid was born in April, 1818, at Ballyroney, in the north of Ireland. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Mayne Reid, Presbyterian minister, whom he was named after; his mother being the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, a descendant of the "hot and hasty Rutherford," mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's poem "Marmion," which would account for Mayne Reid's fiery temperament. Though an impetuous youth with adventurous ideas, longing to travel and see the world, his father destined and educated him for the Church. At college he obtained fair distinction in mathematics, classics, and, as might be expected, athletics, but for theology he showed a marked distaste. With his characteristics and tastes, it is therefore not surprising to find that at the thoughtless age of twenty, full of golden dreams, but with apparently no decided purpose, he set out for Mexico, where he landed in 1838, and had experiences of the wild and riotous life which was then the distinguishing feature of New Orleans. Leaving the Crescent City he disappeared for a while to enjoy a backwoods existence, and for several years his life abounded in incidents, fully as romantic and exciting as those afterwards detailed as occurring to the heroes of his own works of fiction. In the companionship of trappers, he sojourned with Indians, and took part in their forays when they were a powerful and warlike race, and travel in their hunting grounds involved danger, for in those days "wild in woods, the noble savage ran" in, so to speak, his primal state, uncontaminated by the effacing influences of modern civilisation. The prairie was then Mayne Reid's home, the wild mustang his steed; buffaloes and "grizzlies" his game; his comrades redskins, each, in the words of Longfellow,

> "Armed for hunting,
> Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
> Richly wrought with quills and wampum;
> On his head his eagle feathers,
> Round his waist his belt of wampum,
> In his hand his bow of ashwood,
> Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
> In his quiver oaken arrows,
> Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers."

His adventures with various tribes on the war-path or scalp-hunting have been recounted with unequalled dramatic force in those stirring novels, in which, as has been aptly observed, the romance is reality. Perilous enterprise and hair-breadth escapes were his daily lot, and with his strange and dangerous associates he made excursions up the Red River, and explored the banks of the Missouri and the Platte. Afterwards Mayne Reid penetrated every State in the Union. In those early years of his fight for life, besides being a hunter, and trader, he at different times was a store-keeper, nigger

driver, tutor, schoolmaster, and even for a very brief and unappreciated time a strolling player. Towards 1843, under the signature of the "Poor Scholar," he contributed poetry to *The Pittsburgh Chronicle*, a startling contrast to his previous pursuits, and shortly afterwards he settled down as a Philadelphian *littérateur*, writing for *Godey's Magazine* a poem entitled "La Cubana." At this time he composed "Love's Martyr," a tragical play, betokening great promise. While established in Philadelphia he enjoyed the acquaintance of the gifted Edgar Allan Poe and his beautiful but fragile wife, and in after years, in defending his memory, gave some curious details of the unfortunate poet's household. Mayne Reid's unique experiences, his knowledge of men, and of the world, stood him in good stead in the early portion of his literary career, as in the later. In 1846 he acted as correspondent of *The New York Herald*, and was on the staff of Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*. Having added poet, dramatist, and journalist to the list of his numerous occupations, he was yet to distinguish himself in another profession.



CAPT MAYNE REID AGE 46

In 1846, the war between the United States and Mexico broke out. Mayne Reid, laying down the pen and taking up the sword, sought and obtained a lieutenant's commission in the First New York Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Ward R. Burnett, and in the December of the same year sailed for the scene of action.

The first battle in which Mayne Reid took a prominent part, was that of Monterey, a desperate and sanguinary contest. It is not often that warriors celebrate the events of a campaign in which they have taken part in verse, but some time after, Mayne Reid sent, from the seat of war, a remarkable poem to *Godey's Magazine*, entitled "Monterey," breathing the true martial spirit, of which the following are the opening lines :—

> "We were not many—we who stood
> Before the iron sleet that day—
> Yet many a gallant spirit would
> Give half his years, if he but could
> Have been with us at Monterey."

Mayne Reid greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Vera Cruz, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco (where he headed the last infantry charge), and at the siege of Chapultepec, where, on the testimony of his brother officers, he performed the bravest and most brilliant achievement of the campaign, leading, under great difficulties, and opposed by unusual obstacles, "a forlorn hope" up a nearly perpendicular height. He was the first to scale the castle walls, and would have been first in Chapultepec, but a bullet came tearing through his thigh, and he fell wounded into the ditch. Two despatches of equal fallaciousness reached his relatives within a short time of each other, one stating he was dead, and the other that not only was he alive, but united to "the richest heiress in the valley of Mexico." Though not killed, Mayne Reid was very dangerously injured, and his leg in after years was a recurring trouble to him. The splendid service he had rendered the storming party, for which he had volunteered, was mentioned in the despatches of no less than four generals and several other officers, and rewarded by promotion. The rumour of his death, however, was so strong, that at a public banquet in Ohio, in celebration of the capture of Mexico, Mayne Reid's memory was toasted, and a dirge in his honour by a young poetess recited, of which the following is a verse :—

> "Gone—gone—gone,
> Gone to his dreamless sleep ;

And spirits of the brave,
Watching o'er his lone grave,
Weep—weep—weep."

Mayne Reid, during the storming of Chapultepec, was a very conspicuous figure, wearing a brilliant uniform, and an officer who did not know him, but witnessed his daring achievement, inquired who he was, and was answered thus graphically :—

"A New Yorker, by the name of Mayne Reid—a hell of a fellow."

A rough tribute of praise, of which no doubt the Captain was prouder than of more refined eulogiums.

About this period Captain Reid was described in an American journal as possessing the physical perfections of Adonis and the Apollo Belvedere, with a dash of the Centaur. There is no doubt that he was a handsome, reckless, dashing young militaire, of graceful figure and engaging manners, if a trifle hot-tempered. During the campaign Mayne Reid had to place in irons a regimental desperado of immense frame and strength, who had broken out of the guardhouse on many occasions. On Mayne Reid entering his cell, the fellow made a mad rush at him. Reid drew his sword to repel the attack, and ran the ruffian through. It was impossible to do otherwise, as the prisoner in his frantic fury really impaled himself upon the blade. Before dying the man confessed that Lieutenant Reid was blameless in the matter, and had only performed his duty as an officer. Reid was, however, tried by court-martial for killing the man, and acquitted.

In 1849, on the conclusion of the hostilities with Mexico, Captain Mayne Reid, still "untired by war's alarms," started with "a chosen band," raised by himself, to assist the Hungarian patriots in their ill-fated insurrection. He never, however, arrived at the scene of action, being encountered by news of their disastrous defeat. Bidding the country adieu in which he had spent such eventful years, he came to England, and again embarking in literature, at once took a leading position as a writer of fiction, producing in rapid succession "The Rifle Ranger," "The Scalp Hunters" (which has been translated into as many languages as "The Pilgrim's Progress," and of which over a million copies have been sold), and other books, which at once found their way to every boy's library, and in which Mayne Reid utilised his strangely acquired experiences, so that in part they may be deemed autobiographical. It is the merit of Captain Reid's works that they are all as thoroughly manly, healthy in tone, and good in purpose, as they are entrancing. Not an ignoble thought or word is to be found in them. His pen would never trace an unworthy sentence—the brilliant imagery in which he revelled was that of a devoted lover of nature, and the noble deeds of his heroes and heroines were the reflex of his own honourable and chivalric nature. His novels are veritable romances of the prairie, breathing of the forest primeval, and the prairie's limitless expanse. Though written in the language of a prose poem, his tales revealed exciting plots and thrilling situations, and as often as not were adventures of his own elaborated, or stories that he had heard related round the camp fire by reckless and desperate trappers. The years Captain Reid spent in pursuit of the buffalo and the bison, his acquaintance with the hunting and fishing grounds of the various tribes of Indians, his intimate knowledge of their habits and characteristics, could not fail to leave their impress upon most of his literary productions, which are redolent

"With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows ;
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains."

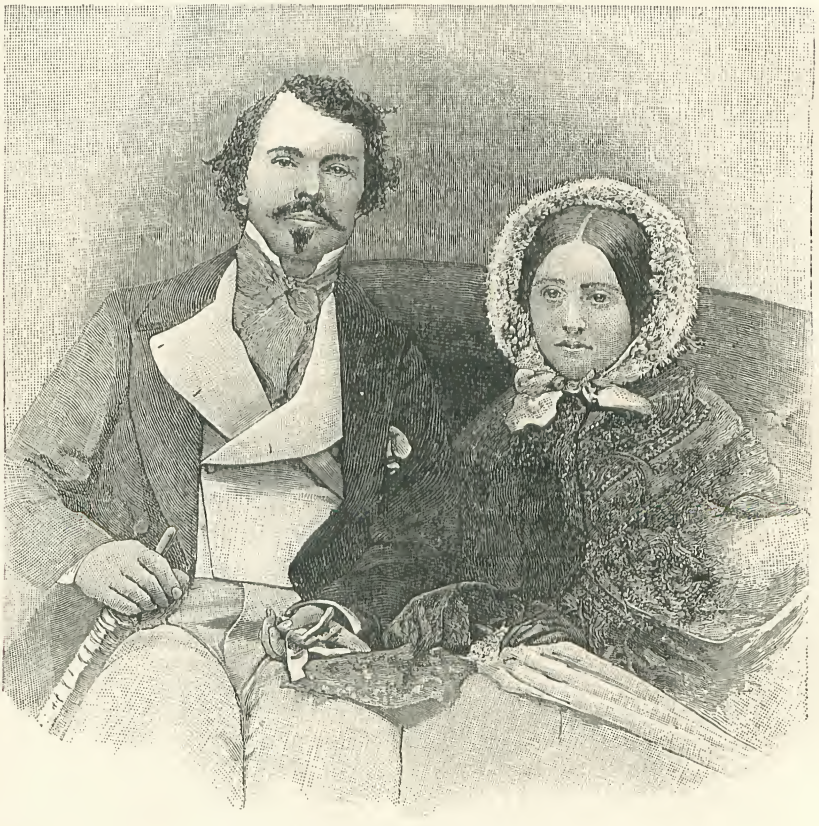
The charming volumes, written more especially for the entertainment of boys, "The Desert Home," "The Boy Hunters," "The Young Voyageurs," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Bush Boys," written between 1850 and 1856, contained in attractive guise a vast amount of botanical, geological, and zoological information. His instruction in those subjects was imperceptibly administered, being interwoven with captivatingly recounted deeds of bravery or perilous exploration, such as boys love, and were calculated to inspire a desire for travel, and ambition for honourable adventure in the youthful breast. The Captain was a most prolific writer, his principal works being over forty in number. In the numerous illustrated journals for the young, the pages of which he enlivened, he always occupied the first place in the expectation of its impatient readers.

In 1853 Captain Reid had a passage of arms with *The Times*, which caused at the time considerable excitement in the journalistic world. There appeared in *The*

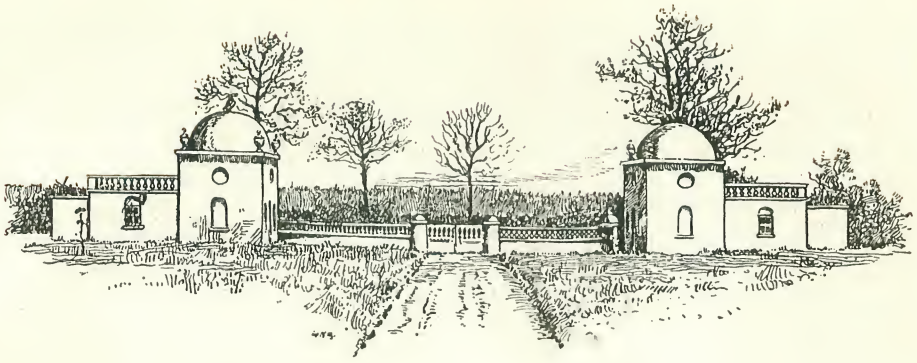
Times a proclamation in connection with an insurrection in Milan, which that journal stated purported to be from Kossuth, and to which his name was appended. Captain Mayne Reid, who was a personal friend and a staunch adherent of the Hungarian patriot, then residing in London, addressed a letter to *The Times* denouncing, in fiery and vigorous terms, the proclamation as a forgery. *The Times* did not insert Captain Reid's letter, but alluded to it as written in "absurdly bombastic language." A copy of the Captain's suppressed letter, which was very much to the point, was published in *The Sun*. Captain Reid subsequently sent Kossuth's own repudiation of the proclamation to *The Times*, but no notice was taken of it. Many journals commented in terms of indignation upon the conduct of *The Times* in refusing to admit in its columns either contradiction or correction.

Captain Reid married Miss Elizabeth Hyde ("Zoë") the only daughter of Mr. George William Hyde, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon. The Captain's courtship seems to have had many of the elements of romance in it. The lady was very beautiful and very young—so young that she was often taken for the Captain's daughter, and he himself called her his "child wife," which is the title of one of his subsequent novels. The Captain fell in love with his "beautiful child wife" when she was but thirteen, and married her when she was fifteen. He saw in her the original of Zoë, in the "Scalp Hunters," which creation he regarded as a foreshadowing of fate. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one, and his widow, in the life of him she has published, seems to be animated by the same admiration and loving regard for the Captain as when she plighted her girlish troth.

Captain Reid had, like many of his literary brethren, reverses and pecuniary misfortunes. At Gerrard's Cross, near Slough, he embarked in rather extensive building operations, erecting a house for himself of Mexican design, some cottages, and a reading-room, which eventually involved him



CAPT. MAYNE REID AND HIS CHILD WIFE.

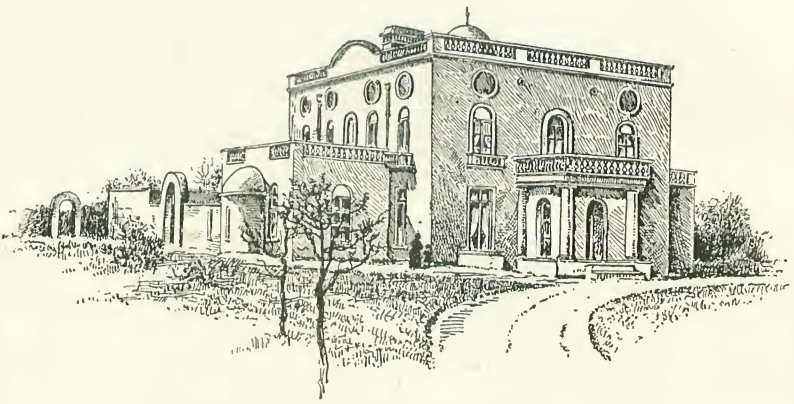


LODGE GATES, THE "RANCHE."

in financial disaster, so that in 1866 he had practically to begin the world anew. At one time he gave readings in public. In 1867 he started a paper, *The Little Times*, which soon ceased to exist. Never idle, incessantly working, his busy pen the same year was contributing the "Finger of Fate" to *The Boy's Own Magazine*, the "Fatal Cord" to *The Boys of England*, besides producing the "Planter Pirate." In the autumn of 1867 he went to New York, and wrote "The Child Wife," for Frank Leslie's paper, receiving 8,000 dollars for it, also starting *Onward*, a magazine which lasted fourteen months.

In 1870 he was in St. Luke's Hospital in that city, suffering from suppuration of his Chapultepec wound in the thigh, which it was feared would end fatally, but in 1872 he was writing the "Death Shot" for *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and *The New York Saturday Journal*. In 1875 the "Flag of Distress" appeared in *Chambers's Journal*. All these tales were also published in book form by various publishers. Captain Reid was an author of many publishers, and there are few of that much maligned body but have issued, some time or other, novels of his. William Shobere (1849), Charles Street (1851), David Bogue, Routledge, Hurst & Blackett, Ward, Lock & Tyler, Tinsley, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., and Remington, are a few of the well-known names that have produced works of that active brain, which will amuse and delight us nevermore.

In 1882 he received a small pension, which was increased before his death, from the United States Government, on account of his services in the Mexican War. During his last years he settled down amid the lovely scenery of Herefordshire at Ross. Here he wrote "Gwen Wynn, a Romance of the Wye." Here also he grew potatoes from Mexican seed, and bred Welsh mountain sheep, with jet black bodies, snow white faces, and long white tails. The clothes he wore were made from their wool. Captain Mayne Reid's sheep were a feature of the Health Exhibition, where they attracted great attention. In *The Live Stock Journal*, to which he was a frequent contributor, he explained an interesting theory of his that black is the coolest colour for clothing, and white the warmest, citing in support of his contention the negro, and the polar bear, and the polar hare, and fox, which two latter are slate blue in summer, and snow



THE "RANCHE," GERRARD'S CROSS.

white in winter. This view has since received scientific acceptation, but Captain Reid was the first to challenge the contrary opinion, which until then had held the field as an undisputed fact. Captain Reid was a great croquet player, and in 1863 wrote a treatise on the rules of the game, which he afterwards found was being issued with sets of Cassiobury croquet, as by "An Old Hand." The Captain brought a successful action against Lord Essex, with whom the responsibility rested. Not long before his death, which occurred on October 22, 1883, Captain Reid was contributing a series of articles on the distinguishing features of "Rural Life in England" to *The New York Tribune*, in which he treated with good-humoured satire the "customs of the country," in such matters as, for instance, "Public Dinners," a chapter in which his observations are acute and amusing. Until a few days before his last illness, he was engaged in completing the "Land of Fire," which he was not destined to live to see published. His "Mexican War Memories," which promised to be of great interest, were never finished. A posthumous novel of his has appeared, entitled "No Quarter" (Captain Reid always chose effective titles), a romance of the Civil Wars, in which moving incidents by flood and field are detailed with his well-known military accuracy and accustomed force, and the excitement maintained unflaggingly to the end.

The American Government have recently despatched a scientific expedition to explore the Colorado Death Valley. Captain Reid visited this fatal valley nearly fifty years ago, and graphically described his perilous journey, and the physical peculiarities of this terrible desert, in the "Scalp Hunters," forty years ago.

When, at the age of sixty-five, Captain Mayne Reid passed away, the Press of every shade of opinion rendered due recognition of the remarkable imaginative genius who had for thirty years held spell-bound the youth of many lands. *The Times*, too, which the dead novelist had so often and fiercely attacked, contained a generous and appreciative notice of the career of its old adversary. When the proud, intrepid heart ceased to beat, and the indomitable spirit was laid to rest, died a hunter, explorer, naturalist, soldier, novelist, and—remembering his courageous deeds and love of danger, it may be added—a hero.

FROGMORE, ROSS.

Part II.—A Reminiscence.

Nearly thirty years ago it was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with Captain Mayne Reid under somewhat singular circumstances. I was then a boy of fifteen, with all the undefined longings and aspirations of that age. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and the future was to me the mystic time to come, to which I trusted (ah! how vainly) to bring the realisation of my young dreams. I read books on every variety of subject that I could either buy or borrow; and my father having at that time a publishing house in Fleet-street, my opportunities of

obtaining books to read were considerable. Novels I devoured with avidity, and none gave me greater pleasure than those of Captain Mayne Reid, who was my favourite author at that period, and whose works have been read with equal enjoyment in later and more mature years. The name of "Oceola," which signifies "the rising sun," was adopted by me as a *nom de plume* for some small literary efforts that in those early years I contributed to journals. The late Mr. Henry Merritt, the art connoisseur, who, in conjunction with Mr. Richmond, R.A., achieved the marvellous restoration of the portrait of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey, was then the art critic of *The Morning Star*, the organ of the politicians then known as the Manchester School. This gentleman used to write out his art notices roughly at first, and then make alterations, corrections, and additions. It often fell to me to make fair copies of them for the Press, and thus I became accustomed to writing indirectly for *The Morning Star*, and one day thought I would write to that paper on my own account. A new play of Dion Boucicault's was being performed at the Adelphi, with incidents in it filched, I considered, from Mayne Reid, my favourite author. I was filled with youthful indignation, and penned a letter to the editor of *The Morning Star* (calling attention to this dramatic piracy), which, to my surprise, was inserted. My father and Mr. Merritt reproved me for my juvenile presumption, but I was secretly delighted, thinking the Byronic couplet—

> "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print,
> A book's a book, although there's nothing in't,"

was equally true regarding a letter.

Shortly after the publication of my critical effusion, on June 20, 1862, I was sitting writing for my father in the committee room at his Fleet-street publishing house, which was then the centre for many now forgotten but successful public movements, when Captain Mayne Reid was announced. He had come to see my father on some business connected with the Garibaldian Committee, who had been engaged in despatching the English legion of volunteers to aid General Garibaldi in his struggle for the emancipation of Italy. My father, who was a personal friend of Garibaldi, was the acting secretary of this committee. In the course of conversation my father mentioned to the Captain, to whom I was introduced, the letter I had written to *The Morning Star*. Captain Reid was very cordial, shaking my hand with great energy, and warmly thanking me for my defence. He inquired why I had not sent him a copy of the letter, and requested that one might be sent. The Captain further declared that he should make it his business to give me a helping hand in the literary career that he concluded

MRS. MAYNE REID, PRESENT DAY

I should embrace. This interview with my living hero of heroes was as unexpected as it was delightful to me. I stood by, smiling and flushing, feeling uncomfortable, yet honoured and pleased. Being an enthusiastic peruser of the Captain's exciting books (the interest of which, to me, was enhanced by the fact that the scenes and occurrences recounted with such fascinating and graphic power were as much part of the Captain's life as David Copperfield was of Charles Dickens), I regarded Captain Reid with admiration and intensity, and subsequently made notes of my impressions of his appearance, conversation, and characteristics, which have been preserved to this day.

Captain Reid, who was then about forty-four, was of slight build, ordinary height, and military bearing.

He was attired in a black frock coat, worn open, a light yellow waistcoat, light yellow gloves, light yellow scarf, and light yellow trousers, it being the sunny month of June. A Mexican-looking face of yellowish complexion, a black moustache, and an aspect of determination that indicated a life of exposure, feats performed, and hardships undergone, complete the portrait. Enthusiastic in manner, fervid in speech, romantic in phraseology, his utterances sounded like extracts from his own novels. A handsome man, the nobility of whose nature was apparent, he appeared the living embodiment of one of his own heroes of romance.

I well remember, as the Captain was leaving, his remark in reference to a wish to join Garibaldi. "But for that (naming the circumstance that prevented him) I would once more unsheath my sword upon the tented field," with which dramatic deliverance he departed.

In the course of a few days I forwarded, in compliance with the wish mentioned, a copy of *The Morning Star* letter to Captain Reid, at the same time expressing the hope that he would find in the good intention respecting himself some excuse for the imperfections inherent to youthful composition, as the faulty and boyishly-written epistle had not the advantage of revision by another, no one being aware of it.

In due time I received, with inexpressible satisfaction, the following acknowledgment from the great novelist, whose reputation was then at its zenith :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,
July 1, 1862.

My Dear Young Friend,—You quite underrate yourself in calling your letter to *The Star* either faulty or boyishly-written. It is, in reality, a very clever communication, and most truthfully expresses every point in the question, and cannot have failed to convince those who read it of the correctness of your views.

I owe you a thousand thanks for your chivalric defence, which please accept, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
Mayne Reid.

"The Rancho," which, in memory of earlier days, the Captain had named his country home, recalled to mind the abodes of the dark-eyed señoritas who were the heroines of his romances. Mrs. Reid writes of his house as being called "The Hacienda," in her recent memoir of her husband. Mr. Charles Ollivant, who was Captain Reid's secretary, wrote to the papers that the Captain's home was known as "The Rancho," which is the Mexican equivalent for a small house, whereas "Hacienda" meant a large house or mansion. The veteran journalist, Mr. George Augustus Sala, joining in the controversy, contended that "Hacienda" meant a large estate or homestead, and that a very big "Hacienda" may only have a small house upon it. Whatever may be the correct meaning of the words in question, all the letters I received from Captain Reid, spreading over several years, were dated in his own characteristic and picturesque writing from "The Rancho."

The true explanation, however, is that the Captain's first home was called "The Rancho," afterwards altered to "The Ranche." The large flat roofed house of Mexican architecture, with an artificial pond in front, subsequently built under the Captain's superintendence, was always known as "The Hacienda," as Mrs. Reid rightly names it.

Three months after the receipt of the preceding letter, I wrote a notice of Captain Reid's then new novel, "The Maroon." The little review appeared in *The Newcastle Chronicle*. It having been quoted in *The Canadian Illustrated News*, was encouragement to write a short sketch of the Captain's adventurous life for the same newspaper. On publication, both the re-

view and the sketch were sent to Captain Reid, who thus expressed himself respecting them :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,
December 31, 1862.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I feel very grateful and very much complimented by your kind notice of me, and were it not that just now every moment of my time is occupied, I should take pleasure in replying at more length to your very kind note. As it is, I can only say that to earn a livelihood by your pen is a wish you may not only realise, but, if I mistake not, from the specimens I have seen, your abilities in that line will bring you, not only a living, but a good reputation along with it. As soon as I am less pressed with work I shall endeavour to see you, and give you such hints as I may deem of service to you. Meanwhile, wishing you the compliments of the season and a happy new year,

I remain,
Yours very truly,
MAYNE REID.

CAPT. MAYNE REID, AGE 53.

In 1864 the brief visit of General Garibaldi to England took place. He was entertained by the late Mr. Seeley, M.P., at Brooke House, in the Isle of Wight. I was now eighteen, and my father was down at Brooke House, and accompanied the General to London. There was a grand reception at Nine Elms Station, at which the General, who was accompanied by his sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, spoke. I had the good fortune to be present, having—being my father's secretary at the time—received some platform tickets from the Reception Committee. At the conclusion of the General's few words of thanks for the address of welcome presented to him there was a general rush to the carriages. The procession was four hours reaching Charing-cross, the concourse of people being so great. While in London, Garibaldi was the Duke of Sutherland's guest, and my father took me round to Stafford House, to introduce me to the General, who held morning receptions of his friends in the suite of rooms assigned to him. About this time I must have made some mention of Garibaldian doings in a letter to Captain Reid, who wrote me the following interesting letter :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross,
Bucks,
April 8, 1864.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, — Allow me to present you with the enclosed portrait, which, I believe, is the best yet taken of me, and which I have not permitted to be published. I am glad to hear that your father is by the side of Garibaldi, and I am sure no truer friend to the hero of Italy and Liberty can be found in England. I knew Garibaldi as a heroic apostle of freedom long before his name had become familiar to English ears. I had noted his deeds of daring on the southern continent of America, while I was myself a sojourner in the North. He was winning immortal glory on the banks of La Plata, while I was wasting my foolish life hunting buffaloes on the banks of the Platte. I admired him then ; it would be strange if I did not idolise him now. Say to your father that when Garibaldi is allowed a little leisure—if ever he be allowed it in England—I should esteem it a favour to be introduced to him.

Yours very sincerely,
MAYNE REID.

To this communication I replied, signifying my father's willingness to bring about the desired introduction, but the Captain's enthusiasm was short-lived, and he was no longer prepared to idolise the Dictator of Italy, for the reasons given in his reply :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Please say to

your father that I no longer desire an introduction to Garibaldi. His speech at the Crystal Palace, before the Italian Committee, will have a damaging effect on England's liberty, and an interview between him and myself, with those sentiments ringing in my ears—the adulation of such men as Palmerston and Gladstone—the truest enemies of English freedom—alongside the poor sophism of our sham prosperity and civilisation—the remembrance of these statements put forward in Garibaldi's speech would render the interview between us (to me, at least), irksome, and uncandid.

Thank your father for his very kind compliance with my former wish, now no longer entertained, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MAYNE REID.

A few days after the receipt of the preceding letter Garibaldi was hurried out of England by the Government of the day, at the instigation of Napoleon III.

"Dream no dream of the future," was the advice given by the late Lord Lytton on the occasion of a rectorial address to the students of a Scotch university, many years ago. "For depend upon it," he said in effect, "the future will prove to be totally unlike anything you now anticipate." The truth of these words was verified in my case, for, despite my literary aspirations, I found myself in 1865 following a much less attractive pursuit. Later on, when exploring the floral beauties of the lanes of South Devon, on the back of a Dartmoor pony, it occurred to me that I might fill up my leisure time by contributing to magazines. Remembering Captain Reid's promise to befriend my efforts, I wrote to him. The Captain to whom I, although then a young man, apparently yet remained a youth, responded in terms which show that even successful and established authors encounter periods of depression:—

The Rancho,

Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I feel great regret at my inability to assist you. I have tried several publishers of journals, who all say they do not need any contributions. You will give me credit, when I tell you that I am unable to *sell* any of my own stuff just now. There appears to be a stagnation in the publishing market, or else it arises from the frightful multiplication of writers during the last few years. I shall bear your letter in mind, and if I hear of anything will communicate with you.

Yours very sincerely,

MAYNE REID.

This was the last communication I received from Captain Mayne Reid—the parting of the ways had commenced—and I pursued my prosaic career in various parts of England, always noting with pleasure any public mention of the Captain until his regretted death.

Such are my recollections of Captain Reid, which are recorded as a grateful tribute to the memory of the friend of boyish days, who equally at ease, whether fighting or writing—attained an international reputation as a brilliant novelist, and a valorous soldier, and to whom belongs the double distinction of having made himself, in the words of Montrose, "glorious by his pen, and famous by his sword."

At Kensal Green a sword and pen crossed, carved on a block of white marble, which is inscribed with a characteristic quotation from one of his earliest works, appropriately indicates the grave of "The Boys' Novelist."

A Story for Children: from the Spanish.

By Mariana Monteiro.

THE Emperor Charles V., of Spain, having abdicated in favour of his son, had retired to the Monastery of Yuste, in order to enjoy in the cloister that peace and happiness which he had vainly sought for in a monarch's turbulent, though brilliant life.

Philip II. had therefore become, during his father's lifetime, the heir to the most splendid crown of Europe, nay, of the whole world. Nevertheless, he assumed the reins of government without any seeming satisfaction. He attended to the affairs of State with perseverance and assiduity, but with no manifest interest or enthusiasm, and with the air of one who performs an irksome duty.

The only relaxation he allowed himself—and one he much enjoyed—was to clothe himself in a disguise, and to wander alone, and at night, through the streets of Brussels. Dressed in the national costume of the peasantry, and wrapped in a long cloak, Philip would traverse the most unfrequented streets, and visit the obscurest districts of the city, peering in through chinks of windows, and stopping to listen at doors; by this means becoming informed of secrets of misfortune, which he was often able to relieve.

During these midnight rambles, two or three of his faithful guards, ever solicitous for his safety, were accustomed to watch his figure from a distance, and never let him out of sight.

One night when he went out as usual to wander through the streets of Brussels, he found a young man sleeping on a bench, such as in those days stood beside the doors of nearly all the houses. He shook him by the shoulder and awoke him.

"Don't you know," he said in Dutch, "that it is forbidden to sleep out in the open air? The patrol will soon come round, and then you will be taken to prison!"

"And what's that to me?" replied the youth in Spanish, "I am going to conclude a piece of business at this very moment, which I intended to postpone until the dawn."

"A piece of business at this hour?"

"Yes, indeed! and one of some importance."

"Unless that business be to rob a neighbour, or to break into a house, I cannot think what can concern you at an hour when everyone is sleeping."

"Well," replied the youth, "in truth the idea of robbery had occurred to me, such as you are evidently well accustomed to, since you speak of it so freely; but I had repelled the evil thought, and had returned to my first scheme."

"And may I know what that scheme is," demanded the disguised King.

"I am not in the habit of making confidants of people whom I meet with in the streets at midnight. You can do me one favour, however. I am a stranger here. Will you direct me to the river?"

Philip acceded to the stranger's wish and allowed him to depart, but followed at a distance without losing sight of him.

The young man proceeded to the riverside, and climbed a rugged height which he discovered by the moonlight. There he fell upon his knees and repeated a short prayer. Then he arose, and was in the act of leaping into the water, when he felt a powerful hand grasp him by the collar and he was flung backwards on the ground

It was the King.

"Do not force me to commit a crime before I die," exclaimed the Spaniard, as he drew a dagger. "I must choose between death or crime. Let me die, or I will stab you to the heart."

"Are you a Christian," cried the King, "and yet attempt to commit suicide?"

"It is singular that you assume to question and to judge me; and stranger still that I should answer you. But as fate has willed it, I will relate to you my history. I left Lisbon in the hope of finding a young lady whom I dearly love, but whose parents refuse their consent to our marriage. This young lady has left Brussels with her father. I have spent all my money. I cannot find a way to earn a single *maravediz*. What would you have me do? To follow your advice—to rob?"

"You wish to marry!" cried the King. "Are you thinking seriously of such a thing when you are in such poverty?"

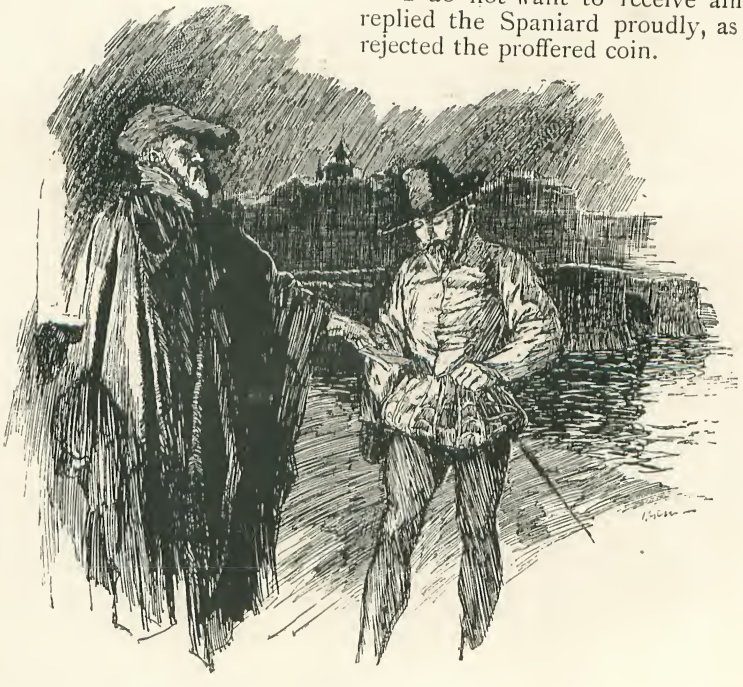
"Oh, I should not have been so in Lisbon! Believe me, had the parents of Doña Luiza Reinaldo consented to our union, I should undoubtedly by this time have been the painter of Doña Juana, the sister of your King Philip II.; but the grandees would not consent to having an artist for their son-in-law. They have, therefore, departed to the Low Countries, where her father has just concluded an important mission for the King. I would have followed them, for they have borne away my very life and heart; but as they travelled in a carriage and I on foot, they had already left when I arrived here, and I was unable to find out where they had gone. Yesterday I was famished. I had no money left. I besought an inn-keeper to allow me to paint his portrait for the price of a supper, but he kicked me out of doors. Leave me, then, to fling myself into the river, for the Evil One is putting thoughts of crime into my soul. Oh! misery is indeed a fearful counsellor!"

"Come, come, you must not so readily lose heart."

"But when one is hungry, what would you have him do? Not eat?"

"Come, come! You said just now that you offered to take a portrait for the value of a supper. I should greatly like to have mine taken, and I will give you twenty livres to gratify my whim. Take this gold coin; it is worth more than I have stated, but you can give me the change to-morrow."

"I do not want to receive alms," replied the Spaniard proudly, as he rejected the proffered coin.



"NOW SIGN IT."

"Remember, it is not given as an alms. It is the price of a portrait which you are to take of me. Take this," said the King, approaching the dim lamp placed before the shrine of the Madonna, which stood in a crevice of the wall.

Philip had drawn out his pocket-book, and on a fly-leaf written down as follows: "'*I have received the price of a portrait, which I engage to take, of the bearer of this note.*' Now sign it."

The Spaniard did as he was bidden by the King (who all the while was muffled in his cloak) and signed the paper—*Sanchez Coello.* They were on the point of separating, when the artist called back his unknown friend.

"Where am I to find you? You know no more than I myself where I shall lodge to-night."

"Do not make yourself anxious about that. I shall find you," replied the King.

Sanchez Coello took up the satchel containing his brushes and colours, threw it over his shoulder, and proceeded to a hostelry, where he was admitted for the night.

On the following morning he was still sleeping soundly when a servant entered his room. "Señor!" he said, "for several days I have been seeking you throughout the city. You must appear immediately before his Majesty Philip II., who has sent for you."

"The King has sent for me?" exclaimed the other, in extreme surprise.

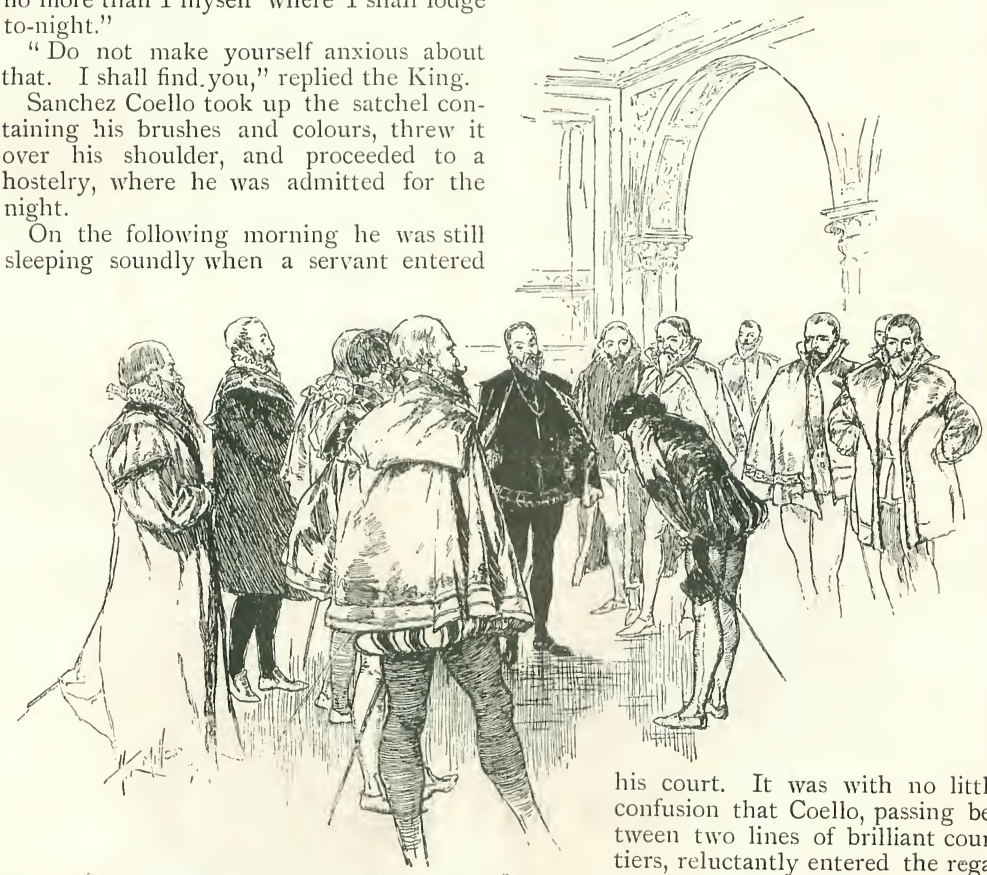
"Yes, his Majesty in person."

"But I cannot possibly appear before a monarch in these old shabby garments."

"You must obey instantly; his Majesty does not like to be kept waiting. Come with me at once, never mind your dress!"

Sanchez Coello arose, and, hastily dressing himself, prepared to be conducted to the Palace. The poor fellow wondered what Philip II. could possibly require of him, and how in the world the great and powerful king of Spain had so much as become aware of his existence, far less that he had come to Brussels.

Philip II. was, as usual, dressed in black, and surrounded by the principal officials of his court. It was with no little confusion that Coello, passing between two lines of brilliant courtiers, reluctantly entered the regal chamber in his travel-worn clothes.



"HE RELUCTANTLY ENTERED THE REGAL CHAMBER."

"Señor Alonso Sanchez Coello," said the King, "our well beloved sister has informed us that you were in Brussels, and she earnestly recommends you to us as her favourite painter.

"We desire to possess a mark of your

talent, and therefore we commission you to execute a painting representing some passages in the life of our blessed patron, St. Philip. This picture is destined for the Church of St. Ursula, and must be ready for the feast of St. Philip, which occurs within a month."

"The term assigned is very short," replied the artist, "but in token of my gratitude for your Majesty's protection, I will engage to conclude the painting by St. Philip's eve."

"I accept your word. In my palace you will find a room assigned to you, and an assistant. Our staff of servants will be at your orders, and our treasurer will supply you with what sums you may require."

Sanchez Coello thought that he was dreaming, but his dream was a reality. He was soon installed in an apartment almost regal, while a bevy of servants ready to obey his smallest wish were in attendance. An easel stood before him, with a large canvas ready for his work. He at once began to sketch the picture demanded by the King.

In spite of the industry and perseverance of Coello, the picture was of such colossal size that he was forced to work far into the night if he hoped to conclude it by the time appointed. Indeed, as the time flew by he could not, if he was to keep his vow, leave his work even for a moment's rest.

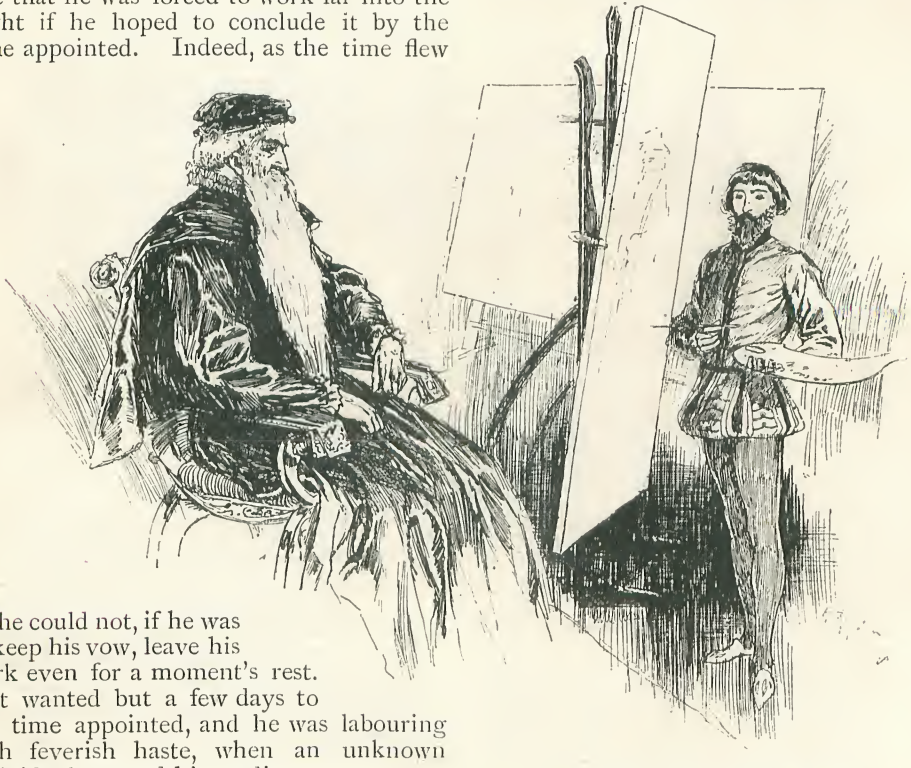
It wanted but a few days to the time appointed, and he was labouring with feverish haste, when an unknown individual entered his studio.

"At last I have found you!" cried the stranger. "What trouble I have had, to be sure! But how could I imagine that the man who meant to drown himself, and who was starving, should be lodged in the King's palace, with a crowd of servants to attend him! Well, to business! My wife is named Philippa, and you owe me the portrait for which I paid you in advance. I want you to take my portrait instantly, so that I may present it to her on the feast of St. Philip."

Sanchez was endeavouring to recognise the voice and the features of the man who had saved him from death, but he could not do so. Yet he spoke of the singular adventure of that night—a circumstance unknown to anyone; and moreover he displayed the very note which he himself had signed under the lamp of the shrine.

"I am willing to fulfil my contract," replied Coello, "but not for the feast of St. Philip. I have to finish a picture for the King, and it will be hard work to have it ready by the day appointed. I have not a moment to lose."

"That is nothing to me. I ordered my portrait and paid for it before the King



"COELLO BEGAN TO TAKE HIS PORTRAIT."

ordered his picture. I now claim it, and you must paint it, unless you wish to be considered as a man whose word is worthless. Moreover, you would not be in the King's palace but for me. Bear that in mind."

"You are quite right," replied Sanchez. "I shall have to risk my future. To be wanting to my pledged word to the King is to lose everything; but sit down, and I will take your portrait, even if I be disgraced in the King's eyes."

The stranger sat down, and Coello began to take his portrait. He was a man of fine physique, with a face full of intelligence and nobility. He watched Coello at his work with a singular curiosity, and manifested himself somewhat of a critic, as the artist gathered from the observations which involuntarily escaped him.

After six hours' assiduous work the portrait had progressed considerably, and would require but a short time more to finish it. Sanchez threw himself in an armchair, and appointed an early hour the next day for his sitter to return, when he hoped to conclude the portrait.

It was the eve of the feast of St. Philip. Sanchez had concluded the portrait; but though he sat up the whole of that night at work, he was unable to finish the King's picture, and in the early morning, worn out by fatigue, he was still holding the palette and brush, when Philip entered his studio.

On perceiving that the picture was unfinished, the countenance of the King became clouded by displeasure.

"You have been wanting to your word," he cried in a severe voice.

Sanchez hung his head without replying. The King glanced round, and his eyes fell on the portrait of the stranger.

"THE KING TURNED, AND LEFT THE STUDIO."

"By St. Philip!" he exclaimed, "you have been amusing yourself by taking the portrait of a private individual, instead of working at my picture! Through your failure I am now unable to present the picture I commissioned you to paint, and the ceremony will have to be postponed. This is a serious business, Señor Coello!"

So speaking, the King turned, and left the studio, leaving the artist in the direst dismay.

Half an hour later Coello was summoned to present himself immediately before the King. He obeyed in terror.

"Señor Alonso Sanchez Coello," said the King, "you have been wanting to your pledged word; but, on the other hand, you have fulfilled a promise which you had formerly made to me."

The Spaniard looked at Philip in speechless surprise.

"Yes," continued the King, "the stranger whom you encountered on the night of your despair, and the King, are one and the same person; with the sole difference that I sent in my place, to have his portrait taken, Ottovenius, the most celebrated Professor of Antwerp. You may now conclude the painting of St. Philip at your convenience;

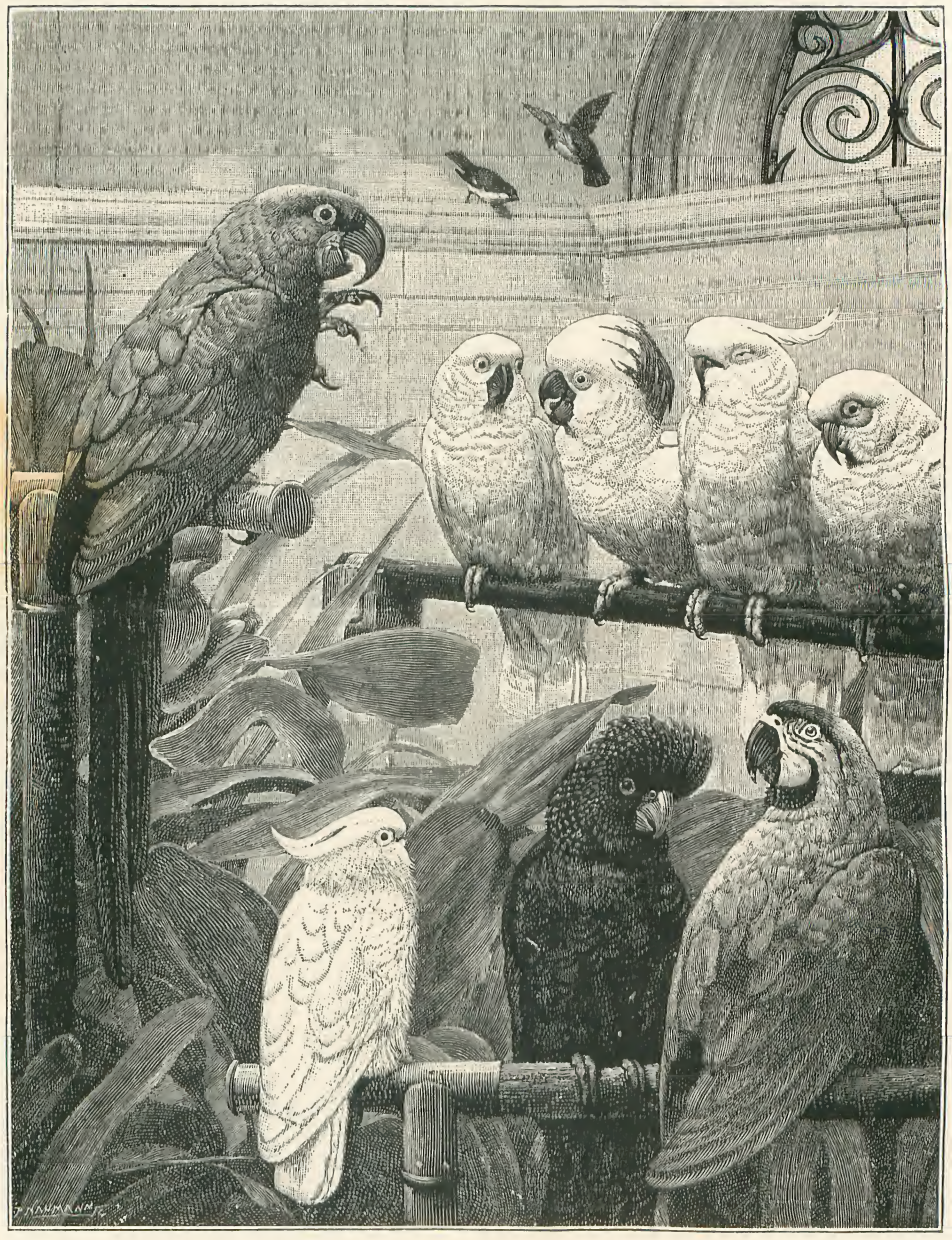
all the more as we are now about to celebrate a wedding."

Taking a silver whistle, which hung from his waist, the King blew a note upon it; and in a few moments Sanchez Coello saw Professor Ottovenius enter the apartment, leading Doña Luiza by the hand, and followed by Don Reinaldo and his wife. Sanchez Coello fell on his knee before the King.

The marriage of the artist and Doña Luiza was soon after solemnised in the Royal Chapel.

King Philip manifested feelings of deep friendship towards Sanchez Coello. On his return to Spain, he brought with him his favourite artist, who, moreover, accompanied him in most of his military expeditions.

Sanchez Coello several times took the portrait of Philip II., on horseback and on foot. He was covered with honours and distinctions by the most powerful crowned heads in the world, by Popes, Dukes, and Cardinals. At his table sat Grandees of Spain, and his house was the resort of the highest dignitaries of the Church and State, so that often two extensive courtyards of his residence were filled with litters, carriages, and sedan chairs. He became the most famous artist of his time, and amassed a princely fortune.

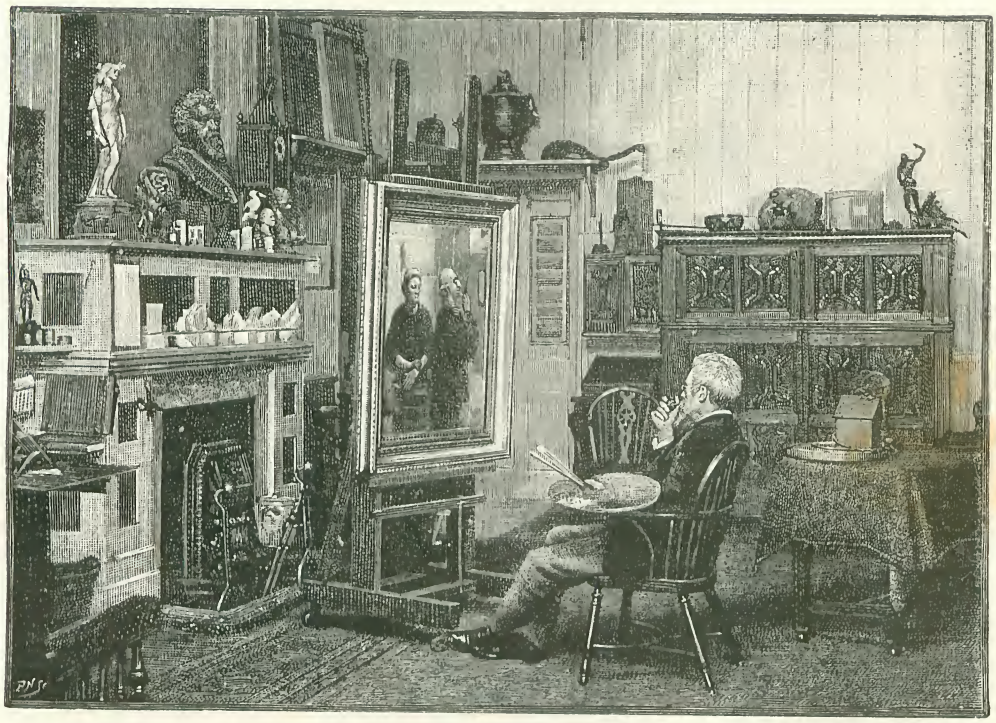


"A SELECT COMMITTEE."

(After the picture in the Royal Academy by H. Stacy Marks, R.A.)

Illustrated Interviews.

No. II.—HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.



From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

MR. MARKS lives in one of the quietest corners of St. John's Wood, his house being in Hamilton-terrace—a place of abode which goes a long way to substantiate the maxim not to put trust in outward appearances. The exterior bears a positively solemn aspect, and in the winter, when all the bright green leaves have disappeared, must be even funereal. But what a transformation when you have once passed through the door! True, there is nothing that I am inclined to call extravagantly artistic. It is the home of a man who wants to work. There is not a room in the place that is not characteristic of the man who uses it. The studios are sensible painters' workshops. The drawing-room suggests excellent company and merry entertainment, while the dining-room has a distinctly family air about it. Mr. Marks has not obtained his present position—and who does not know him as the most brilliant painter of bird life we have?—without many a struggle. Probably his own kind disposition to listen to the young aspirant seeking after glories with brush and palette has been wrought out of his own early troubles.

Mr. Marks has been referred to as the light comedian of the brush. He says himself that if he had not been an artist he would have been an actor. If you saw him holding forth in the studio occasionally, or heard him rattling off a good song, or telling an anecdote with all the point and crispness of experience, you would at once admit that the stage has lost a good man. However, our feathered friends have found a faithful chronicler of every feather they possess, from the tufts on their head to the tips of their tails. Mr. Marks has promised me to unburden himself of his past life. He has got a diary upstairs, and a little account-book with the most curious little

sketches one could possibly imagine—little sketches which have been made by the R.A. in embryo.

"You must not notice the carpet," said Mr. Marks. "I told my wife that she ought to see that something smarter was put down this morning, because I was afraid that it was a lady who was coming to see me. However, come along."

"What is that? Oh, I have all those arranged near the door. They are my diplomas. You see the Royal Academy one is signed by the Queen. There is another there from Melbourne; another there signed by Leighton. You see, when the tradespeople catch sight of those things, when the door is open, it inspires their confidence. Not a bad idea, is it?"

Mr. Marks' weakness for birds is everywhere visible. He has painted storks over the opening of the letter-box; birds of beautiful plumage on the door-plates; and birds worthy of being honoured by a better position in all kinds of out-of-the-way places; some of them almost hidden from view.

The first room I looked into was a dressing-room—remarkable for its washstand. It is most curiously made, with fish painted at the back of it on fluted glass, which gives the idea that they are swimming about in water. The bowl is made of copper, and would hold several gallons of water; while in order to match, the ewer is shaped like a huge spirit measure, similar to those used for measuring spirits. Here Mr. Marks comes every night for half an hour and reads before going to bed. His boys' bedroom is near; partly fitted up as a workshop, with a lathe and other things, for all his children have hobbies. Just outside this room is a little black frame containing six very realistic sketches by Mr. Marks done at an early age. Even then he had a weakness for birds—a weakness which was to become his very strength. Three of them were done as far back as fifty-four years ago, and portray various representatives of the feathered creation; while the other three are the bear pit at the Zoo, with Bruin at the top of his ragged pole being fed by a keeper, to the great delight of the children gathered around; Mr. Pickwick on the ice—which the young artist was conscientious enough to add was "After Phiz"; and a representation of a certain gentleman generally associated with the Fifth of November.

MR. MARKS AT 21.
After the Painting by P. H. Calderon, R.A.

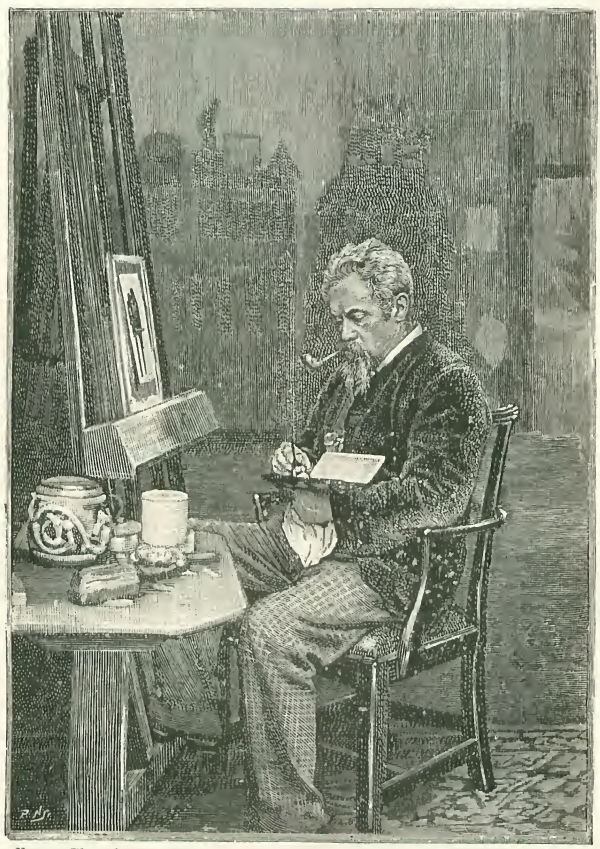
Passing downstairs again and walking along the entrance hall in the direction of his dining-room, I noticed arranged along the walls reproductions in black and white of various pictures which have helped to make him famous. Here is "The Ornithologist"; here again that charming little work representing an old man with tape and skull in hand, taking a measurement of it, and called "Science is Measurement." This latter he painted when he was made R.A., it being customary on such occasions to present a picture to the Academy worth not less than £100. Here again is a study of his mother's head, and in close proximity a capital work entitled, "An Episcopal Visitation," which may be familiar to many.

The dining-room is a sort of family portrait gallery. Over the chiffonier is a portrait of Mr. Marks himself—probably the best one—painted by Ouless. Also a pretty little picture of his eldest daughter when she was ten years old, painted by Calderon; and another—a highly prized one — by the same artist, showing Mr. Marks in the blouse he wore in Paris when he was studying with Calderon in the gay city. In the window of the dining-room is an elegant aviary containing some delightful specimens of Java sparrows frisking about in company with bullfinches and canaries. Russ, the dog, named after Ruskin, is running about; and the smallest of monkeys, a marmozet, nicknamed Jack, is extra frisky this morn-

ing, and has just climbed up the lace curtains at the windows. Nothing will satisfy Jack until the artist has allowed him to perch for a few moments on his shoulder and put one of his arms around his neck.

In the morning-room are many artistic treasures. The furniture is all black, relieved with red, and there are some fine Chippendale chairs and an old Dutch cabinet; while in front of the fender is a huge Chinese umbrella, on which Mr. Marks has painted number of great black fishes, apparently swimming round and round. The piano, too, is a curiosity, being beautifully painted by the artist to represent the orchestra of the Muses. The pictures here are exceedingly interesting. Here is a study of the back of Mr. Marks' head, done by his drawing-master in 1856. Here, too, is the only thing which the artist has ever had the luck to win in a raffle. It was in 1865, at which time a number of artists in St. John's Wood had formed themselves into a little society known as "The Gridiron," for the purpose of criticising one another's pictures. The little sketch—a pictorial skit—hits off very happily the members of the Gridiron Society. Mr. Fred Walker is taking a walk on a cliff, surrounded by numbers of ghosts. Mr. Yeames, who had just got married, is shown with a wedding ring in his hand. Mr. J. E. Hodson, eminent for his Elizabethan pictures, is shown with a huge ruff around his neck; and Mr. Marks is with his old friend, Mr. Calderon, floating along together, each with a gridiron on his breast. The picture is signed "F. W., Torquay Asylum, 1865." It was raffled for at Mr. Walker's house, and Mr. Marks won the treasure.

There is just time to peep into the drawing-room, which is a very artistic apartment. It opens out on to the garden, and the walls are painted a delicate sage green, with a pale warm blue dado. Water-colours are plentiful, and some exquisite Chippendale furniture adds to the beauty of the room.



From a Photo. by AT WORK. [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

What strikes me as the curiosity of the room is a map worked on silk, showing the Eastern World and Africa, marked "Negroland." The artist frankly declared that he picked it up for five shillings in Wardour-street, though he believes it to be a hundred years old.

We are now in the principal studio—a fine, square, spacious room with three entrances. A bust of the artist by Ingram is over the mantelboard, while around the walls on great shelves are arranged many an artistic "prop," which has from time to time figured in his pictures—among them an old drum of a hundred years ago; lanterns, goblets, and many other things. On the mantel-shelf is a perpetual calendar, on the back of which is written, "This is a copy of one that belonged to Charles Kean." Here also is his wardrobe, contained within a fine bit of furniture of massive oak, which Mr. Marks was fortunate enough to pick up for three guineas whilst going his rounds in search of curios. The various drawers

From a Photo. by] THE WARDROBE CABINET *[Messrs Elliott & Fry.*

are labelled, "Jingle," "Sheridan," "Footman," "Dr. Johnson," "Robespierre," "Stockings," "Collars," "Shirts," &c. There are also a number of stilettos and daggers, and an old umbrella, all huddled together. A ten-and-sixpenny old Dutch clock is in a corner, worth many pounds now, for the case has been decorated by Mr. Marks with many artistic designs. Stuffed birds, too, are hanging about. Here is one which Mr. Marks takes from a little case. It is a specimen sent to him by Mr. Fred Barnard—a little sparrow, labelled "A Common Gutter-percher." Mr. Marks has also a fine collection of old watches; and amongst his curios a brass tobacco-box, on putting a penny into which it opens, and you can take a pipe-full of the weed. It is similar to one which has written on it—

"A halfpenny drop into the till;
Turn the handle, you may fill;
When you have filled, without delay
Shut down the lid, or sixpence pay."

Not the least highly prized curio which the artist possesses is one stamped "J. R. to H. S. M., 1880." It is a little carving of a heron in opal intended for a breast-pin, given to him by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Marks had it fitted up and placed in a little silver casket. He has also one of the tiniest paint boxes in existence. There were only three made. One is in the possession of the Princess Louise; another is owned by Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., who made them; and the third is this of Mr. Marks. It is in the shape of a charm for a watch-chain, but, on opening it, it is found to contain all the necessary colours in miniature for painting a picture.

"Now sit down," said Mr. Marks, taking out a huge cherry-wood pipe, and commencing to light up. "Oh, yes, I am a big smoker, and generally enjoy the weed all the morning during painting. I have got quite a small collection of pipes. Now I will give you a few extracts from my diary."

While he is turning to the page I note down a little picture of himself.

He wears a brown velvet jacket; his hair is growing grey; he is stoutly built, full of energy, has a keen appreciation for a joke, and his eyes have ever a merry twinkle in them.

"Now are you ready?" said he. "Well, my father had a large carriage repository. It was on the site of the Langham Bazaar. He early set me my first lessons in drawing. You see, we needed to have a number of heraldic signs for the doors of the coaches. He would sketch these in a book, and give them to me to copy. I fear, however, I did not copy many in the book that he gave me. There's the book; just glance over it."

I did so, and found that he had copied a boar's head and a stag's head; a crown, and unicorn, and a lion; but the boar had a ring through the nose, which distinctly differed from his father's copy above. There were others which showed that the youthful artist had indulged his original fancy, for in turning over the pages I came across ships, fish, elephants, a dead donkey being carried home, a horse of somewhat lively temperament kicking out at its master, who had fallen from its back, with the suggestive words underneath, "Woe! woe!" Even at that early date Mr. Marks had given a rough sketch of the building where he was afterwards to study, and which is labelled, "Academy." There was also "John Gilpin on his ride to Edmonton," and a very

fanciful idea of Sinbad the Sailor. The sea is shown, with Sinbad's vessel above, floating on the water ; while down below two or three men are walking about engaged in pushing a tremendously big whale five times the size of the vessel above. "Jim Crow's Palace" is a very neat little drawing. One of the Knights of France, with the word "Brave" scratched out, is a sketch of a man with small moustache and a single small eyeball. Altogether, the book contains something like three hundred pencil sketches.

"Not bad, are they?" continued Mr. Marks. "Well, let me give you a few notes of my career. My mother was a great help to me in every way. She helped me to go to an evening school, to Leigh's Evening School of Art, although my father encouraged me very little. I remained there some time, going to the school before breakfast and again in the evening, filling up my time by making occasional diagrams for lectures and copying a picture now and again. In June, 1850, I was a rejected probationer at the Royal Academy. I was then twenty-one.* My father offered to allow me fifty guineas to start on my own account, but somehow I did not get them. In the fall of the year I got into the Royal Academy School, and my father allowed me three days a week to draw. I worked and worked away with all my heart, and determined to succeed in the position that I had chosen. I am afraid my father did not think much of my artistic capabilities, for he got me a position as check-taker to a panorama of the Ganges, painted by Dibdin, and exhibited in Regent-street. Dibdin is now over eighty years of age, and has lost his sight. It was not very hard work—four hours a day—for which I was to receive thirty shillings per week. The engagement, however proved a failure, for it ended in a week and I never got my wages.

"On the 30th January, 1852, at seven o'clock in the morning, I bade my mother good-bye, and Calderon and I started from London Bridge, bound for Paris. It was a bitterly cold morning ; the wind was enough to cut you in two. At Paris we got a room together ; slept, worked, ate, drank, and thought together. After six months we found our money had gone, so we returned to England. Then I found that my father had gone to Australia, so I joined the School of Art again. Then my first bit of luck came. At the end of the year I finished a single figure of 'Dogberry Examining Conrade and Borachio.' This was accepted at the Academy in 1853. I have a very pretty story to tell you about this. I had made up my mind that after all my mother had done for me she should have the money that I realised for my first picture. I had an offer of £10 for my picture, but I wanted £25. My customer was willing to go as far as £15. I almost hesitated then, but I wanted the money, so I agreed to take it. I went off to Mr. Christie, stockbroker, of Copthall-chambers, drew the cheque, and got it cashed. He took me to lunch with him, afterwards to the Victoria Theatre, and then to supper at a well-known house. On reaching home that night I did not hesitate what to do. Although I could

FIRST EARNINGS.

* Portraits of Mr. Marks at different ages appeared in our last number.

have managed with the money very well, I slipped quietly into a room where I knew my mother would come, and, taking the fifteen golden sovereigns out of my pocket, I laid them on the edge of the table in such a position that when she entered the room she could not fail to see them. I never enjoyed a sale so much.

"I got married in 1856 on the strength of my picture, 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' which, I suppose, was the first one which brought me into anything like notoriety. It was bought by Mr. Mudie, the librarian, who died recently, and who was a good friend to me. Landseer noticed this picture. I have a very funny anecdote to tell you about this. While I was painting this work in a small room, there was a dentist living a few doors off, who had outside his shop a head which used to open and shut and show teeth and no teeth. Well, I received a letter purporting to come from him, saying that he had heard that I was painting a picture which he thought was an exceedingly witty idea; he wanted it, and would pay for it. But I should have to paint a companion picture to it, entitled, 'No Toothache since M. Andrew Fresco has lived in Modern Times.' He would sit as the model. This letter was dated April 1. I replied that I was exceedingly flattered by his kind offer, but before sending in the picture, as it was nearly finished, I should like him to call and see it. To this I got a reply containing the simple words: 'M. Andrew Fresco knows nothing at all about the matter.' The whole thing was the hoax of a young cousin of mine, and, since he perpetrated it, I will give his name to the world. It was Dr. D. Buchanan.

"In 1859 I was doing a good bit of work on wood blocks, and also stained glass. It was in this year that I sold a picture for 150 guineas, 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch'; I also decorated a church at Halifax. In 1860 Mr. Mudie took me and another artist for a trip up the Rhine. What I then saw of the glorious scenery settled my mind altogether. I would give up all the other odd work I was doing, and devote my whole time to painting; nothing but starvation should stop it. That same year I painted a monk carving a model, which was accepted in 1861, and that marked an epoch in my life. This was a commission from Col. Akroyd, and I asked 300 guineas. He said: Send it to the Academy, and he would be there at the private view and see what it was like. He was there, but it was bought during the first hour, previous to his arrival, for 300 guineas, by Mr. Agnew. With that money I opened an account at the London and Westminster Bank, Bloomsbury, and I have kept it there to this date.

SKETCH OF DOGBERRY EXAMIN NG CONRADE AND BORACHIO.
(Made specially for this article by Mr. Marks.)

"I was elected A.R.A. in 1871. I think that was principally owing to the painting of my picture, 'St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.' I got £450 for that work; it was accepted in 1870. Exactly ten years before I had asked Mr. Knight, the secretary, to put down my name; so that I had waited ten years. On December 19, 1878, I was elected a full-blown R.A. in place of Sir Francis Grant, and I was the first Royal Academician made under the presidency of Sir Frederic Leighton. I have only been absent from the walls of the Royal Academy two years since 1853.

"I must tell you a little anecdote about my 'St. Francis.' It was sold some time afterwards for £1,155. I used to borrow from an old gentleman a number of stuffed birds. Soon after the sale he came to me, and I said to him, 'I want some bird skins, if you have got any.' And he said, 'Yes, I can let you have some. How many do you

want? I suppose you want them for a picture.' I replied, 'Yes, I do.' He said, 'I hope those I sent you for your last picture suited you?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'splendidly. It sold the other day for £1,155.' 'Good gracious!' he said. 'You might have come up to my place, and had the whole lot in my shop for a couple of hundred.'

"I do not know if I have anything more to say about myself," continued Mr. Marks; "but anything you say about me as to my personal weaknesses must include that I am a great lover of books. I make all my own book-marks, design them myself, and I do a little poetry. Years ago I used to be a Volunteer. There is something interesting about that, perhaps. I joined the Artists in 1862, and I did not leave until I had a son in the corps. On June 7, 1879, there was an inspection at the Horse Guards, and the remarkable sight was presented, which has probably never been seen before, of an R.A. as a full private in the ranks, and his son as his rear rank man. After that I resigned.

ORIGINAL STUDY OF HEAD OF DOGBERRY.
(*Reduced fac-simile.*)

"Models? Oh, yes, I have had some strange things in models—all sorts and conditions of models. There was a model whom we used to call Cumming. He was extraordinarily slight and thin. All my costumes were too long for him; all the pairs of tights I had were 'a world too wide for his shrunk shanks.' I am afraid I chaffed him unmercifully about his spareness. I remember showing him once some of my children's garments, and asking him, 'Do you think that would fit you?' He used to say he had been an officer in a cavalry regiment; but this assertion, I found out afterwards, had no foundation in fact. One day, when sitting to a friend of mine, he was asked to go out and fetch some beer—not a very uncommon request among struggling artists. This he was nothing loth to do, but quickly accomplished his task, and placing the foaming pot of stout on the table, said, 'Things have come to a pretty pass when an ex-officer of the 14th Light Dragoons has to fetch his own beer.' But the most unconsciously humorous and characteristic model I ever employed was one Campbell, whom I more than once painted as Dogberry. He had been a shoemaker. Almost the first occasion he came to me he told me the following story:—

"'I took home a picture to the Dook of Wellington one day, and, as I was taking it up in the hall, he comes by, and says, "Oh, you comes from Messrs. Bennett." "Yes, sir," I says. With that he passes on, and out comes at the front door a man dressed all in black, and comes up to me—his butler, I suppose. He says, "Do you know who you were a talking to just now?" "Yes, sir," I says, "Arthur Wellesley, better known as Dook of Wellington." "Then, why don't you say 'Your Grace' to him?" "Grace?" says I; "why should I say grace for? there's no meat here. Where's the viands? Why, I said sir to him—a common title of respect between man and man." "Well," says he, "you are a rum sort of customer, you are. What do you call the Duke?" "What do I call him?" I says; "a wholesale carcase butcher! Look at his career. He begins by going to France

From a Photo. by] THE SMALL STUDIO. *Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

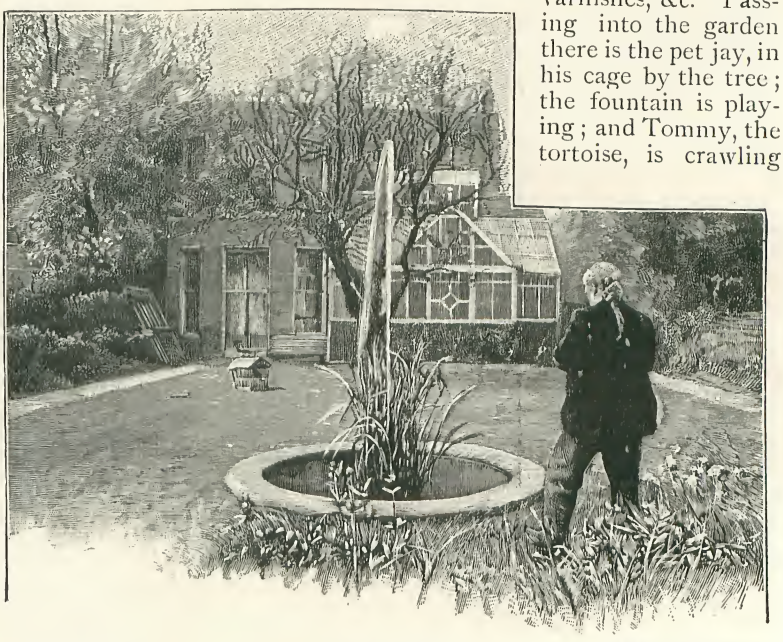
to learn the art of war, and then he goes to India and kills thousands of natives who were only defending their own country, and at last turns his arms against the country where he first learned the art of war, and murders thousands more. A wholesale carcase butcher ; that's what I call him."'

"This man was a great poet, too," continued Mr. Marks. "Sometimes when I was giving him a little rest, he would say, 'Would you like a little verse or two, sir?' I often used to humour him, and he would recite some really good verses. Here is a specimen :—

'To grin at our snug
little island of
fame,
The despot of
France when to
Calais he came,
His glass from his
pocket beginning
to draw,
Was struck with
amaze when old
England he saw.
Britannia she sat on
the white rocks
herself,
But she needed no
spy-glass to look
at that elf.
"I wonder," she
said, "what that
simpleton's do-
ing."
Replied Liberty,
"Sister, he's plot-
ting your ruin."
"Is he so?" said
Britannia; "then
let him plot on,
I am more than a match for
that desperate don.
Let him come, if he likes, I
will never deceive him.
If he tries to get near, we will
warmly receive him.
Let him talk as he likes ; for
his boasting who cares ?
'Ere he gives us the skins, he
must slaughter the bears."'

"A good many models are addicted to drink, and, after sitting a while, will suddenly go to sleep. Then I have had what I call the 'super' model. You know the sort of man; he goes in for theatrical effect ; always has an expression of 'Ha ! ha ! more blood I see wanted,' and that sort of thing."

Mr. Marks then puts on his hat, and we pass through a smaller studio and glass-house, the former containing a very curious cabinet, which he painted some years ago, depicting a nursery tale, "Sing a Song of Sixpence" ; and there is the king counting out his money, and the blackbird descending and pecking off the maid's nose, the Queen eating honey, the pie open before the King with the twenty-four blackbirds. This goes round the four sides of the cabinet, which is used for brushes, colours, varnishes, &c. Passing into the garden there is the pet jay, in his cage by the tree ; the fountain is playing ; and Tommy, the tortoise, is crawling



From a Photo by] IN THE GARDEN. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry*

A merry Mynah bird am I,
No parrot ever known can vie
With me for speech distinct & clear,
'Twill do you good my cough to hear.
And as for whistling—that of boys
Compared with mine, is odious
noise.

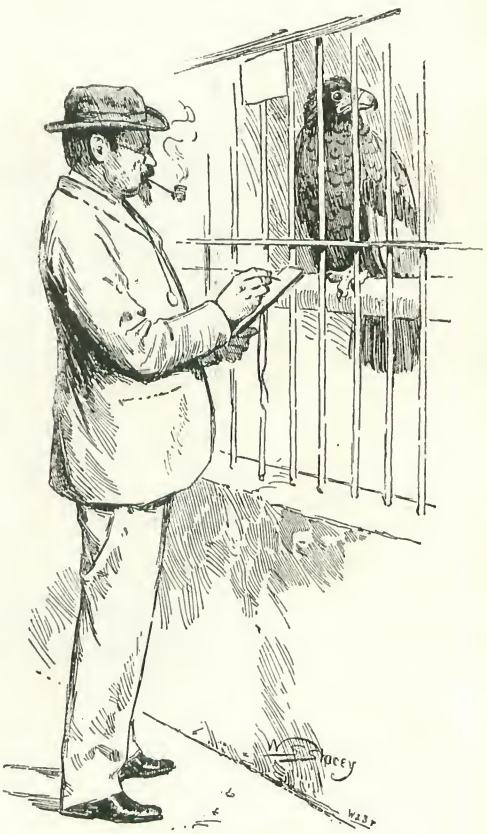
THE MYNAH.
(Drawn specially for this article by Mr. Marks.)

quietly round the banks of a small lake in which gold fish are sporting themselves. In our illustration Jack, the marmozet, is to be seen sunning himself upon his master's shoulder.

We are now on our way to the Zoo, as Mr. Marks has promised to spend the remainder of the afternoon with me at a spot where he probably knows every bird in the place, and where many of them know him. As soon as we arrived there the artist took me into one of the houses where is a beautiful mynah, from Northern India. It seems that this bird has been here since 1883. Some time ago the keeper had a bad cough, and found that the bird imitated him. This gave him the idea of teaching it to talk; it will now say almost anything. A good story is told of an old gentleman who went up to the bird, and, quite innocently, said, "What a pretty bird!" "I should think I was," it replied. "Ha, ha!" laughed the old man. "Ha, ha!" laughed the bird in response, and there were the two laughing at one another for quite five minutes. This bird has been painted twice by Mr. Marks, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying sketch and verses.

Then Mr. Marks proceeded to point out his favourites; the vultures just getting their summer plumage, the cockatoos and parrots; and he showed me nearly all the parrots that had posed as models for his great picture in this year's Royal Academy, the "Select Committee," and which we reproduce with his permission as the frontispiece of this number. The chairman of the committee, by a long way the most important looking bird, has a beautiful blue plumage; and the artist spent some two or three months painting it. Then the military macaw, so called because of its tuft, is there, and at the word of command will bite his leg, and if you get too near will pull off your cap. Inside the parrot house is a glorious clock-bird, with its tail like a pendulum; the blue-eyed cockatoo which is in the picture, and the little green parrakeet which says, "Pretty Poll! steady!" Then here is a big grey parrot, the best talker of all, but who was so crushed by the continual noise of the others that she never speaks now.

The two cockatoos in white are familiar friends of the artist. Mr. Marks kneels



IN THE ZOO.

down for a moment, and pretends to draw, and one of the cockatoos comes down and looks over his paper. Whatever part of the cage he goes to, they will follow him round. The eagles are just the same. When we reached the eagle cages the tawny eagle was attracted by the drawing-paper and pencil Mr. Marks carried, and came down to watch. One day the artist put his water bottle too near the cage, and the bird came down and knocked it over.

Then Mr. Marks sees a little ground penguin from New Zealand, which has not been there long. It is hard to get him away from this, but he departs at last, saying, "I must come again and make a sketch of him."

"Yes," said Mr. Marks, "I love the Zoo and the inhabitants thereof; some of my happiest hours have been spent here. I feel at home with the birds, and I am led to believe they feel at home with me. Sketching in the Zoo is very difficult. You start here at nine in the morning, and you can sketch up to eleven quite free from visitors. Then, I can tell you, I *do* have to pass through something. All the people get round and watch you. For some time past I have tried to assume the character of the testy old gentleman, but it has been a failure. I had one man ask me once whether I hypnotised the birds; and a very inquisitive little girl who had bothered me for some days once approached me and asked, 'Do they always keep still?' That inquisitive little girl, I am afraid, was rather crushed when I turned to her and said, 'Do *you* always keep still?'"

Just then we got to the gates, and I was bidding good-bye to Mr. Marks, when he said, "I had a very nasty knock given me one morning in the Zoo. I must not mention in which house it was, as the old keeper is there still. I had been sketching there one Saturday, and was just packing up my various things thinking of going, when he turned to me, and said, 'You are not going to wait to do any more then, sir?' I said, 'No, I am going to town this afternoon, just for a little trip, you know!' 'Oh, yes, sir, of course. I have heard as most tradespeople like to take their half-holiday on Saturday.'"

HARRY HOW.

MR. MARKS' BOOKPLATE.

Quarantine Island.

By Walter Besant.

I.

"NO," he cried, passionately. "You drew me on: you led me to believe that you cared for me: you encouraged me. What? Can a girl go on as you have done without meaning anything? Does a girl allow a man to press her hand—to keep her hand—without meaning anything? Unless these things mean nothing, you are the most heartless girl in the whole world; yes—I say the coldest, the most treacherous, the most heartless!" It was evening, and moonlight, a soft and delicious night in September. The waves lapped gently at their feet, the warm breeze played upon their faces, the moon shone upon them—an evening wholly unfit for such a royal rage, as this young gentleman—two and twenty is still young — exhibited. He walked about on the parade, which was deserted, except for this solitary pair, gesticulating, waving his arms, mad with the madness of wounded love.

She sat on one of the seaside benches, her hands clasped, her head bent. He went on—he recalled the day when first they met, he reminded her of the many, many ways in which she had led him on to believe that she cared for him, he accused her of making him love her in order to laugh at him. When he could find nothing more to say he flung himself upon the bench, but on the other end of it, and crossed his arms, and dropped his head upon them. So that there were two on the bench: one at either end, and both with their heads dropped—a pretty picture, in the moonlight, of a lovers' quarrel. But this was worse than a lovers' quarrel. It was the end of everything, for the girl was engaged to another man.

She rose. If he had been looking up he would have seen that there were tears in her eyes, and on her cheek.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

"Mr. Fernie," she stammered, timidly, "I suppose there is nothing more to say. I am, no doubt, all that you have called me. I am heartless. I have led you on. Well

—but I did not know—how could I tell that you were taking things so seriously? How can you be so angry just because I can't marry you? One girl is no better than another. There are plenty of girls in the world. I thought you liked me, and, I—but what is the use of talking? I am heartless and cold. I am treacherous, and vain, and cruel, and—and—won't you shake hands with me once more, Claude, before we part?"

"No, I will never shake hands with you again; never—never. By Heavens! nothing that could happen now would ever make me shake hands with you again. I hate you, I loathe you, I shudder at the sight of you, I could not forgive you—never. You have ruined my life. Shake hands with you! Who but a heartless and worthless woman could propose such a thing?"

She shivered and shook at his wild words. She could not, as she said, understand the vehemence of the passion that held the man. He was more than half mad, and she was only half sorry. Forgive the girl. She was only seventeen, just fresh from her governess. She was quite innocent and ignorant. She knew nothing about the reality and the vehemence of passion; she thought that they had been very happy together. Claude, to be sure, was ridiculously fond of taking her hand; once he kissed her head to show the depth of his friendship; he was such a good companion; they had had such a pleasant time; it was a dreadful pity that he should be so angry. Besides, it was not as if she liked the other man, who was old and horrid.

"Good-bye, then, Claude," she said. "Perhaps, when we meet again, you will be more ready to forgive me. Oh!" she laughed, "it is so silly that a man like you, a great, strong, clever, handsome man, should be so foolish over a girl. Besides, you ought to know that a girl can't have things her own way always. Good-bye, Claude, won't you shake hands?" She laid her hand upon his shoulder; just touched it; turned—and fled.

II.

She had not far to go. The villa where she lived was within five minutes' walk. She ran in and found her mother alone in the drawing-room.

"My dear," the mother said irritably, "I wish to goodness you wouldn't run out after dinner. Where have you been?"

"Only into the garden, and to look at the sea."

"There's Sir William in the dining-room still."

"Let him stay there, mother dear. He'll drink up all the wine and go to sleep, perhaps, and then we shall be rid of him."

"Go in, Florence, and bring him out. It isn't good for him, at his age, to drink so much."

"Let the servants go," the girl replied, rebellious.

"My dear—your own accepted lover. Have you no right feeling? Oh! Florence, and when I am so ill, and you know—I told you——"

"A woman should not marry her grandfather. I've had more than enough of him to-day already. You made me promise to marry him. Until I do marry him he may amuse himself. As soon as we are married, I shall fill up all the decanters, and keep them full, and encourage him to drink as much as ever he possibly can."

"My dear, are you mad?"

"Oh! no; I believe I have only just come to my senses. Mad? No. I have been mad. Now, when it is too late, I am sane. When it is too late—when I have just understood what I have done."

"Nonsense, child! What do you mean by being too late? Besides, you are doing what every girl does. You have accepted the hand of an old man who can give you a fine position, and a great income, and every kind of luxury. What more can the girl desire? When I die—you know already—there will be nothing—nothing at all for you. Marriage is your only chance."

At this moment the door opened, and Sir William himself appeared. He was not, although a man so rich and therefore so desirable, quite a nice old man to look at; not quite such an old man as a girl would fall in love with at first sight; but, perhaps, under the surface there lay unsuspected virtues by the dozen. He was short and fat; his hair was white; his face was red; he had great white eyebrows; he had thick lips; his eyes rolled unsteadily, and his shoulders lurched; he had taken more wine than is good for a man of seventy.

He held out both hands and lurched forwards. "Florenshe," he said, thickly, "let's sit down together somewhere. Letsh talk, my dear."

The girl slipped from the proffered hands and fled from the room.

"'WHATSH MATTER WITH THE GIRL?' SAID SIR WILLIAM."

"Whatsh matter with the girl?" said Sir William.

III.

Out at sea — all by itself — somewhere about thirty miles from a certain good-sized island in a certain ocean, there lies another little island—an eyot—a mile long and half a mile broad. It is a coral islet. The coral reef stretches out all round it, except in one or two places where the rock shelves suddenly, making it possible for a ship to anchor there. The islet is flat, but all round it runs a kind of natural sea wall, about ten feet high and as many broad; behind it, on the side which the wall protects from the wind, is a little grove of low, stunted trees, the name of which the successive tenants of the island have never been curious to ascertain. The area protected by the sea wall, as low as the sea level, was covered all over with long, rank grass. At the north end of the islet a curious round rock, exactly like a martello tower, but rather higher, rose out of the water, separated from the sea wall by twenty or thirty feet of deep water, dark blue, transparent; sometimes rolling and rushing and tearing at the sides of the rock, sometimes gently lifting the sea-weed that clung to the sides. Round the top of the rock flew, screaming, all the year round, the sea birds. Far away on the horizon, like a blue cloud, one could see land; it was the larger island to which this place belonged. At the south end was a lighthouse, built just like all lighthouses, with low, white buildings at its foot, and a flagstaff, and an enclosure, which was a feeble attempt at a flower garden. Half a mile from the lighthouse, where the sea wall broadened into a wide level space, there was a wooden house of four rooms — dining-room, *salon*, and two bedrooms. It was a low house, provided with a verandah on either side. The windows had no glass in them, but thick shutters in case of hurricanes. There were doors to the rooms, but they were never shut. Nothing was shut, or locked up, or protected. On the inner, or land, side there was a garden in which roses—a small red rose—grew in quantities, and a few English flowers. The Elephant Creeper, with its immense leaves, clambered up the

verandah poles and over the roof. There was a small plot of ground planted with pine apples, and a solitary banana tree stood under the protection of the house, its leaves blown to shreds, its head bowed down.

Beyond the garden was a collection of three or four huts, where lived the Indian servants and their families.

The residents of this retreat—this secluded earthly paradise—were these Indian servants with their wives and children; the three lighthouse men, who messed together; and the captain, governor, or commander-in-chief, who lived in the house all by himself, because he had no wife or family.

Now the remarkable thing about this Island is that, although it is so far from any other inhabited place, and although it is so small, the human occupants number many thousands. With the exception of the people above-named, these thousands want nothing: neither the light of the day nor the warmth of the sun; neither food nor drink. They lie side by side under the rank grass, without headstones or even graves to mark their place; without a register or record of their departure; without even coffins! There they lie—sailors, soldiers, coolies, negroes—forgotten and lost, as much as if they had never been born. And if their work lives after them, nobody knows what that work is. They belong to the vast army of the Anonymous. Poor Anonymous! They do all the work. They grow our corn and breed our sheep; they make and mend for us; they build up our lives for us. We never know them, nor thank them, nor think of them. All over the world, they work for their far-off brethren; and when one dies, we know not, because another takes his place. And at the last a mound of green grass, or even nothing but an undistinguished strip of ground!

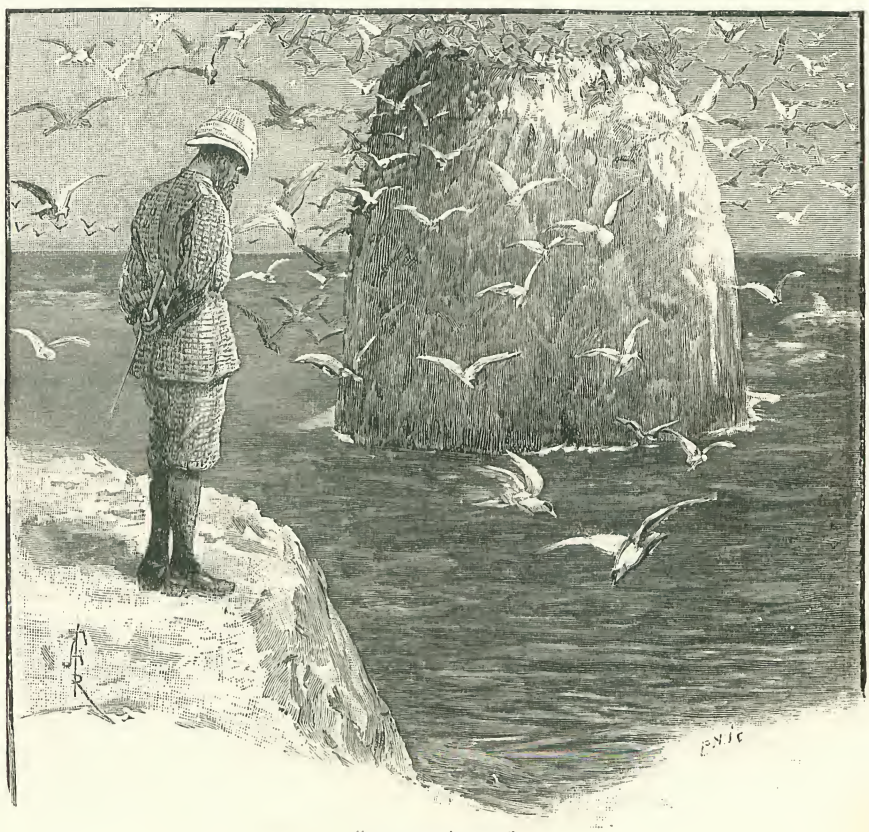
Here lay, side by side, the Anonymous—thousands of them. Did I say they were forgotten? Not quite; they are remembered by the Indian women who live there. At sunset they and their children retreat to their huts, and stay in them till sunrise next morning. They dare not so much as look outside the door, because the place is crowded with white, shivering, sheeted ghosts! Speak to one of these women: she will point out to you, trembling, one—two—half a dozen ghosts. It is true that the dull eye of the Englishman can see nothing. She sees them—distinguishes them one from the other. She can see them every night; yet she can never overcome her terror. The Governor, or Captain, or Commander-in-Chief, for his part, sees nothing. He sleeps in his house quite alone, with his cat and his dog, windows and doors wide open, and has no fear of any ghosts. If he felt any fear, of course, he would be surrounded and pestered to death every night with multitudes of ghosts. But he fears nothing. He is a doctor, you see; and no doctor ever yet was afraid of ghosts.

How did they come here—this regiment of dead men? In several ways. Cholera accounts for most; yellow fever for some; other fevers for some; but for most cholera has been the destroyer. Because, you see, this is Quarantine Island. If a ship has cholera or any other infectious disease on board, it cannot touch at the island close by, which is a great place for trade, and has every year a quantity of ships calling; the infected ship has to betake herself to Quarantine Island, where her people are landed, and where they stay until she has a clear bill; and that, sometimes, is not until the greater part of her people have changed their berths on board for permanent lodgings ashore. Now you understand. The place is a great cemetery. It lies under the hot sun of the tropics. The sky is always blue; the sun is always hot. It is girdled by the sea. It is always silent, for the Indian children do not laugh or shout, and the Indian women are too much awed by the presence of the dead to wrangle—always silent, save for the crying of the sea-birds on the rock. There are no letters, no newspapers, no friends, no duties—none, save when a ship puts in, and then, for the doctor, farewell rest, farewell sleep, until the bill of health is clean. Once a fortnight or so, if the weather permits, and if the communications are open—that is, if there is no ship there—a boat arrives from the big island with rations, and letters, and supplies. Sometimes a visitor comes, but not often, because, should an infected ship put in, he would have to stay as long as the ship. A quiet, peaceful, monotonous life for one who is weary of the world, or for a hermit; and as good as the top of a pillar for silence and for meditation.

IV.

THE islet lay all night long in much the same silence which lapped and wrapped it all the day. The water washed musically upon the shore: the light in the lighthouse

flashed at intervals—there was no other sign of life. Towards six o'clock in the morning the dark east grew grey ; thin, long, white rays shot out across the sky, and then the light began to spread. Before the grey turned to pink, or the pink to crimson ; before there was any corresponding glow in the western sky, the man who occupied the bungalow turned out of bed, and came forth to the verandah clad in the silk pyjamas and silk jacket, which formed the evening, or dress suit, in which he slept. The increasing light showed that he was a young man still, perhaps about thirty—a young man with a strong and resolute face, and a square forehead. He stood under the verandah watching, as he had done every day for two years and more, the break of day and the sunrise. He drank in the delicious breeze, cooled by a thousand miles and more of ocean. No one knows the freshness and sweetness of the air until he has so stood in the open and watched the dawn of a day in the tropics. He went back to the house and came out again clad in a rough suit of tweeds and a helmet. His servant was waiting for him with his morning tea. He drank it, and sallied forth. By this time the shortlived splendour of the East was fast broadening to right and left, until it stretched from pole to pole. Suddenly the sun leaped up, and the colours fled and the splendour vanished. The sky became all over a deep, clear blue, and round and about the sun was a brightness which no eye but that of the sea bird can face and live. The man in the helmet turned to the seashore, and walked briskly along the sea wall. Now and then he stepped down upon the white coral sand, picked up a shell, looked at it, and threw it away. When he came to the Sea Birds' Rock he sat down, and watched it. In the deep water below sea snakes, red and purple and green, were playing about ; great blue fish rolled lazily round and round the rock ; in the recesses lurked unseen the great conger eel, which dreads nothing but the Thing of long and



"SEA BIRDS' ROCK."

horny tentacles, the ourite or squid, the humorous tazar which bites the bathers in shallow waters all for fun and mischief, and with no desire at all to eat their flesh; and a thousand curious creatures, which this man, who had trained his eyes by days and days of watching, came here every day to look at. While he stood there the sea birds took no manner of notice of him, flying close about him, lighting on the shore close at his feet. They were intelligent enough to know that he was only dangerous with a gun in his hand. Presently he got up, and continued his walk. All round the sea wall of the island measures three miles. He took this walk every morning and every evening in the early cool and the late. The rest of the time he spent indoors.

When he got back it was past seven, and the day was growing hot. He took his towels, went down to the shore, to a place where the coral reef receded, leaving a channel out to the open. The channel swarmed with sharks, but he bathed there every morning, keeping in the shallow water while the creatures watched him from the depths beyond with longing eyes. He wore a pair of slippers, on account of the láf, which is a very pretty little fish indeed to look at, but he lurks in dark places near the shore, and he is too lazy to get out of the way, and if you put your foot near him, he sticks out his dorsal fin, which is prickly and poisoned, and when a man gets that into the sole of his foot, he goes home and cuts his leg off, and has to pretend that he lost it in action. But the láf only chuckles.

When he had bathed, the Doctor went back to his house, and performed some simple additions to his toilette. That is to say, he washed the salt water out of his hair and beard—not much else. As to collars, neckties, braces, waistcoats, black coats, rings, or any such gewgaws, they were not wanted on this island. Nor are watches and clocks; the residents go by the sun. The doctor got up at daybreak, and took his walk, as you have seen, and his bath. He was then ready for his breakfast, and for a solid meal, in which fresh fish, newly caught that morning, and curried chicken, with claret and water, formed the principal part. A cup of coffee came after, with a cigar and a book on the verandah. By this time the sun was high, and the glare of forenoon had succeeded the coolness of the dawn. After the cigar the doctor went indoors. The room was furnished with a few pictures, a large bookcase full of books, chiefly medical, a table covered with papers, and two or three chairs. No curtains, carpets, or blinds; the doors and windows wide open to the verandah on both sides.

He sat down and began writing—perhaps he was writing a novel. I think no one would think of a more secluded place for writing a novel. Perhaps he was doing something scientific. He continued writing till past midday. When he felt hungry he went into the dining-room, took a biscuit or two and a glass of vermouth. Then, because it was now the hour for repose, and because the air outside was hot, and the sea breeze had dropped to a dead calm, and the sun was like a red-hot glaring furnace over head, the Doctor kicked off his boots, and threw off his coat, lay down on a grass mat under the mosquito curtain, and instantly fell fast asleep. About five o'clock he awoke, and got up; the heat of the day was over; he took a long draught of cold tea, which is the most refreshing and the coolest drink in the world. The sun was now getting low, and the air was growing cool. He put on his helmet, and set off again to walk round his domain. This done, he bathed again. Then he went home as the sun sank, and night fell instantly without the intervention of twilight. They served him dinner, which was like his breakfast, but for the addition of some cutlets. He took his coffee, he took a pipe—two pipes, slowly, with a book—he took a whisky and soda—and he went to bed. I have said that he had no watch—it hung idly on a nail—therefore he knew not the time, but it would very likely be about half-past nine. However that might be, he was the last person up in this ghostly Island of the Anonymous Dead.

This doctor, Captain-General and Commandant of Quarantine Island, was none other than the young man who began this history with a row royal and a kingly rage. You think, perhaps, that he had turned hermit in the bitterness of his wrath, and for the faults of one simple girl had resolved on the life of a solitary. Nothing of the kind. He was an army doctor, and he left the service in order to take this very eligible appointment, where one lived free, and could spend nothing except a little for claret. He proposed to stay there for a few years in order to make a little money, by means of which he might become a specialist. This was his ambition. As for that love business, seven years past, he had clean forgotten it, girl and all. Perhaps there had been other

tender passages. Shall a man, wasting in despair, die because a girl throws him over? Never! Let him straightway forget her. Let him tackle his work, let him put off the business of love—which can always wait—until he can approach it once more in the proper spirit of illusion, and once more fall to worshipping an angel.

V.

NEITHER nature nor civilisation ever designed a man's life to be spent in monotony. Most of us have to work for our daily bread, which is always an episode, and sometimes a pretty dismal episode, to break and mark the day. One day there came such a break in the monotonous round of the Doctor's life. It came in the shape of a ship. She was a large steamer, and she steamed slowly.

It was early in the morning, before breakfast. The Doctor and one of the lighthouse men stood on the landing-place watching her.

"She's in quarantine, Doctor, sure as sure," said the man. "I wonder what's she's got. Fever, for choice. Cholera, more likely. Well, we take our chance."

"She's been in bad weather," said the Doctor, looking at her through his glass. "Look, she's lost her mizen, and her bows are stove in. I wonder what's the meaning of it. She's a transport." She drew nearer. "Troops! Well, I'd rather have soldiers than coolies."

She was a transport. She was full of soldiers, time-expired men and invalids going home. She was bound from Calcutta to Portsmouth. She had met with a cyclone; driven out of her course and battered, she was making for the nearest port, when cholera broke out on board.

Before nightfall the island was dotted with white tents; a hospital was rigged up with the help of the ship's spars and canvas. The men were all ashore, and the Quarantine Doctor with the ship's doctor was hard at work among the cases, and the men were dropping in every direction.

Among the passengers were a dozen ladies and some children. The Doctor gave up his house to them, and retired to a tent, or to the lighthouse, or anywhere to sleep. Much sleep could not be expected for some time to come. He saw the boat land with the ladies on board; he took off his hat as they walked past. There were old ladies, middle-aged ladies, young ladies. Well, there always is this combination. Then he went on with his work. But he had a curious sensation, as if something of the past had been revived in his mind. It is, however, not an uncommon feeling. And one of the ladies changed colour when she saw him.

Then began the struggle for life. No more monotony in Quarantine Island. Right and left, all day long, the men fell one after the other; day after day more men fell, more men died. The two doctors quickly organised their staff. The ship's officers became clinical clerks, some of the ladies became nurses. And the men, the rough soldiers, sat about in their tents with pale faces, expecting. Of those ladies who worked

"SHE WAS AT WORK DAY AND NIGHT.

there was one—a nurse—who never seemed weary, never wanted rest, never asked for relief. She was at work all day and all night in the hospital; if she went out it was only to cheer up the men outside. The doctor was but conscious of her work and of her presence, he never spoke to her; when he came to the hospital another nurse received him; if he passed her she seemed always to turn away. At a less troubled time he would have observed this. At times he felt again that odd sensation of a recovered past, but he regarded it not—he had other things to consider. There is no time more terrible for the courage of the stoutest man than a time of cholera on board ship or in a little place whence there is no escape; no time worse for a physician than one when his science is mocked and his skill avails nothing. Day after day the doctor fought from morning till night and far on to the morning again; day after day new graves were dug; day after day the chaplain read over the new-made graves the service of the dead for the gallant lads who thus died, inglorious, for their country.

There came a time, at last, when the conqueror seemed tired of conquest. He ceased to strike. The fury of the disease spent itself; the cases happened singly, one or two a day, instead of ten or twenty; the sick began to recover, they began to look about them. The single cases ceased; the pestilence was stayed; and they sat down to count the cost. There had been on board the transport three hundred and seventy-five men, thirty-two officers, half a dozen ladies, a few children, and the ship's crew. Twelve officers, two of the ladies, and a hundred men had perished when the plague abated.

"One of your nurses is ill, Doctor."

"Not cholera, I do hope."

"No, I believe a kind of collapse. She is at the bungalow. I told them I would send you over."

"I will go at once."

He left a few directions and walked over to the house. It was, he found, the nurse who had been of all the most useful and the most active. She was now lying hot and feverish, her mind wandering, inclined to ramble in her talk. He laid his hand upon her temples; he felt her pulse, he looked upon her face; the odd feeling of something familiar struck him again. "I don't think it is very much," he said. "A little fever. She may have been in the sun; she has been working too hard; her strength has given way." He still held her wrist.

"Claude," murmured the sick girl, "you are very cruel. I didn't know—and a girl cannot always have her own way."

Then he recognised her.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "it is Florence!"

"Not always have her own way," she repeated. "If I could have my own way, do you think I would——?"

"Florence," he said again, "and I did not even recognise her. Strange!"

Another of the ladies, the Colonel's wife, was standing beside him.

"You know her, Doctor?"

"I knew her a long time ago—some years ago—before she married."

"Married? Florence is not married. You must be thinking of someone else."

"No. This is Florence Vernon, is it not? Yes. Then she was formerly engaged to marry a certain Sir William Duport."

"Oh! I believe there was some talk about an old man who wanted to marry her. But she wouldn't have him. It was just before her mother died. Did you know her mother?"

"I knew her mother a little when they were living at Eastbourne. So she refused the old man, did she? and has remained unmarried. Curious! I had almost forgotten her. The sight of her brings back the old days. Well, after she has pulled so gallantly through the cholera, we cannot have her beaten by a little fever. Refused the old man, did she?"

In the dead of night he sat watching by the bedside, the Colonel's wife with him.

"I had almost forgotten," whispered the lady, "that story of the old baronet. She told me about it once. Her mother was ill and anxious about her daughter, because she had next to nothing, except an annuity. The old man offered; he was an unpleasant old man; but there was a fine house and everything; it was all arranged. The girl was quite a child, and understood nothing. She was to be sold, in fact, to this old person, who ought to have been thinking of his latter end, instead of a pretty girl. Then the mother died suddenly, and the girl broke it off. She was a clever girl, and she has been teaching. For the last three years she has been in India, now she is going home under my charge. She is a brave girl, Doctor, and a good girl. She has received half a dozen offers, but she

has refused them all. So I think there must be somebody at home.

"Claude," murmured the girl, wandering, "I never thought you would care so much. If I had thought so, I would not have encouraged you. Indeed, indeed, I would not. I thought we were only amusing ourselves."

"Claude is a pretty name. What is your own Christian name, Doctor?" asked the Colonel's wife, curiously.

"It is—in fact—it is—Claude," he replied blushing; but there was not enough light to see his blushes.

"Dear me!" said the Colonel's wife.

VI.

A FEW days later the patient, able to sit for a while in the shade of the verandah, was lying in a long cane chair. Beside her sat the Colonel's wife, who had nursed her through the attack. She was reading aloud to her. Suddenly she stopped. "Here comes the doctor," she said, "and, Florence, my dear, his name, you know, is Claude. I think you have got something to talk about with Claude besides the symptoms." With these words she laughed, nodded her head, and ran into the *salon*.

The verandah, with its green blinds of cane hanging down, and its matting on the floor, and its easy-chairs and tables, made a pretty room to look at. In the twilight the fragile figure, pale, thin, dressed in white, would have lent interest even to a stranger. To the doctor I suppose it was only a "case." He pushed the blinds aside and stepped in, strong, big, masterful. "You are much better," he said; "you will very soon be able to walk about. Only be careful for a few days. It was lucky that the attack came when it did, and not a little earlier, when we were in the thick of the trouble. Well, you won't want me much longer, I believe."

"No, thank you," she murmured, without raising her eyes.

"I have had no opportunity," he said, standing over her, "of explaining that I really did not know who you were, Miss Vernon. Somehow, I didn't see your face, or I was thinking of other things; I suppose you had forgotten me; anyhow, it was not until the other day, when I was called in, that I remembered. But I daresay you have forgotten me."

"'DEAR ME!' SAID THE COLONEL'S WIFE."

"No; I have not forgotten."

"I thought that long ago you had become Lady Duport."

"No, that did not take place."

"I hear that you have been teaching since your mother's death. Do you like it?"

"Yes, I like it."

"Do you remember the last time we met—on the seashore—do you remember, Florence?" His voice softened suddenly. "We had a quarrel about that old villain—do you remember?"

"I thought you had forgotten such a little thing as that long ago, and the girl you quarrelled with."

"The point is rather whether you remember. That is of much more importance."

"I remember that you swore that you would never forgive a worthless girl who had ruined your life. Did I ruin your life, Dr. Fernie?"

He laughed. He could not honestly say that she had. In fact, his life, so far as concerned his work, had gone on much about the same. But, then, such a man does not allow love to interfere with his career.

"And then you went and threw over the old man. Florence, why didn't you tell me that you were going to do that? You might have told me."

She shook her head. "Until you fell into such a rage, and called me such dreadful names, I did not understand."

"Why didn't you tell me, Florence?" he repeated.

She shook her head again.

"You were only a little innocent, ignorant child then," he said; "of course you could not understand. I was an ass and a brute and a fool not to know."

"You said you would never forgive me. You said you would never shake hands with me again."

He held out his hand. "Since," he said, "you are not going to marry the old man, and since you are not engaged to anybody else, why—then—in that case—the old state of things is still going on—and—and—Florence—but if you give me your hand, I shall keep it, mind."

"Dear me," said the Colonel's wife, standing in the doorway. "Do Quarantine Doctors always kiss their patients? But you told me, Doctor dear, that your Christian name was Claude. Didn't you? That explains everything."

The ship, with those of her company whom the plague had spared, presently steamed away, and, after being repaired, made her way to Portsmouth Dockyard. But one of her company stayed behind, and now is Queen or Empress of the Island of which her husband is King, Captain, Commandant, and Governor-General, and resident Quarantine Doctor.

Cats.

By J. Maclaren Cobban.

TO a splendid volume published recently in Paris, entitled "Dogs and Cats," with many fine illustrations by Eugene Lambert, Alexander Dumas (the younger) contributed a delightful introduction. In that he casually remarks as follows :—

"Yes, I love cats. How many times has it been said to me, 'What! You love cats?'

"'Yes!'

"'You do not love dogs better?'

"'No! I love cats better!'

"'It is extraordinary!'"

That sets forth with dramatic simplicity the wonder with which most people hear expressed a fondness for cats. It is not that most people dislike cats; that can scarcely be, for it is estimated that the household cat outnumbers the household dog in London alone in something like the proportion of four to one; but that they are indifferent to them, or can't be bothered with them: and the reason of that, no doubt, is very much because the cat does not lay itself out to win attention and affection as the dog does. The nature of the dog is open and simple; he is demonstrative, obsequious, and fawning, while the nature of the cat is secret and complex: he (or she) is quiet, independent, and reserved. It is easy to gain the affection of a dog, and difficult to lose it; he will even lick the hand that beats him, and grovel to the human brute that despitefully uses him. On the other hand, it is difficult to win the affection of a cat, and easy to lose it; the cat avoids the hand that beats it, and becomes shy, solitary, and terrified under ill-usage. It is not necessary to depreciate the dog and his admirable qualities in order to show that it is unfair to object to the cat because he is not as the dog. "The dog is frank, friendly, and faithful," say the exclusive lovers of the dog. Very well; we admit it. "The cat is sly, wild, thievish, and treacherous," continue the dog-lovers. That we deny; and one purpose of this paper is to show that those who will take the trouble to care for the cat and to understand it, will find it to be none of the things it is accused of being, and will, moreover, discover that there is a charm about it which is all its own.

And, first of all, it is necessary to point out that there are cats and cats. The common, ownerless cats of the farm and the country, of the back-garden and the tiles of town, the persecuted poacher, and the perturber of our midnight hours, no better represents the well-bred puss or *pasht* of the hearthrug than the pariah cur of Eastern cities represents the domestic dog. There are breeds of cats as there are of dogs. Many of these breeds are as beautiful and valuable in their way as the finest breeds of dogs. But those who take to cat-fancying must remember that—as in any animal-fancying—beauty and intelligence can only become markedly developed by taking pains. If you expect a cat to be a fine animal, you must treat it with care and kindness; it must be fed regularly and sufficiently, and it must not be shut out of nights. There is a popular opinion, which is hard to kill, that the common domestic cat, at least, is an inveterate night-prowler—that he prefers being out of nights. It used to be said, similarly, that the negro liked being a slave. If the average cat has

"SHUT OUT."

for generations been turned out of doors at bedtime—if it has been admitted within doors at all—his wakefulness at night must necessarily have become an inherited habit. But let him be kindly treated, and regularly and properly fed, and he will soon abandon his nocturnal wandering He may desire to take a constitutional after supper, but he will return to go to bed respectably if he be not persistently excluded. Cats, however, have individuality, and even in this small matter there are some curious and perverse exceptions. I have a fine tabby who has a sentimental passion for being out of doors on a moonlight night. He has no disposition for concerts or flirta-

"GAZES UPON THE MOON."

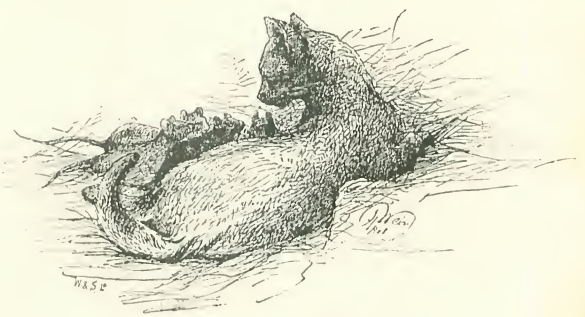
tions; he merely sits solitary upon a low parapet, in the shadow of an evergreen, and gazes from the depth of his large, liquid eyes upon the moon. And the Rev. Harry Jones (in his "Holiday Papers") tells of a cat of his whom he named "Sir Samuel Baker," because of his incorrigible fondness for miscellaneous travel and adventure by night as well as by day. "Sir Samuel" one day—his master then had a living in the East-end of London—returned from the war-path in a grievous plight, with two holes in his pate. He had, it appeared, been stoned by rough boys and left for dead. His reverend master received him kindly, and, to revive his sinking life, gave him a "stiff glass" of brandy and water, and plugged up the holes and bandaged the wounds, till his head looked as big as a cocoanut. Scarcely was this assuagement of his woes accomplished when "Sir Samuel" set off "on the loose" again, and remained from home for ten days. At the end of that time, to the astonishment and admiration of all, he returned with his bandages complete, and his wounds healed!

Until recent years the cat in this country was valued generally—when he was cared for at all—merely as a creature supplied by Providence for the destruction of rats and mice, and even of cockroaches. But in the ancient world, and notably in Egypt (whence, it is said, the domestic cat originally came), the cat was much regarded for its beauty, and its serene and sphinx-like quiet. It entered into various religious and mythological symbols in both Egypt and Rome. This lofty and worshipful regard of the cat in the ancient world sank gradually to the merely utilitarian view which was mostly in vogue in the modern world, until the wider diffusion of kindliness towards all animals, and the more intelligent appreciation of their natures, raised the cat again, not in superstitious esteem, but in fond consideration as a household pet. There would seem to be a common notion that the more a cat is petted and cared for, the less useful it becomes as a hunter of mice and such "small deer." No notion could have less foundation in fact. Indeed, the truth rather is that the better fed a cat is, the better is he (or she) as a mouser. Careful observation goes to show that the cat's native inclination is to hunt the mouse or the rat, not for food, but for "sport," and a cat that is well cared for is more likely to be successful as a sportsman

"SIR SAMUEL."

than a hustled and hungry grimalkin, first, because it is more alert, and second, because it is cleaner ; a hungry and unhappy cat does not keep his coat clean, and the keen-nosed mouse can, therefore, easily sniff out his whereabouts. Now and again, however, one hears of a well-fed cat that is fond of eating mice, but he is usually an old fellow—(like the " Mincing-lane cat " of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the naturalist)—who in the course of a long career has acquired a taste for game. Mr. Wood's story is curious, as illustrating, not only the cat's taste, but also the cat's sense—a sense in this instance closely akin to reason. A cunning old black Tom, who had for years been maintained in a set of wine cellars, took into partnership a spry young fellow. There would seem to have been a solemn league and covenant entered into between them. Tom Senior had suffered much in his inexperienced youth from collision with feet and wine cases in the devious passages of the cellar, and he taught Tom Junior the dodges of his maturity by which he avoided them. Moreover, Tom Senior, who had an epicurean taste for mice, and who had through the inactivity of age and the badness of his teeth for some time seldom caught a mouse, clearly made a bargain with Tom Junior :—"If you, who are young and active, will catch mice for me, you shall have all the cat's-meat to yourself." At any rate, it was regularly observed that Junior steadily brought the mice he caught to Senior, who ate them, and that Senior sat aloof and looked on while Junior consumed both shares of cat's-meat.

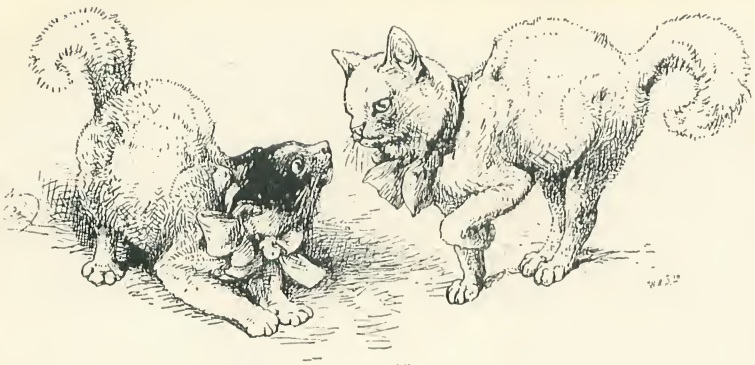
It should be remembered also that not all cats have the instinct for mousing. A cat has been seen to stare in surprise when a mouse has boldly shot from its hole and whisked across her path ; many a cat when deprived of her kittens has been known to act as foster-mother to young mice or rats ; and not even the pangs of hunger will make a mouser of a cat that has not inherited the instinct of that form of sport —an instinct that seems to run in families—(like a taste for fox-hunting in human beings) rather than in particular breeds of cats.



"A FOSTER-MOTHER."

The true lover of cats, however, does not keep them or care for them because of their utility, but because of their beauty or rarity, their companionship or their intelligence. From their earliest days of infancy cats of all varieties are deeply interesting. The young of all animals are engaging, but kittens, when they first start off open-eyed and free-limbed, are especially amusing and delightful. The kitten, by contrast with other infants, is so graceful, so daring, so spontaneous, and withal so neat in its movement, that it has quite justly been taken as the perfect type and exemplar of gay, irresponsible, and bewitching childhood. To see a wide-eyed little downy creature dance up sideways on all fours at its fellow-kittens, at a

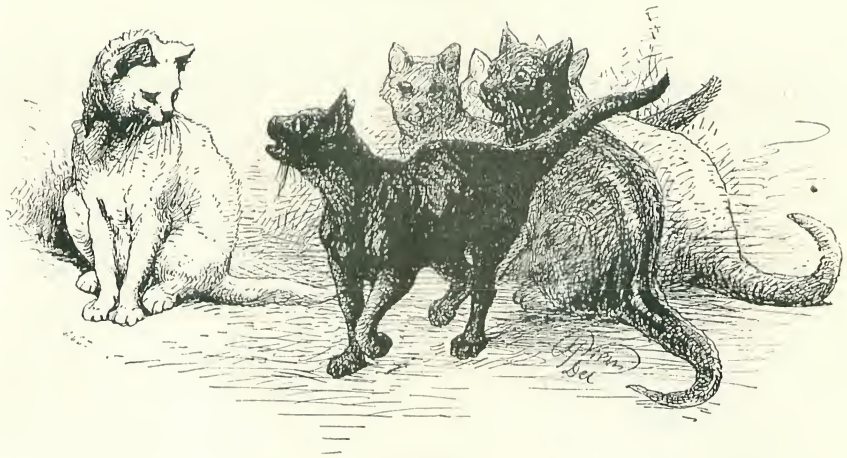
"TOM SENIOR AND TOM JUNIOR."



"COME ON!"

big dog, or even at a solemn human being with the cares of a lifetime on his brow, and invite it (or him) to "come on" and play, is surely one of the most charming visions of careless life and health. The kitten, moreover, needs neither creature nor cork to amuse itself with; its passion for play is so great that it can be amused with absolutely nothing at all. A very observant and sensible school-boy once described (in an essay) this kittenish peculiarity thus:—"A kitten is an animal that is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and generally stopping before it gets there." Some people may think it is foolish and undignified to take pleasure in, and to laugh for a while at, the gambols of a mere kitten, but those who laugh and are unashamed have one or two great names to sustain them in countenance. Cardinal Richelieu, it is said, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet, and in the intervals of rest from his work he would divert himself by watching their pranks. Another Cardinal and statesman, our own Cardinal Wolsey, was similarly fond of kittens. The poet Southey has somewhere said that no household is complete without a baby rising six months, and a kitten rising six weeks. And it is well known that the graceful and fascinating actress who is as much identified with the Lyceum Theatre as Mr. Henry Irving, is surrounded in her home by a whole tribe of cats and kittens, in whose society she takes much delight.

In entire contrast with the incessant and irresponsible frolicsomeness of the kitten is the staid demeanour and severe intelligence of the full-grown cat. No companionship can be more agreeable or less distracting to a sedentary worker—a writer, a tailor, or a shoemaker—than a handsome, healthy cat. My first cat was one of the most beautiful of her kind: she was of the variety which the people of Norfolk and of Lancashire used to call "Calimanco." I called her (after one of Balzac's heroines) *La Fille aux yeux d'or*, "the girl with the golden eyes." She would wake me at the proper time in the morning by rattling at the handle of the door and mewing. She knew the hour of every meal, and would summon me from my study to come and eat. And while I was at work she would sit on the end of my writing-table and watch me, or gaze into the street and consider passing horses, dogs, and butchers' boys. She was especially fond of sitting on a newspaper, or on a new open book—(for all the world as if she were a remorseless reviewer)—which gave her the appearance of possessing something like literary tastes. Occasionally she would object to my assiduity in composition: she would walk across the table (taking care not to tread on manuscript), gently nibble the stalk of my pen, and rub her cheek against mine. Her favourite seat when she could get it was my leg, on which she would crouch full length with her chin on my knee. If I insisted on removing her from that perch she would sit in offended dignity on the floor, deaf to all the blandishments and endearing terms I might lavish upon her; and if I sought to stroke and caress her under these circumstances she would walk away. She was a born coquette. Though small, she was very beautiful both in shape and in colour, and I think she knew it. At any rate, the males of the neighbourhood knew it, and they would beseech her in the humblest manner to bestow on them a gracious look or mew. I have seen her hold a levee in the garden of ten or a dozen love-lorn swains. She would pass daintily and coquettishly before them, or listlessly sit facing them, looking round as if merely to admire the view. Then, as if weary of it, she would stretch herself and step slowly away with a disdainful wave of her tail, while a plaintive and appealing *waw* was wrung from the tortured heart of one or another of the scorned lovers. If one, under those circumstances, daring all, ventured to



"A LEVEE."

approach her, she would sit up like a squirrel, and with both fore-paws box his ears, while he sat rebuked and ashamed. As she grew older, and had children, she lost something of her beauty, but she ever had a gentle, tender, and courageous heart. She was fond of basking with her kittens on a certain sunny balcony. One day I saw her thus lie, nursing her favourite son, when a poor, draggled, wayfaring puss appeared, and looked on with sympathy and approval. The look plainly said, "What a lovely child you have, madam! Oh, if I might only embrace it!" The proud mother, with a kindly "w-r-r!" encouraged the strange female to approach; and she crept near to lick the kitten. She had, however, no sooner touched him with her tongue, than he sat up and spat at her. The strange cat drew back, humbled with the repulse; but "La Fille" turned and boxed her offspring's ears for his incivility. That same son was white, with large blue eyes; he grew to be a gigantic fellow, and was named "Don Pierrot." Moreover, he had a loud, ringing voice, which was all the louder that, being deaf—like almost all white cats—he never knew the pitch he used. In spite of his size, and his great voice, he had the heart of a mouse—(he was a gelding)—and fled from the meanest thing that ran upon legs. I have seen him, when dozing in the sun with one eye half-open, start up in horror at the approach of the insect (somewhat like a black-beetle) which children call "coach and horses." The insect paused upon "Don Pierrot's" movement, when the white Don curiously ventured to touch him with a paw. Upon that the insect reared its tail, according to its habit, and rushed towards him as with headstrong ferocity; "Don Pierrot" withdrew a step in amazement at the little black demon's audacity, and as it continued to advance, he lifted away one foot after the other, till, coming to the conclusion that the little black demon was determined to kill him, possess him, and eat him up, he fled wildly from the spot, and hid himself for the day. He was much persecuted by the tom-cats of the neighbourhood, and by vagrant dogs—all the more painfully persecuted that, because of his deafness, he seldom knew of their approach till they were upon him. But when they were upon him, he raised such a great and bitter cry—which resembled nothing so much as "Mother!"—that his assailant held back, and before there was time for a repetition of the attack, the little "mother" was out, with a tail as big as a fox's, clouting and scratching tom-cat or dog.

I could tell more of "La Fille" and of other cats I have intimately known, but it will be doubtless more agreeable if I tell of notable cats whom others have known, and loved, and praised. Of such none is more remarkable than "Pret," the cat of a lady with whom the Rev. J. G. Wood had a correspondence. "Pret" was of a fine breed. She had been brought when a kitten from France. She had a long tail and a soft chinchilla fur. "Pret's" mistress fell ill of a nervous fever, and "Pret," though little more than a kitten, found her way to the sick-room and refused to leave it. She established herself as head nurse. If the human attendant slackened in her watch "Pret" did not; day or night she knew, to within five minutes, the pro-

per times for physic or nutriment, and if the nurse still slept "Pret" would mew, and, failing to wake her in that way, would give her a gentle bite on the nose. A

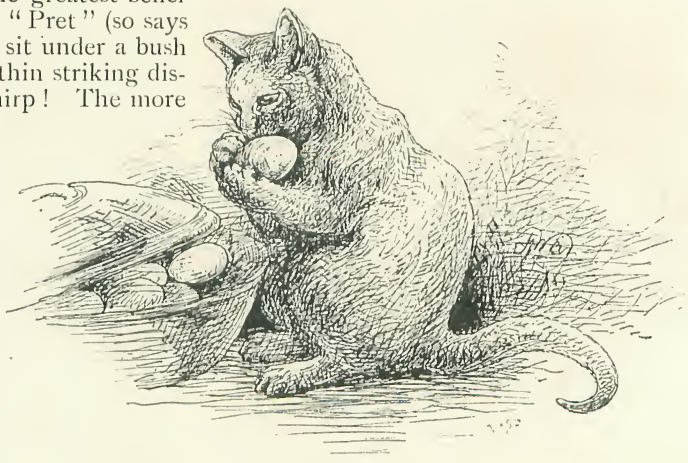
"LIFTING THE LATCH."

notable point is that there was no striking clock in the house, so that "Pret" could not have been aided so in her remarkable reckoning of time.

"Pret," like many another cat, preferred birds to mice in the way of sport, and of all birds she especially hunted sparrows, being apparently irritated by their incessant chirp. What is well-nigh incredible, however, even to those who have the greatest belief in the intelligence of cats, "Pret" (so says "Pret's" mistress) used to sit under a bush and decoy the sparrows within striking distance by imitating their chirp! The more reasonable explanation is that "Pret" had that eager manner much pronounced which almost all cats have in lying in wait for birds; they twitter or chatter their teeth and emit a little sound which, emphasised, might easily be taken for the chirp of a bird.

There are countless stories of the intelligence and artfulness of the cat, but it is possible here to recount only one or two of the most remarkable. It must be a very oppressed and stupid cat that cannot lift a latch, where latches can be lifted. But he is a clever cat who, failing the latch, has wit enough to pull the bell. One of the best stories of a cat and a bell is that told concerning a Carthusian monastery in Paris. The monks possessed and petted a fine cat of the Angora breed. This astute animal discovered that, when a certain bell rang, the cook left the kitchen to answer it, leaving the monks' dinners, portioned out in plates, on the kitchen table. Therefore, he devised a plan (it is impossible to avoid saying "devised") by which he could often secure a portion without the cook's knowledge. He rang the bell, the handle of which hung outside the kitchen window, and then, when the cook had disappeared in answer to the summons, he leaped through the window and out again with his stolen food.

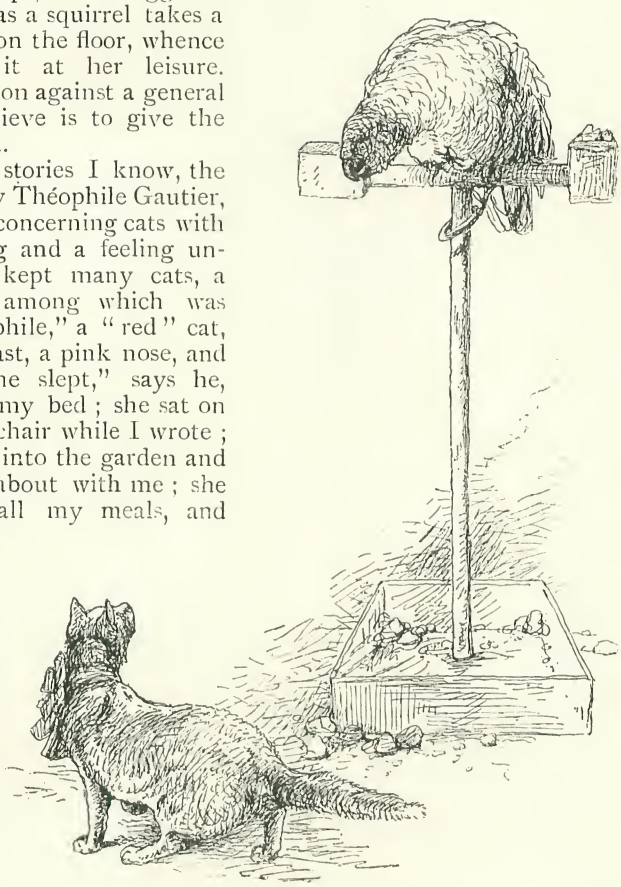
It was some time before pussy's trick was discovered, while several innocent persons were suspected of the repeated thefts; and when it was discovered, the monks, instead of punishing him, let him continue his nefarious career and charged visitors a small fee to see the trick performed—a condoning of crime which cannot have improved that cat's morals. Some writers assert that cats of thievish propensity can readily be told by the length of their nose and their fashion of seizing greedily what food is offered them, but there is little to bear that theory out. The most delicate, gently nurtured cats will sometimes steal—cats that would



"A FONDNESS FOR EGGS."

take a morsel from the fingers with the finest politeness. Such a cat I have known, whose one weakness was a fondness for eggs. To get an egg she would adopt various ruses, a common one being to push aside with her paw the lid of the dish in which eggs are kept, lift an egg out with both paws, as a squirrel takes a nut, and drop it on the floor, whence she would lick it at her leisure. The sole prevention against a general inclination to thieve is to give the cat sufficient food.

But of all cat stories I know, the best is one told by Théophile Gautier, who has written concerning cats with an understanding and a feeling unsurpassed. He kept many cats, a chief favourite among which was "Madame Théophile," a "red" cat, with a white breast, a pink nose, and blue eyes. "She slept," says he, "at the foot of my bed; she sat on the arm of my chair while I wrote; she came down into the garden and gravely walked about with me; she was present at all my meals, and frequently intercepted a choice morsel on its way from my plate to my mouth. One day, a friend who was going away for a short time, brought me his parrot to be taken care of during his absence. The bird, finding itself in a strange place, climbed up to the top of its perch by the aid of its beak, and rolled its eyes (as yellow as the nails in my arm-chair) in a rather frightened manner, moving also the white membranes that formed its eyelids. 'Madame Théophile' had never seen a parrot before, and she regarded the creature with manifest surprise. While remaining as motionless as a cat-mummy from Egypt in its swathing-bands, she fixed her eyes upon the bird with a look of profound meditation, summoning up all the notions of natural history that she had picked up in the yard, in the garden, and on the roof. The shadow of her thoughts passed over her changing eyes, and one could plainly read in them the conclusion to which her scrutiny led:—'Certainly this is a green chicken.' This result attained, the next proceeding of 'Madame Théophile' was to jump off the table from which she had made her observations, and lay herself flat on the floor in a corner of the room, exactly in the attitude of a panther watching the gazelles as they come down to drink at a lake. The parrot followed the movements of the cat with feverish anxiety; it ruffled its feathers, rattled its chain, lifted one of its feet and shook the claws, and rubbed its beak against the edge of its trough. Instinct told it that the cat was an enemy, and meant mischief. The cat's eyes were now fixed upon the bird with fascinating intensity, and they said in perfectly intelligible language, which the poor parrot distinctly understood:—'This chicken should be good to eat, although it is green.' We watched the scene with great interest, ready to interfere at need. 'Madame Théophile' was creeping nearer and nearer, almost imperceptibly; her pink nose quivered, her eyes were half closed, her contractile claws moved in and out of their velvet sheaths, slight thrills of pleasure ran along her back-bone at the idea of the meal she was about to make. Such novel and exotic food excited her appetite. In an instant her back took the shape of a bent bow, and with a vigorous and elastic bound she sprang upon the perch.



"THIS IS A GREEN CHICKEN."

"The parrot, seeing its danger, said in a

bass voice, as grave and deep as M. Prudhomme's own :—'Have you breakfasted, Jacko?'

"This utterance so terrified the cat that she sprang backwards. The blare of a trumpet, the crash and smash of a pile of plates flung to the ground, a pistol-shot fired off at her ear, could not have frightened her more thoroughly. All her ornithological ideas were overthrown.

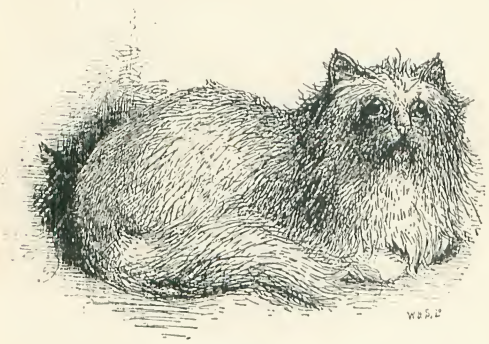
"'And on what?' continued the parrot. 'On sirloin?'

"Then might we, the spectators, read in the face of Madame Théophile :—'This is not a bird; it is a gentleman: it talks!'

"The cat cast a glance at me which was full of questioning, but, as my response was not satisfactory, she promptly hid herself under the bed, and from that refuge she could not be induced to stir during the whole of the day."

"HAVE YOU BREAKFASTED, JACKO?'

There is no doubt that the cat is, in our day, more petted, and praised, and bred, and *showed* than ever it was before. To describe all the classified breeds and varieties, with

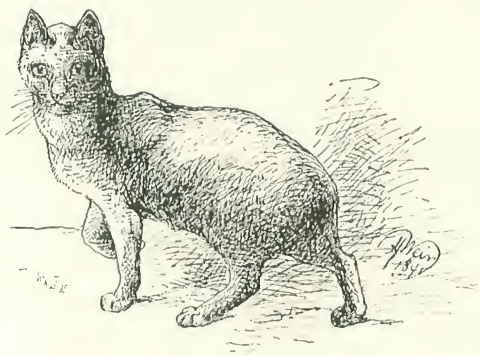


ANGORA CAT.

their special points and markings, is impossible here; those who desire to know these things in careful and exact detail should consult Harrison Weir's book on cats. Of long-haired cats there are the Angora, the Persian, the Russian, and what not; and of short-haired, more than I can here enumerate. Some people prefer a cat the rarer or the more curious it is,—abnormal and exotic varieties, like the Manx cat and the Japanese cat, which are tailless; the Chinese cat, which has lop ears; and the Royal Cat of Siam, which is a singular-looking creature, usually chocolate and white, or dun and white in colour, and very short of fur, especially on the legs and tail. But the true lover of cats must say of cats as the soldier said of ale, "All kinds are good, though most kinds are better than others."

Enough has been said, I think, to show that the cat is worth attention and cultivation, not only because of its beauty and intelligence, but also for its pecuniary value. The cat has long been misunderstood and misrepresented. It has been accused of untameable ferocity, because when driven to the extreme of nervous dread, it has bitten and scratched; it has been accused of cunningly murdering babies in their cradles, because it has innocently tucked itself away with the baby in its fondness for warmth; and it has been accused of lack of attachment, though quite as credible stories are told of the cat's faithfulness and fondness as of the dog's: cats as well as dogs have been known to pine and sicken and die after the loss of a beloved friend or master. It is no less agreeable to be able to write that human beings have also shown themselves ready to die to save their cats. Champfleury tells a story of a sailor-boy who would not leave a sinking ship without his cats. The ship was run into by another, and so much damage was done that the crew had to leave her in all haste. They were safe on board a passing vessel before the captain, looking round among his com-

pany, exclaimed, "Where is Michel, the apprentice?" Michel was not to be found, and no one remembered his leaving the doomed ship. Michel had, indeed, been left behind. He had run to fetch from below the two ship's cats, which he was in the habit of feeding, and on returning on deck he had found his comrades gone. At first he wept, but soon he dried his eyes, lighted a lantern and hung it up, and then ran to the pump. All the night long, pumping and ringing the ship's bell, he fought against destruction. Day came, and wore on. One, two ships he sighted, but he could not attract their attention. He shared his food with the cats, and pumped to keep himself and them afloat. Thus three days passed, and Michel was at the last extremity of fatigue and despair, when a brig sighted him, and bore down to his relief. Even when a boat came, however, to take him off, he refused to leave the wreck without the cats for which he had endured so much. And soon he was landed in his native port, carrying his two cats in his arms in triumph, amid the cheers of a crowd who had heard the story. Cats, moreover, protect property frequently as well as dogs. There are authentic stories told of cats flying at burglars, and aiding in the detection of murderers; and I myself had a cat that used to run to the door upon the appearance of a beggar, a tramp, or other disreputable-seeming person, muttering and growling like a dog. But of all the false accusations brought against the cat none is more flagrantly false than that its only attachment is to a place or to the bare walls of its home. So little is that true, that many stories might be told of the weary and wonderful pilgrimages cats have gone to find their owners. A family in Scotland, for instance, removed across a frith, or long arm of the sea. The cat was somehow forgotten, but in a few days she appeared at the new house, foot-sore and thin. How had she found her way there? The family had crossed in a boat, and the way by land was sixty miles round, over rocks and mountains! Many have shown by abundant instances that the cat is attached to persons, but I think it has never before been pointed out that even those cats who are taken little notice of by their owners, and who therefore show little affection for them, are attached not really to the mere house in which they have been used to dwell, but to the familiar furniture of the house. Cats have a strong and cossetting sense of smell, and it is well known in every house that they have their favourite chairs or sofa corners; not only so, but, if they have had the run of the house, they can tell over by scent every article of furniture which the house contains. A furniture-remover has told me that with some household goods which he has kept in warehouse for some years he brought away a white Persian. She has never forsaken her familiar furniture; she has always slept among it; and has brought up several families about it. I have proved that to my own satisfaction oftener than once in removing from one house to another, and I believe all furniture-removers are convinced of its truth. When a removal is arranged for, let pussy be secured in a box or basket early, because being such a nervous creature she may flee and hide out of reach, in terror of



MANX CAT.

"COMPLETE CONTENTMENT."

the bustle and clatter of the workmen. When the packing is over, either let her loose among the furniture in the van or put her into the van in her box or basket. But do not let her loose in the new house until some familiar article of furniture has been carried in. A chair which she has been in the habit of sitting on will be sufficient. She will probably at first run in terror round the strange room, sniffing at every corner; then she will go to the chair, with a delicate sniff recognise it, and finally leap upon it and begin to lick herself in complete contentment.

Long ages of neglect, ill-treatment, and absolute cruelty have passed, and "the harmless, necessary cat" is rapidly gaining in favour. There are still many strong prejudices, however, against admitting the cat to such familiar acquaintance and friendship as the dog enjoys. It comes pretty much to this, that you either love the cat or you do not love it. If you love it, the probability is that you incomparably prefer it to the dog. The cat, you have found, is less fussy, less boisterous than the dog; it does not trot in and out of doors with muddy feet; it does not leap upon you and deafen you with its barking to show its affection; and it does not insist upon startling strangers or upsetting babies and handmaidens by thrusting a cold, wet nose of welcome into the hand, like John Peerybingle's dog in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Compared with the dog, the cat is one of Nature's own aristocrats; and it is possible that the true implication of the proverb, "A cat may look at a king," is that the cat is of the king's serene and lofty quality. The noblest dog will sometimes put off his dignity, and play the common, vulgar fool; the cat never. And while the dog is yowling himself hoarse about nothing in particular, the cat sits impassive as Old Age or Fate, and lets the world slide; a reminder of godlike indifference to a generation anxiously "going to and fro on the earth," restless as Satan.

The Story of a Game.

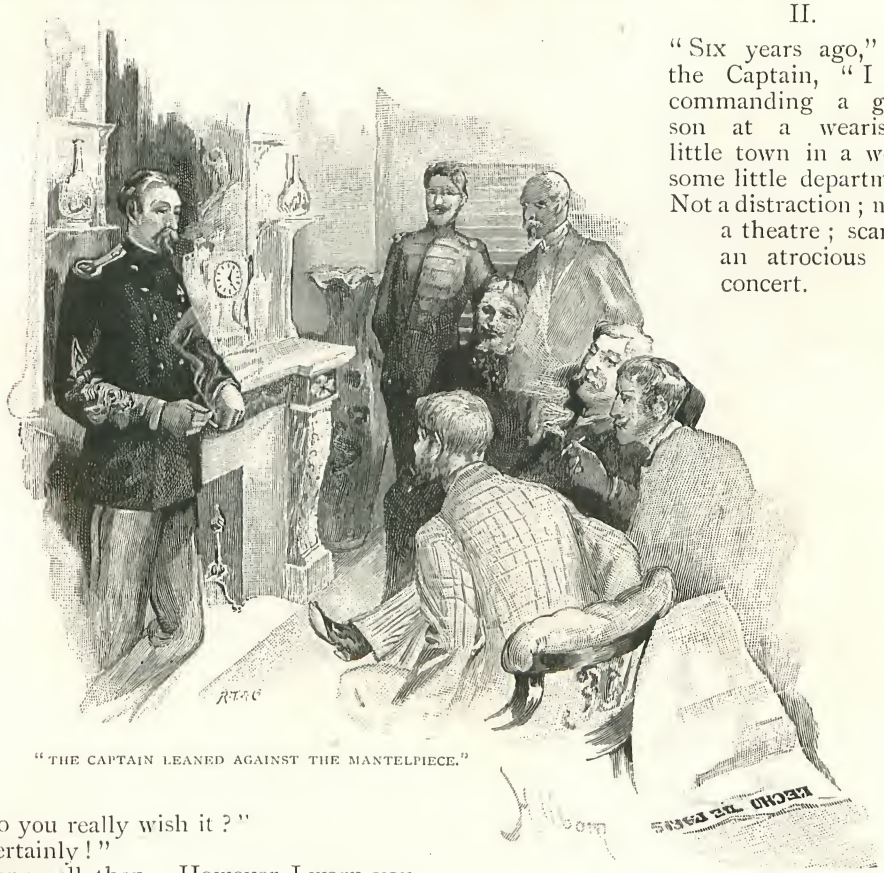
FROM THE FRENCH OF ALBERT DELPIT.

[ALBERT DELPIT, who was born in 1849, is an American transformed into a Frenchman. His father, a rich tobacco merchant in New Orleans, sent him when a boy to the college of St. Barbe at Paris. His education finished, he was recalled to the United States, to learn his father's business; but a few months were sufficient to convince him that literature had more attractions for him than tobacco. He returned to Paris, where he began to write with much success for various newspapers and magazines. During the Franco-Prussian War, he, like so many other famous men of letters, fought with glory, and was rewarded with the rosette of the Legion of Honour. His poems, plays, and especially his novels, are well known. Short stories he does not greatly cultivate; but the following is an excellent example of his style.]

I.

WE were speaking in a club in Paris of the card-sharper who had just been executed, and each was relating his story: our friend Captain I—— alone said nothing.

"Are you going to be the only one who does not furnish his share?" I asked him.



"THE CAPTAIN LEANED AGAINST THE MANTELPIECE."

"Do you really wish it?"

"Certainly!"

"Very well, then. However, I warn you that my story is not in the least like yours, and that my thief is very interesting."

"So much the better! We are listening, my dear fellow."

The Captain lit a cigarette and leaned against the mantelpiece of the salon. We drew up our chairs so as to hear better, with that curious avidity of men, who are, after all, only big children. Outside, a gay May sun was shining through the half-closed shutters.

II.

"SIX years ago," said the Captain, "I was commanding a garrison at a wearisome little town in a wearisome little department. Not a distraction; never a theatre; scarcely an atrocious café concert.

"One day, my work being ended, I did not know what to do, and little by little I

had taken the habit of going every evening to the Union Club, the only one which the village possessed. It was named thus because they were always disputing there. Generally we played there a little, except during the three large fairs of the year, which lasted each time about eight days.

"One autumn afternoon, towards the commencement of one of these fairs, I arrived at the Club in good time.

"There were many people in the Club whom I did not know: rich farmers who only came rarely to the town, or squires from the country who came to advertise their houses.

"'A good party to-day,' said an *habitué* to me; 'it will be curious.'

"I turned towards the table where they were playing, and checked a gesture of surprise. The banker was quite a young man of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, whom I knew by sight. He interested me, for his father had died very bravely at Magenta, and had left him a small fortune, and a name difficult to equal. He only came rarely to the Club, and did not play. I was therefore very much astonished to see him holding a bank, and a large bank, too, for the notes and coins were piled up before him.

"'How much each time?' asked someone.

"'Oh!' said a fat farmer, laughing, 'M. de Mertens has all the luck; he is able to hold an open bank.'

"The young man was very pale; there was a kind of wildness in his eyes.

"'Open bank!' he stammered.

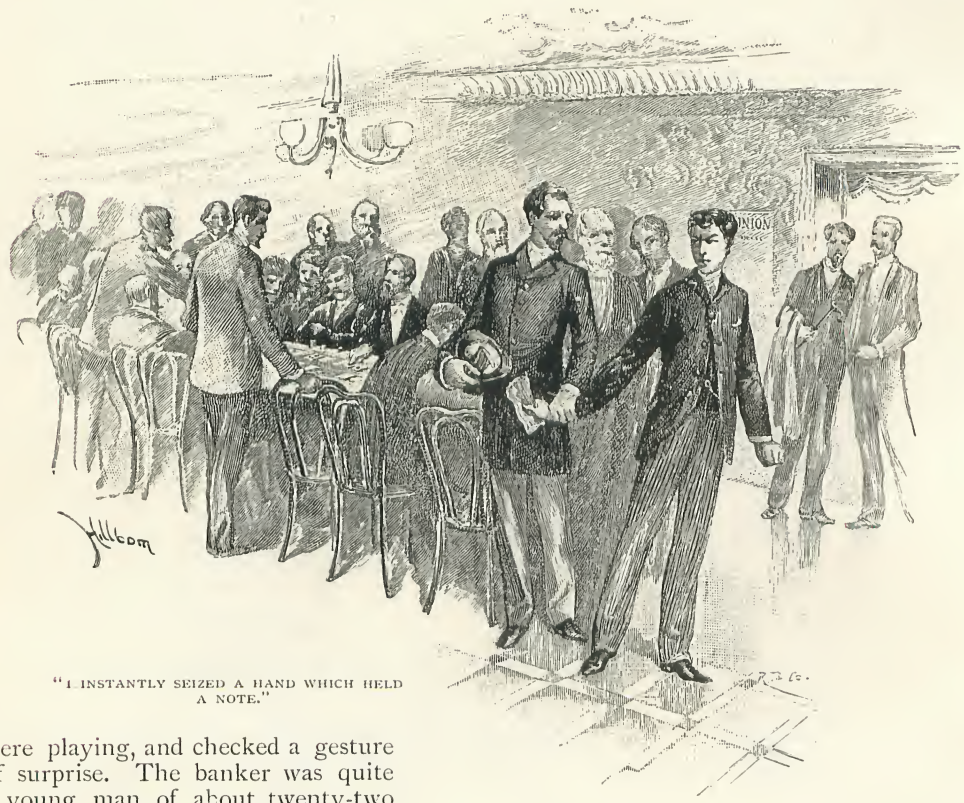
"This was a signal for his ill-luck. Ten times in succession the unfortunate Mertens lost. In a quarter of an hour the bank had broken.

"Another player took his place, and the play proceeded, so animated, so passionate, that I even allowed myself to be fascinated, and began to play with the others.

"There was no more room round the table, and so I played standing, holding in my hand my hat, into which I nervously threw my gains, which grew larger and larger every minute.

"The party was more impassioned than ever, when someone cried out to me—

"'Captain, you are being robbed!'



"I INSTANTLY SEIZED A HAND WHICH HELD A NOTE."

"I turned round at once, and instantly seized a hand, the hand of M. de Mertens, which held a note for a thousand francs, which he was taking from me.

"The face of the unfortunate man was convulsed.

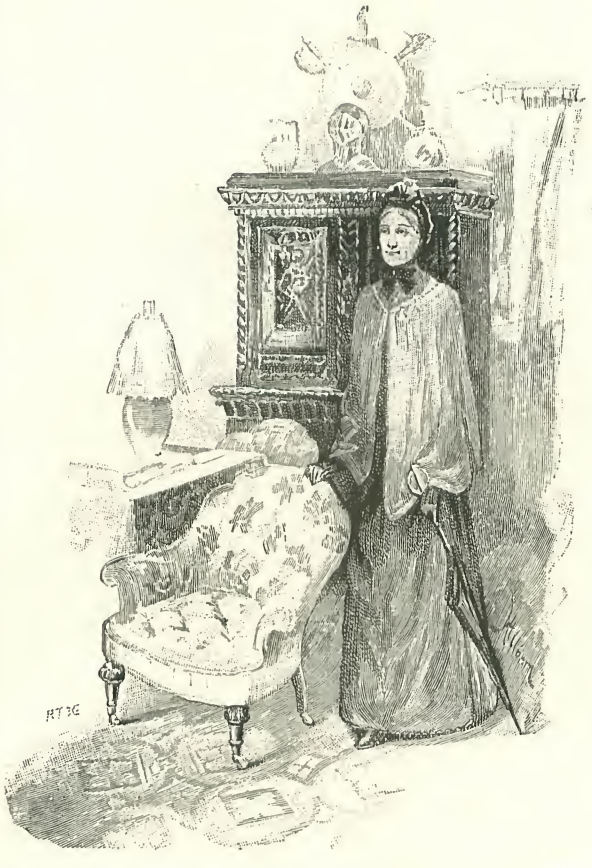
"I exchanged a look with him, one only, and I saw something pass in his eyes, now enlarged by fright.

"'M. de Mertens is quite right,' I said, quite coolly, 'and I am surprised that anyone has dared to bring such an accusation against such a man as he; we are associates, and he has taken money for which he has need, that is all.'

"The explanations were brief. It was the first time that the individual who cried out had come to the Club, and he was not acquainted with M. de Mertens. The players, who were standing, were rather anxious; the new comer had seen a hand slip in the hat, and, believing that someone was stealing from me, had cried out. He made profuse apologies to M. de Mertens, whom all sympathised with on the deplorable incident caused by the foolishness of the impolitic individual.

"We then continued playing, and M. de Mertens went out.

"Three days passed, and I received no news from the young man. That he was not wishful to see me was quite natural. In saving him I had saved the posthumous honour of a brave soldier; but still I thought it strange that he should not have found some way of testifying his appreciation of my service.



"A LADY WAS WAITING."

"One evening I was just setting out to make some visits, when my orderly told me that a lady was waiting in the salon.

"She was a lady of about forty-five, a face calm and proud, with an honest look.

"'I am Madame de Mertens,' she said. 'My son has told me all, and I have come to thank you for having kept unsullied the honour of our name.'

"'Madame!'

"'My son was foolishly enamoured of a woman, who was always demanding money, and he has ruined himself for her; he has played, he has lost. You know the rest.'

"I was very sorry, for the trouble of this noble woman touched me deeply; she was standing before me, and the tears glistened in her dark eyes.

"'A folly of youth, Madame,' I stammered. 'I will see your son and talk to him.'

"She quietly shook her head.

"'You will not see him, Captain; he is engaged in the Infantry of Marines, and I came when he had departed.'"

III.

We had listened to Captain I—— without interruption; when he stopped there was a short silence.

"And the end, Captain? What has become of M. de Mertens?"

"He is dead, gentlemen. A few years ago I received a letter, which came from Kélung; a poor little letter, written with pale ink, on paper already yellow. It contained these lines:—

'I am seriously wounded. . . . Admiral Courbet has just brought me the cross. . . .

But I am going to die. . . . I send it you, my poor cross, to you who saved me, and I shall be happy if you will wear it.'

"That is the reason, gentlemen, that in place of fastening to my uniform the decoration which the Chancellor of the Légion d'Honneur gave me, I carry the cross of the sergeant of the Marine Infantry, who, after being caught as a thief, died at Kélung like a hero."

Celebrities at Play.

Absence of occupation is not rest ;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

TO see the great unbend is, we have it on historic authority, a source of infinite amusement to the populace. If that was true in Macaulay's days, it is even less disputable in these, when a special journalism exists mainly to chronicle the small doings of the great, and every newspaper has its personal column. The fierce light of publicity, which at one time beat solely on the throne and its entourage, now shines as brilliantly in Stuccoville as on the mansion or the palace. The goings and comings of the Brown-Joneses and the Fitz-Smythes are made as prominent—at a guinea or a half the paragraph—as those of Dukes and Cabinet Ministers. Everybody knows, or wants to know, everybody else's little weaknesses ; and he is a careful man nowadays who hides his idiosyncrasies from the public gaze. Happier still is he who, having his skeleton in his cupboard, can double lock the door and lose the key.

Before the days of society journalism these things were never freely talked of—except with bated breath and in the most profound secrecy at tea and scandal gatherings—during the lifetime of the personage. In his biography they would find a place, when he had no power to resent the impertinent prying into his domestic secrets. Who, for instance, would have dared to print a gossipy par. about Cardinal Richelieu's favourite recreation of leaping over furniture ; Peter the Great's diversion of being wheeled in a perambulator over his neighbours' flower-beds ; or Pope Innocent III.'s partiality for ninepins? Yet everyone knows and freely criticises the amusements of our Royal Family, our greatest legislators, and most celebrated people. The musical performances of our princes and princesses, and the Princess of Wales's achievements in amateur photography—in which she is an equal adept with the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Archduchess Maria Theresa—are matters of common knowledge. The caricaturist indulges his fancy, and often his political spite, about Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, Lord Salisbury's experimental chemistry, Mr. Balfour's golf, Mr. W. H. Smith's yachting, Mr. Chaplin's coachdriving, and Mr. Chamberlain's amateur gardening. When Lord Sherbrooke was known as "Bobby Lowe," his achievements on the bicycle were not only the object of caricature, but the subject of much coarser vilification than ever was the childish amusement of the poet Shelley with his paper boats in the parks. Even Sir W. Vernon Harcourt was openly twitted in the House of Commons the other day by Sir Henry James on his incapacity in shooting.

But the popular knowledge on these matters is not solely due to partisan animosity. The demand for such information is insatiable, and the competition in the journalistic world so keen that the demand is supplied with as much detail as possible. Hence Mr. Irving's dog is as familiar in the public mind as either Scott's canine companion or Dante's cat, and people talk glibly of Rosa Bonheur's pets, Sarah Bernhardt's, snakes and tigers, and the monkeys with whose gambols Mrs. Weldon beguiled her leisure hours. Nor is the Prince of Wales's fondness for horses and horse-racing free either from criticism or condemnation.

All this publicity is not perhaps an unmixed evil. Our celebrities at play nowa-

days, if they do not take their pleasures more sadly, do so at least with more discretion. The Prince of Wales, for instance, is criticised, condemned, and even prayed for, because he has a modest racing stable, encourages the sport of kings, and loses a modest stake at cards. But what sort of a paragraph would appear in *The Weekly Scandalmonger* if he followed in the footsteps of that previous Prince of Wales whose tavern-frequenting is matter of history. Our celebrities do not now play pranks publicly. If Lord Tennyson, instead of meditative wanderings by the sea, were to indulge, as Cowper did, in glazing windows, a snapshot of a detective camera might be relied on quickly to give publicity to the fact. If Professor Tyndall, instead of climbing the Alps, were to copy Rousseau, and roll boulders down Primrose-hill, he, too, would quickly achieve an unenviable notoriety. Or if any of our present-day celebrities were to seek their relaxation and amusement in the form which delighted Dean Swift, by harnessing his servants and driving them up and down stairs, what "snappy" paragraphs there would be in the society journals.

COWPER GLAZING WINDOWS.

The amusements of our celebrities are tame and commonplace in comparison with some of these. But even nowadays the idiosyncrasies of public men are sometimes curious. For instance, there lives in the neighbourhood of Nottingham the Rev. Dr. Cox, the late editor of *The Expositor*, the most famous Hebrew scholar in the country. He and his wife are to be constantly seen playing at ball in the front garden of his residence. If it was done in the sanctity of the back garden, there would be no ground for comment, for the fact of a learned divine playing at ball is not more remarkable than that recorded by Disraeli the elder, of Knox visiting Calvin one Sunday and finding him engaged in a game of bowls. No one has presumed to whisper that our greatest Hebrew scholar was ever guilty of amusing himself in his own peculiar way on a Sunday, and certainly no one has ever complained of annoyance. This cannot be said with regard to the amusements of some "celebrities," especially when they take the form of pets. Sarah Bernhardt came under the notice of the authorities in America on one occasion, when her pet tiger got loose and created a large amount of consternation. Everyone must remember the notoriety a certain Countess achieved a few years ago with respect to her cats. That was perhaps the worst instance that could be cited. But there was a doleful story told some time ago by the "interviewer" employed by a

"SARAH'S TIGER."

smart paper to interview Mrs. Weldon when she was on her theatrical tour. He found her amusing herself with her pet monkeys, and was exceedingly discomfited by her giving him her specially pet monkey to mind while she went upstairs. No one, perhaps, wastes much sympathy over interviewers, and no great regret would be felt in the fact that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

"GOLF."

One thing, however, should not be lost sight of. The continual harping upon one point by caricaturists as well as chroniclers is apt to mislead. Mr. Balfour, for instance, is often supposed to be devoted to nothing but politics and golf, whereas he is best known as the greatest metaphysician of the age. The Edinburgh University conferred on him their degree in recognition of his mental philosophy. Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, too, has assumed an exaggerated importance in the eyes of the masses, from a similar cause. As a matter of fact, and especially of late years, his wood-chopping feats have been few and far between. He himself only recently claimed, as his chief recreation during the past forty years, the study of Homer, for which he is, perhaps, more famed than any of his other achievements. With him recreation has been change of employment, just as Louis XVI. turned from cares of State to making locks, the Buonapartes to literary pursuits, and Prince Rupert, the discoverer of mezzotint, to practical engraving. Lord Sherbrooke, too, though an ardent cyclist, found recreation also in poetry, as testified by his "Poems of a Life," while Smiles' self-help series is one of the best instances of useful recreative study. It is even doubtful, on his own authority, if Mr. Chamberlain's leisure is wholly absorbed in the immense gardens of his palatial residence on the outskirts of Birmingham, for he himself is recorded to have said at a meeting he addressed in that town, that he would far rather have been at home romping with his children than addressing his constituency. This is the only available authority at the moment for the statement that he shares the weakness of Oliver Goldsmith and the historian Macaulay for juvenile rompings—a weakness with which his political opponents have not been backward in twitting him. Lord Salisbury's chemical experiments at Hatfield have already been spoken of.

"A GRAND OLD FELLER."

Mention has also already been made of the idiosyncrasies of celebrities as manifested in their playtime. It has also been pointed out that in the case of many recreation is only another source of useful employment. If any further illustration were needed on this point, attention might be called to the benefit

"ROMPING."

astronomers have reaped through the dead James Nasmyth, and the living Sir Henry Bessemer, having used their leisure hours in the construction of telescopes. Nasmyth invented one which was far in advance of anything previously produced, and Sir Henry Bessemer is perfecting one which is to eclipse everything yet invented. But there is also another phase to be noticed in "Celebrities at Play," and that is the case of those who adopt some recreative employment or study which, while entirely distinct from their ordinary avocation, nevertheless becomes of utility. For this reason, apparently, Mr. Blackmore, the novelist, and author of "Lorna Doone," who is not only a novelist, but a barrister, has adopted market-gardening and fruit-growing as the occupation of his leisure hours. He is to be met with several times a week with his wagon-load of market produce *en route* for Covent Garden, where, as an enthusiastic amateur, he is scarcely distinguishable from the crowd of country professionals. His gardens and farm are at Teddington, and he is a well-known character there. Something akin to this picture of a favourite author amusing himself with growing cabbages and apples is that of our Poet Laureate in the milk trade. In his "Northern Farmer" and other of his poems, he displays a very acute knowledge of agricultural matters, but not many would have suspected him of being a dairy farmer in real earnest. This, however, is a fact, and on the west side of the Isle of Wight, where he passes most of his time, milk-carts are to be constantly met bearing the name and title, "Alfred, Lord Tennyson." Some of our ladies, too, show a practical turn of mind. Not only do they go in for gardening, but they are starting an association in London, with a depôt in Lower Sloane-street. Employment will be found for needy ladies in taking charge of conservatories, window boxes, balconies, and small gardens. Here we have an illustration of the recreation of the rich providing charitable assistance for the needy.

Harking back for a moment to "play" as confined to games, one remembers that Dr. Forbes Winslow has a real enthusiasm for lawn-tennis, Major Marindin is devoted to football, and that the amateur tennis championship is held by a knight—Sir E. Gray; while Lord Harris's fame as a cricketer is world-wide. It may, however, not be so well known that Lady Harris also shares her husband's love of the national game—even to the extent of playing it in the tropics. Only a few weeks ago at the hill station of Mahabuleshwar—the seat of the Bom-

"AT HATFIELD."

bay Government in the hot season—she captained a team of six ladies and six gentlemen against a similar team captained by another lady. The conditions were that the gentlemen should play left-handed with a broomstick, bowling and fielding also with the left hand, while the ladies should play in the orthodox manner. In the end Lady Harris's team won, scoring 63 runs to their opponents' 58. Fishing has had many enthusiastic devotees. John Bright, the poet Dryden, and the philosopher George Herbert, were all enthusiastic fishermen. In our own day Lord Hartington is a devoted knight of the rod; while Mr. Black, the novelist, it was recently reported, has been salmon fishing with great success in Sutherlandshire.

"A KNIGHT OF THE ROD."

Of the celebrities who have outlived their "play" days, a unique example is to be found in the case of Prince Bismarck. In his early days Prince Bismarck had a passion for duelling. It does not appear whether it carried him to such an extent that—like Crockey Doyle who insulted people right and left in order to have the pleasure of apologising—he made enemies for the pleasure of fighting them, but at least twenty-seven duels are recorded in which he took part. Things then got too warm for him, or opponents grew shy; and, duels running short, he took to shooting, drinking, and playing jokes to such an extent that he became known as "mad Bismarck." What he does now, beyond smoking cigars on the "chain" system, and drinking immense quantities of beer, is not known, though there is some reason to think that, like his illustrious coadjutor Von Moltke, he spends his leisure in devising schemes to harass his opponents. This method of spending their play hours is a common one among men of political eminence. There are few who can, like Mr. Gladstone, work off the petty worries of public life by cutting down trees and poring over musty manuscripts. There is no doubt at all that this accounts for the evergreen freshness of the man, his wonderful energy and vitality. It is not the work but the worry that kills.

The Doctor's Story.

From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

"He looked at his neighbour with a glittering eye."

I.

I ONCE knew a woman, one of my patients, now dead, to whom the most extraordinary thing in the world happened, and the most mysterious and touching.

She was a Russian, Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You know how beautiful the Russians are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to us—with their delicate noses, their sensitive mouths; their eyes so close together, of an indefinable colour, a blue grey; and their cold, rather hard, charm. They have something wicked and seductive, haughty and melting, tender and severe, utterly charming to a Frenchman. At bottom, perhaps, it is only the difference of race and blood that makes us see so much in them.

Her doctor had, during many years, known that she was threatened by a disease of the chest, and endeavoured to persuade her to come to France for the winter, but she obstinately refused to quit St. Petersburg. At last, in the autumn of last year, the doctor compelled her to leave for Mentone.

She was alone in her compartment of the train, her servants occupying another. She leant against the window a little sadly, watching the country and the villages as she whirled past, feeling very isolated, very lonely in life.

At each station her footman, Ivan, came to see if his mistress had everything she desired. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to obey any order she might give him.

Night fell, the train rolled on at full speed. She could not sleep, she was totally unnerved. Suddenly the idea occurred to her of counting the money given to her at the last moment in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied on to her lap the glistening stream of metal.

But, of a sudden, a breath of cold air caught her cheek. She lifted her head in surprise. The door opened. The Countess Marie, in dismay, threw a shawl over the money spread out in her lap, and waited. A moment afterwards a man appeared, bareheaded, wounded in one hand, panting, and in evening dress.

He reclosed the door, sat down and looked at his neighbour with a glittering eye, then wrapped his wrist in a handkerchief.

The poor woman felt faint with fright. This man must have seen her counting her money, and had come to kill her and steal it.

He still fixed his gaze upon her, breathlessly, his face drawn, evidently waiting to spring upon her.

He said brusquely—

"Madame, have no fear."

She answered nothing, she was incapable of opening her lips, she heard her heart beating and a buzzing in her ears.

"I am no malefactor, madame," he continued.

Still she said nothing; but in a sudden movement she made, her knees knocked together and the money poured on to the carpet like water from a spout.

The man stared in surprise at this flow of gold, and at once stooped to gather it up.

She, terrified, rose, casting all her gold on to the carpet, and rushed to the door to throw herself on to the line. But he perceived her intention, sprang up, seized her in his arms, and forced her on to the seat, holding her by the wrists.

"HE SPRANG UP AND SEIZED HER."

"Listen to me, madame. I am no thief. As a proof I am going to gather up this money and restore it to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to pass the frontier. I can tell you no more. In one hour we shall be at the last Russian station, in one hour and twenty minutes we shall be on the other side of the boundaries of the Empire. Unless you aid me, I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither killed nor stolen, nor done anything dishonourable. That I swear to you. I can tell you no more."

And, going down on his knees, he collected the money, feeling under the seats, and looking into the furthest corners. Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he handed it to his neighbour without a word, and returned to his seat in the other corner of the carriage.

Neither moved. She sat motionless and mute, still faint with fright, but recovering little by little. As to him, he moved no muscle, he sat erect, his eyes fixedly looking straight before him, very pale, as though he were dead. Every now and then she threw him a glance, which was quickly averted. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of being a gentleman.

The train tore through the darkness, throwing its ear-piercing whistles into the night, now slackening speed, now off again at its fastest. Then it calmed its flight, whistled several times, and stopped altogether.

Ivan appeared at the door to take orders. The Countess Marie looked for the last time at her strange companion. Then in a voice brusque and trembling, said to her servant—

"Ivan, you will return to the Count. I have no further need of your services."

Amazed, the man opened his enormous eyes. He stammered—

"But—but——"

She continued—

"No, you need not come. I have changed my mind. I wish you to stay in Russia. Here, here is money for the journey. Give me your cap and mantle."

The old servant, bewildered, took off his cap and mantle, with unquestioning obedience, accustomed to the sudden whims and

strange caprices of his mistress. He walked away with the tears in his eyes.

The train started again, racing to the frontier.

Then the Countess Marie said to her companion—

"These things are for you, monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I make but one condition: it is that you will never speak to me, that you will say no word to thank me on any pretext whatever."

"GIVE ME YOUR CAP AND MANTLE."

The stranger bowed without a word.

Soon a fresh halt was made, and the officials in uniform entered the train. The Countess handed them the papers, and pointing to the man seated in the far end of the carriage—

"My servant, Ivan; here is his passport."

The train started again.

During the whole of the night they remained *tête-a-tête*, dumb both.

In the morning, on stopping at a German station, the stranger alighted. Then, standing by the door, he said—

"Pardon me, madame, that I break my promise, but I have deprived you of your servant; it is only fair that I should replace him. Is there anything you require?"

She replied coldly—

"Go and send my maid."

He went. Then disappeared. Whenever she alighted at a refreshment-room she saw him watching her from a distance. In due course they arrived at Mentone.

II.

One day, as I was receiving my patients in my study, I saw a tall man enter. "Doctor," he said, "I come to ask news of the Countess Marie Baranow."

"She is beyond hope," I replied. "She will never return to Russia."

And this man fell to sobbing; then he arose, and went out staggering like a drunken man. That same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had been to me to ask after her health. She seemed touched, and told me the tale I have just told you. She added—

"This man, whom I do not know, follows me like my shadow. I meet him every time I go out. He looks at me very strangely, but he has never spoken to me."

She reflected, and then added—

"Look, there he is, below my window!"

She rose from her sofa, drew the curtains aside, and showed me the man who had called upon me, sitting on a bench on the promenade, his eyes raised to the hotel. He saw us, rose and walked away without once turning his head. So it was that I took part in a strange and incomprehensible episode; in the love of these two beings who were quite unknown to one another.

He loved with the devotion of a rescued animal, grateful and devoted until death. He came every day to ask me, "How is she?" knowing that I had guessed. And

he wept bitterly when he had seen her pass, paler and weaker every day.

She said to me—

"I have spoken but once to this singular man, and it seems to me I have known him for years."

And when they met she returned his bow with a grave and charming smile. I knew she was happy—she so lonely and dying. I knew she was happy to be loved with such constancy and respect, with this exaggerated poesy, with this devotion ready for all hazards. And yet, faithful to her obstinate though high-minded resolve, she absolutely refused to receive him, to know his name, or to speak to him. She said, "No, no, that would spoil our strange friendship. We must remain strangers to one another."

As to him, he was of a certainty a kind of Don Quixote, for he took no steps to approach her. He was determined to keep to the letter the absurd promise he had made to her in the train.

Often during the long hours of weakness she rose from her sofa to draw back the curtains, and look if he were there below the window. And when she had seen him, always immovably seated on his bench, she returned to her couch with a smile on her lips.

She died one morning about six o'clock. As I left the hotel he came to me, his face distorted ; he had already heard the news.

"I should like to see her for a second in your presence," he said.

I took his arm and re-entered the house.

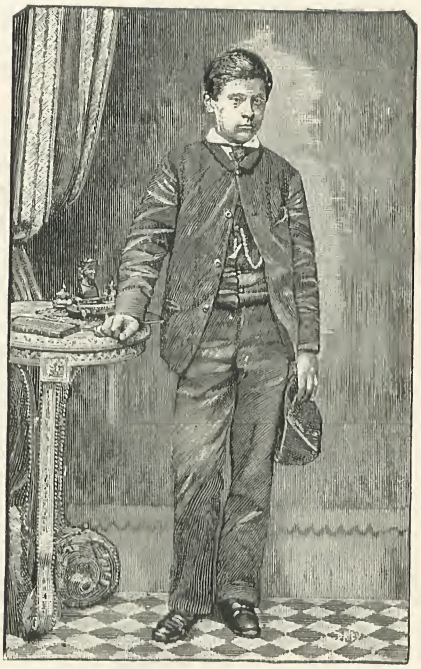
When he was by the bedside of the dead, he took her hand and kissed it, a long, long kiss. Then he fled like a madman.

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

BORN 1847.

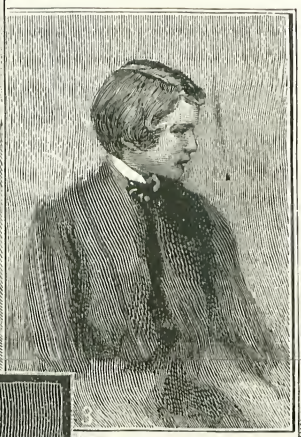
HENRY FITZALAN HOWARD, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke and Earl, was born in Carlton-terrace, December 27, 1847, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1860; so that even at fifteen, the age at which the first of our three portraits represents him, he had already been for three years Duke of Norfolk. His Grace, who is a zealous Roman Catholic, takes the most active interest in all matters relating to the welfare of his Church, and frequently fills the chair at meetings of his fellow-Catholics. He is President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. It was to him that Dr. Newman addressed, in the year 1875, his memorable reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Political Expostulation." The Duke of Norfolk is one of the strongest opponents of Home Rule, in which matter he has brought himself into collision with the Irish priesthood. The Duke married, in 1877, Lady Flora Hastings, who died in 1887.



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Mault & Fox.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 21. *[Mault & Fox.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

BORN 1859.

EVEN in the first of these we see the distinguished monarch, characteristically enough, saluting in military fashion; and at the various stages of his youth he looks every inch a soldier. His ages are:

NO. 1, AGE 2.	NO. 2, AGE 4.
NO. 3, AGE 7.	NO. 4, AGE 9.
NO. 5, AGE 10.	NO. 6, AGE 14.
NO 7, AGE 21.	NO. 8, AGE 31.

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Ehlers, Altona.]

From a Photo. by] AGE 22 [*Alex. Bassano.*

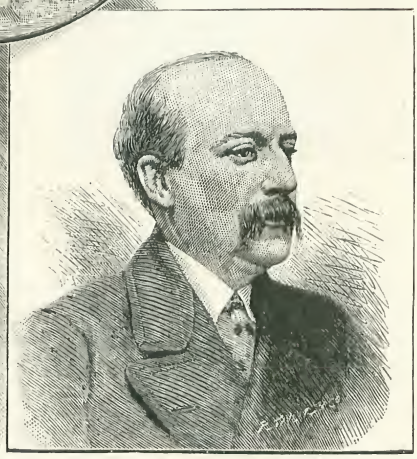
THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

THE present is a particularly fitting moment for the publication of the photographs of the German Emperor and Empress at various ages of their lives, when their memorable visit is still fresh in the memory of all, and while the shop-windows are crowded with their portraits. Nothing could be more interesting than the first photograph here given of the German Empress — the only one taken at an early age known to exist — which shows her as a little girl of ten years old, taken when her father, the Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, was entirely undertaking her education and that of her younger sisters. In the second likeness we see her when sought in marriage by the Emperor, at twenty-two, and in the last surrounded by five sturdy little sons.

From a Photo. by] THE EMPRESS AND HER FAMILY, 1888. [*Selle & Kuntz, Potsdam.*

AGE 4. *From a Photograph.*

From a Drawing by] AGE 21. *[Charles Keene.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[S. A. Walker.*

J. ASHBY STERRY.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Tunbridge Wells.

BORN in London, Mr. Sterry commenced descriptive writing at the age of four; at eight, he wrote a story in a series of letters; at ten, fell down in worship before the genius of Charles Dickens; and shortly afterwards, having read a life of Nelson, vowed that he would become an admiral. Fortunately this fit did not last very long, and he returned to art, sketching, and writing, until, at the age of twenty-two, he made a serious start in life with an entertainment called, "Autumn Leaves from a Tourist's Note Book," writing his own lecture and lyrics, and being his own scene painter and musical composer. With this entertainment he travelled round the country, and was welcomed and successful wherever he showed his genial face. Among his countless contributions to *Punch* are "Lays of a Lazy Minstrel" and "Songs of the Street." The friends of Mr. Ashby Sterry are attached to him not only for his rare talents, but for an exceptional kindness of nature which imparts a peculiar sweetness to their personal intercourse and association with him.

From a] AGE 4. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 8. *[Hill & Saunders.*

MISS FORTESCUE.

MISS FORTESCUE at the early ages of four and eight displayed no especial tendencies towards the stage. Her early life was the ordinary one of an English country gentleman's daughter, while she became an adept at foreign languages, and conversant not only with the three "R's," but with two more—riding and rowing. At the former, indeed, she was "a wonder across country," and at the present time there is nothing she likes more than a "scamper," or a day on the river. Miss Fortescue made her first appearance on the stage as "Lady Ella" in *Patience*. In two years she was playing the heroine in *Dan'l Druce*, at the Court Theatre. Immediately after this she was engaged for a starring tour through England and America, and on her return from the United States, Mr. Augustus Harris secured her services for Drury Lane Theatre, where she was probably the youngest "leading lady" ever engaged at the national theatre. In 1886 she started on her first theatrical enterprise on her own account. Since then she has been her own manageress, and has conducted her long tours and short London seasons with unvarying and increasing success. Miss Fortescue was always a beautiful woman, and in the last two or three years her talent and resource in her art have been been so generally admitted as to have passed beyond the region of dispute. She is a brilliant and remarkably intellectual conversationalist.

AGE 18.
[From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.]

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 10. *[Southwe'l Bros.*

AGE 17.

Stereoscopic Co.]

AGE 30.
[From a Photo. by Barraud.]

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

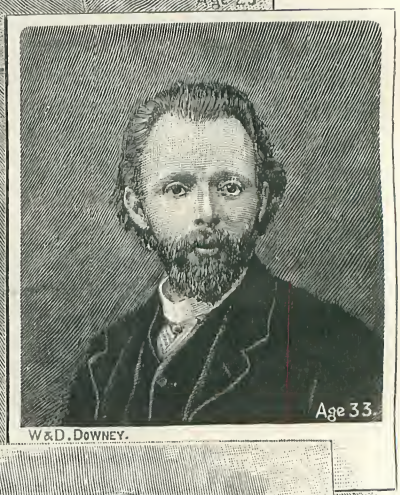
BORN 1852.

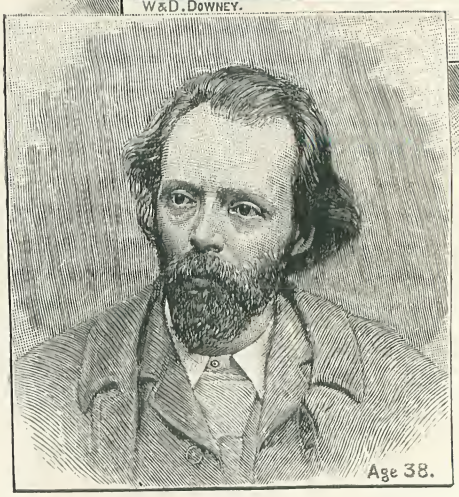
MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S father achieved a world-wide reputation as a stage-manager, and it is now admitted that the fame of the father has been eclipsed by that of the son. Mr. Augustus Harris, as a very young man, played *Malcolm* at the Theatre Royal Manchester; and he afterwards joined Mr. Barry Sullivan's company, in which he played juvenile and light comedy parts. The most important step in his career was taken when he succeded Mr. Chatterton as lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and from that date his onward march has been triumphantly successful. But Mr. Harris has not been content with fame won upon the lyric and dramatic stage. Ambitious for public honours he became a candidate for a seat in the London County Council, and, being elected, has proved a worthy and useful member of that body. His election last year as Sheriff of London has conferred distinction upon the art he properly represents.

From a Photo. by] AGE 39 *[Barraud.*

From a] AGE 6. *[Photograph.*

AGE 25. *From a Photo. by Sutch Bros.*



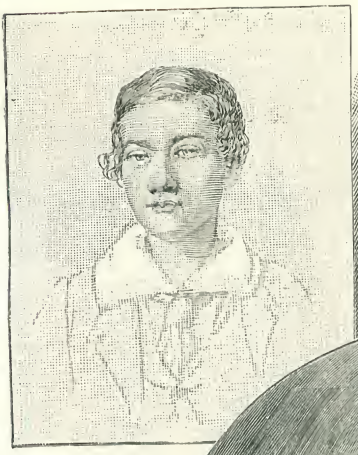


From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

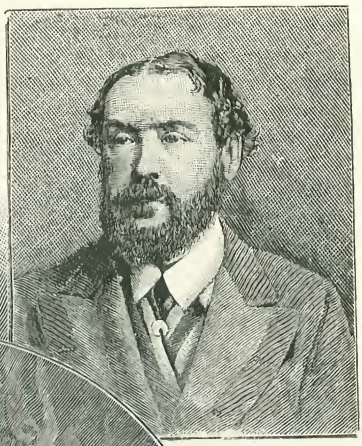
HALL CAINE.

BORN 1853.

MR. HALL CAINE, one of the most original and powerful of our later novelists, is only now in his thirty-eighth year, and may be therefore said to have attained celebrity at an early period of life. He was born August 14, 1853, at Runcorn, in Lancashire, and is doubtless indebted to his Manx parentage and to the reminiscences of his childhood for much of his peculiar power as an author. Originally intended for an architect, he studied for that profession in Liverpool, but at the age of twenty he commenced a career as a journalist, the stepping-stone of so many other famous novelists. In 1880 he came to London, and spent a precious year with D. G. Rossetti, by whose bedside he sat when that gifted poet drew his last breath. During that period Mr. Caine contributed to the *The Athenæum* and *The Academy*. His "Sonnets of Three Centuries" were published in 1881, and were followed by "Recollections of Rossetti" (1882), "Cobwebs of Criticism" (1883), and "Life of Coleridge" (1886). Before the publication of this latter work he wrote his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," which immediately attracted attention to him as a novelist of rare originality. "The Deemster" (1887), and "The Bondman" (1890), confirmed the hopes entertained of him, and set the seal upon his fame.



AGE 14.
[*From a Drawing.*]



AGE 35.
[*Stereoscopic Co.*]

From a] AGE 2 [*Miniature.*

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

BORN 1831.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE is the eldest son of the late John Labouchere, of Broome Park, Surrey, in the nursery of which house our first portrait represents him in the company of his toy horse. At the age of fourteen, as in our second portrait, he was a boy at Eton. In his early days Mr. Labouchere was a great traveller, and during his sojourn in the Wild West his romantic tastes and love of adventure led him to join, for a time, a tribe of Chippewa Indians, with whom he roamed over the prairies. Through the influence of his uncle, Lord Taunton, he entered the diplomatic service in 1854, and was successively Attaché at Washington, Munich, Stockholm, Frankfort, St. Petersburg, and Dresden. At the age of our third portrait Mr. Labouchere had left the service two years, and had entered Parliament as Liberal member for Windsor. In 1880 he was returned for Northampton at the head of the poll, and has sat for that borough ever since. Mr. Labouchere is proprietor and editor of *Truth* and part-proprietor of *The Daily News*, and he is noted as a writer for the same qualities that make him popular as a speaker—his vivacity of style, and quick, lively repartee.

PRESENT DAY.
[*From a Photo. by Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow.*]

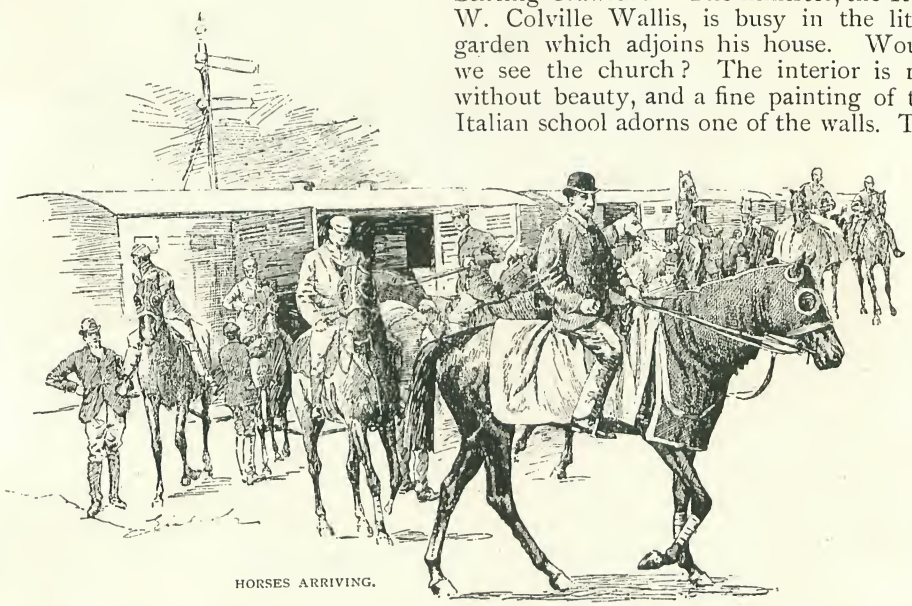
TO the man who "knows a horse," and whose inclinations tend toward what has, for many years past, been recognised as the fashionable national sport, there is probably no spot in the country, or, indeed, throughout the world, around which so much combined interest and curiosity is centred as Newmarket. Newmarket, as a town, is distinctly modest and undeniably unpretentious. Its High-street presents a happy division between modern improvements and old-time associations. There are quaint and odd corners where one can almost picture the gay cavaliers of Charles II.'s time wending their way towards the racecourse at the top of the hill, and even imagine the Merry Monarch himself being summarily interrupted in following his "fancy" as the animal flew over the grassy sward—for was he not at the races at Newmarket when news came of the outburst of rioting at Rye House? To-day Newmarket is the capital of the world of sport. From fifteen hundred to two thousand horses are in course of training here, under the care of some eighty trainers in and around the town, whilst a veritable army of stable boys are patiently waiting and longing to guide one day to victory the winner of the blue ribbon of the Turf.

Seeing that a horse is everything at Newmarket, we propose to visit some of the homes of the finest thoroughbreds in the world. As we leave the station yard a fine view of the famous Heath lies before us. To the right the great expanse of green slopes up towards a fine cluster of trees, known as Warren Hill. We can just catch sight of the spires of Warren Tower, and a distant view of Mr. Gurry's training establishment; we have an excellent view of Sefton Lodge, the Newmarket home of the Duchess of Montrose; while to the left is Mr. John Dawson's house and stables, surrounded with magnificent trees and lilac in full bloom.

"One moment, sir."

A friendly porter tells us that the horses are just returning from the Manchester Races. Newmarket station sees the arrival and departure of many animals in the course of a year. Last year no fewer than 91 were sent to Epsom, 105 to Goodwood, and 106 to Ascot. The special train has just come in, and the next moment the great horse-boxes are opened. The boxes are, in reality, travelling stables, for they are all fitted up exactly on the same principle, with accommodation for "two." A small "third-class" compartment is attached for the lad who accompanies the horse on its journey. The platform is carpeted with straw, and no sooner are the huge doors opened than the occupier evinces the greatest possible desire to get out. But these stable lads seem to know every weak spot in a horse's disposition, and their methods of pacification are a

delightful blending of professional tact and indisputable kindness. No sooner are the horses out, than the lads are on their backs guiding them along the platform. One boy is peculiarly attractive. He is the smallest stable boy in Newmarket, and is familiarly known as "the Midget." No wonder, for as this diminutive youngster sits, the picture of health, on his horse's back, it is no easy matter to see him amongst the great heap of rugs and horse cloths which are on the saddle with him.

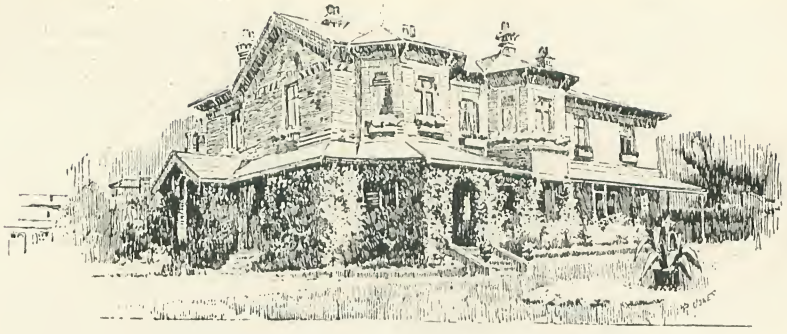


HORSES ARRIVING.

Though the majority of training establishments at Newmarket are practically conducted on the same principle, every one of them, however, has something of particular interest about it. The description of the stalls in one stable would fully typify those in the next twenty, and we would ask those trainers to whose establishments special reference is omitted not to think this due to any want of courtesy on our part, but solely to the great similarity which, in many instances, characterises them.

We have crossed the Heath, staying for a moment to watch a hundred horses exercising in small detachments, and in single solemn file. Here is the corner of the Bury-road. Nothing could be prettier than the grounds in front of Sefton Lodge—the verandah is completely hidden by trailing leaf, and the flower-beds are sparkling with tulips, red and white. At the back of the house is the training stable, where twenty horses are passing through "a course." A little higher up the road is the Memoriam Church of St. Agnes, erected by the Duchess of Montrose in 1886, in memoriam of Mr. Stirling Crawfurd. The minister, the Rev. W. Colville Wallis, is busy in the little garden which adjoins his house. Would we see the church? The interior is not without beauty, and a fine painting of the Italian school adorns one of the walls. The church is lit by electric light, which is supplied from the house. A single monument, depicting "Calvary," is on the adjoining land, exquisitely carved in marble. It stands in a square plot of ground, round which is a border of neatly-trimmed furze, and marks the grave of Mr. Stirling Crawfurd.

Mr. J. Jewitt's establishment is the first we come to. Mr. Jewitt trains for Lord Calthorpe and Captain Machell, and the Captain has a very charming residence adjoining. The principal stables are built of stone and cement, relieved with brick, and with the fine old tower, with its clinging ivy—which stands over a well some sixty feet deep—the whole picture is striking to a high degree. No fewer than sixty-three horses can be lodged here, and young animals are broken in on an extensive meadow at the back. Wending our way across the yard, we learn that the blacksmith's shop here is the only private one in Newmarket. He of the brawny arms is certainly a fine strapping fellow. From a heap of shoes he singles out a plate covered with dust and rust, but to him decidedly precious. He straightens it out a bit with his hammer, and holds it up as a memento of a famous horse. It was worn by Seabreeze, who won the Leger and the Oaks. Our friend of the forge shoed



SEFTON LODGE—THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE'S HOUSE.

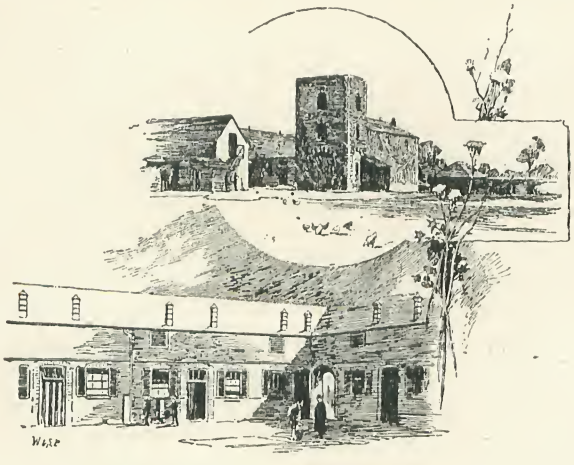
Humewood, who carried off the Cesarewitch, and Harvester, who ran a dead heat with St. Gatien for the Derby.

"A pair of shoes lasts about three weeks on the average, sir," he said, replacing the little reminiscence of the triumph of Seabreeze. "Of course the horses don't run in ordinary shoes, such as they exercise in. Previous to running in the race, the shoes are taken off and the plates put on. This work is done by two brothers, whose special work it is to travel from one meeting to another for this particular purpose." Considering that the fee is 7s. 6d. for this, it seems to be a very profitable business. Then the blacksmith opens a door leading from the smithy into the "Bath." We had an excellent opportunity of seeing exactly what the "bath" was for; the morning was rainy, and the boys had come in soaked from exercising on the Heath.

In front of a great fire, hanging on huge clothes-horses, were the boys' garments "steaming," and the coloured horse-cloths undergoing the same process of drying. "The Bath" is a decidedly useful institution in wet weather. We had looked in at the harness room—every bit and bridle is in order, and every single trapping, whether part of the trappings of The Deemster or Blavatsky is known — and were just noting a dozen jockeys in *embryo* struggling with pails full to the brim, when an interesting spectator, pointing to a little lad, said: "*He's* the second smallest in Newmarket, sir, and runs the Midget very close for quarters of inches."

The young gentleman referred to as "he" answered to the name of Williamson, declared his age to be fifteen, and his height to be 4ft. 4in. He was sketched whilst standing the picture of ease and comfort at the coachhouse door.

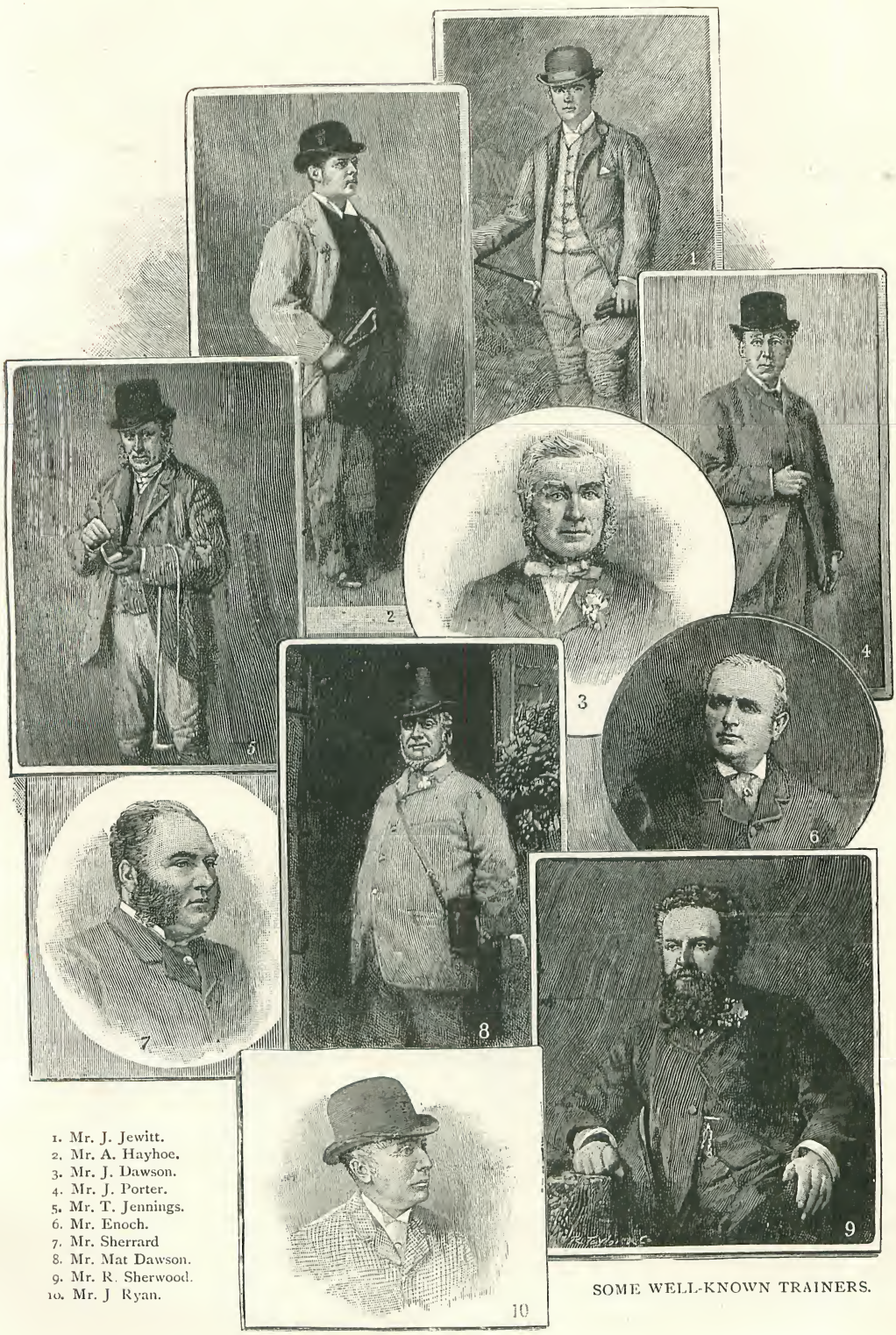
Just opposite the sign-post which directs the traveller to Fordham, Soham, and Ely, is the house of Mr. Tom Jennings, Sen., who trains exclusively for Prince Soltykoff. The house and stable are built almost entirely of red brick. The great square yard, round which run the stables, has in the very centre a curiosity in its way. It is an old railway carriage, and a peep inside will reveal the fact that it is very usefully utilised for various domestic purposes of a culinary character.



WATER TOWER AND COURTYARD OF J. JEWITT'S STABLES.

In the immediate vicinity are Mr. J. Enoch's, Mr. Percy Peck's, and Mr. Matthew Dawson's establishments.

Mr. Percy Peck's place becomes more interesting from the fact that he lives in the late Fred Archer's old home, "Falmouth House." The house itself is architecturally



1. Mr. J. Jewitt.
2. Mr. A. Hayhoe.
3. Mr. J. Dawson.
4. Mr. J. Porter.
5. Mr. T. Jennings.
6. Mr. Enoch.
7. Mr. Sherrard
8. Mr. Mat Dawson.
9. Mr. R. Sherwood.
10. Mr. J Ryan.

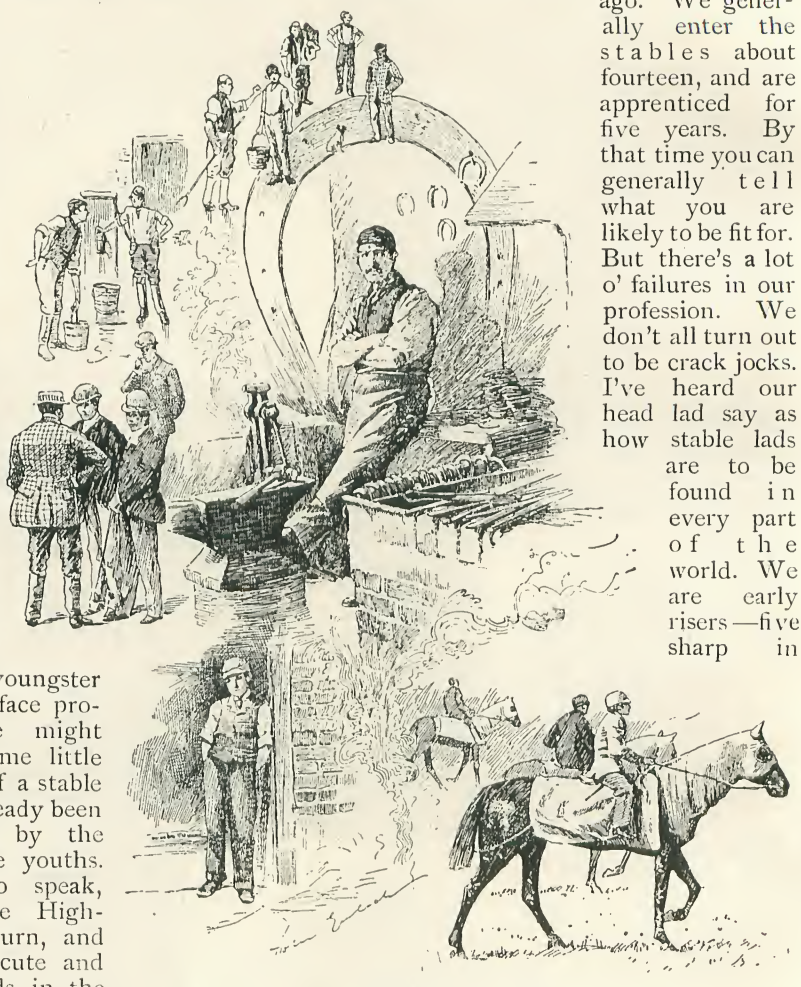
SOME WELL-KNOWN TRAINERS.

striking, and the grounds very beautiful. In Archer's time there were no stables here except those erected for his own horses; now they are capable of receiving some thirty or forty horses, principally owned by Mr. Blundell Maple and Mr. R. Peck. The stables run in a straight stretch, and are separated from a well-kept lawn in front by the whitest of white palings.

Mr. Matthew Dawson's stables, "St. Alban's House"—which are under the charge of Mr. Briggs—are probably the only ones of their kind in Newmarket. There is little or no yard attached, but the forty or fifty horses in training here can come to their doors and look out upon a luxuriant lawn, laid out with trees and shrubs. Mr. Dawson himself lives a little way out of Newmarket, at Melton House, Exning, an illustration of which we give, together with Lord Randolph Churchill's charming country residence, Banstead Manor at Cheveley, three miles away.

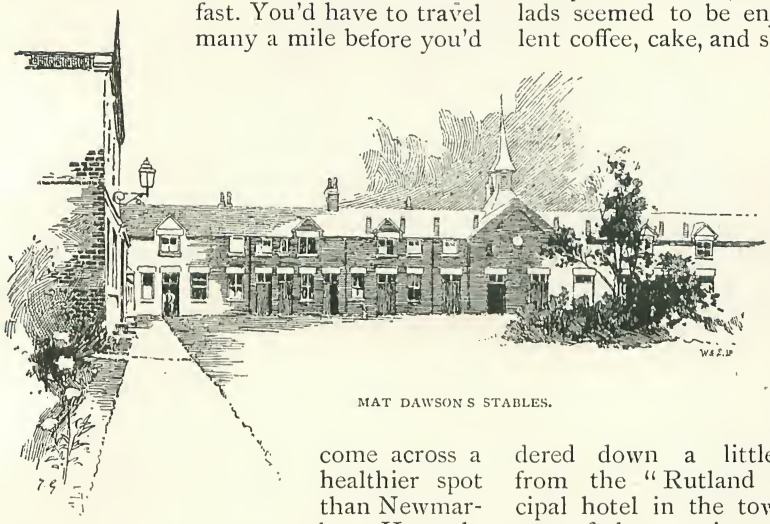
It was whilst walking along the road leading back to the town that we fell in with a youngster whose intelligent face prophesied that he might possibly throw some little light on the life of a stable boy. We had already been much impressed by the Newmarket stable youths. They are, so to speak, dotted about the High-street at every turn, and are, perhaps, as cute and smart as any lads in the land. Their very business leads them to assume an air of mystery which makes their individuality more marked, but we must frankly admit (and we questioned quite a number of them) that their dispositions are hearty and genial and brimming over with merriment. The head stable lad at one of the principal trainer's declared them to be "the best in the world." But let the lad who has just joined us speak for himself. His chat went a long way to prove that the happiness of these boys all rested on—a horse.

"Horses, sir, I love 'em. That's what made me leave home. Yer see, sir, if a chap once takes to a horse, it's no good either him doing anything else, or his father putting him to anything else. There's hundreds more like me. I left my home, just outside London, two and a half years ago. We generally enter the stables about fourteen, and are apprenticed for five years. By that time you can generally tell what you are likely to be fit for. But there's a lot o' failures in our profession. We don't all turn out to be crack jocks. I've heard our head lad say as how stable lads are to be found in every part of the world. We are early risers—five sharp in the summer. Each boy has his own horse to groom and exercise, and we looks after them as careful as though they was our own. You see, supposing that horse should win. Well, I might drop in for a fiver. Healthy!



SKETCHES AT JEWITT'S.

I should think it was. Supposing you got up just after the sun, gave a thoroughbred a couple of handfuls of corn, jumped on his back, and did a couple of hours' gallop over the Heath before breakfast. You'd have to travel many a mile before you'd come across a healthier spot than Newmarket Heath. Why, people come here, after they have found the sea air no good to them, and find the very thing to brighten them up," and the lad's eyes glistened, and his tanned face became more flushed as he went on. "When a race is on, the boy in charge of a horse takes it away, and really lives with it until it comes home again. We get six shillings a day for that. The regular wages vary up to 14s. or 16s., according to the time of service. Many of us live 'indoors,' that is, on the premises, and others lodge out. Clothing is expensive, and you must dress, you know, sir. These little cricket caps, which every lad wears, cost 3s. 6d., his leggings half a guinea, and his breeches twenty-five shillings."



MAT DAWSON S STABLES.

We had arrived in the middle of the High-street, and our future wearer of the pigskin bid us "good-day." It is gratifying to learn one thing. There is a Stable Lads' Institute in connection with All Saints' Schools, where these boys may pass a good evening at all kinds of games, except cards. We also visited the Temperance Hotel, where a score or two of lads seemed to be enjoying cups of excellent coffee, cake, and similar delicacies. In the reading-room adjoining the temperance buffet others were reading the daily, illustrated, and sporting papers, whilst one youth was playing a merry air on a piano in the corner.

It was whilst turning back again in the direction of Mr. John Dawson's, Sen., that we wandered down a little by-street, leading from the "Rutland Arms"—the principal hotel in the town—and came across one of the prettiest stables we had seen. This was Mr. A. Hayhoe's, who trains for Baron A. de Rothschild and Leopold de Rothschild. Nothing could be prettier. The stables are white, with green shutters, and creeping plants are everywhere. In the centre of the yard a bed of shrubs has been laid out, in the midst of which stands a quaint-looking, old-fashioned pigeon-house, surmounted by a weather-

MAT DAWSON'S HOUSE.

cock and a jockey on horseback. The house—where the trainer lives—looks on to the yard, and

BANSTEAD MANOR,
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S HOUSE.

is covered with ivy. The whole scene is a picture, and more so now, for the gravel path has been strewn with straw, and the lads are riding round in a circle, as a little preliminary to going on to the Heath.

Baron Rothschild's house is exactly opposite. It is a great square building, the bricks of which are almost entirely hidden from view by the ivy which runs round every window. It stands on the site of the old palace, as does also the Congregational Church and schoolroom in the immediate vicinity. Just here, too, another bit of old Newmarket may be met with. Westley's yard constitutes the site of a half-dozen old-time abodes, with the roof casements of long ago. The residents of Westley's yard may point to their pump with pride. It supplies them with good spring water, and is one of the few reminders of bygone days.

Certainly not the least interesting house we visited was that of Mr. John Dawson, Sen., who trains principally for Sir R. Jardine. "Warren House" training establishment is situated at one corner of the Heath—already referred to as being in close proximity to the station. An hour or two spent here did much to show exactly how the work of a training establishment is carried on. Previous to going through the stables, however, a pretty little incident occurred, which should find a place in these pages. We were standing for a moment beneath the porch of the house, where great bunches of sea-weed hung, those useful marine prophets of the movements of Clerk of the Weather. Immediately the door was opened a bright little girl of some six summers, in a pretty plaid dress and frilled white pinafore, came bounding down the stairs. It was little Nellie Rose Archer. Now little Miss Nellie has a pet donkey, with the simple and easily remembered name of Billy. Every morning, should the seaweed in the porch so decree, Miss Nellie has her pet harnessed to the prettiest of diminutive wagonettes, and taking the reins, goes for her morning drive.

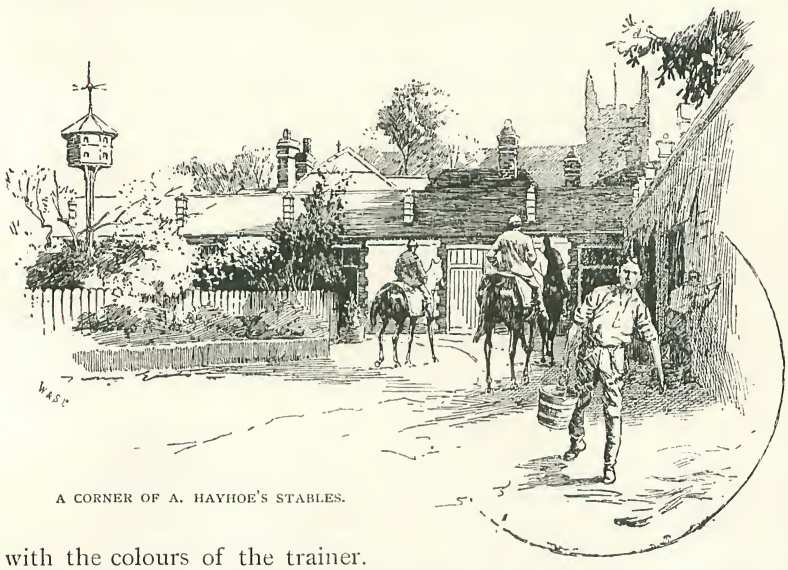
Billy, be it known, is a racer. A short time ago some local sports were taking place in Newmarket, in which there was a race confined exclusively to donkeys. What more natural than that Billy should be entered? Billy *was* entered, and, what is more, won the prize. Great were the efforts brought to bear upon little Miss Nellie to allow her pet to run in another race; but no, the six-year-old mistress was immovable. And why? Well, we heard a part of this story from the child's own lips, and when we put this question to her the reply was:—

"*Because I wanted Billy to have an unbeaten record!*"

Our picture of little Miss Archer (page 170), for which she specially had the not-to-be-beaten Billy harnessed, was expressly taken for this magazine.

The stables at Warren House are admirably built in white brick, and are of effective design. Something like thirty-six horses could be stabled here at one time. Passing down the stables, painted buff and white, some of the boys we observe plaiting the straw which makes a neat and trim edging for the stalls, whilst others are grooming

their horses, accompanied by that unexplainable hissing noise. The kicking-boards are of hard elm. It is noticeable, too, that the pails of the establishment are painted with the colours of the trainer. The jockeys who ride for this stable invariably wear a blue jacket and black cap, hence the pails are painted blue, with black hoops. This rule seems to be general.

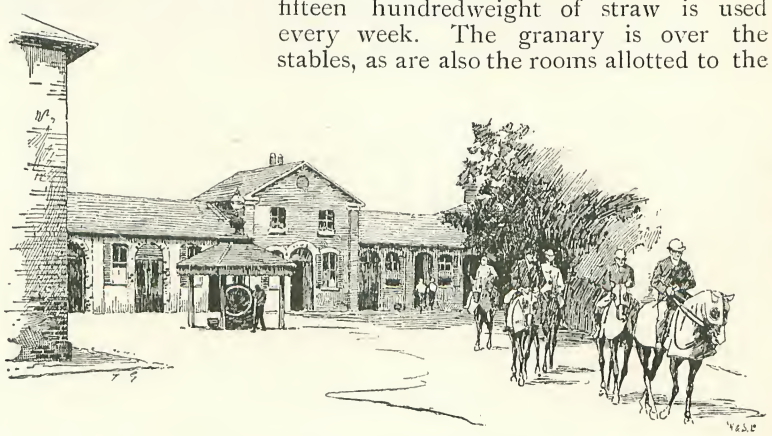


A CORNER OF A. HAYHOE'S STABLES.

There are some half-dozen cats about the place, and whilst the various horses are being pointed out a sight is presented, of frequent occurrence here, but highly interesting to the stranger. Wiseman is a beautiful chestnut of six years. The horse has a splendid record, and from a "two-year old" upwards has brought many valuable prizes to its owner. But Wiseman is never so happy as when a pet cat is lying down on the straw of its stall and purring at its feet. The cat, however, has strayed from its customary place, and has managed to get on to the back of Nickel, another horse some distance from Wiseman's place of abode. The cat, moreover, has also taken up a kitten with it, and Nickel's back presents a most pleasing picture with a pair of feline jockeys on it. We stay for a moment to admire Rentpayer, which cost 2,350 guineas, and we are by no means unmindful of the beauty of Lady Primrose, a sister of Lady Rosebery.

Then the head stable lad imparts a highlysensational bit of information. It was away back to 1875 when Prince Batthyany's Galopin won the Derby. Our friend here had charge of the horse. "Why, do you know, sir," he said, "I slept in the same stall as that horse did for three weeks, so as to make sure that not a living soul got near him; and then when the beauty was sent to Epsom to run in the great race, and win, sir, as I knew he would, although there were a couple of detectives watching, yet I stood outside the stable door all night. I was rewarded though, sir, wasn't I? Didn't the beauty ride home grand?"

A sort of trap door above is pointed out to us. This is the shoot down which the corn comes, and the hay and straw is brought down in a similar fashion. Some fifteen hundredweight of straw is used every week. The granary is over the stables, as are also the rooms allotted to the boys who live on the premises. One hundred and forty sacks of oats can be easily stored away in the granary, and it is



COURTYARD, JOHN DAWSON'S STABLES.

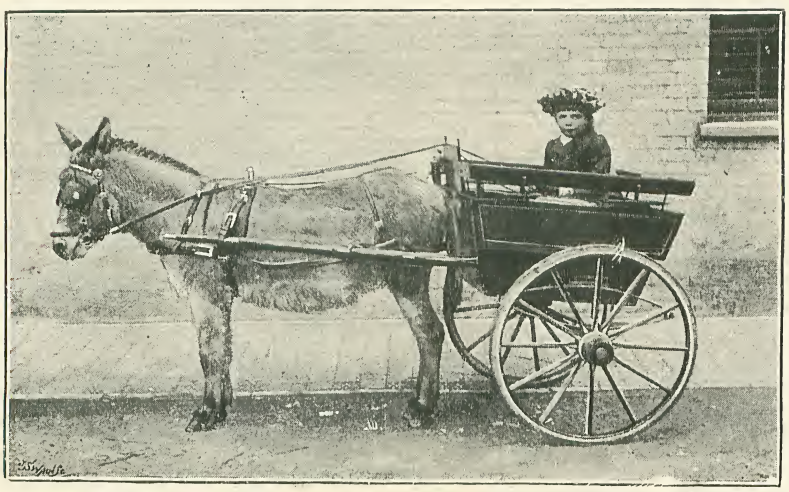
necessary to always have a plentiful supply, for, to put it in the words of one of the stable lads, "'orses eat 'earty." It is all a mistake to think that horses in training are starved. Such is far from the case. They are well fed, and always regularly to a moment. When a horse is going to run in a race, the animal will be kept short of water, and it will be sent on its momentous journey with a meal of a couple of handfuls of oats; but otherwise, your racing horse fares well, and on the best of everything.

Next to the granary is the "Wardrobe," where all the best things are kept. The boxes are full of smart clothing, which is only worn on special occasions. Then we try the weighing machine which is used for trial weights, and examine great pieces of lead which are strapped into the saddle cloths to make up the necessary weight as required. The very saddles which we handle are not without interest. Many of them are great heavy specimens of the saddle-maker's art, weighing 21 lbs., and others delicate little samples of workmanship, which are used for racing, and when weighed with stirrups and band, and all complete, would just about turn the scale at 3 lbs. The saddles used when exercising the horses weigh 10 lbs.

Noticing the many effectual appliances in case of fire, we pass once more into the yard where is Miss Archer's carriage-house. The door is drawn back, and there in miniature is a victoria and the identical wagonette already mentioned. These two are painted in the colours of Warren House —black and blue. A couple of perambulators, now no longer needed, are in the far corner, one of which is particularly interesting. It is of wicker work, lined with blue satin, and decorated with hand-worked flowers. It was brought from America by little Miss Archer's father as a present. A beautiful cross in Newmarket Cemetery marks the grave of poor Archer, where he, his wife, and infant son William lie buried.

"But that's not a race-horse," we exclaim, suddenly coming across an old black hack, whose appearance is scarcely so spick and span as its neighbours.

"No," replies our guide. "You see, the head lad never rides a horse that is in training, but always a hack;" and with this information we hurry across the yard, down the street leading from the station, past the Jubilee Clock at the top of the town.



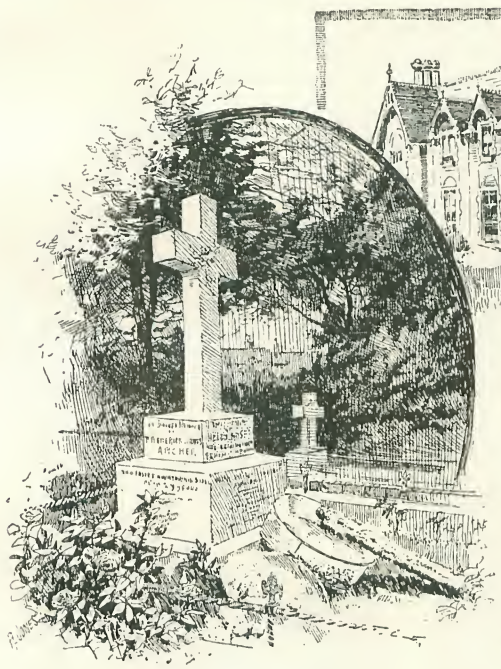
MISS ARCHER AND "BILLY."

It was night when we turned up a narrow pathway leading to Lord Durham's training establishment, presided over by Mr. A. B. Sadler. The bells of St. Mary's, the parish church, were ringing merrily, and the rooks were making their presence known amongst the boughs of the fine trees which overlook the meadow at the back. The horses were shut up for the night, and our reason for coming here was to note the aspect of the all-important stable at the close of the day. Not a sound was to be heard, only the playing of the stable boys—for through a window looking on to the yard might be seen these playful youths, with their coats and waist-

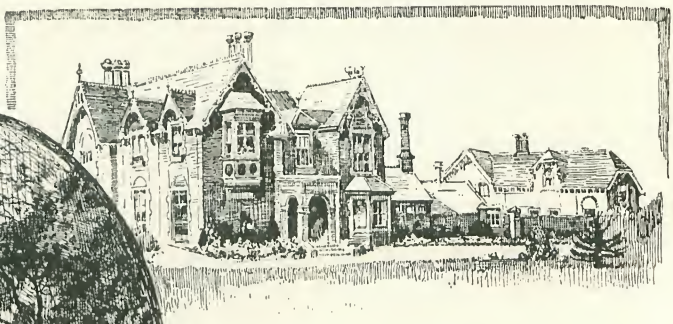
coats cast aside, boxing, dancing, chatting, and indulging in innocent play, whilst their laughter was all that disturbed the stillness of this picturesque corner.

Having thus visited many of the principal training establishments, there is plenty yet to interest one about the town itself. The High-street at early morn presents a most picturesque sight. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen, the fine wide thoroughfare is given up to the horses, who, with the stable lads on their backs, are walking slowly in the direction of the Heath for their customary "before breakfast" exercise. Picture the scene in the High-street on the day of a race meeting. To really see Newmarket, so to speak, at its best, one must visit it on such a day, when it is one long procession of brakes and four-in-hands, wagonettes and dog-carts, and indeed all sorts and conditions of conveyances on their way to the top of the hill where the race-courses are situated. There are three principal race-courses at Newmarket: the July Course, which runs over the Devil's Ditch—(the Devil's Ditch, by the bye, is a cutting in the Wash, very much like a railway cutting, with all the ground thrown up on one side. It runs for several miles, and tradition says that it was a popular resort for cockfighting in the olden days); the Beacon Course, which is practically straight, and is just over four miles in length; and the Rowley Mile, a trifle over the mile. These principal courses are split up into a score of smaller ones, over which special races are run.

The Post Office at Newmarket is a busy place on a big race day. It is not without a history, for it was originally a gambling house, and though the exterior remains just as it was years ago, the interior has undergone all the requisite alterations. Ten telegraph clerks are employed here at ordinary times, but when a great day comes round this number is increased to fifty.



FRED. ARCHER'S GRAVE.



FRED. ARCHER'S HOUSE.

They will despatch and receive over ten thousand messages on a single day, and nearly thirty messengers will be required.

It is probable, however, that the most important as well as the most interesting building in Newmarket is the Jockey Club. Its exclusiveness is well known, but, as we were enabled to pass through its various rooms, a description of them and their contents may go far to satisfy those curiously inclined. The premises of the Jockey Club are almost exactly opposite the Post Office, and are distinguishable on account of their unpretentious aspect. Inside, the furnishing is more simple still. Every room is furnished, with one exception, in the same style—mahogany, upholstered in brown Russian leather; the reading-room alone has green leather in place of brown. The entrance is through a long passage, the entire length of which is white enamel, charmingly decorated with a fresco. Here is the Committee-room. Over the mantel-board—exquisitely carved—is a picture of a horse which won thirty-seven races. A bust of Admiral Rous is near the window, and there are pictures, too, of the late Duke

SOME WELL-KNOWN JOCKEYS.

HIGH-STREET, NEWMARKET.

of Portland and the late Duke of Richmond. Round the sides of the room are portraits of all the members. That nearest the door is interesting; it is the only portrait there of which the original is living —the present Duke of Richmond. A magnificent cut glass chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

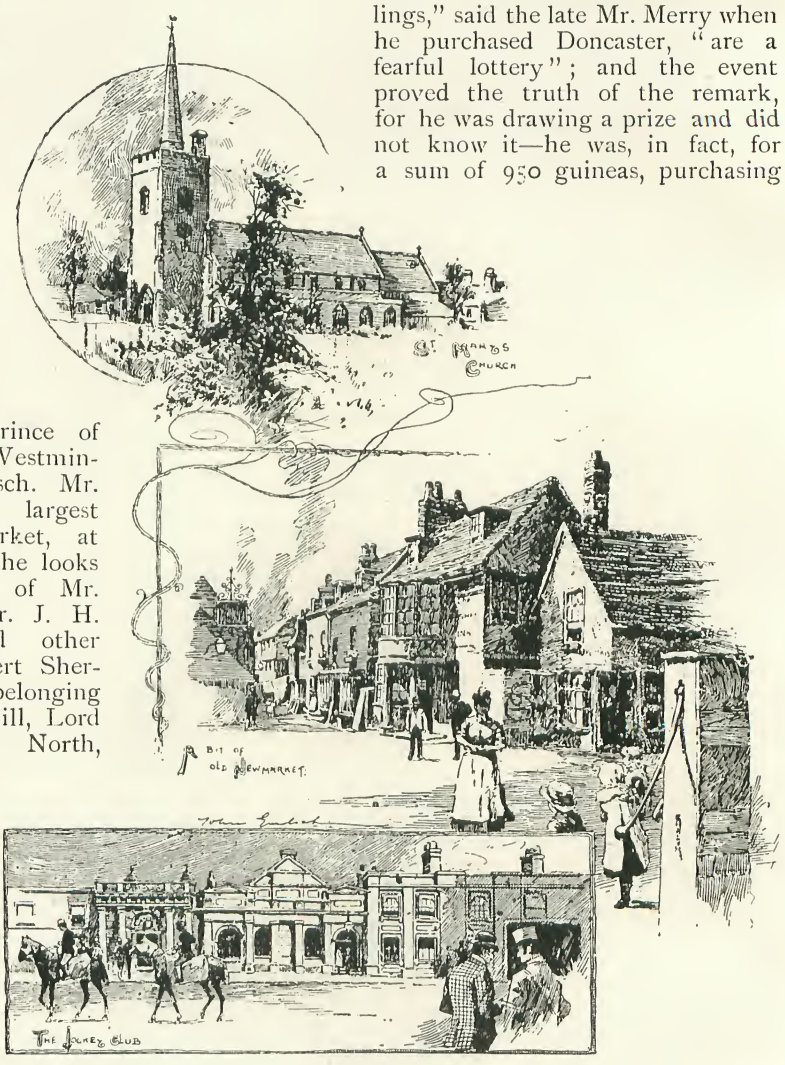
The dining-room is a fine apartment. There is a picture of Ormonde, and a canvas depicting the first racecourse at Newmarket, presented by the Duke of Beaufort. The two marble fireplaces are of the period of Queen Anne, and in a far corner is a huge champagne urn, carved in mahogany, and lined with silver, which, it is said, has not been filled for over twenty years. It was filled the first night it was presented. The coffee-room — an oblong apartment—contains a life-size portrait of Admiral Rous, with top-boots and riding whip. It bears the inscription: "Presented to Admiral the Hon. Henry John Rous by the Jockey Club and members of Tattersall's Room, June 18, 1886, as part of the testimonial subscribed by them in grateful acknowledgment of his long and valuable services on the Turf." The reading-room stands on the site of the old courtyard, years ago part of the street. The library (arranged on four bookshelves) over the mantelpiece consists of a great number of volumes of a sporting nature. The card-room looks on to a fine tennis lawn, and the little card-tables, covered with green baize, with spaces at the corners for the insertion of silver candelabra, are freely scattered about. A picture of the July Course hangs here, which Lord Falmouth pronounced to be by Hogarth.

JUDGE CLARK.

Looking out of the great French windows, one has a good view of the residential chambers of the members of the great Sporting Club when staying at Newmarket. It is a handsome building of red brick, which runs the length of the lawn, contains some fifty rooms, and reached by a passage from the Club, the walls of which contain many

small Hogarths. The first suite nearest to the Club premises are those used by the Prince of Wales. They are very quietly furnished in light wood, and the decorative portion is principally confined to a few pictures and odd knick-knacks in china. Amongst others who have rooms here are the Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Beaufort, Sir Frederick Johnstone, General Owen Williams, Mr. Chaplin, and other staunch supporters of the Turf.

We give portraits of as many of our leading jockeys as we could possibly find room for, and also those of some of the principal trainers. Mr. John Porter, to whom no previous reference has been made, is head of the Kingsclere stables, and, amongst others, trains for the Prince of Wales, Duke of Westminster, and Baron Hirsch. Mr. J. Ryan has the largest stables in Newmarket, at Green Lodge, and he looks after the interests of Mr. Douglas Baird, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, and other owners. Mr. Robert Sherwood has horses belonging to Lord R. Churchill, Lord Dunraven, Colonel North, Colonel Montague, and Mr. Brydges Williams. A peep into Mr. Sherwood's hall discloses a fairy-land. Flowers are everywhere, hanging in baskets, creeping round pillars, and gathered round fairy lamps. A pair of weighing scales find a place, and on either side of the hall are paintings of St. Gatien—trained by Mr. Sherwood — and Harvester, who ran level for first place in the Derby of 1884.



A portrait of the gentleman familiarly known as Mr. "Judge" Clark will be interesting to many. Mr. Clark resides at Newmarket, and until his retirement from the position was "judge" of the races for something like a period of fifty years. The view, too, at Tattersall's sale yard on a busy day will give a good idea of this famous resort, in which horses are bought for fabulous prices who afterwards win very little, and horses are bought for very little who afterwards win fortunes. "Yearlings," said the late Mr. Merry when he purchased Doncaster, "are a fearful lottery"; and the event proved the truth of the remark, for he was drawing a prize and did not know it—he was, in fact, for a sum of 950 guineas, purchasing the Derby winner of 1873. Thormanby, the Derby winner of 1860, which belonged to Mr. Merry, cost only £350. Voltigeur and Caractacus fetched less than 300 guineas each. Kettledrum was obtained

for 350 guineas. Early Bird's price was only 70 guineas. The blood stock from which yearlings descend is of proportionate value. Formosa changed hands at 4,000 guineas, Scottish Chief was bought for 8,000 guineas, and Blair Athol, described by Mr. Tattersall, when he was led into the sale ring, as "the best horse in the world," was purchased for £12,000. Doncaster, whose yearling price we have already mentioned, changed hands for £14,500.

In conclusion, thanks are due to all those who so readily assisted the writer in gathering the information required for this article, and without whose help it would have been impossible to have written as varied an account of Newmarket as we have been able to give, in the space at our disposal.

TATTERSALL'S SALE YARD.

The Prisoner of Assiout.

By Grant Allen.

IT was a sultry December day at Medinet Habu. Grey haze spread dim over the rocks in the desert. The arid red mountains twinkled and winked through the heated air. I was weary with climbing the great dry ridge from the Tombs of the Kings. I sat on the broken arm of a shattered granite Rameses. My legs dangled over the side of that colossal fragment. In front of me vast colonnades stood out clear and distinct against the hot, white sky. Beyond lay bare hills ; in the distance, to the left, the muddy Nile, amid green fields, gleamed like a thin silver thread in the sunlight.

A native, in a single dirty garment, sat sunning himself on a headless sphynx hard by. He was carving a water-melon with his knife—thick, red, ripe, juicy. I eyed it hard. With a gesture of Oriental politeness, he offered me a slice. It was too tempting to refuse, that baking hot day, in that rainless land, though I knew acceptance meant ten times its worth in the end in backsheesh.

"Arabi?" I asked inquiringly of my Egyptian friend, which is, being interpreted, "Are you a Musulman?"

He shook his head firmly, and pointed with many nods to the tiny blue cross tattooed on his left wrist. "Nusráni," he answered, with a look of some pride. I smiled my acquiescence. He was a Nazarene, a Christian.

In a few minutes' time we had fallen into close talk of Egypt, past and present ; the bad old days ; the British occupation ; the effect of strong government on the condition of the *fellahin*. To the Christian population of the Nile valley, of course, the advent of the English has been a social revolution. For ages down-trodden, oppressed, despised, these Coptic schismatics at last find themselves suddenly, in the ends of the earth, co-religionists with the new ruling class in the country, and able to boast themselves in many ways over their old Moslem masters.

I speak but little colloquial Arabic myself, though I understand it with ease when it is spoken, so the conversation between us was necessarily somewhat one-sided. But my Egyptian friend soon grew voluble enough for two, and the sight of the piastres laid in his dusky palm loosed the strings of his tongue to such an alarming extent that I began to wonder before long whether I should ever get back again to the Luxor Hotel in time for dinner.

"HE OFFERED ME A SLICE."

"Ah, yes, excellency," my Copt said slowly, when I asked him at last about the

administration of justice under Ismail's rule, "things were different then, before the English came, as Allah willed it. It was stick, stick, stick, every month of the year. No prayers availed ; we were beaten for everything. If a fellah didn't pay his taxes when crops were bad, he was lashed till he found them ; if he was a Christian, and offended the least Moslem official, he was stripped to the skin, and ruthlessly bastinadoed. And then, for any insubordination, it was death outright—hanging or beheading, slash, so, with a scimitar." And my companion brought his hand round in a whirl with swishing force, as if he were decapitating some unseen criminal on the bare sand before him.

"The innocent must often have been punished with the guilty," I remarked, in my best Arabic, looking vaguely across at him.

"Ah, yes," he assented, smiling. "So Allah ordained. But sometimes, even then, the saints were kind ; we got off unexpectedly. I could tell you a strange story that once happened to myself." His eyes twinkled hard. "It was a curious adventure," he went on ; "the effendi might like, perhaps, to hear it. I was condemned to death, and all but executed. It shows the wonderful ways of Allah."

These Coptic Christians, indeed, speaking Arabic as they do, and living so constantly among a Musulman population, have imbibed many Mahomedan traits of thought, besides the mere accident of language, such as speaking of the Christian God as Allah. Fatalism has taken as strong a hold of their minds as of Islam itself. "Say on," I answered lightly, drawing a cigarette from my case. "A story is always of interest to me, my friend. It brings grist to the mill. I am a man of the pen. I write down in books all the strange things that are told me."

My Egyptian smiled again. "Then this tale of mine," he said, showing all his white teeth, and brushing away the flies from his sore eye as he spoke, "should be worth you money, for it's as strange as any of the Thousand and One Nights men tell for hire at Cairo. It happened to me near Assiout, in Ismail's days. I was a bold young man then—too bold for Egypt. My father had a piece of ground by the river side that was afterwards taken from us by Ismail for the Daira.

"In our village lived a Sheikh, a very hard man ; a Musulman, an Arab, a descendant of the Prophet. He was the greatest Sheikh for miles and miles around. He had a large white house, with green blinds to the windows, while all the rest of us in his government lived in mud-built huts, round and low like beehives. He had date palms, very many, and doums, and doura patches. Camels were his, and buffaloes, and asses, and cows ; 'twas a very rich man ; oh, so rich and powerful. When he went forth to town he rode on a great white mule. And he had a harem, too ; three wives of his own, who were beautiful as the day—so girls who had seen them said, for as for us, we saw them not—plump women every one of them, as the Khedive's at Cairo, with eyes like a gazelle's, marked round with kohl, and their nails stained red every day with henna. All the world said the Sheikh was a happy man, for he had the finest dates of the country to eat, and servants and camels in plenty to do his bidding.

"Now, there was a girl in our village, a Nusráni like me, a beautiful young girl ; and her name was Laila. Her eyes were like those of that child there—Zanobi—who carries the effendi's water-gourd on her head, and her cheeks were round and soft as a grape after the inundation. I meant to wed her ; and she liked me well. In the evening we sat and talked together under the whispering palm-trees. But when the time drew near for me to marry her, and I had arranged with her parents, there came a message from the Sheikh. He had seen the girl by the river as she went down to draw water with her face unveiled, and, though she was a Nusráni, she fired his soul, and he wished to take her away from me to put her into his harem.

"When I heard that word I tore my clothes in my rage, and, all Christian that I was, and of no account with the Moslems, I went up to the Sheikh's house in a very white anger, and I fell on my face and asked leave to see him.

"The Sheikh sat in his courtyard, inside his house, and gave audience to all men, after the fashion of Islam. I entered, and spoke to him. 'Oh, Sheikh,' I said, boldly, 'Allah and the Khedive have prospered you with exceeding great prosperity. You have oxen and asses, buffaloes and camels, men-servants and maid-servants, much millet and cotton and corn and sugar-cane ; you drink Frank wine every day of your life, and eat the fat of the land ; and your harem is full of beautiful women. Now in the

"WE SAT AND TALKED TOGETHER."

village where I live is a Nusráni girl, whose name is Laila. Her eyes are bright towards mine, and I love her as the thirsty land loves water. Yet, hear, O Sheikh ; word is brought me now that you wish to take this girl, who is mine ; and I come to plead with you to-day as Nathan the Prophet pleaded with David, the King of the Beni Israel. If you take away from me my Laila, my one ewe lamb——'

"But, at the word, the Sheikh rose up, and clenched his fist, and was very angry. 'Who is this dog,' he asked, 'that he should dare to dictate to me?' He called to his slaves that waited on his nod. 'Take this fellow,' he cried in his anger, 'and tie him hand and foot, and flog him as I bid on his naked back, that he may know, being a Christian, an infidel dog, not to meddle with the domestic affairs of Moslems. It were well he were made acquainted with his own vileness by the instrumentality of a hundred lashes. And go to-morrow and bring Laila to me, and take care that this Copt shall never again set eyes on her!'

"Well, effendi, at the words, three strong Arabs seized me—fierce sons of the desert—and bound me hand and foot, and beat me with a hundred lashes of the kurbash till my soul was sick and faint within me. I swooned with the disgrace and with the severity of the blows. And I was young in those days. And I was very angry.

"That night I went home to my own mud hut, with black blood in my heart, and took counsel with my brother Sirgeh how I should avenge this insult. But first I sent word by my brother to Laila's hut that Laila's father should bring her to meet us in the dusk, in very great secrecy, by the bank of the river. In the grey twilight she came down. A dahabiah was passing, and in it was a foreigner, a very great prince, an American prince of great wealth and wisdom. I remember his name even. Perhaps the effendi knows him. He was Cyrus P. Quackenboss, and he came from Cincinnati."

"I have not the honour," I answered, smiling at this very unexpected Western intrusion.

"Well, anyhow," my Copt continued, unheeding my smile, "we hailed the dahabiah, and made the American prince understand how the matter stood. He was very kind. We were brother Christians. He took Laila on board, and promised to deliver her safe to her aunt at Karnak, so that the Sheikh might not know where the girl was gone, nor send to fetch her. And the counsel I took next with my brother was this. In the dead of night I rose up from my hut, and put a mask of white linen over the whole of my face, to conceal my features, and stole out alone, with a thick stick in my hands, and went to the Sheikh's house, down by the bank of the

"THREE STRONG ARABS SEIZED ME."

river. As I went, the jackals prowled around the village for food, and the owls from the tombs flitted high in the moonlight.

"I broke into the Sheikh's room by the flat-roofed outhouse that led to his window, and I locked the door; and there, before the Sheikh could rouse his household, I beat him, blow for blow, within an inch of his life, in revenge for my own beating, and because of his injustice in trying to take my Laila from me. The Sheikh was a powerful man, with muscles like iron, and he grappled me hard, and tried to wrench the stick from me, and bruised me about the body by flinging me on the ground; and I was weak with my beating, and very sore all over. But still, being by nature a strong young man, very fierce with anger, I fought him hard, and got him under in the end, and thwacked him till he was as black and blue as I myself was, one mass of bruises from head to foot with my cudgelling. Then, just as his people succeeded in forcing the door, I jumped out of the window upon the flat-roofed outhouse, and leapt lightly to the ground, and darted like a jackal across the open cotton-fields and between the plots of doura to my own little hut on the outskirts of the village. I reached there panting, and I knew the Sheikh would kill me for my daring.

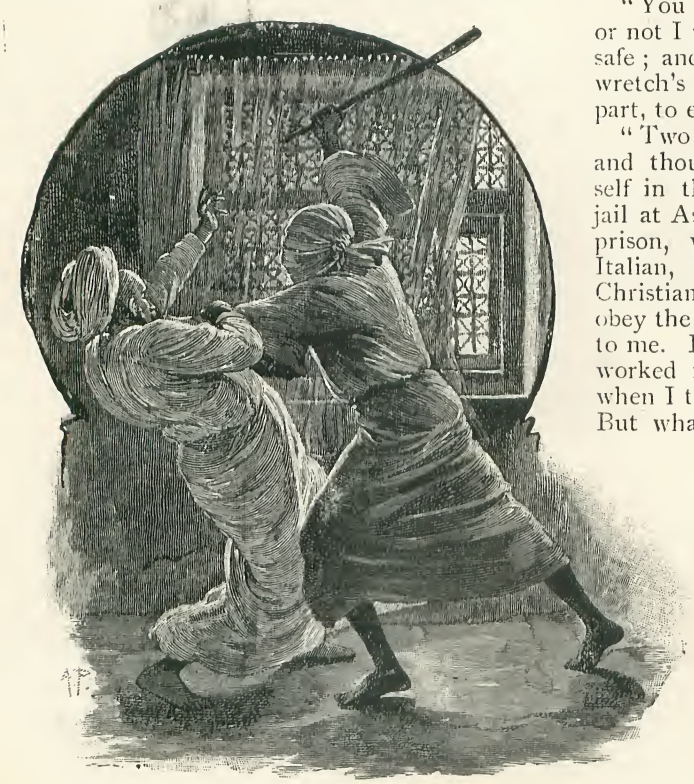
"Next morning, early, the Sheikh sent to arrest me. He was blind with rage and with effect of the blows: his face was livid, and his cheeks purple. 'By the beard of the Prophet, Athanasio,' he said to me, hitting me hard on the cheek—my name is Athanasio, effendi, after our great patriarch—'your blood shall flow for this, you dog of a Christian. You dare to assault the wearer of a green turban, a prince in Islam, a descendant of the Prophet! You shall suffer for it, you cur! Your base blood shall flow for it!'

"I cast myself down, like a slave, on the ground before him—though I hated him like sin: for it is well to abase oneself in due time before the face of authority. Besides, by that time, Laila was safe, and that was all I cared about. 'Suffer for what, O my Sheikh?' I cried, as though I knew not what he meant. 'What have I done to your Excellency? Who has told you evil words concerning your poor servant? Who has slandered me to my lord, that he is so angry against me?'

"'Take him away!' roared the Sheikh to

the three strong Arabs. 'Carry him off to be tried before the Cadi at Assiout.'

"For even in Ismail's days, you see, effendi, before the English came, the Sheikh himself would not have dared to put me to death untried. The power of life and death lay with the Cadi at Assiout.



"I FOUGHT HIM HARD."

"So they took me to Assiout, into the mosque of Ali, where the Cadi sat at the seat of judgment, and arraigned me before him a week later. There the Sheikh appeared, and bore witness against me. Those who spoke for me pleaded that, as the Sheikh himself admitted, the man who broke into his room, and banged him so hard, had his face covered with a linen cloth: how, then, could the Sheikh, in the hurry and the darkness, be sure he recognised me? Perhaps it was some other, who took this means to ruin me. But the Sheikh, for his part, swore by Allah, and by the Holy Stone of the Kaaba at Mecca, that he saw me distinctly, and knew it was I. The moonlight through the window revealed my form to him. And who else in the village but me had a grudge against his justice?

"The Cadi was convinced. The Cadi gave judgment. I was guilty of rebellion against the Sheikh and against ul-Islam; and, being a dog of a Christian, unworthy even to live, his judgment was that after three days' time I should be beheaded in the prison court of Assiout.

"You may guess, effendi, whether or not I was anxious. But Laila was safe; and to save my girl from that wretch's harem I was ready, for my part, to endure anything.

"Two nights long I lay awake and thought strange things by myself in the whitewashed cells of the jail at Assiout. The governor of the prison, who was a European—an Italian, he called himself—and a Christian of Roum, of those who obey the Pope, was very kind indeed to me. He knew me before (for I had worked in his fields), and was sorry when I told him the tale about Laila. But what would you have? Those were Ismail's days. It was the law of Islam. He could not prevent it.

"On the third evening, my brother came round to the prison to see me. He came with many tears in his eyes, bringing evil tidings. My poor old father, he said, was dying at home with grief. They didn't expect he would live till morning. And Laila, too, had stolen back from Karnak unperceived, and was in hiding in the village. She wished to see me just once before I died. But if she came to the prison, the Sheikh would find her out, and carry her off in triumph to his own harem.

"Would the governor give me leave to go home just that one night, to bid farewell to Laila and to my dying father?

"Now, the governor, excellency, was a very humane man. And though he was a Christian of Roum, not a Copt like us, he was kind to the Copts as his brother Christians. He pondered awhile to himself, and roped his moustache thus; then he said to me:

"'Athanasio, you are an honest man; the execution is fixed for eight by the clock to-morrow morning. If I give you leave to go home to your father to-night, will you pledge me your word of honour

before St. George and the saints, to return before seven?'

"'Effendi,' I said, kissing his feet, 'you are indeed a good man. I swear by the mother of God and all the saints that dwell in heaven, that if you let me go, I will come back again a full hour before the time fixed for the execution.' And I meant it, too, for I only wished before I died to say good-bye once more to Laila.

"Well, the governor took me secretly into his own house, and telling me many times over that he trusted to my honour, and would lose his place if it were known he had let me go, he put me forth, with my brother, by his own private door, making me swear on no account to be late for the execution.

"As soon as I got outside, I said to my brother, 'Tell me, Sirgeh, at whose house is Laila?'

"And my brother answered and smiled, 'Laila is still at Karnak, where we sent her for safety, and our father is well. But I have a plan for your escape that I think will serve you.'

"'Never!' I cried, horror-struck, 'if I am to break my word of honour to the governor of the prison.'

"'That isn't it,' he made reply. 'I have a plan of my own which I will proceed in words to make clear before you.'

"What happened next would be long to relate, effendi." But I noticed that the fellah's eyes twinkled as he spoke, like one who passes over of set purpose an important episode. "All I need tell you now is, that that whole night through the good governor lay awake, wondering whether or not I would come home to time, and blaming himself in his heart for having given such leave to a mere condemned criminal. Still, effendi, though I am but poor, I am a man of honour. As the clock struck six in the prison court next morning, I knocked at the governor's window with the appointed signal; and the governor rose, and let me in to my cell, and praised me for my honour, and was well pleased to see me. 'I knew, Athanasio,' he said, roping his moustache once more, 'you were a man to be trusted.'

"At eight o'clock they took me out into the courtyard. The executioner was there already, a great black Nubian, with a very

"'EFFENDI!' I SAID, KISSING HIS FEET."

sharp scimitar. It was terrible to look around ; I was greatly frightened. 'Surely,' said I to myself, 'the bitterness of death is past. But Laila is saved ; and I die for Laila.'

"I knelt down and bent my head. I feared, after all, no respite was coming. The executioner stood forth and raised the scimitar in his hand. I almost thought I heard it swish through the air ; I saw the bright gleam of the blade as it descended. But just at that moment, as the executioner delayed, a loud commotion arose in the outer court. I raised my head and listened. We heard a voice cry, 'In Allah's name, let me in. There must be no execution ! ' The gates opened wide, and into the inner court-yard there rode with long strides a great white mule, and on its back, scarcely able to sit up, a sorry figure !

"He was wrapped round in bandages, and swathed from head to foot like a man sore wounded. His face was bruised, and his limbs swollen. But he upheld one hand in solemn warning, and in a loud voice again he cried to the executioner, 'In Allah's name, Hassan, let there be no execution ! '

"The lookers-on, to right and left, raised a mighty cry, and called out with one voice, 'The Sheikh ! The Sheikh ! Who can have thus disfigured him ? '

"But the Sheikh himself came forward in great pain, like one whose bones ache, and, dismounting from the mule, spoke aloud to the governor. 'In Allah's name,' he said, trembling, 'let this man go ; he is innocent. I swore to him falsely, though I believed it to be true. For see, last night about twelve o'clock, the self-same dog who broke into my house before, entered my room, with violence, through the open window. He carried in his hands the self-same stick as last time, and had his face covered, as ever, with a linen cloth. And I knew by his figure and his voice he was the very same dog that had previously beaten me. But before I could cry aloud to rouse the house, the infidel had fallen upon me once more, and thwacked me, as

"THE EXECUTIONER RAISED HIS SCIMITAR."

you see, within an inch of my life, and covered me with bruises, and then bid me take care how I accused innocent people like Athanasio of hurting me. And after that he jumped through the open window and went away once more. And I was greatly afraid, fearing the wrath of Allah, if I let this man Athanasio be killed in his stead, though he is but an infidel. And I rose and saddled my mule very early, and rode straight into Assiout, to tell you and the Cadi I had borne false witness, and to save myself from the guilt of an innocent soul on my shoulders.'

"Then all the people around cried out with one voice, 'A miracle! a miracle!' And the Sheikh stood trembling beside, with faintness and with terror.

"But the governor drew me a few paces apart.

"'Athanasio, you rascal,' he said, half laughing, 'it is you that have done this thing! It is you that have assaulted him! You got out last night on your word of honour on purpose to play this scurvy trick upon us!'

"'Effendi,' I made answer, bowing low, 'life is sweet; he beat me, unjustly, first, and he would have taken my Laila from me. Moreover, I swear to you, by St. George and the mother of God, when I left the prison last night I really believed my father was dying.'

"The governor laughed again. 'Well, you can go, you rogue,' he said. 'The Cadi will soon come round to deliver you. But I advise you to make yourself scarce as fast as you can, for sooner or later this trick of yours may be discovered. *I* can't tell upon you, or I would lose my place. But you may be found out, for all that. Go, at once, up the river.'

"That is my hut that you see over yonder, effendi, where Laila and I live. The Sheikh is dead. And the English are now our real lords in Egypt."

The Music of Birds.

AT this season of the year there is no necessity to say one word in praise of our song birds. Their notes are to be heard on every hand, in delicious profusion. Whether it is the rich warbling of the thrush and blackbird, the thrilling song of the skylark, the sweet, low voice of the wood-pigeon, or the "link'd sweetness, long drawn out," of the nightingale, there is a charm of rich variety, which is always pleasing. It is difficult to put their melody into music. The timbre of the tone cannot be actually approached by any musical instrument. Then, again, they are mostly very untrue—musically—in their singing. The thrush is the great exception. The first three notes of his song descend in perfect seconds, with a purity of tone unsurpassable—a quality strikingly absent amongst most of the feathered songsters. They find a response (the principle of true melody) in the ascending tones immediately following.

What has been attempted here is to give an idea of the construction of the songs of the chief British birds, showing that there is a certain method in the singing, and that it is based on melodic principles. No satisfactory result will be obtained by playing them on a piano, the piano being the least realistic approach to a bird-note. But whistled "under the breath," it gives a good imitation in proper tonalty.

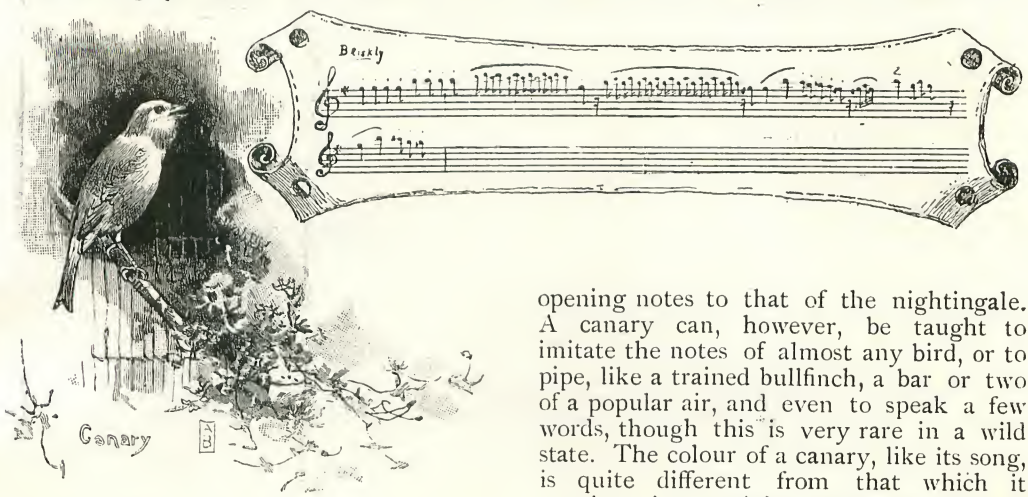
THE BLACKBIRD.

The blackbird's song is distinguished from that of the thrush by being pitched in a lower key, by less abruptness, and an apparent want of freedom in delivery. It is the baritone among birds. The strain is, nevertheless, rich and mellow. On being disturbed, it utters a sharp, chattering, long-continued cry, which ceases when it has gained a place of safety. In captivity it can be taught to whistle a variety of tunes, and even to imitate the human voice. It is astonishing what amount of variation of emphasis and tone it can give to the same note. Even in its native state the blackbird is something of a mimic, and will imitate the notes of other birds with remarkable accuracy, even teaching itself to crow like a cock, and to cackle like a hen.

Blackbird

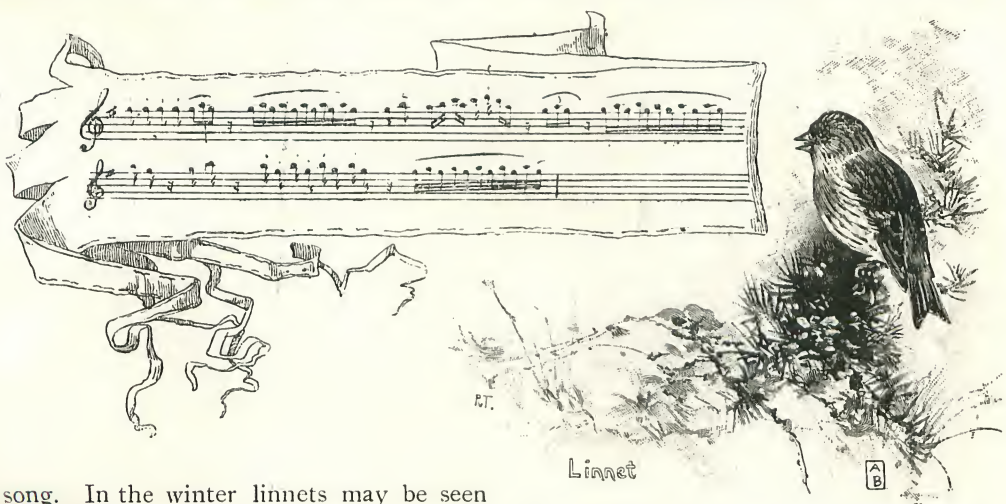
THE CANARY.

The canary has much of the nightingale's and skylark's song. In freedom each flock has its own song. In captivity the quality varies largely, some uttering soft and agreeable notes, and others indulging in a succession of noisy bursts. Those are most valued that introduce most passages from the song of the nightingale. It should be borne in mind that no caged canary sings a natural note—that is, the habitual strain of the wild race. In the illustration given can be traced a similarity of method in the opening notes to that of the nightingale. A canary can, however, be taught to imitate the notes of almost any bird, or to pipe, like a trained bullfinch, a bar or two of a popular air, and even to speak a few words, though this is very rare in a wild state. The colour of a canary, like its song, is quite different from that which it acquires in captivity, being a kind of dappled olive-green; but the bird-fanciers, by careful selection, are able to produce canaries of almost every tint between black, green, and yellow.

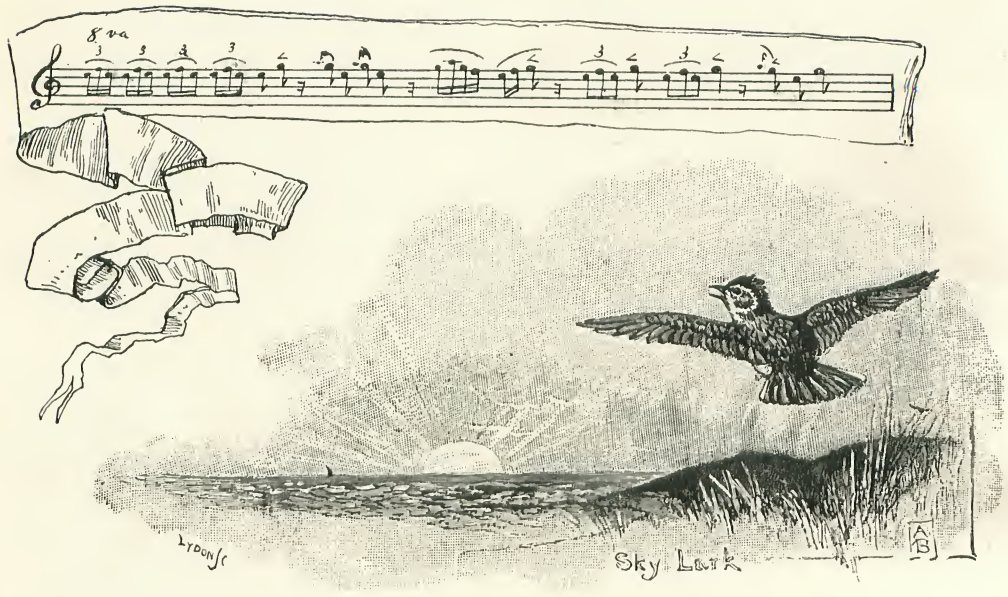


THE LINNET.

The linnet's song is lively and varied, and no bird is so easily tamed. When confined with other birds it readily learns their song. In the winter linnets may be seen congregating towards the close of a fine winter evening, pluming themselves in the last rays of the sun, chirruping the commencement of their vesper song; and then bursting simultaneously into one general chorus, then again resuming their single strains, and once more joining in chorus. In the caged linnet the strain is rapid and varied; often a prolonged extemporising most difficult to represent accurately.

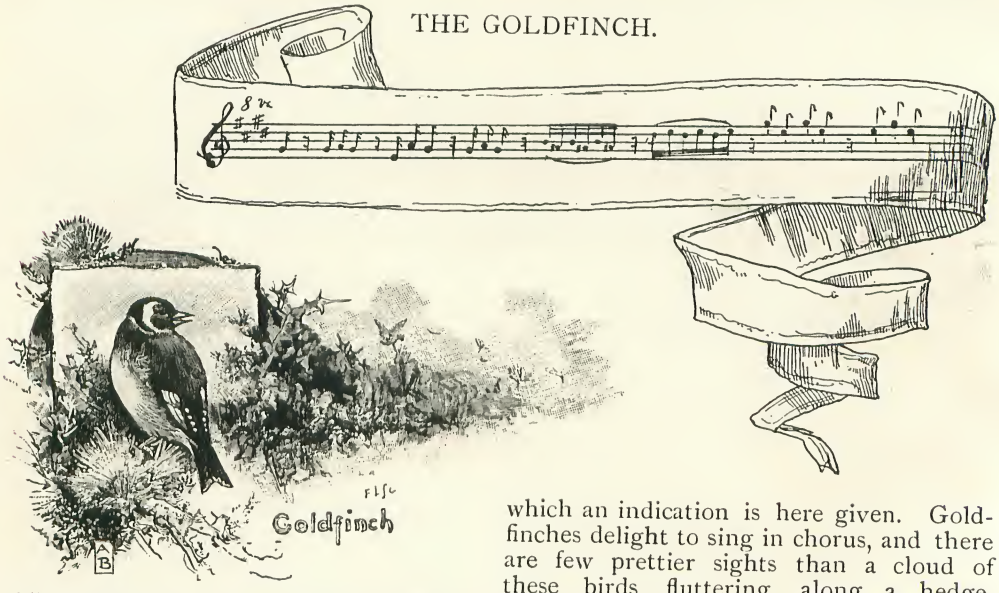


THE SKYLARK.



The skylark, or laverock, is deservedly conspicuous among our singing birds, and is the only one that warbles while on the wing. As it leaves its ground nest and almost perpendicularly, by successive jumps, rises higher and higher, it indulges in a gush of cheerful song unequalled by any English bird. It is a fact not generally known, that as it rises it makes a corresponding crescendo, not, however, sufficiently marked to counteract the natural diminuendo of increasing distance. Then, after passing out of sight, the bird drops as if exhausted, only to mount and sing again.

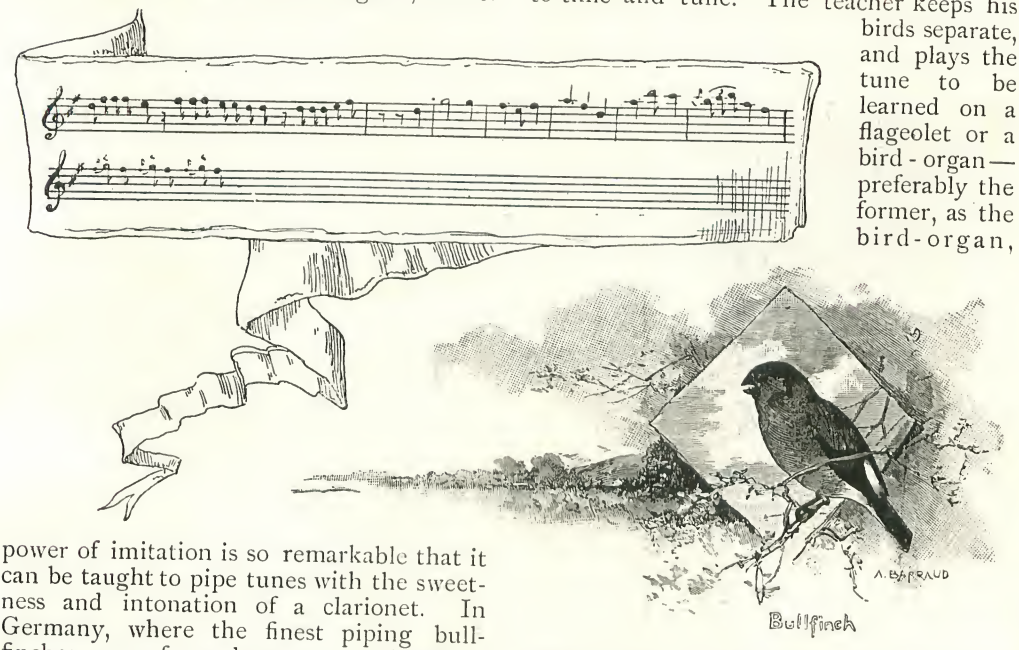
THE GOLDFINCH.



The goldfinch is a rapid singer, and can be taught to pipe like the bullfinch. It has, however, a natural song of its own, of which an indication is here given. Goldfinches delight to sing in chorus, and there are few prettier sights than a cloud of these birds fluttering along a hedge, chasing the thistle-down as it is whirled away by the breeze, and uttering all the while their merry, sweet notes.

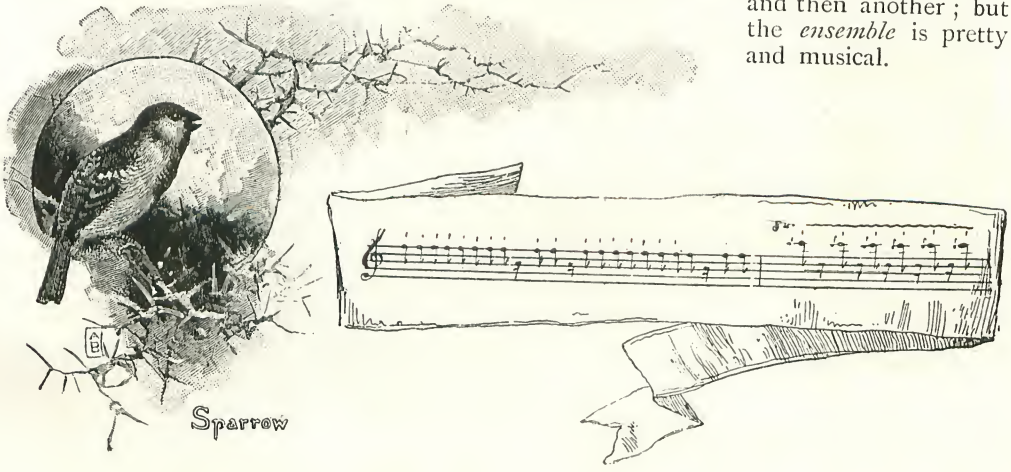
THE BULLFINCH.

The bullfinch in its natural state is by no means remarkable as a songster, but its power of imitation is so remarkable that it can be taught to pipe tunes with the sweetness and intonation of a clarionet. In Germany, where the finest piping bullfinches come from, boys are employed to pipe to the birds the whole day long. The consequence is that most of the bullfinches heard here pipe German airs. The two "free" tunes mostly affected in this country are "The Mousetrap" and "Polly Perkins," and these the birds will pipe perfectly as to time and tune. The teacher keeps his birds separate, and plays the tune to be learned on a flageolet or a bird-organ—preferably the former, as the bird-organ, while giving a mechanical precision of note, gives also a total absence of feeling. If they are permitted to hear other birds while being taught, they are apt to jumble up foreign notes with the air which they are learning, in a most absurd manner.



THE SPARROW.

The sparrow is by no means a contemptible songster, its strain being soft, sweet, and varied. Its lively chirp is heard from first thing in the morning; and they often unite in a chattering chorus. It is but a note and a grace note, uttered first by one and then another; but the *ensemble* is pretty and musical.

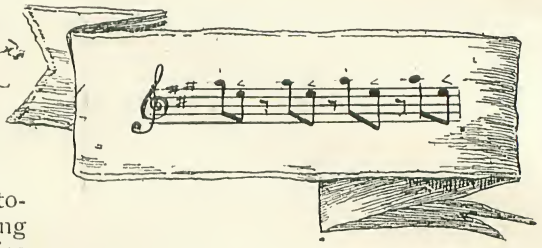


THE CUCKOO.

The peculiar note of the cuckoo is well known, but it is not always recognised that the note changes according to the time of year, being at first full and clear, but towards the middle of August becoming hesitating, hoarse, and broken. The voice of a female cuckoo is quite distinct from the well-known note of the male, and has been compared to the sound made by pouring water out of a narrow-necked bottle. Robert Browning, in one of his poems speaks of

> "That one word
> In the minor third
> There is none but the cuckoo knows."

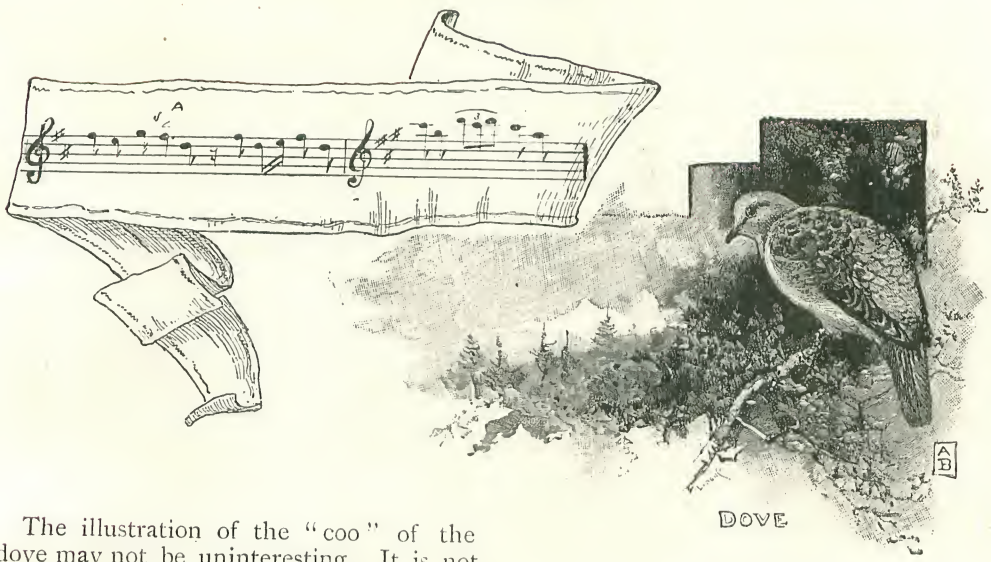
It will be seen, however, from the music here given, that the cuckoo's "one word" is not a minor third, but a major fourth.



THE THRUSH.

The thrush, or throstle (called by the Scotch, mavis), is distinguished among British singing birds by the clearness and fulness of its note. Its song is exceedingly sweet, and wonderfully varied. Moreover, it begins earlier in the year, and continues later than any other songster, while vieing with the nightingale in the lateness of its daily song. It will be found that there is much more freedom of style, as well as of originality of treatment, in the song of the wild bird than in that of the caged one; yet, in both instances, the purity of tone is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature. The caged thrush, in losing its liberty, generally forfeits its originality, being easily influenced by and adopting the notes of other birds, and, what is still more remarkable, their style and attitudes when singing. Thus, a thrush has been seen singing like a robin, and imitating, not only its notes, but its manner of drooping its head and tail.

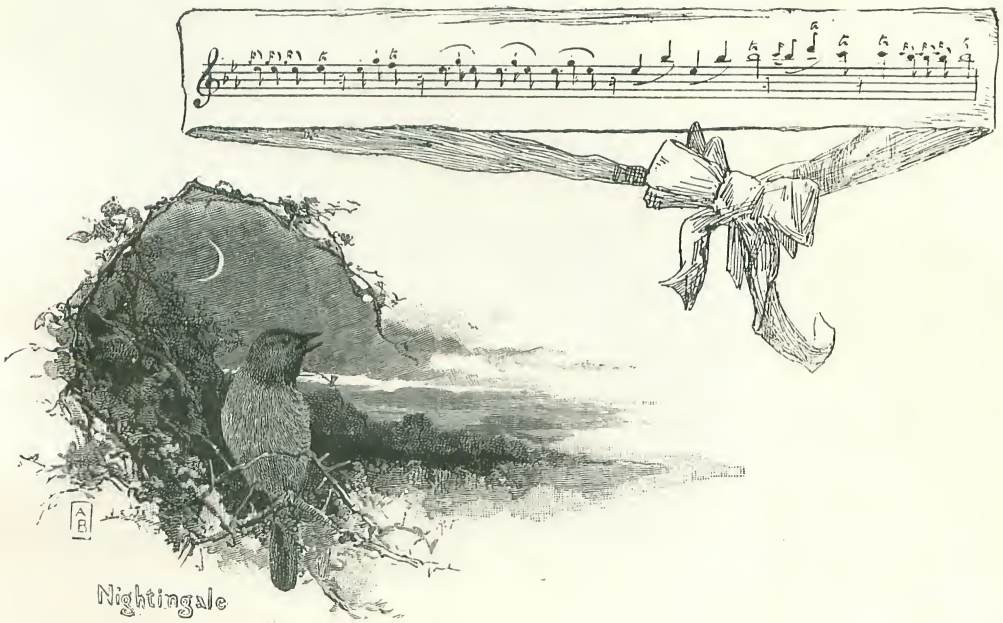
THE DOVE.



The illustration of the "coo" of the dove may not be uninteresting. It is not at all unmusical, but shows that the word generally used does little justice to the musical sound. Its laugh—which frightens other birds—is very amusing.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale shares with the lark the honours of poesy. Though sometimes dwelling for minutes on a strain composed of only two or three melancholy tones, beginning with a *mezza voce*, it swells gradually, by a most perfect crescendo, to the highest point of strength, and ends with a dying cadence. Sometimes a rapid succession of brilliant sounds terminates by detached ascending notes; while, again, as many as twenty-four different strains may be reckoned in one song of a fine nightingale.



Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE II.—THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.

By A. Conan Doyle.

I HAD called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room, and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair, and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of every-day life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

"You did, Doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with

MR. JABEZ WILSON.

the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend Dr. Watson has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavoured after the fashion of my companion to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy grey shepherd's check trousers, a not overclean black frockcoat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes' quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labour, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How, in the name of good fortune, did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labour. It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc and compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiney for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk."

"Well, but China?"

"The fish which you have tattooed immediately above your right wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales of a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:—

"To the Red-Headed League. On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Penn., U.S.A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services.

All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7, Pope's-court, Fleet-street."

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

"WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?"

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, Doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle*, of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead, "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg-square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an *employé* who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks with this very paper in his hand, and he says:—

"'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asks.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-headed

Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change colour, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and, as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

"'Never.'

"'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

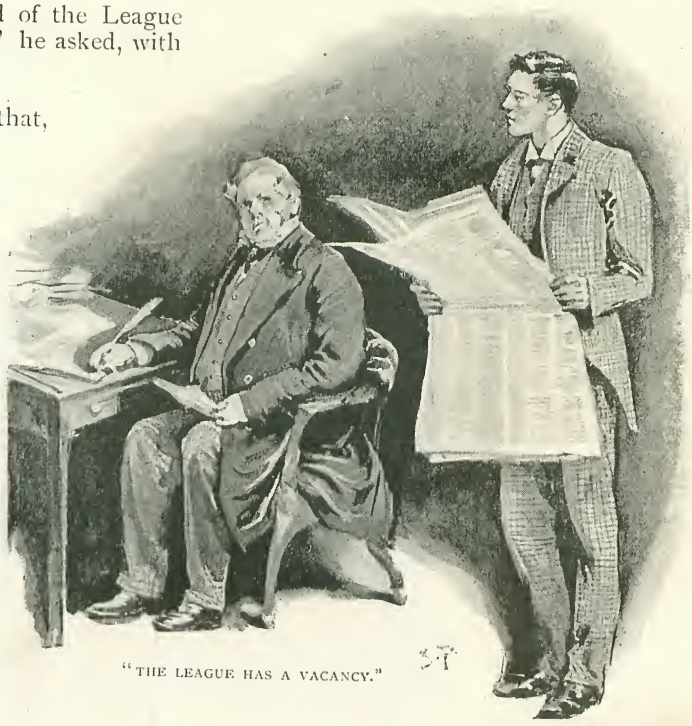
"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

"'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that colour. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

"'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

"'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'



"THE LEAGUE HAS A VACANCY."

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. Fleet-street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's-court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of colour they were—straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-coloured tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"HE CONGRATULATED ME WARMLY."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favourable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

"'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

"'And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backwards, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"'It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

"'My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?'

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

"'Dear me!' he said, gravely, 'that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear

you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation and spread of the red-heads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but, after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

"'In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favour of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"'What would be the hours?' I asked.

"'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"'Is four pounds a week.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is purely nominal.'

"'What do you call purely nominal?'

"'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position for ever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness, nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is to copy out the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'Then, good-bye, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that anyone could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen, and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's-court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

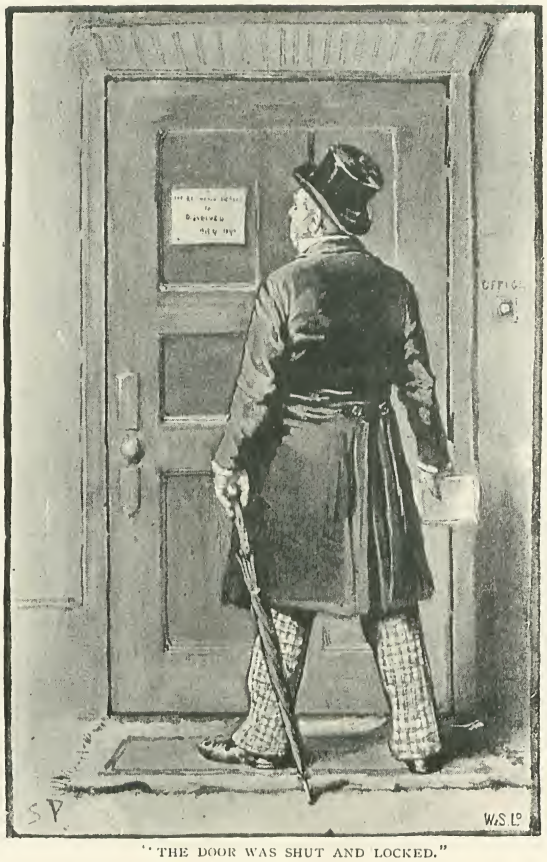
"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armour, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the Bs before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard, about the size of a sheet of notepaper. It read in this fashion :—

"THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE
IS
DISSOLVED.
Oct. 9, 1890."



"THE DOOR WAS SHUT AND LOCKED."

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him."

"'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"'What, the red-headed man?'

"'Yes.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

"'Where could I find him?'

"Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17, King Edward-street, near St. Paul's.'"

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris, or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg-square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, so, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pound a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two and thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavour to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement—how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No, I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact."

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gipsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"HE CURLED HIMSELF UP IN HIS CHAIR."

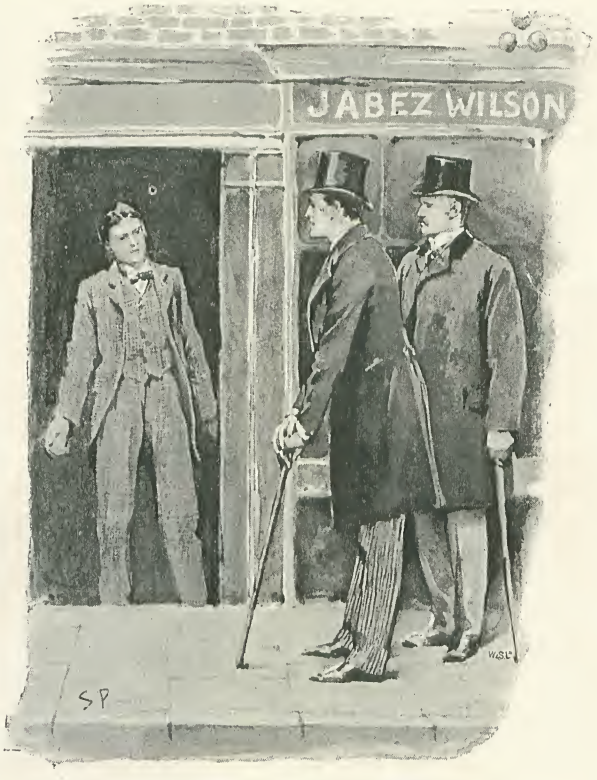
"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do

to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then, put on your hat, and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the programme, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We travelled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg-square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a pokey, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in enclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass, and a few clumps of faded laurel bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with "JABEZ WILSON" in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.



"THE DOOR WAS INSTANTLY OPENED."

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

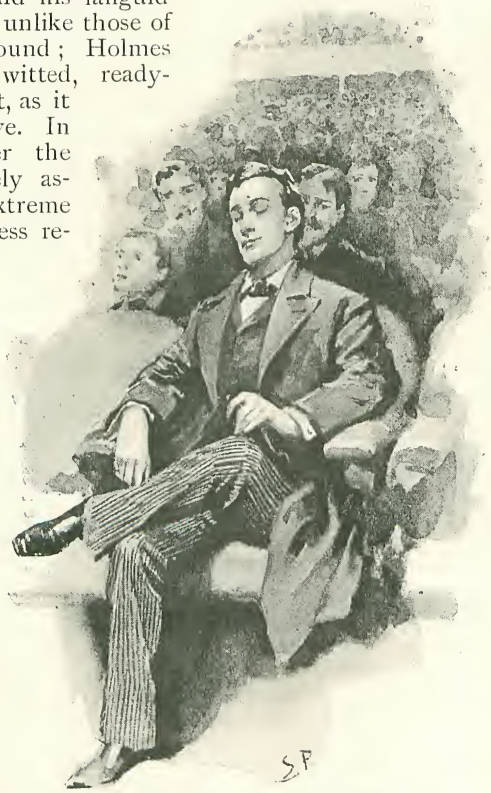
"My dear Doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg-square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg-square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inwards and outwards, while the footpaths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realise as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises that

they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line, "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depôt. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, Doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich, and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness, and delicacy, and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes the sleuth-hound; Holmes the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and, as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when, for days on end, he had been lounging in his armchair amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.



"ALL AFTERNOON HE SAT IN THE STALLS."

"You want to go home, no doubt, Doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg-square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker-street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, Doctor! there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbours, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all,

from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the "Encyclopædia" down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg-square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford-street to Baker-street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room, I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognised as Peter Jones, the official police agent; while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland-yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, Doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right!" said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a Royal Duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon-street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage, and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at

another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern, and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperilled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, Doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

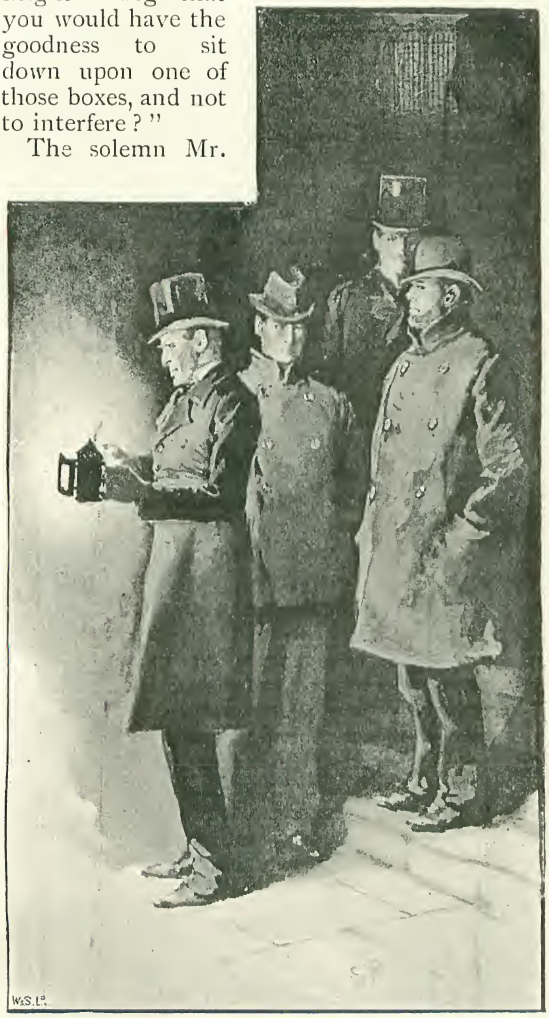
"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed, for that purpose, thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains two thousand napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a *partie carrée*, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light.



"MR. MERRYWEATHER STOPPED TO LIGHT A LANTERN."

And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and, though we shall take them at a disadvantage they may do us some harm, unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg-square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position, yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared, a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the centre of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark, which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder high and waist high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags. Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes' hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes blandly, "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

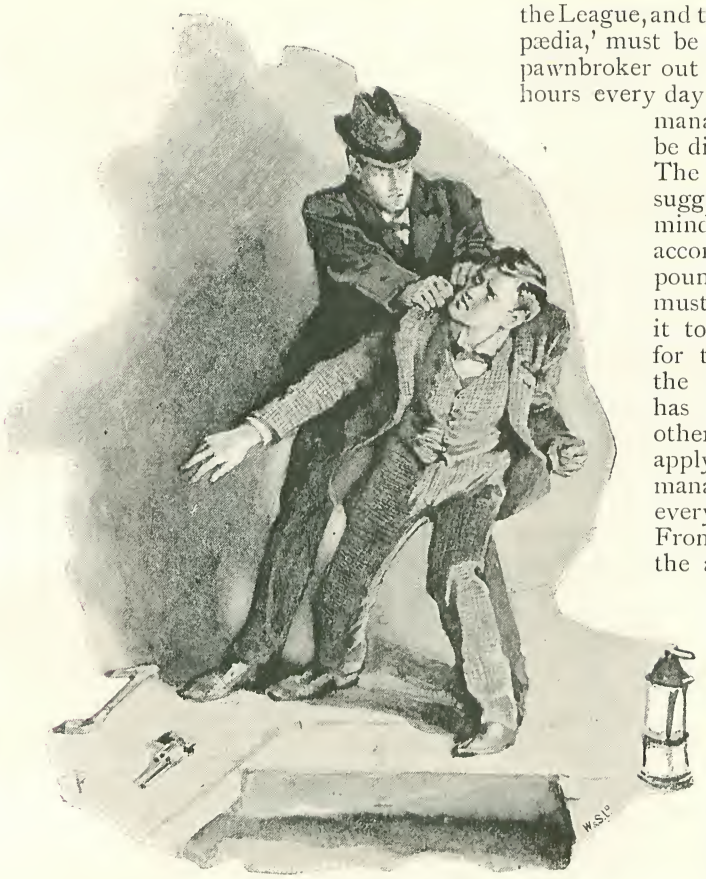
"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness also when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.'"

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police-station."

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merry-



"IT'S NO USE, JOHN CLAY."

weather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes, "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky and soda in Baker-street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the 'Encyclopædia,' must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but really it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the colour of his accomplice's hair. The four pounds a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was

not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence, in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

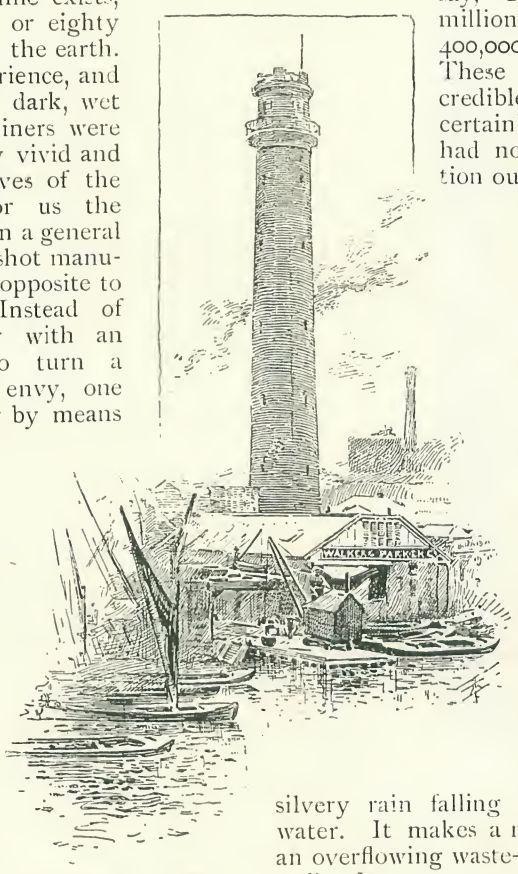
"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked. "'L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

Up a Shot Tower.

THE writer of this paper, in the pursuit of his profession, has probably sunk lower and attained to greater heights than the majority of his *confrères*. Some months ago he required material for an article on antimony, a metal used for the hardening of shot and shell. He went to Cornwall, where an antimony mine exists, and plunged seventy or eighty feet into the bowels of the earth. It was a unique experience, and ten minutes in that dark, wet hole, in which the miners were busy, gave one a very vivid and lasting idea of the lives of the men who secure for us the treasures of Nature. In a general way the conditions of shot manufacture are precisely opposite to those of mining. Instead of descending a ladder with an agility calculated to turn a monkey green with envy, one has to ascend a tower by means of steps which even a hardened treadmillite might conceivably agree would constitute a fair "turn." Shot—small shot that is, not bullets, the latter being made in moulds—is manufactured at the top of a tower, or in some place where a considerable space exists beneath. A disused mine shaft is just as good as a tower, the indispensable condition being a couple of hundred feet of air through which the shot may fall.

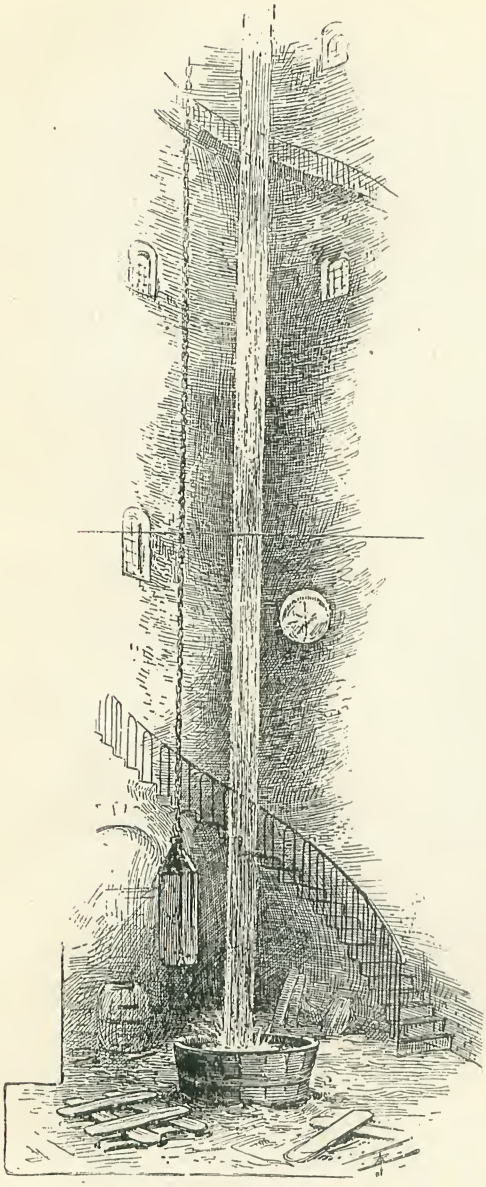


THE SHOT TOWER.

Before we describe the manufacture of shot it will be interesting to examine a 28 lb. bag, such as the majority of our readers have probably seen at some time or other. The bag laid flat is roughly the size of this page ; and 28 lbs. far from fill it. If you take the trouble to count the shot, or get at an estimate of the number the bag contains, you will find that there are from 50,000 to 70,000, the number depending upon the size of the shot. Assuming one knows nothing about the matter, it would naturally seem that the manufacture of so many separate little balls must occupy a terrible time. To mould them would be an interminable process. As a matter of fact shot is produced at a rate varying from, say, 24 millions to 30 millions an hour—from 400,000 to 500,000 a minute. These figures sound incredible, and we should certainly doubt them if we had not made the calculation ourselves.

Near the south end of Waterloo Bridge, and within a few yards of the Thames, stands a monster structure known as the Shot Tower. It is a familiar sight, but not even your London cabby, in nine cases out of ten, knows that it is a shot tower. With the permission of the proprietors we will pay it a visit, and see how the shot is produced. Arrived at the base, the first thing we notice is a sharp, incessant shower of silvery rain falling into a huge tub of water. It makes a noise very like that of an overflowing waste-pipe high up in one's wall. Its source we cannot quite see. A hundred feet above us is a floor or first stage, through an opening in which the shower is passing. Evidently it begins from a much greater height than this even.

The prospect of the climb is not particularly enticing. There are 327 steps, it is a hot day, and the place is necessarily not scrupulously clean. However, duty calls, and provided with a canvas bag to save one's hand and cuff in clutching at the railing or iron banister, we make a



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TOWER.

start with all the confidence begot of the recollection of schoolday feats. Up, up, up—phew!—it is warm work, and breathing is not so easy after a hundred and fifty steps have been rapidly passed over, as it was at the beginning. All the time we have been running round the building, immediately inside the shell, as it were, and on our left, as we make revolution after revolution, the shower of lead continues, the sun through the various windows now and again glinting on it and making it look more like summer rain than ever. On the first stage no one is at work, and there is nothing to see except a crucible or boiler, pretty much the shape of that we have seen in the family laundry. So away we go again manfully, with "Excelsior," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," alternately flitting through our minds, until at last the top stage is reached. Though we are some 200 feet above the earth, we are not exactly on the summit of the tower yet, but only in a sort of top story, and some feet above us is the roof on which a flagstaff is erected, apparently in a vain attempt to get at the sky.

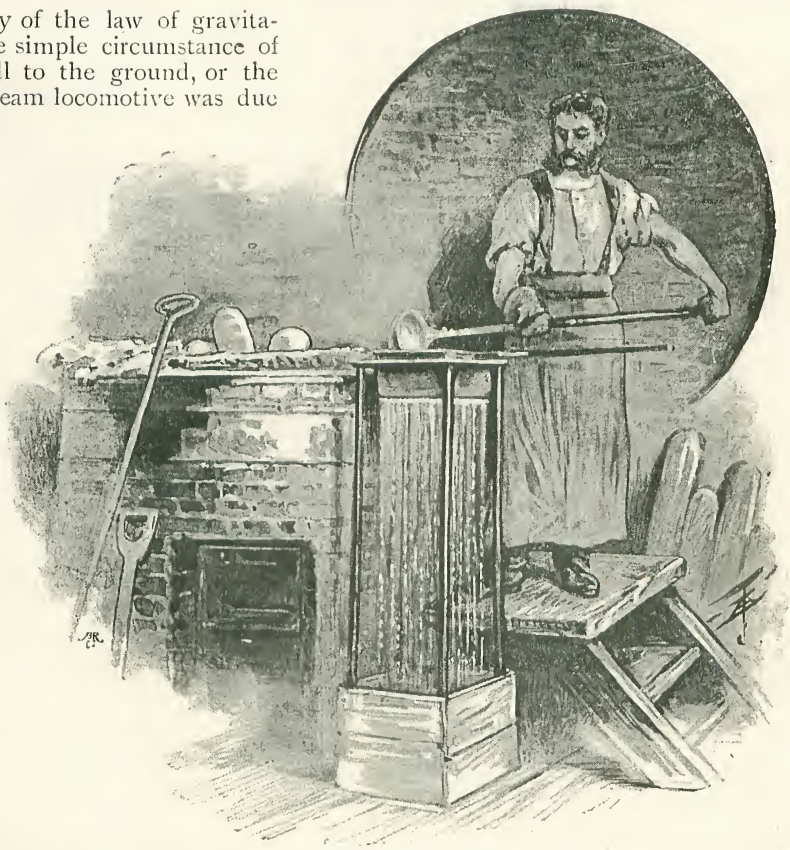
The secret of shot-making is ours at last. In the centre of this top stage is a trap door wide open, yawning in a sinister way which warns the new comer to beware. Through the trap door runs a huge chain attached to an elongated box by means of which the pig lead leaning against the walls has been hoisted. A man is standing at a boiler, similar to that seen on the stage below, containing the molten lead. The heat is very great, and as he ladles the liquid metal into a perforated pan or sort of colander in front of him, the perspiration stands out on his brow in big drops, suggestive of the shot itself. To make shot, however, something more is essential than a great height, a colander, and molten lead. The metal before it arrives in pig form—that is, in large bars—has been prepared with antimony or arsenic. When it has been thoroughly heated, a sort of scum forms on it, which if it were from milk would be called cream, but being from lead is called dross. This is carefully preserved. Some of it is placed in the perforated pan before the molten lead is poured into it. The lead makes its way through the dross, and then escapes through the holes in the pan, into space. The degree of heat, the amount of dross, the distance, the quantity of lead are all things which have to be thought of, and which can only be properly regulated by an experienced hand. It looks simple enough to pour the hot lead into the pan, but it is very much simpler to spoil the shot by indifferent knowledge of what is wanted.

Whilst our artist is getting a picture of the man at work, we may take the opportunity of telling our readers what we have been able to discover of the origin of this method of shot-making. The story goes that it was all an accident, just as Isaac

FEEDING THE MELTING POT.

Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was due to the simple circumstance of seeing an apple fall to the ground, or the discovery of the steam locomotive was due to the throbbing of the kettle on Stephenson's hob. Somewhere in the last century a Bristol mechanic named Watts, who was employed in cutting up strips of lead into small pieces for the purpose of shot, is said to have imbibed a little too freely. He went to bed in a muddled state, and as is, we should imagine, not improbable, dreamt various dreams. Having taken too much strong drink and too little water, he would naturally conjure up visions of the only ale with which Adam was acquainted. He saw it rain heavily, and as he watched, to his surprise the rain became lead, and the earth was covered with shot. Awaking to his sound senses, Watts is pictured dwelling on his dream until he came to believe there was something in it. He determined to make an experiment, and proceeded forthwith to the tower of St. Mary Redcliff in Bristol. He is said to have proved the correctness of the idea of the dream. Shot could best be made by dropping the lead from a great height. Shrewd man as he was—up to a point—Watts by this discovery made, according to the chronicler, £10,000. Having made a fortune, however, he did not know how to keep it. He determined to build Clifton Crescent, but the excavations, &c., necessary to so grand an enterprise exhausted his money before a single house was commenced. Hence Clifton Crescent, we are told, became known as Watts's Folly.

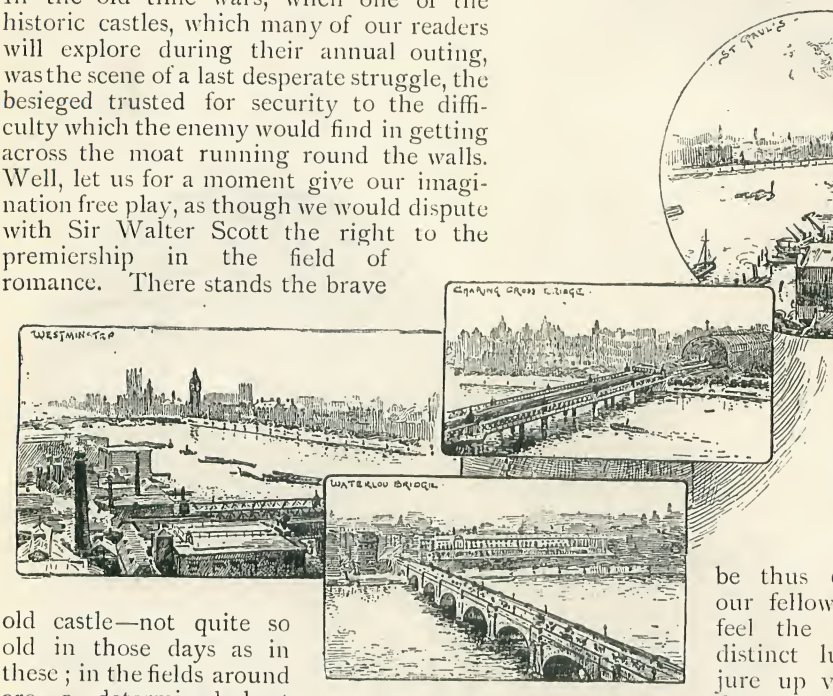
This is one explanation of the inception of the idea of shot-making as now witnessed.



RUNNING THE LEAD

Like many other pretty stories, however, it might not bear too close a scrutiny. We believe the notion of making shot by letting lead fall from a height is older than the date when Watts flourished. In the Watts story, too, we can find no reference to the essential tub of water at the base to cool the pellets. If they fell on to the hard ground before they were cold, they would be bruised and spoilt. At the same time a much more likely story is even more difficult to verify. It is to be found in some curious old book somewhere, no doubt, but so far we have to confess to an inability to trace it. We have the story, however, on the authority of one who has long been interested in shot-making, though he cannot indicate the source of his information. In the old time wars, when one of the historic castles, which many of our readers will explore during their annual outing, was the scene of a last desperate struggle, the besieged trusted for security to the difficulty which the enemy would find in getting across the moat running round the walls. Well, let us for a moment give our imagination free play, as though we would dispute with Sir Walter Scott the right to the premiership in the field of romance. There stands the brave old castle—not quite so old in those days as in these; in the fields around are a determined host preparing to storm it; inside its walls are the equally determined defenders, who know by the disposition of the enemy that the crisis is at hand. A little later and the besiegers are actually scaling the walls. They are met and driven back with horrible torture by men armed with boiling lead, which falls, in probably hundreds of separate pieces, into the water hissing and spitting below. Then, in the time to come, when the moat is cleared out, a number of more or less perfect pellets, in a spherical form, are found at the bottom, and the idea of shot-making is secured. This account, at any rate, gives us the indispensable water into which the metal must fall if it is not to be injured.

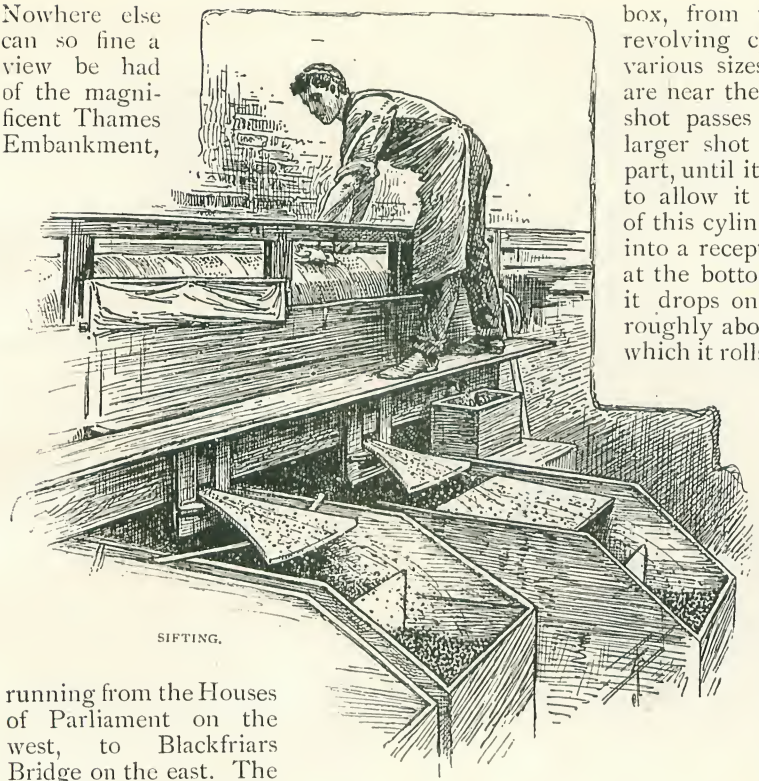
However all this may be, here is the man hard at work manufacturing shot in a way which a recent generation certainly did not invent. Having got all we want concerning him, we will go out on to the parapet which runs round the outside of the tower, on a level with this top floor. As we open the door a breath of deliciously fresh wind sweeps in. The height is a giddy one, so giddy, in fact, that some people have positively refused to go outside and walk round the tower. It requires more nerve than one is perhaps prepared to admit, especially when, unaccustomed to be thus elevated above our fellows as we are, we feel the tower give a distinct lurch, and conjure up visions of being flung like a lacrosse ball, far away across the river to the embankment on the other side.



LONDON FROM THE SHOT TOWER.

On a clear day the sight from the Shot Tower is one of the best in London. But it seldom is really clear in this mighty Babylon of ours, and, though we have made several pilgrimages to its summit, we have never seen more than a mile or so through the smoke-haze that hangs over the capital. Still one gets a panorama of a not inconsiderable portion of London life. Looking away north one of the first things noted in the distance is the *Tit-Bits* sky-sign.

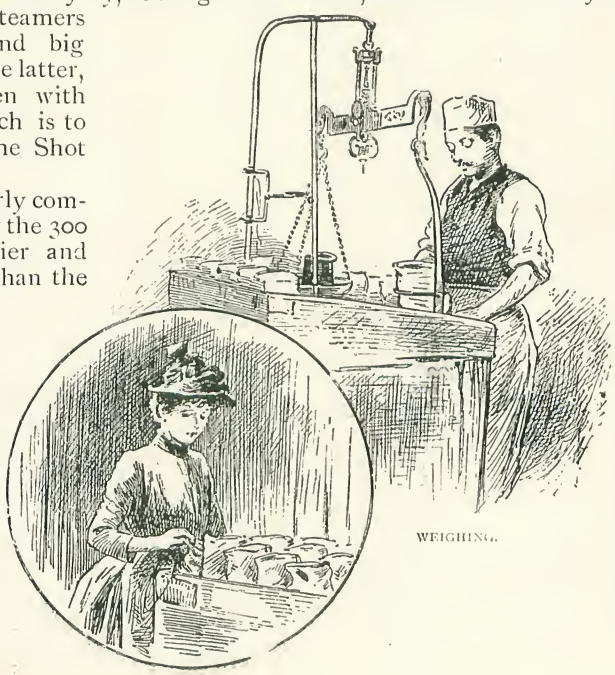
Nowhere else can so fine a view be had of the magnificent Thames Embankment,



SIFTING.

running from the Houses of Parliament on the west, to Blackfriars Bridge on the east. The Thames itself, not here the silvery, but very much the muddy Thames, rushes hurriedly by, bearing on its bosom pleasure steamers and row boats and big barges; some of the latter, by the way, laden with the pig lead which is to find its way up the Shot Tower.

Our visit is nearly complete. Descending the 300 odd steps, an easier and quicker process than the ascent, we devote ourselves for a while to watching the process of finishing off the shot. After removal from the tub, it has to be dried by being laid on a hot slab. Thence it is transferred to a box, from which it passes to a revolving cylinder with holes of various sizes. The smallest holes are near the box, and the smallest shot passes through them. The larger shot passes on to another part, until it finds holes big enough to allow it to escape. Once out of this cylinder-sifter, the shot falls into a receptacle, with an aperture at the bottom. As it leaves this, it drops on to a piece of wood, roughly about a foot square, down which it rolls into one of two boxes. If you examine this piece of wood, you will find that it is slightly inclined, the incline giving the shot a momentum just sufficient to carry the imperfect into one box, and the perfect into a second. It is the most ingenious device imaginable. Having been thus assorted, the shot is put into a revolving box containing blacklead. The revolutions not only serve to thoroughly blacklead the shot, but to wear off any little excrescence, and make them more perfectly round. They have then to be weighed in the 28 lb. bags referred to above. From the weighing machine they are passed to a table at which a woman sits with needle and thread. Their mouths are sewn up, they are ready for the market, and we have seen practically all there is to be seen of the manufacture of small shot.



WEIGHING.

The Blue Cat.

A Story for Children
From the French
of
Daniel Dare

THERE was, once upon a time, in an island of the East, an incomparable Princess, gifted with all the perfections of heart and mind. Her graces were celebrated a hundred leagues round; her kingdom was flourishing, her subjects respectful, her ministers capable. She lived in the time of the fairies. More than a thousand suitors, all kings or sons of kings, aspired to her hand; but the Ailla showed no favour to any of them, the only preference she had ever exhibited having been concentrated on white Velvetpaw, her favourite cat.

Velvetpaw was a charming little playful animal, with large irised eyes, tufts at the ends of its shapely ears, and a coat so soft, silky, and abundant that the Princess's hands disappeared when she caressed it.

In imitation of the sovereign, all the great people in the kingdom possessed at least one favourite cat, which they petted and nursed incessantly. They were seen with jewels in their ears, bracelets on their paws, or with collars inconceivably magnificent; they slept on down and satin, ate out of golden or silver dishes, and had servants to themselves.

Those of the middle class had to content themselves with silver jewellery and with eating out of porcelain dishes; but, more philosophic than men, they ate with no less appetite. This island was, at that time, truly the paradise of cats: their lives, protected by special laws, had nothing to fear, either from traps or from the river, which, amongst us, makes so many victims. They increased and multiplied at leisure, and their wishes were carefully respected. So it was that no country had ever cats so beautiful or so numerous.

When the shades of evening closed in, the inhabitants went forth into their streets without lanterns, their path illuminated by thousands of flaming eyes, beaming from the house-tops to the cellar-gratings, sparkling from the shadows of every bush, from the tree-branches above their heads, from the hollows between the stones at their feet, flying, climbing, crossing through space, like a flight of disordered stars.

Then it was a strange concert, a discordant symphony, in which the mewing of all ages and conditions mingled without confounding each other; at first, a mere confused rumour, which speedily grew into a tumult, filling the shades of night with alarms, augmenting, hissing, growling, to burst into a deafening fracas, in which the affrighted ear might imagine it was listening, in the midst of inhuman roaring, to the agonising cries of a child being put to death.

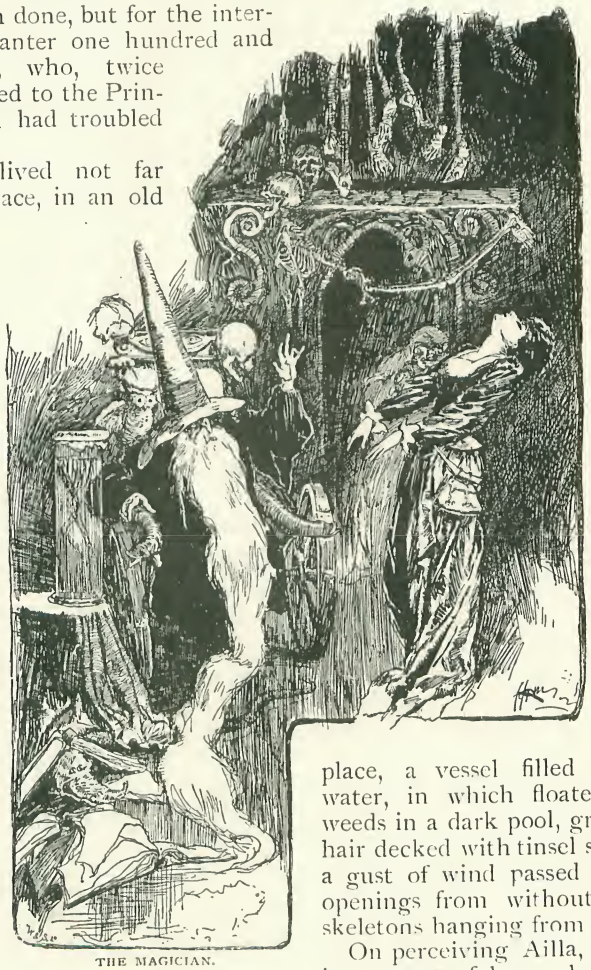
But, with the coming of day, flames and battling dispersed, order returned, and the mutineers of the night once again became

peaceful citizens, resumed the insignia of their dignities, their mild and inoffensive demeanour, and all the airs of honest people incapable of committing the smallest peccadillo.

Ailla was living happily in this way, and all her people with her, when, one fine night, she took it upon herself to dream of a blue cat with topaz-coloured eyes, having upon its neck a collar of diamonds, the most sparkling in the world. Could a poor princess, who has nothing to desire, dream of anything else? So there would have been no great harm done, but for the intervention of an enchanter one hundred and twelve years old, who, twice before, had explained to the Princess dreams which had troubled her sleep.

This magician lived not far from the royal palace, in an old ruined tower haunted by spirits, a place thoroughly fitted, if there ever was one, for carrying on of mysterious operations.

Ailla went there, the very morning after she had had that dream, attended by one slave only; for neither for evil spirits nor women would the magician put himself in the least out of the way. At the first sound of approaching footsteps, the owls, the daws, and the ravens, who inhabited the sinister old tower, took wing with a frightful clatter, and from under the shuddering grass vipers and serpents glided, hissing now softly, now angrily.



THE MAGICIAN.

At the entrance to a large room, draped with enormous spiders' webs, a great toad croaked three times. Though the sun had been for some time risen, a dim light, like that of the moon, alone entered this awe-inspiring dwelling, which was almost filled with darkness.

In the obscurest corner of the room sat the magician, or, rather, he lay half buried in an immense wheeled arm-chair, in which he ceaselessly, and with prodigious activity, moved about. He was, besides, so well wrapped up in a red and black robe garnished with bells, and his hat, three feet high, and tipped with the eye of a lynx, was pressed down so tightly on his head, that it was with difficulty that his face, angular and polished as ivory, could be distinguished. Not content with being legless, he was one-eyed, his unique eye, deep-set, glittering like a firefly in a glass case. His beard, white and abundant, descended to the ground, forming on his black robe a snowy cascade.

On every side lay, heaped in strange disorder, objects of odd form: living animals motionless, others, that were stuffed, writhing; on overthrown trunks were seen open books, written in undecipherable characters; in another place, a vessel filled with bloodstained water, in which floated, like streaming weeds in a dark pool, great locks of human hair decked with tinsel spangles; and when a gust of wind passed through the wide openings from without, the rattling of skeletons hanging from the roof was heard.

On perceiving Ailla, the magician made her a sort of bow; but scarcely had she told him, in trembling tones, what had brought her to his abode, than he uttered a frightful imprecation. After which, having made with his chair three rapid circles about the Princess, he stopped short, and, in a piercing voice, announced to her that, if she wished to avoid terrible misfortunes, she must instantly have search made

for the Blue Cat, the presence of which could alone save her from impending disaster.

At these words the screech-owl perched on the master's shoulder, flapped its wings and uttered a dismal cry; a monstrous spider crouching on his knees set up the bristles on its back; all the bells on the magician's robe jangled at once; the lynx eye shot forth a greenish beam; then all became obscured. The Princess fainted, and, without paying any other heed to her the old enchanter had her carried out of the tower by one of his familiar animals.

To tell the truth, the wicked old enchanter had wished to make a strong impression on the Princess's mind, though it is possible that he meditated some other dark project. Everybody knows how deep is the rascality of enchanters. However, it may have been, his cunning did not much profit him; for that same evening while he was preparing a brand-new enchantment his big cauldron burst, and next morning nothing was found in his dwelling but a heap of cinders, in the midst of which were some still smoking bones.

Ailla saw in this death a confirmation of the prophecy, and fainted for the second time.

Now the whole kingdom was turned upside down. By order of the Grand Vizier search was everywhere made, from the floor of the palace to the roof of the highest garret. Notices were published, rewards were offered to whoever should discover, seize, and bring to the Princess the marvellous cat.

It was spring-time, and there was no lack of kittens; the entire army was occupied in examining all the new-born, amongst which were found every known hue of coat; but not one that was blue. Then the open country was minutely explored, the forest, the rocks—vainly.

The Princess visibly declined day by day, trembling unceasingly, and turning from all food.

At length, weary of waiting, Ailla convoked an extraordinary sitting of the Grand Council, and solemnly declared that she would give her hand to whoever should bring her the marvellous cat.

Great was the stir amongst her suitors; never before did so many travellers stream over the surface of the globe! Panting horses crossed and recrossed each other everywhere; the roads in every direction were encumbered with overthrown carriages. Ships were seen to sink under the weight of passengers on board of them; while the sky was dotted with balloons ballasted with travellers. The easy explanation of all this voyaging energy is that every one of the Princess's official suitors had published, far and near, promises of rich rewards to whoever should succeed in finding the Blue Cat. The result was that one half the world rushed upon the other half.

A year sped; the Princess had become the merest shadow of her former self. Her temper was sharpened; she saw about her nothing but crime and treason. Horrible phantoms disturbed her sleep; and, on awaking, she confounded the dreams of her brain with the actuality of things. Instinctively she condemned all those of whom she had conceived any doubt. The executioner, hitherto unemployed, demanded an increase of salary; he even spoke of taking an assistant!

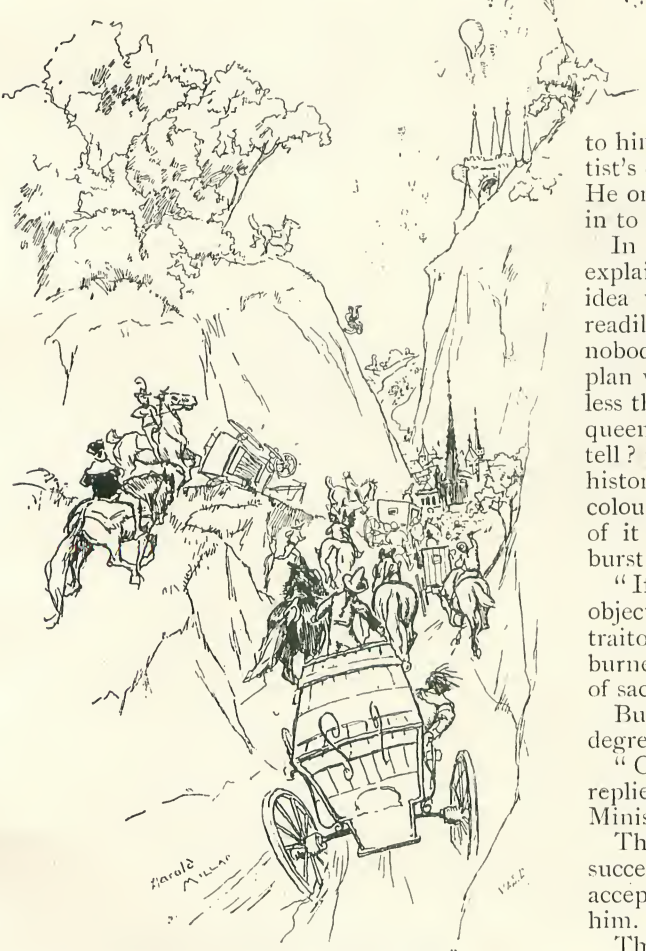
In utter despair, all the most learned men in the world were consulted. They came from all countries, and, greeting each other with a thousand civilities, did not fail to exchange a vast number of compliments on their own works, of which they spoke with reverence, while, not having read a line of them, each, on his side, firmly believed that his own works alone were worthy of sincere praise and deep study. These salaamings got through, one banquet and then another was organised for their edification—for there is no talking well save at table—and a thousand subjects were discussed, all wide of the matter which had brought them together.

On that subject, they speedily divided themselves into two camps; one affirmed that the Blue Cat was but a variety of the tiger; the other party, on the contrary, maintained that the tiger is nothing but a completely developed cat. From tigers the discussion passed by insensible degrees, to leopards, to the lion—even to monkeys. In short, at the end of six months, the Prime Minister, wishing to know the result of their labours, found them almost smothered under a mass of reports; their heads alone were yet visible, and all at the moment were profoundly occupied in active researches on the subject of a certain kind of *coleoptera* missing since the time of the Deluge, and which one of them flattered himself he had refound. So hotly were they disputing over this matter, indeed, as hardly to be conscious of the purpose

which had brought them together. Furious at their conduct, the Princess ordered them all to be hanged, which had the effect of making them all of one opinion, this time at least.

Next day an edict was posted on the walls of all the cities in the kingdom, announcing that each day, in alphabetical order, ten citizens, men and women, should be hung, and that the extermination should be continued until the Blue Cat was found and brought to the Princess.

The consternation was extreme. In all directions the streams became swollen with the tears that were shed to such a degree as to threaten an inundation in several parts of the kingdom, and the wind was drowned in the sounds of the cries forced from the despair which such a tyranny excited. The boldest spoke in low tones of revolt which, in the times of the fairies, was a thing unheard of.



"THE SKY WAS DOTTED WITH BALLOONS."

It was then that a young man, well made and of distinguished bearing, took a violent resolution. His name was Brisloün, and he desired to save his country, his fellow citizens, and himself. Possibly he had a wish even beyond all this. With this purpose he went to the house of the Prime Minister, who, before being hung next day (his name beginning with an A), was in a very bad temper, and very little disposed to receive visitors. However, a message given by the young man having been conveyed to him, reawakened in the diplomatist's downcast soul a gleam of hope. He ordered the stranger to be shown in to him.

In two words the young man explained his idea and plan. The idea was a very simple one, which readily accounted for the fact that nobody had before thought of it. The plan was a bold one. It was nothing less than to play the oracle, mystify a queen, and gull a people—who could tell? perhaps to falsify for ever the history of science in regard to the colour of cats! The mere thought of it made the Minister's forehead burst into a cold perspiration.

"If the trick is discovered," he objected, "we shall be impaled like traitors, beheaded like forgers, and burned at a slow fire like men guilty of sacrilege."

But Brisloün was not in the least degree weak-minded?

"One can but die once," he replied. In the situation of the Minister he ran but little risk.

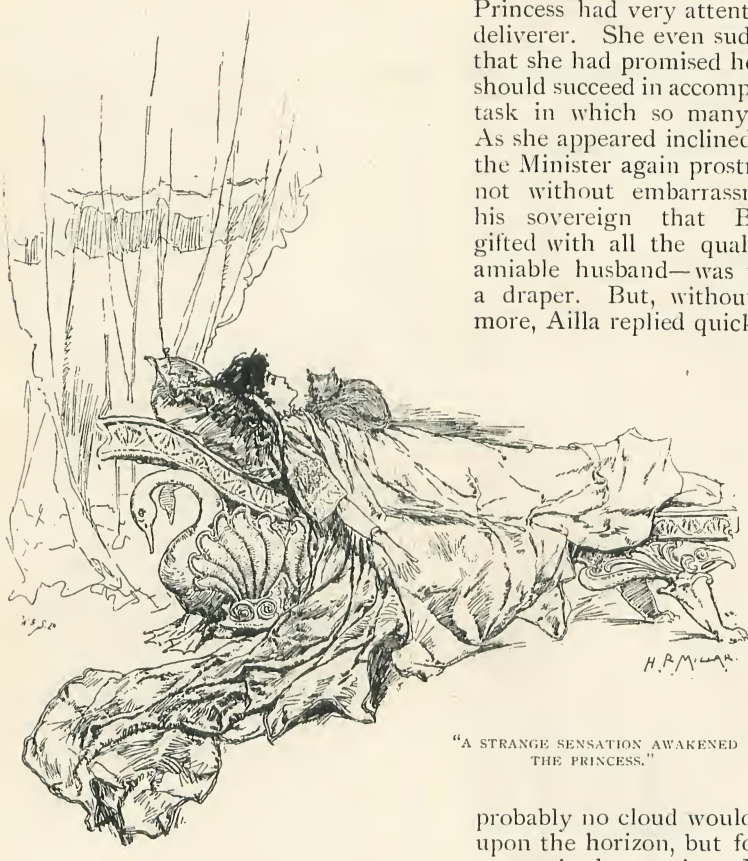
These arguments were, in the end, successful, and the young man's plan accepted. Velvetpaw was confided to him.

The night passed feverishly and

slowly for the unfortunate Minister. At length dawn appeared, shedding its rosy tints upon the long row of gibbets which had been set up.

Exhausted by a terrible nightmare, the Princess hardly closed her eyes. One of her thin hands hung down from the side of her couch ; her bosom heaved.

At that moment one of the doors of her chamber was partially opened, and, a moment afterwards, closed again noiselessly. At the same instant a strange sensation awakened the Princess. An enormous weight was stifling her. Feebly she raised



"A STRANGE SENSATION AWAKENED THE PRINCESS."

her heavy eyelids, pressed on by the finger of death. Oh, miracle ! Curled up upon her breast—soft, supple, graceful, and of an azure the most beautiful imaginable—a cat was admiring her, smiling at her, in its way, with its great limpid golden eyes. Diamonds, big as stars, sparkled amid its silky coat. Ailla had only power to utter a loud scream, to break the cord of her bell, and to faint away once more.

Some hours later, happy, appeased, and already less pale, the Princess went in great pomp to the Council Chamber. Before her, on a cushion of cloth of gold, the azure-coloured cat allowed itself to be devoutly borne. Then the Prime Minister, prostrating himself, and with all the usual ceremonial, presented Brisloün to the Princess, and related to her how, after having discovered the Blue Cat at the bottom of an inaccessible cavern, guarded by frightful monsters, this young man had, at the peril of his life, and after overcoming a thousand difficulties, brought it away.

During the delivery of this address the Princess had very attentively regarded her deliverer. She even suddenly remembered that she had promised her hand to whoever should succeed in accomplishing the difficult task in which so many others had failed. As she appeared inclined to keep her word, the Minister again prostrated himself, and, not without embarrassment, observed to his sovereign that Brisloün—otherwise gifted with all the qualities that make an amiable husband—was unfortunately only a draper. But, without pausing to hear more, Ailla replied quickly :—

"His address and courage shall stand him in stead of letters of nobility, and to begin with I will name him Grand Commander of the Blue Cat, of which order the lowest chevalier shall be princes of the blood! The wedding shall take place a week hence!"

Many days sped happily, and probably no cloud would have shown itself upon the horizon, but for the fancy which overtook the precious Blue Cat to escape from the royal apartments, where it was kept with great ceremony, to scamper for awhile on the roof of the palace. The moon, it was true, was shining that night with peculiar brightness, and it may be imagined that being a cat does not necessarily imply inability to admire the beauties of nature.

In short, imprudent pussy, intoxicated by the air and liberty, pranced about so

wildly as suddenly to lose her balance, to slip down a gutter which descended perpendicularly into an inner court of the palace, and, finally, to pitch head first into a big basin in which aromatics and essences were in course of soaking. Stunned by the fall and half stifled by the violence of the perfumes, the poor creature struggled some time before being able to extricate itself.

The agitation of the Princess may be conceived when, next day, she beheld this cat on which the security of the kingdom rested enter her chamber shivering, soiled, dazed, with the aspect, in short, of a half-drowned animal. This agitation, however, was as nothing compared with that which followed on her discovering that large patches of white marred the robe of azure obtained at the cost of so many sacrifices.

Presently, alas ! even doubt was no longer possible ; for, by force of rubbing against the bed-curtains to dry itself, Velvetpaw, Oh, perfidious—Velvetpaw herself reappeared, still slightly blue, but nevertheless only too recognisable ! It had been able to save its skin in the accident of the past night, but not its colour, which was not proof against essences.

The anger of the Princess was extreme on learning in this way the trick by which she had been abused. Instantly she wished to avenge herself, but in a terrible, cruel manner; and she was hesitating on the choice of a punishment, when the Prince entered, handsomely dressed in a cherry-coloured satin robe embroidered with pearls, which admirably set off his gallant bearing.

As soon as she saw him she pointed an accusing finger towards discoloured Velvetpaw, which, with a very crestfallen air, was curled up at the foot of the Princess's bed.

"Torture shall make you repent, miserable impostor !" she cried, trembling with passion, and with flashing eyes.

Brisloün was not in the least alarmed.

"What has made you so angry, madam, and what crime has drawn down upon me such severe reproaches ?" he asked.

"Tricking me !" replied the Princess furiously.

Brisloün was still unmoved.

"You ought, on the contrary, to thank me," he said. "The cat of which you dreamed has no existence ; I made it ; your life, your beauty, your happiness—I say nothing of that of your whole people—depended on this caprice ; I staked my head on satisfying it." And in a gentle tone he added : "Say, Princess, have you been less happy ?"

"To have played the oracle !" said Ailla, her bosom heaving.

"To have interpreted it, you would say." And, as she suddenly became thoughtful, Brisloün went on : "Your dream, my beautiful Princess, was at once a warning and a lesson. The sorcerer gave you the word, I the sense of it. Happiness, Ailla, is not like the grenades, less red than your lips, which are brought to you on a salver of gold, fresh gathered, perfumed, and perfectly ripe ; the divers elements which compose it are floating freely about in the world ; it is for us to seize upon them and bring them together."

Was it the effect of this address, or a new caprice ? Did the large black eyes of Brisloün influence her who had many times before submitted to their powerful fascination ? No one has ever known ; but the anger of Ailla suddenly disappeared, like the melting of thin snow under the rays of spring. With a slightly pouting smile, she held out to the Prince a hand which he needed no beseeching to carry to his lips.

Velvetpaw, thinking that a good moment for re-entering into the Princess's favour, went and gently rubbed her tiny head against her skirts ; and, thinking of something else, the Princess sat down and caressed her.

Ailla was superstitious, and, moreover, she was a woman. She reflected for a few minutes, then turning with irresistible grace to Brisloün, who was watching her, she said :

"Prince, you have discovered the true meaning of the oracle, and I thank you for doing it. And now I am going to ask a favour of you."

He hastened to protest that he was ready to give his dear Princess all the proofs of love and devotion it should please her to require.

Without speaking she took up Velvetpaw and handed it to him.

"What !" cried Brisloün, laughing, "you want a new one ?"

"I should feel more at ease ; only—," she paused, laughing also ; but presently added in a coquettish tone, "since it makes no

difference to you, dye it rose-colour this time."

The moral of the story is this :—

A white cat is as good as a blue cat. What is most important is, to have a box of colours and to know how to use it on due occasion.

MADAME ALBANI AND THE LUCKY BLACK CAT.

Illustrated Interviews.

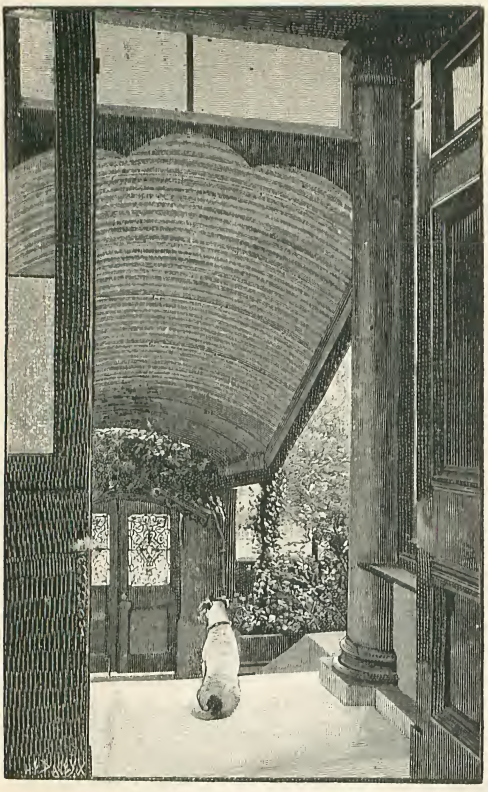
No. III.—MADAME ALBANI.

IN one of the prettiest corners of Kensington is a quiet spot known as The Boltons. No happier or more suggestive name could have been found for it than that bestowed by the famous singer's little boy. He calls it "Our Village," and you have only to look out from the windows of any of the surrounding houses, and there, in the midst of a wealth of green and trees, is the church ; whilst there is nothing to disturb the stillness save the singing of the birds, which are piping here, there, and everywhere. In a large corner house, with great balconies which seem to suggest a trysting-place for Romeo and Juliet, resides Mrs. Ernest Gye, familiarly known the wide world over as Madame Albani. It is an attractive spot to the passer-by, and a delighted open-air audience may often be found there in the morning, when the sounds of the artiste's voice are to be heard, practising the opera for the night, in the drawing-room.

I could not have called at a more opportune time. It was the afternoon following her last appearance at Covent Garden this season, and the place was a veritable garden of flowers—floral rewards bestowed upon the singer the previous night for her dramatic rendering of *Desdemona* in "Otello." Wherever the eye looked there were flowers—roses were springing out of every nook and corner, huge posies and heavy baskets, whilst leaning negligently against the wall of the drawing-room was a great A composed of white sweet-peas, and the tiny vases scattered about were brimming over with the blossoms. They had to be conveyed home in a cab last night, for the carriage was already full of them.

Madame Albani's talents have won for her a precious collection of souvenirs, and the house is a store for them. After passing through the entrance hall, where a moment before her clever dog " Chat " has kindly obliged by sitting for his picture, we come, on the immediate right, to Mr. Gye's study. On his table are set out homely photos of himself, his wife, and their only child, Ernest ; and over the fireplace is a magnificent stag's head, a reminiscence of Scotland. In a niche in the hall by the window is a life-size statue of their son, by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. The little fellow is in sailor's costume, and playing with a toy railway engine, his one great amusement when three or four years of age, when he could boast of a collection of engines and tenders which would make any child in the land pardonably envious. It is in the drawing-room where one realises to what extent Madame Albani's talents have been acknowledged, so far as the bestowal of kindly gifts conveys appreciation. The apartment is richly draped, and its walls are an agreeable

From a Photo. by] MADAME ALBANI. *[Kameke.*



From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

symphony of amber and cream. The elaborately-worked cushions and foot-stools, the chairs, almost in miniature, and exquisitely draped, the tables positively loaded with gifts, are innumerable. One table is set out with silver trinkets—silver ships, fishes, horses, scent bottles, and even snuff boxes. At the far end of the room is a cabinet filled with valuable pieces of china, and close by is a bust of Madame Albani by the same Royal sculptor who executed that of her son. Here, too, is a harp, for the singer is a brilliant harpist, and her fingers often run over the strings. The piano is a useful-looking one, and it need be, for its keys are severely and incessantly worked. An interesting photo stands here on a crimson plush easel. It is that of the Princess Frederica of Hanover, who, being desirous of being photographed as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," borrowed the real costume in the shape of the identical cloak and veil worn by Madame Albani when singing in the character. An interesting gift, too, is that of a fine vase presented to her by the Empress Augusta of Germany. It shows the palace and the window where the old Emperor was wont to stand and salute the guard. In a glass case, by the window, is a silver wreath—a reminiscence of the terrible inundations in Belgium, presented by the Mayor of Brussels when the artist sang in aid of a fund for the sufferers.

But what strikes one most of all are the almost countless photos of nearly every member of the Royal family. Madame Albani may justly claim to be the favourite singer of the Queen. When the vocalist visited Berlin a few years ago the Queen sent a telegram to the Crown Princess, speaking in the highest terms of the great singer; and this telegram is here preserved. Once every year Her Majesty visits her favourite at Old Mar Lodge, and takes tea there, and many are the "private appearances" at Balmoral, when the Queen often listens to the delightful voice in many an old song and ballad of which she is so fond. It was when Her Majesty was paying her customary visit to the old hunting lodge of the Duke of Fife that she brought with her the Jubilee portrait of herself which hangs near the drawing-room mantel-board, framed in gold and surmounted with a crown. Look along the mantel-board—every photo bears the autograph of the giver. The Prince and Princess of Wales are in ivory frames,

MASTER ERNEST GYE.

From a Photo, by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

with the smoke of Old Mar Lodge rising. This is the resting-place of Madame Albani for two months every year. It is a quaint old Scotch house, possessing a grand garden, where the singer frankly admits she spends her time in gathering flowers and eating raspberries. Here, too, her abilities as an amateur gardener and angler have full play. Every morning, after breakfast, the beds have her close attention for one allotted hour, and then, with rod and line, she will sit on the banks of the Dee, and many a good trout and weighty salmon have responded to her silent invitation to take "a bite."

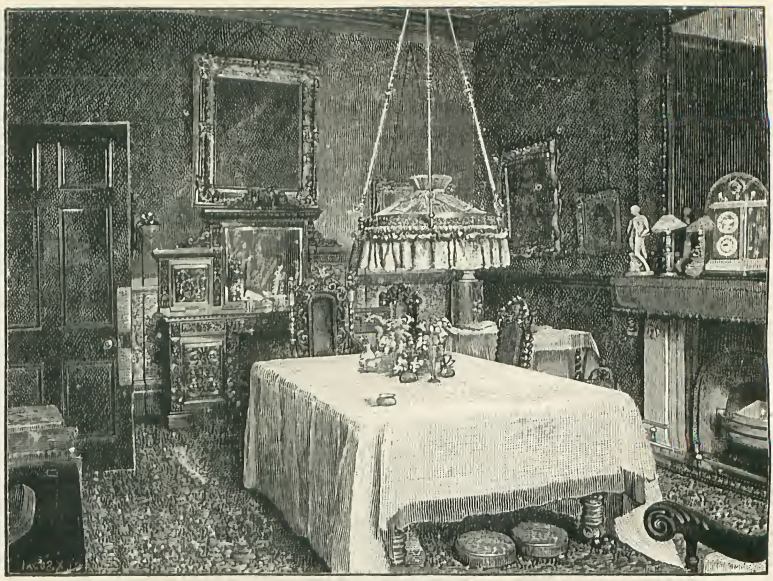
A little conservatory, sweet with fuchsias and gay with ferns and palms, where Miss Lajeunesse—Madame Albani's sister—is just now engaged in watering them, leads and near to them are the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. Here, again, is the Queen with one of the Duke of Connaught's children, the old Emperor of Germany and Princess Beatrice.

The dining-room is an apartment remarkable for its fine oak furniture—a beautifully carved sideboard and quaint clerical-looking high-back chairs. The table—which for the moment is florally decorated with sweet-peas which have evidently strayed from the great A—is lighted by a trio of electric lights beneath an immense crimson shade. The room contains many fine oil paintings, and against a chair, presumably waiting to fill a place on the wall, is an engraving of the Jubilee picture of the scene in Westminster Abbey, showing Madame Albani standing next to Miss Ellen Terry. A fine water-colour shows a glen.

From a Photo, by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry*

from the dining-room to the garden, with its beds and banks of ferns, marguerites, bluebells, and scarlet geraniums. Beneath a leafy arch the singer, in our illustration, is seen standing.

Just then the clock in the dining-room chimes five—a suggestive warning that in the prettiest corner of the drawing-room a little table is laid out for tea; for it was during such an essentially Kensingtonian ceremony as "five o'clock tea" that I learnt from Madame Albani's lips the story of her life. It is no easy matter to describe the famous singer.



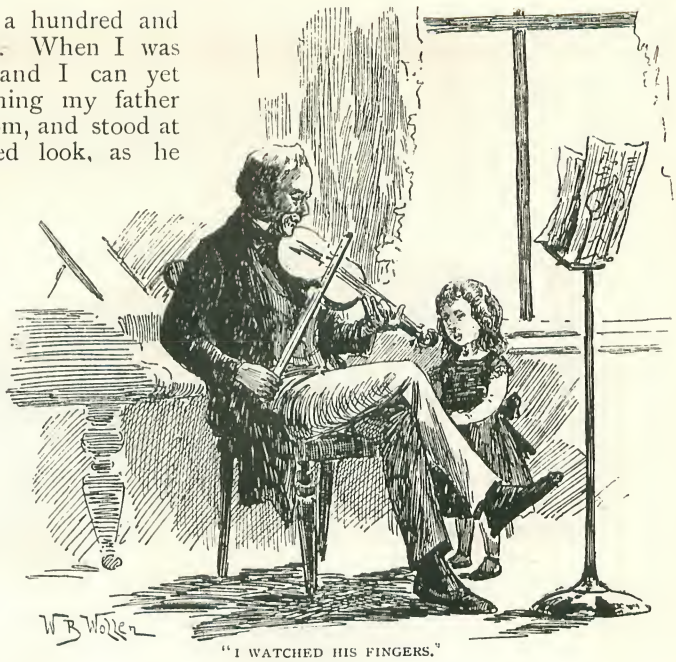
From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] THE CONSERVATORY STEPS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

She is a handsome woman, of unbounded vivacity, and speaks with a charming French accent. She accompanies her story with constant gesture, and is always smiling. She will look at you and speak most seriously, but her eyes are ever twinkling with merriment. She is a delightful woman, who has won her present position to-day by sheer hard work.

"What *am* I to tell you? What *am* I to tell you?" she exclaims, pouring out a cup of tea. "Shall I go back to many, many years ago, when as a tiny mite of two and a half I used to watch my father's fingers on the violin, as I stood by his side and tried to sing each note? Well, I will. That was at Chambly, near Montreal, where I was born on November 1, 1851, in a little house that was so small, that when they wanted to make some alterations in the neighbourhood, they lifted it up and moved it away bodily. But it is not destroyed. Another spot was found for it. My father was a professor of music and organist, and at that early age I commenced to study. I have heard him say that I sang before I talked. When I was four my mother also looked after my musical training, and a year later I was practising five and six hours every day. I often used to practise then two hours every morning before

breakfast, and get through a hundred and fifty pages of music a day. When I was seven my mother died, and I can yet remember how one morning my father suddenly came into the room, and stood at the door with a surprised look, as he listened to me singing my favourite little bits out of such operas as "Lucrezia Borgia," "Martha," and "Norma."



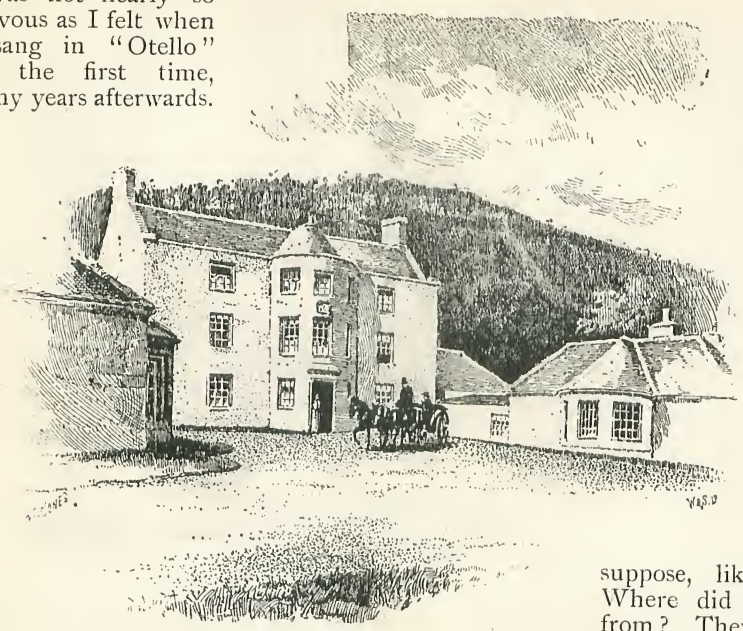
"I WATCHED HIS FINGERS."

"One day my father and I were at a large store where I used to practise on the piano, and a Scotchman, who was giving concerts in Montreal, came in. I was eight years old at the time, and he persuaded my father to let me sing at a concert. I did, and I had to give three concerts, and every night the stage used to be strewn with flowers. Flowers! Why, do you know I once had a great floral trophy given to me that took three men to bring on to the stage? It was all composed of roses, and was a gift from the ladies of Philadelphia.

"When I was nine, I entered the convent of The Sacred Heart, at Sault-au-Recollet. I was organist there, and remained there several years, and after leaving we went to live at Albany. Ah! does that name strike you? Yes, you are quite correct. After studying in Paris under Duprez, and afterwards with Lamperti, at Milan, I made my *début* there in 1870 as *Amina* in "Sonnambula," under the name of Albani, out of remembrance of the city, the people of which helped me so much, and where I think my future career was decided upon. You see, I just changed the last letter to i, and that gave me my operatic name. I

THE MADMAN'S GIFT.

well remember that first appearance. I had no friends in the house that night, but I was not nearly so nervous as I felt when I sang in "Otello" for the first time, many years afterwards.



OLD MAR LODGE.

When one is eighteen one has no fear. At the first rehearsal I trembled a little bit, for, you see, I was French-Canadian, and not Italian, but at the finish of my first song my brother and sister artistes took me up and almost carried me to my room.

"It was there—at Messina—that I very nearly made the acquaintance of a madman; at any rate, I am sorry to say that I was the means of sending him back to the lunatic asylum again. In Italy presents to artistes are very numerous, and people pay one all sorts of attentions. It was the morning after the opera, and I was just dressed. My maid came to me and said there was a gentleman who wanted to see me below on most important business. I despatched my maid to say that I was very busy, when, a few minutes afterwards, she returned with a huge parcel wrapped up in a beautiful lace shawl. I opened it, and there, to my surprise, were all kinds of jewellery—chains, lockets, diamond earrings, bracelets, brooches, and trinkets innumerable. I returned them at once, and it transpired that only the previous day the sender had been discharged from the asylum at Naples as quite cured. The same night he had come to the opera, and, I suppose, liked my singing. Where did the jewels come from? They belonged to his wife. He had stripped her jewel cases of everything. Poor fellow! he was sent back to Naples again.

DRAWING-ROOM, OLD MAR LODGE.

"It was in Italy, too, that the opera house came very near to being burnt down, and this little incident will just show you how calm the generally considered impetuous Italian can be in case of emergency. It was towards the end of the second act, when suddenly I saw one of the ballet dancers rush out of her room with her thin dress ablaze. The room where the dancers dressed was on fire. We had to pass it to get out into the street near the stage door. They covered me up in great shawls and carried me out to a café opposite. The fire was put out in twenty minutes. I returned to the theatre, we finished the opera, and everybody enjoyed it just as though nothing had happened.

MADAME ALBANI AS "MARGHERITA" (*Faust*).
From a Photograph by Heath & Bullingham, Plymouth.

"I made my *début* in London at Covent Garden on April 2, 1872, in my favourite *Amina*, and I don't mind confessing that I attributed a great deal of my success that night to the sudden appearance of a big black cat. I am very superstitious. I always occupy the same room at the theatre—it is one of the largest in the house. Just as I was all ready, and preparing to go on to the stage, the door was slowly and silently pushed open, and one of the biggest black cats imaginable peeped in and looked up at me. Oh! how delighted I was! Yes, I don't wonder at your smiling, but a black cat has always been a lucky thing for me, and I would welcome one at any time;" and the gifted artiste laughs heartily as she tells me that she does not keep one specially in the house to ensure good fortune entering at the front door. But, she has "Chat," her pet terrier—a fine young fellow, who lies on the rug at the foot of the piano, and listens to every note whilst his mistress is practising. "Chat" is clever, too, and would be a distinct acquisition to any performing troupe.

For a moment Madame Albani rearranges some of the flowers in the room, and, as she handles a particularly fine bouquet of crimson roses, a smile comes over her face.

"It was just like that," she quietly remarks, with the smile still there, and weighing the bunch of flowers somewhat mischievously and meditatively in her hands. And then the recollection which had made her smile leaked out. The stage of Covent Garden Theatre was the scene. Amid intense excitement, amongst the flowers thrown over the footlights was a bouquet containing a bracelet. But, unfortunately for poor Madame Albani, the aim was not straight, the roses were not as soft as they are generally supposed to be, and the floral missile, instead of landing gracefully before her feet, struck her on the head. The artiste laughed most heartily as she remembered this little incident.

"Since I commenced my career I have sung in some strange places. One of my most remarkable experiences was in Russia, at the Royal marriage. In Russia the

singers are all considered as servants. Well, it was most strange. We were all put in a sort of balcony which looked down upon the banqueting scene below, and as each of our turns came to sing, we went to a little opening and sang through it. What amused me was this, that all the time we were trying to sing our best, and produce our notes most effectively, the clatter of knives and forks still went on, and to make all complete, the singer might be in a most impressive passage and right in the midst of it, when, quite regardless of the uncomplaining singers, there would be a flourish of trumpets and somebody would get up and propose a toast. I was more fortunate than Madame Patti, for she was interrupted in the middle of her solo.

"Yes, I have often had requests to sing beside a deathbed or a person very ill. I sang to the old Bishop of Albany when he was suffering. The first festival I ever sang in was at Norwich, and when I returned to that place after six years, I had a letter from an old gentleman who heard me there, and who was now bedridden. He wanted to hear 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and I shall never forget standing there by his side and singing that beautiful song. And many a time have I had to convert the balcony of the hotel where I was staying into a temporary platform, and appear at midnight, long after the opera was over, and sing 'Home, sweet Home,' or some such popular ballad to the people waiting outside. That was the case at Dublin some few years ago, when the students there took the horses out of my carriage, and I was told that if I did not sing they would break the windows of the hotel. I stood on the balcony, wrapped up in great shawls, for it was a bitterly cold night, and it was no easy matter to sing 'The Last Rose of Summer' under those circumstances.

"I have sung, too, in the quiet little church at Braemar in the choir, and it was there that I received what I have always considered one of my greatest compliments. The speaker was one of the mountain folk, and had never even been to Edinburgh. When the service was over a friend of mine heard him say, "I never thought anybody could have such control over one's voice." That was all, but that is the whole secret of a singer's success—perfect control."

Then it was that I learned something about Madame Albani's method of studying. Like all great singers, she has one hard and fast rule which binds her household. When rehearsing nobody is ever allowed to disturb her. Her soul is in her work just as earnestly in the drawing-room as on the stage. She is a remarkably quick study, a thing she attributes to her arduous though enjoyable training in her early childhood. Madame Albani studied and sang "Lohengrin" in a fortnight, and she has been equally rapid in gaining her knowledge of such lengthy studies as *Margherita*, *Ophelia*, *Mignon*, *Elisabetta*, *Lucia*, and other operatic characters which will always be associated with her name. When she is about to take up a new character, she will first of all sit down quietly in the wicker chair in the conservatory, or in some quiet and undisturbable corner about the house, and taking the score in her lap, run through the music. Then she devotes herself to the words. Having learnt these, she now sits down to the piano, and commences work in real earnest. Having learnt both words and music, the services of an accompanist are called in, and, as she plays, Madame Albani will take up her position in the room, and, imagining the other characters about her, rehearse piece by piece. The morning preceding the opera she will go through every note to be sung in the evening. After all this individual work it is psssible that she may get three piano rehearsals at the theatre, two fully orchestral, and one for action and situations.

From a] "CHAT." [*Photograph.*

She likes "Otello" best of any opera. She learnt the music of it in a fortnight.

"But," once more resumes the artiste, "there is much more to think about besides words and music. I read my Shakespeare well, and the operatic singer must realise the character to be 'sung,' just as much as the actor must realise the part he is to play. I design all my own dresses,

and get most of my ideas from South Kensington Museum. Sometimes I see a figure in a picture that strikes me, and I may borrow a sleeve from that, and a design for a bodice from another. These costumes when made up cost from 70 to 80 guineas, and some much more. I have dresses for twenty operas, and many operas require three or four distinct changes of costume. The expense of these does not include jewels? Oh! dear, no; the jewellery I wear on them would make them worth many, many hundreds of pounds. Will I show you my jewels? Just wait a moment."

She leaves the room for a moment, and then returns with a big bundle of letters and a great bag.

"These letters are all applications for my autograph. I get them from all parts of the world—India, Australia, New Zealand. When I have collected a couple of hundred of them, I just clear them all over at once, devoting a morning to the task." Then opening the bag, a score of cases are brought out, the lids of which when raised present to the view gifts from every Royal personage in Europe. One by one Madame Albani takes them out. Here is a cross of sparkling gems presented to her by the late Emperor of Russia, and a diamond star and a butterfly of jewels given by the subscribers to the opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow. In Russia, on the benefit night of a favourite artiste, the subscribers collect as much money as they possibly can, and spend it in providing presents. The body of the butterfly—which I have in my hand—is one great emerald, and the wings are of rubies and diamonds. This is a gold medal from the old German Emperor, who appointed Madame Albani Court singer the last year he was alive. It was struck to commemorate his 80th year in the army, and the 90th year of his age, and was a reward to the artiste for having specially studied German in order to sing 'Lohengrin' in the language of the Fatherland.

From Photo. by] MADAME ALBANI AS "ELSA" (*Lohengrin*). *[Sarony, New York.*

Many are the presents from the Queen—a gold cross set with emeralds and diamonds, and a glance at Madame Albani's wrist shows two magnificent bracelets which she always wears. They are both of gold; one is set with emeralds and diamonds, a gift from Her Majesty, and the other is of rubies and diamonds, from the Princess of Wales.

Again the clock is heard chiming, and the watchful "Chat" follows me to the top of the steps which lead into "Our Village." Again the sounds of the piano are heard; a voice—which has reached many a heart—is singing. As I hurry away I am inclined to envy those who often have to pass by the house I have just left.

HARRY HOW.

By Bret Harte.

THE mail stage had just passed Laurel Run. So rapidly that the whirling cloud of dust dragged with it down the steep grade from the summit hung over the level long after the stage had vanished, and then, drifting away, slowly sifted a red precipitate over the hot platform of the Laurel Run Post-office.

Out of this cloud presently emerged the neat figure of the Postmistress with the mail bag which had been dexterously flung at her feet from the top of the passing vehicle. A dozen loungers eagerly stretched out their hands to assist her, but the warning: "It's agin the rules, boys, for any but her to touch it," from a bystander, and a coquettish shake of the head from the Postmistress herself—much more effective than any official interdict—withheld them. The bag was not heavy—Laurel Run was too recent a settlement to have attracted much correspondence—and the young woman, having pounced upon her prey with a certain feline instinct, dragged it, not without difficulty, behind the partitioned enclosure in the office, and locked the door. Her pretty face, momentarily visible through the window, was slightly flushed with the exertion, and the loose ends of her fair hair, wet with perspiration, curled themselves over her forehead into tantalising little rings. But the window shutter was quickly closed, and this momentary but charming vision withdrawn from the waiting public.

"Guv'ment oughter have more sense than to make a woman pick mail bags outer the road," said Jo Simmons, sympathetically. "'Tain't in her day's work anyhow; Guv'ment oughter hand 'em over to her like a lady; it's rich enough and ugly enough."

"'Tain't Guv'ment, it's that Stage Company's airs and graces," interrupted a newcomer. "They think it mighty fine to go beltin' by, makin' everybody take their dust—just because *stoppin'* ain't in their contract. Why, if that express-man who chucked down the bag had any feelin's for a lady—" but he stopped here at the amused faces of his auditors.

"Guess you don't know much o' that express-man's feelin's, stranger," said Simmons grimly. "Why, you oughter see him just nussin' that bag like a baby as he comes tearin' down the grade, and then rise up and sorter heave it to Mrs. Baker ez if it was a five dollar bokay! His feelin's for her! Why, he's give himself so dead away to her that we're looking for him to forget what he's doin' next, and just come sailin' down hisself at her feet."

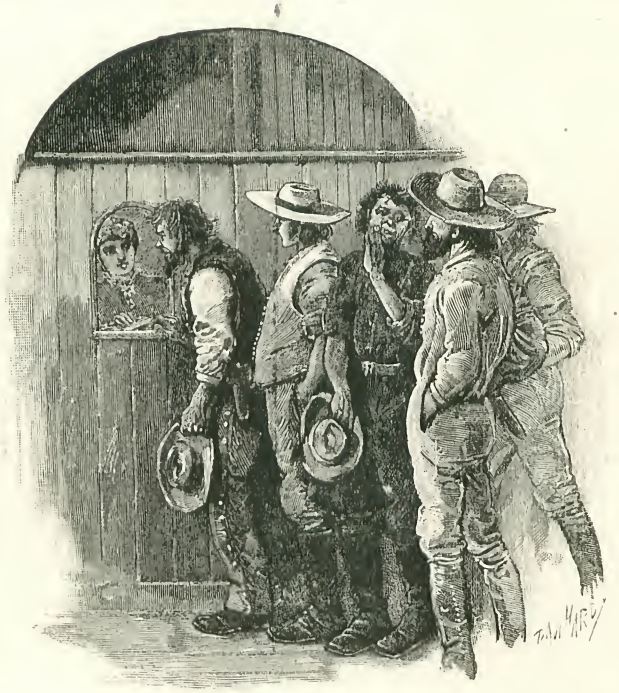
Meanwhile, on the other side of the partition, Mrs. Baker had brushed the red dust from the padlocked bag, and removed what

seemed to be a supplementary package attached to it by a wire. Opening it she found a handsome scent-bottle, evidently a superadded gift from the devoted express-man. This she put aside with a slight smile and the murmured word, "Foolishness." But when she had unlocked the bag, even its sacred interior was also profaned by a covert parcel from the adjacent postmaster at Burnt Ridge, containing a gold "specimen" brooch and some circus tickets. It was laid aside with the other. This also was vanity and—presumably—vexation of spirit.

There were seventeen letters in all, of which five were for herself—and yet the proportion was small that morning. Two of them were marked "Official business," and were promptly put by with feminine discernment; but in another compartment than that holding the presents. Then the shutter was opened, and the task of delivery commenced.

It was accompanied with a social peculiarity that had in time become a habit of Laurel Run. As the young woman delivered the letters, in turn, to the men who were patiently drawn up in Indian file, she made that simple act a medium of privileged but limited conversation on special or general topics—gay or serious as the case might be—or the temperament of the man suggested. That it was almost always of a complimentary character on their part may be readily imagined; but it was invariably characterised by an element of refined restraint, and, whether from some implied understanding or individual sense of honour—it never passed the bounds of conventionality or a certain delicacy of respect. The delivery was consequently more or less protracted, but when each man had exchanged his three or four minutes' conversation with the fair Postmistress—a conversation at times impeded by bashfulness or timidity, on his part solely, or restricted often to vague smiling—he resignedly made way for the next. It was a formal levee, mitigated by the informality of rustic tact, great good humour, and infinite patience, and would have been amusing, had it not always been terribly in earnest and at times touching. For it was peculiar to the place and the epoch, and indeed implied the whole history of Mrs. Baker.

She was the wife of John Baker, foreman of "The Last Chance," now for a year lying dead under half a mile of crushed and beaten in tunnel at Burnt Ridge. There had been a sudden outcry from the depths at high hot noontide one day, and John had rushed from his cabin—his young, foolish, flirting wife clinging to him—to answer that despairing cry of his imprisoned men. There was one exit that he alone knew which might be yet held open, among falling walls and tottering timbers, long enough to set them free. For one moment only the strong man hesitated between her entreating arms and his brothers' despairing cry. But she rose suddenly with a pale face, and said, "Go, John; I will wait for you here." He went, the men were freed—but she had waited for him ever since!



"THE YOUNG WOMAN DELIVERED THE LETTERS."

Yet in the shock of the calamity and in the after struggles of that poverty which had come to the ruined camp, she had

scarcely changed. But the men had. Although she was to all appearances the same giddy, pretty Betsy Baker, who had been so disturbing to the younger members, they seemed to be no longer disturbed by her. A certain subdued awe and respect, as if the martyred spirit of John Baker still held his arm around her, appeared to have come upon them all. They held their breath as this pretty woman, whose brief mourning had not seemed to affect her cheerfulness or even playfulness of spirit, passed before them. But she stood by her cabin and the camp—the only woman in a settlement of forty men—during the darkest hours of their fortune. Helping them to wash and cook, and ministering to their domestic needs; the sanctity of her cabin was, however, always kept as inviolable as if it had been *his* tomb. No one exactly knew why, for it was only a tacit instinct; but even one or two who had not scrupled to pay court to Betsy Baker during John Baker's life, shrank from even a suggestion of familiarity towards the woman who had said that she would "wait for him there."

When brighter days came and the settlement had increased by one or two families, and laggard capital had been hurried up to relieve the still beleaguered and locked-up wealth of Burnt Ridge, the needs of the community and the claims of the widow of John Baker were so well told in political quarters that the post-office of Laurel Run was created expressly for her. Every man participated in the building of the pretty yet substantial edifice—the only public building of Laurel Run—that stood in the dust of the great highway, half a mile from the settlement. There she was installed for certain hours of the day, for she could not be prevailed upon to abandon John's cabin, and here, with all the added respect due to a public functionary, she was secure in her privacy.

But the blind devotion of Laurel Run to John Baker's relict did not stop here. In its zeal to assure the Government authorities of the necessity for a post-office, and to secure a permanent competency to the postmistress, there was much embarrassing extravagance. During the first week the sale of stamps at Laurel Run Post-office was unprecedented in the annals of the Department. Fancy prices were given for the first issue; then they were bought wildly, recklessly, unprofitably, and on all occasions. Complimentary congratulation at the little window invariably ended with "and a dollar's worth of stamps, Mrs. Baker." It was felt to be supremely delicate to buy only the highest priced stamps, without reference to their adequacy; then mere *quantity* was sought; then outgoing letters were all overpaid, and stamped in outrageous proportion to their weight and even size. The imbecility of this, and its probable effect on the reputation of Laurel Run at the General Post-office, being pointed out by Mrs. Baker, stamps were adopted as local currency, and even for decorative purposes on mirrors and the walls of cabins. Everybody wrote letters, with the result, however, that those *sent* were ludicrously and suspiciously in excess of those received. To obviate this, select parties made forced journeys to Hickory Hill, the next post-office, with letters and circulars addressed to themselves at Laurel Run. How long the extravagance would have continued is not known, but it was not until it was rumoured that, in consequence of this excessive flow of business, the Department had concluded that a post-*master* would be better fitted for the place that it abated, and a compromise was effected with the General Office by a permanent salary to the Postmistress.

Such was the history of Mrs. Baker, who had just finished her afternoon levee, nodded a smiling "good-bye" to her last customer, and closed her shutter again. Then she took up her own letters, but, before reading them, glanced, with a pretty impatience, at the two official envelopes addressed to herself, which she had shelved. They were generally a "lot of new rules," or notifications, or "absurd" questions which had nothing to do with Laurel Run, and only bothered her and "made her head ache," and she had usually referred them to her admiring neighbour at Hickory Hill for explanation, who had generally returned them to her with the brief endorsement, "Purp stuff, don't bother," or, "Hog wash, let it slide." She remembered now that he had not returned the two last. With knitted brows and a slight pout she put aside her private correspondence and tore open the first one. It referred with official curtness to an unanswered communication of the previous week, and was "compelled to remind her of rule 47." Again those horrid rules! She opened the other; the frown deepened on her brow, and became fixed.

It was a summary of certain valuable money letters that had miscarried on the

route, and of which they had given her previous information. For a moment her cheeks blazed. How dare they; what did they mean! Her waybills and register were always right; she knew the names of every man, woman, and child in her district; no such names as those borne by the missing letters had ever existed at Laurel Run; no such addresses had ever been sent from Laurel Run post-office. It was a mean insinuation! She would send in her resignation at once! She would get "the boys" to write an insulting letter to Senator Slocumb — Mrs. Baker had the feminine idea of Government as a purely personal institution—and she would find out who it was that had put them up to this prying, crawling impudence! It was probably that wall-eyed old wife of the postmaster at Heavy Tree Crossing, who was jealous of her. "Remind her of their previous unanswered communication," indeed! Where was that communication, anyway? She remembered she had sent it to her admirer at Hickory Hill. Odd that he hadn't answered it. Of course, he knew all about this meanness—could he, too, have dared to suspect her! The thought turned her crimson again. He, Stanton Green, was an old "Laurel Runner," a friend of John's, a little "triflin'" and "presoomin'," but still an old loyal pioneer of the camp! "Why hadn't he spoke up?"

"A STRANGER ENTERED."

There was the soft muffled fall of a horse's hoof in the thick dust of the highway, the jingle of dismounting spurs, and a firm tread on the platform. No doubt, one of the boys returning for a few supplemental remarks under the feeble pretence of forgotten stamps. It had been done before, and she had resented it as "cayotin' round"; but now she was eager to pour out her wrongs to the first comer. She had her hand impulsively on the door of the partition, when she stopped with a new sense of her impaired dignity. Could she confess this to her worshippers? But here the door opened in her very face and a stranger entered.

He was a man of fifty, compactly and strongly built. A squarely cut goatee, slightly streaked with grey, fell straight from his thin-lipped but handsome mouth; his eyes were dark, humorous, yet searching. But the distinctive quality that struck Mrs. Baker was the blending of urban ease with frontier frankness. He was evidently a man who had seen cities and knew countries as well. And while he was dressed with the comfortable simplicity of a Californian mounted traveller, her inexperienced but feminine eye detected the keynote of his respectability in the carefully tied bow of his cravat. The Sierrean throat was apt to be open, free, and unfettered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Baker," he said, pleasantly, with his hat already in his hand. "I'm Harry Home, of San Francisco." As he spoke his eye swept approvingly over the neat enclosure, the primly-tied papers, and well-kept pigeon holes; the pot of flowers on her desk; her china silk mantle, and killing little chip hat and ribbons hanging against the wall; thence to her own pink flushed face, bright blue

eyes, tendrilled clinging hair, and then—fell upon the leathern mail bag still lying across the table. Here it became fixed on the unfortunate wire of the amorous express-man that yet remained hanging from the brass wards of the lock, and he reached his hand toward it.

But little Mrs. Baker was before him, and had seized it in her arms. She had been too pre-occupied and bewildered to resent his first intrusion behind the partition, but this last familiarity with her sacred official property—albeit empty—capped the climax of her wrongs.

"How dare you touch it!" she said indignantly. "How dare you come in here! Who are you, anyway? Go outside at once!"

The stranger fell back with an amused, deprecatory gesture, and a long, silent laugh. "I'm afraid you don't know me, after all!" he said, pleasantly. "I'm Harry Home, the Department Agent from the San Francisco office. My note of advice, No. 201, with my name on the envelope, seems to have miscarried too."

Even in her fright and astonishment it flashed upon Mrs. Baker that she had sent that notice, too, to Hickory Hill. But with it all the feminine secretive instinct within her was now thoroughly aroused, and she kept silent.

"I ought to have explained," he went on smilingly; "but you are quite right, Mrs. Baker," he added, nodding towards the bag. "As far as you knew, I had no business to go near it. Glad to see you know how to defend Uncle Sam's property so well. I was only a bit puzzled to know" (pointing to the wire) "if that thing was on the bag when it was delivered to you?"

Mrs. Baker saw no reason to conceal the truth. After all, this official was a man like the others, and it was just as well that he should understand her power. "It's only the express-man's foolishness," she said, with a slightly coquettish toss of her head. "He thinks it smart to tie some nonsense on that bag with the wire when he flings it down."

Mr. Home, with his eyes on her pretty face, seemed to think it a not inhuman or unpardonable folly. "As long as he doesn't meddle with the inside of the bag, I suppose you must put up with it," he said. laughingly. A dreadful recollection that the Hickory Hill postmaster had used the inside of the bag to convey *his* foolishness, came across her. It would never do to confess it now. Her face must have shown some agitation, for the official resumed with a half-paternal, half-reassuring air, "But enough of this. Now, Mrs. Baker, to come to my business here! Briefly, then, it doesn't concern you in the least, except so far as it may relieve you and some others whom the Department knows equally well from a certain responsibility, and, perhaps, anxiety. We are pretty well posted down there in all that concerns Laurel Run, and I think" (with a slight bow), "we've known all about you and John Baker. My only business here is to take your place to-night in receiving the 'Omnibus Way Bag,' that you know arrives here at 9.30, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Baker, hurriedly; "but it never has anything for us, except——" (she caught herself up quickly, with a stammer, as she remembered the sighing Green's occasional offerings), "except a notification from Hickory Hill Post-office. It leaves there," she went on with an affectation of precision, "at half-past eight exactly, and it's about an hour's run—seven miles by road."

"Exactly," said Mr. Home. "Well, I will receive the bag, open it, and despatch it again. You can, if you choose, take a holiday."

"But," said Mrs. Baker, as she remembered that Laurel Run always made a point of attending her evening levee on account of the superior leisure it offered, "there are the people who come for letters, you know."

"I thought you said there were no letters at that time," said Mr. Home, quickly.

"No—but—but—" (with a slight hysterical stammer) "the boys come all the same."

"Oh!" said Mr Home, dryly.

"And—O Lord!—" But here the spectacle of the possible discomfiture of Laurel Run at meeting the bearded face of Mr. Home, instead of her own smooth cheeks, at the window, combined with her nervous excitement, overcame her so that, throwing her little frilled apron over her head, she gave way to a paroxysm of hysterical laughter. Mr Home waited with amused toleration for it to stop, and, when she had recovered, resumed. "Now, I should like to refer an instant to my first communication to you. Have you got it handy?"

Mrs. Baker's face fell. "No: I sent it

over to Mr. Green, of Hickory Hill, for information."

"What!"

Terrified at the sudden seriousness of the man's voice, she managed to gasp out, however, that, after her usual habit, she had not opened the official letters, but had sent them to her more experienced colleague for advice and information; that she never could understand them herself—they made her head ache, and interfered with her other duties—but *he* understood them, and sent her word what to do. Remembering, also, his usual style of endorsement, she grew red again.

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing; he didn't return them."

"Naturally," said Mr. Home, with a peculiar expression. After a few moments' silent stroking of his beard, he suddenly faced the frightened woman.

"HE SUDDENLY FACED THE FRIGHTENED WOMAN.

"You oblige me, Mrs. Baker, to speak more frankly to you than I had intended. You have—unwittingly, I believe—given information to a man whom the Government suspects of peculation. You have, without knowing it, warned the Postmaster at Hickory Hill that he is suspected; and, as you might have frustrated our plans for tracing a series of embezzlements to their proper source, you will see that you might have also done great wrong to yourself as his only neighbour and the next responsible person. In plain words, we have traced the disappearance of money letters to a point when it lies between these two offices. Now, I have not the least hesitation in telling you that we do not suspect Laurel Run, and never have suspected it. Even the result of your thoughtless act, although it warned him, confirms our suspicion of his guilt. As to the warning, it has failed, or he has grown reckless, for another letter has been missed since. To-night, however, will settle all doubt in the matter. When I open that bag in this office to-night, and do not find a certain decoy letter in it, which was last checked at Heavytree Crossing, I shall know that it remains in Green's possession at Hickory Hill."

She was sitting back in her chair, white and breathless. He glanced at her kindly, and then took up his hat. "Come, Mrs. Baker, don't let this worry you. As I told you at first, *you* have nothing to fear. Even your thoughtlessness and ignorance of rules has contributed to show your own innocence. Nobody will ever be the wiser for this; we do not advertise our affairs in the Department. Not a soul but yourself knows the real cause of my visit here. I will leave you here alone for a while, so as to divert any suspicion. You will come, as usual, this evening, and be seen by your friends; I will only be here when the bag arrives, to open it. Good-bye, Mrs. Baker; it's a nasty bit of business, but it's all in the day's work. I've seen worse, and, thank God, you're out of it."

She heard his footsteps retreat into the outer office and die out of the platform;

the jingle of his spurs, and the hollow beat of his horsehoofs that seemed to find a dull echo in her own heart, and she was alone.

The room was very hot and very quiet; she could hear the warping and creaking of the shingles under the relaxing of the nearly level sunbeams. The office clock struck seven. In the breathless silence that followed, a woodpecker took up his interrupted work on the roof, and seemed to beat out monotonously in her ear the last words of the stranger: Stanton Green—a thief! Stanton Green, one of the "boys" John had helped out of the falling tunnel! Stanton Green, whose old mother in the States still wrote letters to him at Laurel Run, in a few hours to be a disgraced and ruined man for ever! She remembered now, as a thoughtless woman remembers, tales of his extravagance and fast living, of which she had taken no heed, and, with a sense of shame, of presents sent her, that she now clearly saw must have been far beyond his means. What would the boys say? what would John have said? Ah! what would John have *done!*

She started suddenly to her feet, white and cold as on that day that she had parted from John Baker before the tunnel. She put on her hat and mantle, and going to that little iron safe that stood in the corner, unlocked it, and took out its entire contents of gold and silver. She had reached the door when another idea seized her, and opening her desk she collected her stamps to the last sheet, and hurriedly rolled them up under her cape. Then with a glance at the clock, and a rapid survey of the road from the platform, she slipped from it, and seemed to be swallowed up in the waiting woods beyond.

PART II.

Once within the friendly shadows of the long belt of pines, Mrs. Baker kept them until she had left the limited settlement of Laurel Run far to the right, and came upon an open slope of Burnt Ridge, where she knew Jo Simmons' mustang, Blue Lightning, would be quietly feeding. She had often ridden him before, and when she had detached the fifty-foot riata from his headstall, he permitted her the further recognised familiarity of twining her fingers in his bluish mane and climbing on his back. The tool shed of Burnt Ridge Tunnel, where Jo's saddle and bridle always hung, was but a canter further on. She reached it unperceived, and—another trick of the old days—quickly extemporised a side saddle from Simmons' Mexican tree, with its high cantle and horn bow, and the aid of a blanket. Then leaping to her seat, she rapidly threw off her mantle, tied it by its sleeves around her waist, tucked it under one knee, and let it fall over her horse's flanks. By this time Blue Lightning was also struck with a flash of equine recollection, and pricked up his ears. Mrs. Baker uttered a little chirping cry which he remembered, and the next moment they were both careering over the Ridge.

The trail that she had taken, though precipitate, difficult, and dangerous in places, was a clear gain of two miles on the stage road. There was less chance of her being followed or meeting anyone. The greater cañons were already in shadow; the pines on the further ridges were separating their masses, and showing individual silhouettes against the sky, but the air was still warm, and the cool breath of night, as she well knew it, had not yet begun to flow down the mountain. The lower range of Burnt Ridge was still uneclipsed by the creeping shadow of the mountain ahead of her. Without a watch, but with this familiar and slowly changing dial spread out before her, she knew the time to a minute. Heavy Tree Hill, a lesser height in the distance, was already wiped out by that shadowy index finger—half-past seven! The stage would be at Hickory Hill just before half-past eight; she ought to anticipate it, if possible—it would stay ten minutes to change horses—she *must* arrive before it left!

There was a good two-mile level before the rise of the next range. Now, Blue Lightning! all you know! And that was much—for with the little chip hat and fluttering ribbons well bent down over the bluish mane, and the streaming gauze of her mantle almost level with the horse's back, she swept down across the long table-land like a skimming blue jay. A few more bird-like dips up and down the undulations, and then came the long, cruel ascent of the Divide.

Acrid with perspiration, caking with dust, slithering in the slippery, impalpable powder of the road, groggily staggering in a red dusty dream, coughing, snorting, head-tossing; becoming suddenly dejected, with slouching haunch and limp legs on easy slopes, or wildly spasmodic and agile on sharp acclivities, Blue Lightning began to have ideas and recollections! Ah! she

was a devil for a lark—this lightly-clinging, caressing, blarneying, cooing creature—up there! He remembered her now. Ha! very well then. Hoop la! And suddenly leaping out like a rabbit, bucking, trotting hard, ambling lightly, "loping" on three legs, and recreating himself—as only a Californian mustang could—the invincible Blue Lightning at last stood triumphantly upon the summit. The evening star had just pricked itself through the golden mist of the horizon line—eight o'clock! She could do it now! But here, suddenly, her first hesitation seized her. She knew her horse, she knew the trail, she knew herself—but did she know *the man* to whom she was riding? A cold chill crept over her, and then she shivered in a sudden blast; it was Night at last swooping down from the now invisible Sierras, and possessing all it touched. But it was only one long descent to Hickory Hill now, and she swept down securely on its wings. Half-past eight! The lights of the settlement were just ahead of her—but so, too, were the two lamps of the waiting stage before the post-office and hotel.

BLUE LIGHTNING.

Happily the lounging crowd were gathered around the hotel, and she slipped into the post-office from the rear, unperceived. As she stepped behind the partition, its only occupant—a good-looking young fellow with a reddish moustache—turned towards her with a flush of delighted surprise. But it changed at the sight of the white, determined face and the brilliant eyes that had never looked once towards him, but were fixed upon a large bag, whose yawning mouth was still open and propped up beside his desk.

"Where is the through money letter that came in that bag?" she said, quickly.

"What—do—you—mean?" he stammered, with a face that had suddenly grown whiter than her own.

"I mean that it's a *decoy*, checked at Heavy Tree Crossing, and that Mr. Home, of San Francisco, is now waiting at my office to know if you have taken it!"

The laugh and lie that he had at first tried to summon to mouth and lips never reached them. For, under the spell of her rigid, truthful face, he turned almost mechanically to his desk, and took out a package.

"Good God! you've opened it already!" she cried, pointing to the broken seal.

The expression on her face, more than anything she had said, convinced him that she knew all. He stammered under the new alarm that her despairing tone suggested. "Yes!—I was owing some bills—the collector was waiting here for the money, and I took something from the packet. But I was going to make it up by next mail—I swear it."

"How much have you taken?"

"Only a trifle. I——"

"How much?"

"A hundred dollars!"

She dragged the money she had brought from Laurel Run from her pocket, and counting out the sum, replaced it in the open package. He ran quickly to get the sealing wax, but she motioned him away as she dropped the package back into the mail bag. "No; as long as the money is found in the bag the package may have been broken *accidentally*. Now burst open one or two of those other packages a little—so;" she took out a packet of letters and bruised their official wrappings under her little foot until the tape fastening was loosened. "Now give me something heavy." She caught up a brass two-pound weight, and in the same feverish but collected haste wrapped it in paper, sealed it, stamped it, and, addressing it in a large printed hand to herself at Laurel Hill, dropped it in the bag. Then she closed it and locked it; he would have assisted her, but she again waved him away. "Send for the express-man, and keep yourself out of the way for a moment," she said curtly.

An attitude of weak admiration and foolish passion had taken the place of his former tremulous fear. He obeyed excitedly, but without a word. Mrs. Baker wiped her moist forehead and parched lips, and shook out her skirt. Well might the young express-man start at the unexpected revelation of those sparkling eyes and that demurely smiling mouth at the little window.

"Mrs. Baker!"

She put her finger quickly to her lips, and threw a world of unutterable and enigmatical meaning into her mischievous face.

"There's a big San Francisco swell takin' my place at Laurel to-night, Charley."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And it's a pity that the Omnibus Waybag happened to get such a shaking up and banging round already, coming here."

"Eh?"

"I say," continued Mrs. Baker, with great gravity and dancing eyes, "that it would be just *awful* if that keerful City clerk found things kinder mixed up inside when he comes to open it. I wouldn't give him trouble for the world, Charley."

"No, ma'am, it ain't like you."

"So you'll be particularly careful on *my* account."

"Mrs. Baker," said Charley, with infinite gravity, "if that bag *should tumble off a dozen times* between this and Laurel Hill, I'll hop down and pick it up myself."

"Thank you! shake!"

They shook hands gravely across the window ledge.

"And you ain't goin' down with us, Mrs. Baker?"

"Of course not; it wouldn't do—for *I ain't here*—don't you see?"

"Of course!"

She handed him the bag through the door. He took it carefully, but in spite of his great precaution fell over it twice on his way to the road, where from certain exclamations and shouts it seemed that a like

"HE FELL OVER IT."

miserable mischance attended its elevation to the boot. Then Mrs. Baker came back into the office, and, as the wheels rolled away, threw herself into a chair, and inconsistently gave way for the first time to an outburst of tears. Then her hand was grasped suddenly, and she found Green on his knees before her. She started to her feet.

"Don't move," he said, with weak hysteric passion, "but listen to me, for God's sake! I am ruined, I know, even though

you have just saved me from detection and disgrace. I have been mad!—a fool, to do what I have done, I know, but you do not know all—you do not know why I did it—you cannot think of the temptation that has driven me to it. Listen, Mrs. Baker. I have been striving to get money, honestly, dishonestly—anyway, to look well in *your* eyes—to make myself worthy of you—to make myself rich, and to be able to offer you a home and take you away from Laurel Run. It was all for *you*—it was all for love of *you*, Betsy, my darling. Listen to me!"

In the fury, outraged sensibility, indignation, and infinite disgust that filled her little body at that moment, she should have been large, imperious, goddess-like, and commanding. But God is at times ironical with suffering womanhood. She could only writhe her hand from his grasp with childish contortions; she could only glare at him with eyes that were prettily and piquantly brilliant; she could only slap at his detaining hand with a plump and velvety palm, and when she found her voice it was high falsetto. And all she could say was, "Leave me be, looney, or I'll scream!"

He rose, with a weak, confused laugh, half of miserable affectation and half of real anger and shame.

"What did you come riding over here for, then? What did you take all this risk for? Why did you rush over here to share my disgrace—for *you* are as much mixed up with this now as *I* am—if you didn't calculate to share *everything else* with me? What did you come here for, then, if not for *me?*"

"What did *I* come here for?" said Mrs. Baker, with every drop of red blood gone from her cheek and trembling lip. "What—did—I—come here for? Well!—I came here for *John Baker's* sake! John Baker, who stood between you and death at Burnt Ridge, as I stand between you and damnation at Laurel Run, Mr. Green! Yes, John Baker, lying under half of Burnt Ridge, but more to me this day than any living man crawling over it—in—in"—Oh, fatal climax!—"in a month o' Sundays! What did I come here for? I came here as John Baker's livin' wife to carry on dead John Baker's work. Yes, dirty work this time, maybe, Mr. Green! but his work, and for *him* only—precious! That's what I came here for; that's what I *live* for; that's what I'm waiting for—to be up to *him* and his work always! That's me—Betsy Baker!"

She walked up and down rapidly, tying her chip hat under her chin again. Then she stopped, and taking her chamois purse from her pocket, laid it sharply on the desk.

"Stanton Green, don't be a fool! Rise up out of this, and be a man again. Take enough out o' that bag to pay what you owe Gov'ment, send in your resignation, and keep the rest to start you in a honest life elsewhere. But light out o' Hickory Hill afore this time to-morrow."

She pulled her mantle from the wall and opened the door.

"You are going?" he said, bitterly.

"Yes." Either she could not hold seriousness long in her capricious little fancy, or, with feminine tact, she sought to make the parting less difficult for him, for she broke into a dazzling smile. "Yes, I'm goin' to run Blue Lightning agin Charley

"HE COLLECTED THE SCATTERED COINS."

and that Way-bag back to Laurel Run, and break the record."

* * * * *

It is said that she did! Perhaps owing to the fact that the grade of the return journey to Laurel Run was in her favour, and that she could avoid the long, circuitous ascent to the summit taken by the stage, or that, owing to the extraordinary difficulties in the carriage of the way-bag—which had to be twice rescued from under the wheels of the stage—she entered the Laurel Run Post-office as the coach leaders came trotting up the hill. Mr. Home was already on the platform.

"You'll have to ballast your next way-bag, boss," said Charley, gravely, as it escaped his clutches once more in the dust of the road, "or you'll have to make a new contract with the company. We've lost ten minutes in five miles over that bucking thing."

Home did not reply, but quickly dragged his prize into the office, scarcely noticing Mrs. Baker, who stood beside him pale and breathless. As the bolt of the bag was drawn, revealing its chaotic interior, Mrs. Baker gave a little sigh. Home glanced quickly at her, emptied the bag upon the floor, and picked up the broken and half-filled money parcel. Then he collected the scattered coins and counted them. "It's all right, Mrs. Baker," he said gravely. "*He's* safe this time!"

"I'm so glad!" said little Mrs. Baker, with a hypocritical gasp.

"So am I," returned Home, with increasing gravity, as he took the coin, "for, from all I have gathered this afternoon, it seems he was an old pioneer of Laurel Run, a friend of your husband's, and, I think, more fool than knave!" He was silent for a moment, clicking the coins against each other; then he said carelessly: "Did he get quite away, Mrs. Baker?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Baker, with a lofty air of dignity, but a somewhat debasing colour. "I don't see why *I* should know anything about it, or why he should go away at all."

"Well," said Mr. Home, laying his hand gently on the widow's shoulder, "well, you see, it might have occurred to his friends that the *coins were marked!* That is, no doubt, the reason why he would take their good advice and go. But, as I said before, Mrs. Baker, *you're* all right, whatever happens—the Government stands by *you!*"

Young Tommy Atkins.

A Personal Experience.

"HULLO, Dapper," said I, "what's up with you?"

"Same to you, Tommy, old boy. I'm down in the dumps, and am going to enlist. I hear good accounts of the army now, and they say that anyone who knows his drill, and is steady and well educated, is pretty sure of a commission. I've had a shindy at home, and I think a few years in the army would suit me down to the ground."

"Well, I'm reduced to my last shilling," said I.

"And I to my last sixpence," said Dapper, "so let's go and get another shilling at once."

I suggested a little more deliberation, and we sauntered into St. James's Park, sat down and discussed the situation. And at last I agreed to enlist with Dick Dapper.

TRIMMING UP.

We strolled leisurely through the Horse Guards and conned the bills headed "recruits wanted," and we were not long before a smart recruiting sergeant accosted us, and we walked with him to a public house called I think the "Blue Pig." The sergeant took us to a quiet corner in a big room where there were other sergeants, and eight or ten young fellows woe-begone, but none of them so completely down in the dumps as Dapper and me.

"All found and a shilling a day," said the sergeant, smiling, "and the Government puts by £3 a year for you, till, at the end of seven years, you have £21 to receive for deferred pay. At the end of seven years with the colours, you will be drafted into the Reserves, and receive sixpence a day, and do twenty drills a year. Now, that's all you want to know at present, so come with me to the barracks and see the doctor."

We got there with several other recruits, most of whom were required to have a hot bath; we were not, but we had to strip, and, in "our birthday suits," as Dapper described it, were ushered into the doctor's room.

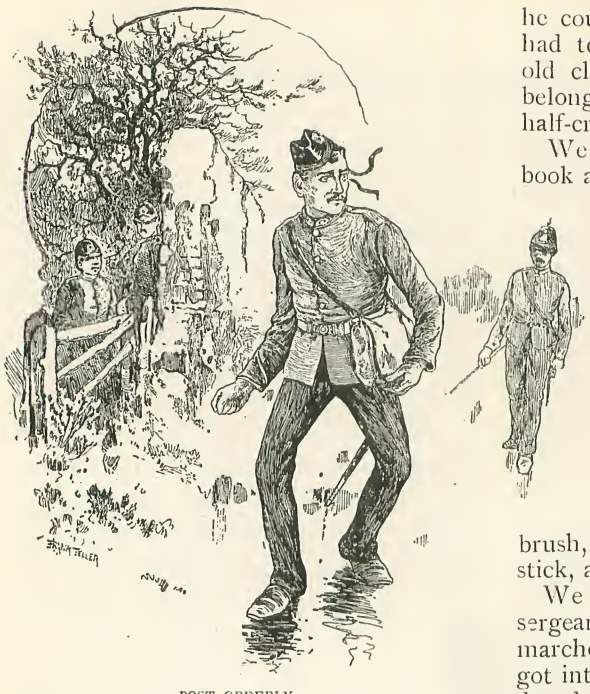
"This regiment must be the First Buffs," said Dick to the doctor.

"Well, you're all in uniform, anyhow," said the doctor, laughing.

We were thoroughly examined, and I fancied that the doctor was entering in a book any particulars he could see, like mole marks, tattooing, and so forth. Dick and I were both fairly developed for young men of eighteen, and passed the doctor all right. Dick's chest measured 35 inches, mine 36; the minimum accepted was 33 inches. The minimum weight was 115 lbs.—8 stone 3 lbs.—and we were both nearer 9 stone.

Our eyesight was tested by the hospital sergeant putting his hand over our left eyes, and asking how many spots we could see on a board some paces off. Dick was a little doubtful when his left eye was covered, but the considerate sergeant opened the fingers, so that Dick could see with both eyes, and the doctor passed us as physically fit. Indeed, I heard that there were no rejections that day, though two recruits at least were not up to the standard of height, weight, or chest; but as they were promising lads who were likely to grow, they got their certificates.

Having been duly attested before a magistrate, we received, I think, 1s. 6d.



POST ORDERLY.

each, and were drafted off to the depôt of the Royal Wessex Regiment.

I sold my watch and chain to Sergeant Snapcap, and Dick disposed of a couple of pawn-tickets in the same way.

"You won't want watches in the army," said Snapcap, "and if you do you can buy a cheap one, and you won't be so likely to lose it."

This put nearly six pounds into my purse, and Dick got a sovereign for his two tickets.

At the barracks our first business was to dispose of our civilian clothes, about which there was no difficulty. Most of the recruits got rid of theirs to Jew dealers, but Sergeant Trail, who took us in tow to show us over the place, hinted that he could make more of anything that we had to sell than we could get out of the old clo' man, so we both parted with our belongings to him, realising about three half-crowns each.

We were then entered in the brigade book and received our regimental numbers.

We then received our kits, which consisted of scarlet tunic, and navy blue trousers and a serge frock or jacket, a dark grey great-coat and cape, and short leather leggings; two grey flannel shirts, three pairs of socks, and a Glengarry cap; two pairs of "Cossack" or "ammunition" boots; a set of blacking brushes, a clothes brush, and a tin of blacking. The small kit, as it was called, consisted of a knife, fork, spoon, razor, lather brush, hair brush and comb and button stick, and a hold-all to put them in.

We then received from the paymaster-sergeant our "ration money," and were marched off to our room in barracks. We got into our regimentals, and were introduced to one of the regimental barbers, who gave us the real "Royal Wessex cut." He told us that beards were only worn by the pioneers. We could, of course, shave ourselves. I fancied I saw Dick busy with a bit of pencil and a small card making a sketch of me, and he seemed awfully amused. It certainly was a close crop, but I never saw hair better cut.

THE KITCHEN—SERVING OUT BREAKFAST COFFEE.

Dick quite disconcerted the barber by saying: "Look here, Snipper, don't cut me as close as you have my chum, for I've got a scar I don't want seen."

"Oh, sir," said the barber, "soldiers' scars are honourable. Don't hide one if you have it."

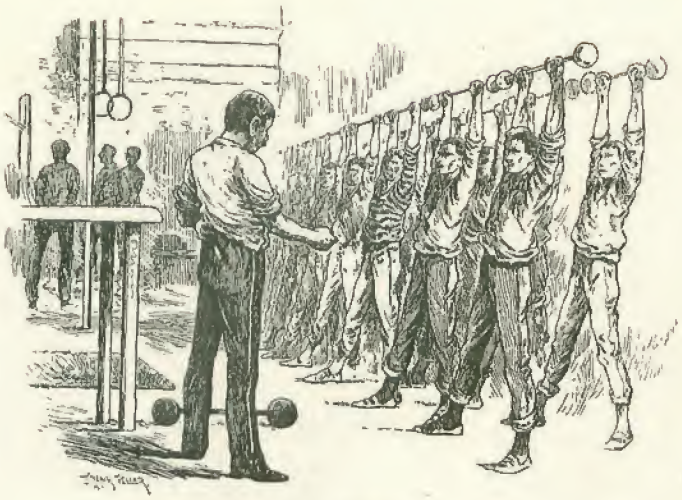
"But I didn't get it in a war," said Dick.

"Who's to know that?" said the barber. "Ah, I see it. Lots of our men would give a penny a day for a scar like that; it's a beauty."

Dick Dapper roared with laughter, and caused the barber to stick the point of his scissors in his head.

"Hold hard!" said Dick. "I don't want you to make any more scars; one's plenty for me."

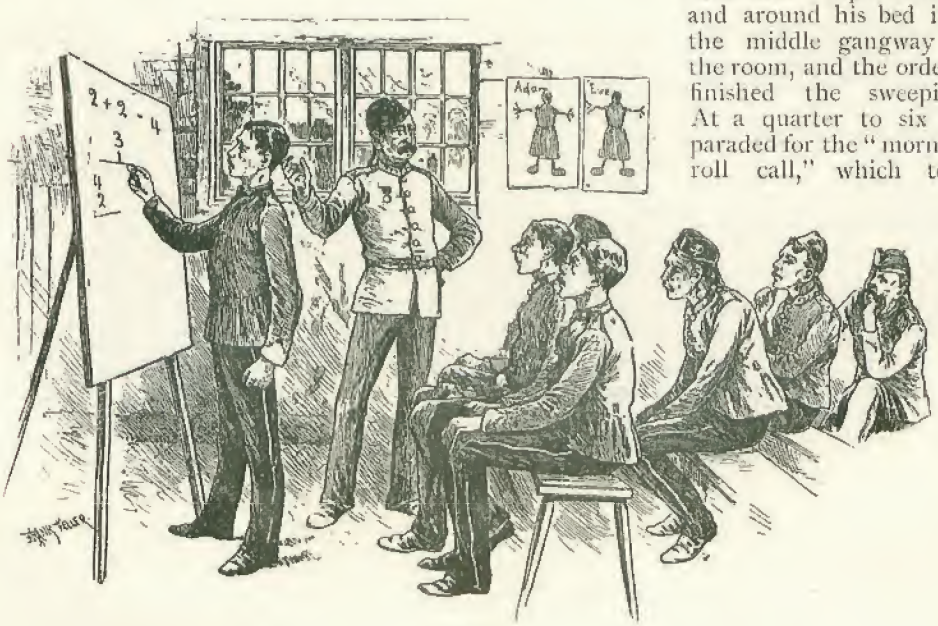
Dick said he did not want any of the patent pomatum recommended by the barber, but was told that he could not wear his cap properly without it, and the "love lock" must be greased.



THE GYMNASIUM.

We were glad to get to bed, and delighted to find that, after the lights were out, there was none of the larking and tale-telling that Dapper and I were looking forward to. One man began singing a loose song, but the sergeant shut him up sharp with a threat of the guard-room.

The bugles woke us up at five, and we turned out sharp. It was a glorious morning, and we followed the example of our comrades by putting on "fatigue" dress. We packed up our beds like the rest, and each one swept beneath and around his bed into the middle gangway of the room, and the orderly finished the sweeping. At a quarter to six we paraded for the "morning roll call," which took



THE SCHOOL.

about a quarter of an hour, and from 6 o'clock to a quarter to 8 we were furbishing up our uniforms, and paring the potatoes for the mess, the allowance being a pound for each man. We found this work rather irksome, and would have shirked it. Dapper wanted to know why they could not be cooked with their jackets on. Our sergeant was most sympathetic, and generally called one or both of us off to send us on some errand like fetching the letters, which was more to our tastes, and Dick was able now and then to add to his miniature sketch book—he was very clever with his pencil.

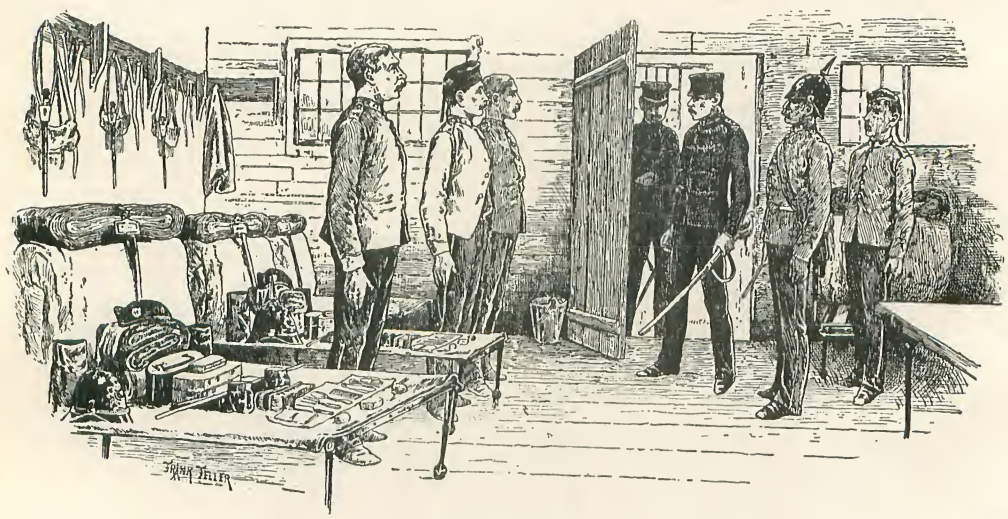
SENTRY GO.

We had breakfast at a quarter to 8. The orderlies went to the kitchen and fetched the coffee in pails. They also drew the day's rations, consisting of 1lb. of bread, three-quarters of a pound of boneless meat, and potatoes for each.

The orderly afterwards put the meat into a twine net, if for boiling, and if for roasting, into a baking tin. The cook put a number on the joint, which varied in weight according to the number of men in the mess to which it belonged.

We paraded in drill order at a quarter to nine, and had an hour's drill under the sergeant-major, a good-tempered but blustering Irishman. It was his privilege to pick out the men for promotion, and both Dick and I did our best to gain his good opinion. We found our volunteering experience a wonderful help, and we were not long before we were promised promotion.

The commanding officer's parade was from 11 till 12, and all fell in in full dress and the bands attended.



KIT INSPECTION.

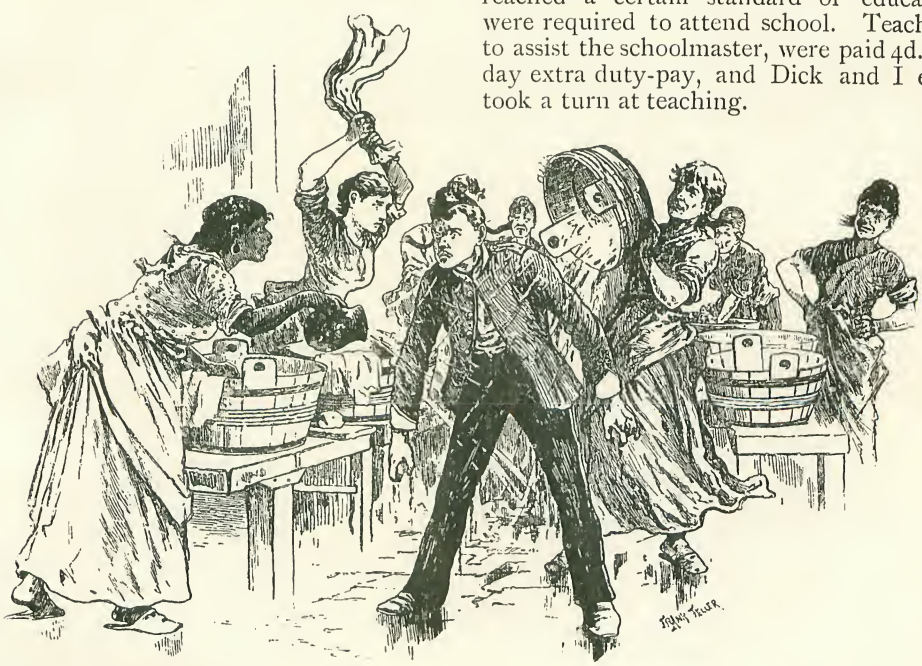
At 12.45 the dinner bugle sounded, which seemed to be better understood than many

AIMING DRILL.

of the other "calls." There was very little variation in the daily *menu*, unless the "grocery book" showed a balance in hand of the paymaster-sergeant, which sometimes permitted of the addition of soup, which was brought in in pails like the coffee. We occasionally got pudding and "greens" in a similar way. No beer was allowed in the barrack-room, and as soon as the food was finished, there was a stampede to the canteen, where a pint of good beer could be had for three halfpence. I ought to add that there were two canteens—the "wet" one and the "dry." The dry canteen supplied groceries, pickles, jams, sauces, and so forth, and was always open; the wet one was only open from 12 till 2, and from 6 till 9.30. Draper declared he could not understand the distinction, for he always went to the wet canteen when he was dry.

During the dinner-time an officer looked into each room, and inquired if there were any complaints. I never heard any made, though some discontented grizzlers were always threatening what they would say when they got a chance. But they had no encouragement from any of us, and were systematically "sat on" or cold-shouldered.

The sergeant-major had another parade from 2 till 3. After that time till 5 we were free to do what we liked in barracks, but some who wanted setting up had to go to the gymnasium, and others who had not reached a certain standard of education were required to attend school. Teachers, to assist the schoolmaster, were paid 4d. per day extra duty-pay, and Dick and I each took a turn at teaching.



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

We were soon qualified for sentry duty, and at first found it pleasant enough, especially when we were supplied with fruit and a smile "over the garden wall." "Sentry go" meant two hours on duty and four off for twenty-four consecutive hours.

Tea was served at a quarter to four, and consisted of tea and bread and butter, with "snacks" for those who could afford to buy them.

From 5 till 6 the sergeant-major had another parade, and we were dismissed till 9.30, when "First Post" sounded, "Second Post" at 10, and "Lights out" at a quarter past 10.

This was the general daily routine, but on certain days it was varied. I was much struck with the appearance of the rooms when the officers made the "kit inspection" on Saturdays. Then every article of Government property comprised in the soldier's kit had to be neatly arranged on his bedstead so that their condition could be readily seen, and the soldier stood at attention at the bedside ready to answer any question. One day Dick at kit inspection got into momentary trouble. "No blacking tin here," said the officer, pointing to Dick's kit, but he took no further notice. The sergeant, however, gave Dick a rare wigging, and wanted to know where it was. Dick had mixed the blacking with water in a jam jar, and was only waiting till he could get a brush, when he purposed ornamenting the barrack room with some startling design of his own.

BARRACK TAILORS.

We looked forward eagerly to the time when we should be able to get to the butts and have some shooting. The ordinary recruit had to go through a careful training before he was allowed to shoot, but Dick and I soon showed our proficiency in musketry, and were glad enough to be told after one lesson in aiming drill that we could begin class-firing at once.

Dick was delighted, and in a merry mood made for the laundry, as he said he had a grievance in that quarter. I give his version of what happened :—

"Serve me right," said he, "I deserved all I got. I pushed the washhouse door open, and chucking one of the women under the chin, I said, 'Look here, Lady Soapsuds, don't you scrub the buttons off my shirt like you did last week.' For which I got a spank on the face with a wet shirt, and a jug of water from a negress, and a

IN THE CELL: "TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."

CONVALESCENT.

tub of suds from another woman. 'Let's show Mr. Cheeky our new wringing machine,' said one. 'Do, do,' they shouted, and I was soon surrounded by a dozen or more nymphs of the tub, one of whom dropped down behind me, and another pushed me backward over her; and amid shouts of laughter, they took me, head and heels, like a sheet ready for wringing, and gave me a twist, head one way and heels the other, and then dropped me. 'Now rinse him,' they shouted, and I was nearly drowned. One of them then dabbed my cheeks with the blue bag, and suggested that the sheet should be hung out to dry, but I managed to get to the door, and took to my heels." These laundresses are generally the wives of the married soldiers, and each man contributes a halfpenny per day to the laundry fund, and there is no limit to the clothes he likes to send to be washed.

Trades were not taught in our regiment, but there was a tailor's shop, a boot shop, and a carpenter's shop, in which soldiers who were qualified and were inclined that way, could earn extra pay. It was only re pairing and altering that was done in these shops.

The evenings were very enjoyable. In the summer we had cricket, and for those who thought this too hard work or not to their taste, there was a skittle alley attached to the canteen.

Some went into the town, and often got into trouble through stopping too long and drinking too much at "The Swiggers' Arms." There was an awful shindy there one night, which ended in a free fight between the "Dare Devil Dicks" and the "Bangshire Bucks," in which belts and fists were freely used, and we had to send out an extra strong picket and the ambulance to bring home our wounded. The guard-room was full to overflowing, and some of the more obstreperous had to be put into the cells, Dick, I am sorry to say, amongst the rest. He heard a call for "Dare Devil Dicks," and joined in the scrimmage when he saw some of our men being badly mauled, and he let out right and left, to the astonishment of the "Bangshire Bucks."

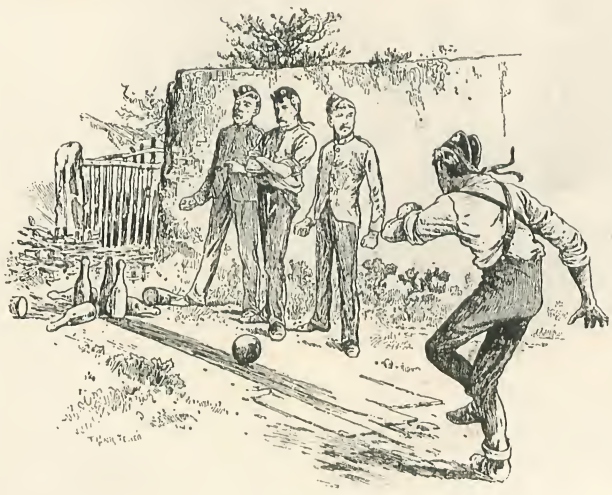
Some of our men had been so badly hurt that they were sent into hospital.

I found that all sick soldiers were attended to with the greatest care. Anyone who wanted advice reported himself at nine o'clock in the morning, but urgent cases were sent to the hospital at once. The best of advice, medicine, and nursing were available, and the convalescents had a pretty

"A GOOD CONDUCT BADGE."

garden in which they could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

The prospect of promotion or the right to wear a good conduct badge was a great incentive to the recruits, and there was always great excitement when a new batch of promotions was issued. Dick and I were much amused one morning when we happened to peep into one of the huts and saw a two-year-old soldier trying to get a glimpse of himself in a small piece of broken looking-glass. He had just got his good-conduct badge, but, in the excitement of the moment, had pinned it on point downwards. This badge carries with it an extra penny a day. When a lance-corporal gets his stripe he gets an increase of 3d. per day; when he gets his second chevron his pay is 1s. 8d. per day; and the third, or sergeant's stripes, carries 2s. 4d. per day. Colour-sergeants get 3s., and staff-sergeants from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per day.



SKITTLES.

We were only in the ranks a few weeks before we got to be full corporals, and so got off the fatigue duty; but our last bit of fatigue work was amusing. We were both on fatigue duty, and the regiment had gone off early to take part in a field day some distance off; and Dick and I were left behind, and, amongst other things, had to whitewash the room. It was a fine summer day, and the work was soon done, with the only discomfort of aching wrists and a plentiful sprinkling of whitewash over ourselves. When it was dry, Dick said: "Now for a little adornment. I'm going to put this sketch life-size over the mantel, and give the dado a frill"; and he showed me a little sketch of the canteen, with himself at the piano—he could play a breakdown, or vamp an accompaniment fairly well—and one of the men was dancing a jig.

"There will be a shindy," said I.

"Never mind," said Dick, "they can but make us wash it over."

He fetched his jam-pot with the blacking in ready mixed, and, producing two brushes, he set to work, while I did the dado edging. I was not very successful, so Dick said, "You rough it out and leave the finishing to me."

It was tea-time before we heard the regimental band playing "When Johnny comes marching home again," but we had finished our work and cleared all away.

The men roared with delight when they

"A SKETCH OF THE CANTEEN."

saw the picture and recognised the portraits, and their shouts of laughter brought in the sergeant.

He stood petrified for a moment, and then burst out, "Divil fly away wid me, and who's been damaging the barrack walls like that? Fetch the whitewash and clear it out before the colonel and his ladies come."

But the sergeant was too late, for the colonel and his visitors at that moment entered the room, and the sergeant called out "'Tention."

"That's capital," said one of the ladies, going straight to the fireplace to get a close view of the sketch. "Now that's what I've always been advocating—making the barrack-rooms as bright and cheerful as possible." All the visitors admired the picture, and the colonel's wife thought the ornamental dado a decided improvement.

The colonel said he supposed that it was Dapper's doing, but who gave permission to do it? Dick came forward rather sheepishly, and said he thought it would do for the Christmas decorations. "Long time to Christmas," said the colonel, "but let it stay till then. You must not do things—even good things—in the army without permission."

Dick touched up and improved his picture from time to time, and every visitor to the barracks was taken to see it. The frilled dado, however, did not go down with the authorities, and Dick and I had to paint it out and make it match the other rooms.

Sunday was always a delightful day, for after church parade we were comparatively free.

It struck me that some better plan might be adopted for soldiers seeing friends who call at the barracks. Instead of getting leave to go out, and then adjourning with their friends to the nearest publichouse, there should be a spacious waiting-room near the entrance gates.

There was great excitement when it became known that the Royal Wessex Regiment was ordered off for service abroad at very short notice, and word was passed round that every man should make his will and declare his proper name before leaving England.

Dick and I were in great demand as will-makers, but most of the men copied out one of the simple forms set out in the little pocket-book which is given to every recruit, and sent it off to some relative with a good-bye letter.

The news that our regiment was going abroad woke up the friends of some of the men, who were bought off at, I think, £18 each, but Dick and I go with the regiment.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE III.—A CASE OF IDENTITY.

By A. Conan Doyle.

"MY dear fellow," said Sherlock Holmes, as we sat on either side of the fire in his lodgings at Baker-street, "life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent. We would not dare to conceive the things which are really *mere commonplaces* of existence. If we could fly out of that window hand in hand, hover over this great city, gently remove the roofs, and peep in at the queer things which are going on, the strange coincidences, the plannings, the cross-purposes, the wonderful chains of events, working through generations, and leading to the most *outré* results, it would make all fiction with its conventionalities and foreseen conclusions most stale and unprofitable."

"And yet I am not convinced of it," I answered. "The cases which come to light in the papers are, as a rule, bald enough, and vulgar enough. We have in our police reports realism pushed to its extreme limits, and yet the result is, it must be confessed, neither fascinating nor artistic."

"A certain selection and discretion must be used in producing a realistic effect," remarked Holmes. "This is wanting in the police report, where more stress is laid perhaps upon the platitudes of the magistrate than upon the details, which to an observer contain the vital essence of the whole matter. Depend upon it there is nothing so unnatural as the commonplace."

I smiled and shook my head. "I can quite understand you thinking so," I said. "Of course, in your position of unofficial adviser and helper to everybody who is absolutely puzzled, throughout three continents, you are brought in contact with all that is strange and bizarre. But here"—I picked up the morning paper from the ground—"let us put it to a practical test. Here is the first heading upon which I come. 'A husband's cruelty to his wife.' There is half a column of print, but I know without reading it that it is all perfectly familiar to me. There is, of course, the other woman, the drink, the push, the blow, the bruise, the sympathetic sister or landlady. The crudest of writers could invent nothing more crude."

"Indeed, your example is an unfortunate one for your argument," said Holmes, taking the paper, and glancing his eye down it. "This is the Dundas separation case, and, as it happens, I was engaged in clearing up some small points in connection with it. The husband was a teetotaler, there was no other woman, and the conduct complained of was that he had drifted into the habit of winding up every meal by taking out his false teeth and hurling them at his wife, which you will allow is not an action likely to occur to the imagination of the average story-teller. Take a pinch of snuff, doctor, and acknowledge that I have scored over you in your example."

He held out his snuff-box of old gold, with a great amethyst in the centre of the lid. Its splendour was in such contrast to his homely ways and simple life that I could not help commenting upon it.

"Ah," said he, "I forgot that I had not seen you for some weeks. It is a little souvenir from the King of Bohemia in return for my assistance in the case of the Irene Adler papers."

"And the ring?" I asked, glancing at a remarkable brilliant which sparked upon his finger.

"It was from the reigning family of Holland, though the matter in which I served them was of such delicacy that I cannot confide it even to you, who have been good enough to chronicle one or two of my little problems."

"And have you any on hand just now?" I asked with interest.

"Some ten or twelve, but none which present any feature of interest. They are important, you understand, without being interesting. Indeed, I have found that it is usually in unimportant matters that there is a field for the observation, and for the quick analysis of cause and effect which gives the charm to an investigation. The larger crimes are apt to be the simpler, for the bigger the crime, the more obvious, as a rule, is the motive. In these cases, save for one rather intricate matter which has been referred to me from Marseilles, there

is nothing which presents any features of interest. It is possible, however, that I may have something better before very many minutes are over, for this is one of my clients, or I am much mistaken."

He had risen from his chair, and was standing between the parted blinds, gazing down into the dull, neutral-tinted London street. Looking over his shoulder I saw that on the pavement opposite there stood a large woman with a heavy fur boa round her neck, and a large curling red feather in a broad-brimmed hat which was tilted in a coquettish Duchess-of-Devonshire fashion over her ear. From under this great panoply she peeped up in a nervous, hesitating fashion at our windows, while her body oscillated backwards and forwards, and her fingers fidgetted with her glove buttons. Suddenly, with a plunge, as of the swimmer who leaves the bank, she hurried across the road, and we heard the sharp clang of the bell.

"I have seen those symptoms before," said Holmes, throwing his cigarette into the fire. "Oscillation upon the pavement always means an *affaire de cœur*. She would like advice, but is not sure that the matter is not too delicate for communication. And yet even here we may discriminate. When a woman has been seriously wronged by a man she no longer oscillates, and the usual symptom is a broken bell wire. Here we may take it that there is a love matter, but that the maiden is not so much angry as perplexed, or grieved. But here she comes in person to resolve our doubts."

As he spoke there was a tap at the door, and the boy in buttons entered to announce Miss Mary Sutherland, while the lady herself loomed behind his small black figure like a full-sailed merchantman behind a tiny pilot boat. Sherlock Holmes welcomed her with the easy courtesy for which he was remarkable, and having closed the door, and bowed her into an armchair, he looked her over in the minute, and yet abstracted fashion which was peculiar to him.

"Do you not find," he said, "that with your short sight it is a little trying to do so much typewriting?"

"I did at first," she answered, "but now I know where the letters are without looking." Then, suddenly realising the full purport of his words, she gave a violent start, and looked up with fear and astonishment upon her broad, good-humoured face. "You've heard about me, Mr. Holmes," she cried, "else how could you know all that?"

"Never mind," said Holmes, laughing, "It is my business to know things. Perhaps I have trained myself to see what others overlook. If not, why should you come to consult me?"

"SHERLOCK HOLMES WELCOMED HER."

"I came to you, sir, because I heard of you from Mrs. Etherege, whose husband you found so easy when the police and everyone had given him up for dead. Oh, Mr. Holmes, I wish you would do as much for me. I'm not rich, but still I have a hundred a year in my own right, besides the little that I make by the machine, and I would give it all to know what has become of Mr. Hosmer Angel."

"Why did you come away to consult me in such a hurry?" asked Sherlock Holmes, with his finger-tips together, and his eyes to the ceiling.

Again a startled look came over the somewhat vacuous face of Miss Mary Sutherland. "Yes, I did bang out of the house," she said, "for it made me angry to see the easy way in which Mr. Windibank—that is, my father—took it all. He would not go to the police, and he would not go to you, and so at last, as he would do nothing, and kept on saying that there was no harm done, it made me mad, and I just on with my things and came right away to you."

"Your father," said Holmes, "your stepfather, surely, since the name is different."

"Yes, my stepfather. I call him father, though it sounds funny, too, for he is only five years and two months older than myself."

"And your mother is alive?"

"Oh yes, mother is alive and well. I wasn't best pleased, Mr. Holmes, when she married again so soon after father's death, and a man who was nearly fifteen years younger than herself. Father was a plumber in the Tottenham Court-road, and he left a tidy business behind him, which mother carried on with Mr. Hardy, the foreman, but when Mr. Windibank came he made her sell the business, for he was very superior, being a traveller in wines. They got four thousand seven hundred for the goodwill and interest, which wasn't near as much as father could have got if he had been alive."

I had expected to see Sherlock Holmes impatient under this rambling and inconsequential narrative, but, on the contrary, he had listened with the greatest concentration of attention.

"Your own little income," he asked, "does it come out of the business?"

"Oh no, sir. It is quite separate, and was left me by my Uncle Ned in Auckland. It is in New Zealand Stock, paying 4½ per cent. Two thousand five hundred pounds was the amount, but I can only touch the interest."

"You interest me extremely," said Holmes. "And since you draw so large a sum as a hundred a year, with what you earn into the bargain, you no doubt travel a little, and indulge yourself in every way. I believe that a single lady can get on very nicely upon an income of about sixty pounds."

"I could do with much less than that, Mr. Holmes, but you understand that as long as I live at home I don't wish to be a burden to them, and so they have the use of the money just while I am staying with them. Of course that is only just for the time. Mr. Windibank draws my interest every quarter, and pays it over to mother, and I find that I can do pretty well with what I earn at typewriting. It brings me twopence a sheet, and I can often do from fifteen to twenty sheets in a day."

"You have made your position very clear to me," said Holmes. "This is my friend, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Kindly tell us now all about your connection with Mr. Hosmer Angel."

A flush stole over Miss Sutherland's face, and she picked nervously at the fringe of her jacket. "I met him first at the gas-fitters' ball," she said. "They used to send father tickets when he was alive, and then afterwards they remembered us, and sent them to mother. Mr. Windibank did not wish us to go. He never did wish us to go anywhere. He would get quite mad if I wanted so much as to join a Sunday-school treat. But this time I was set on going, and I would go, for what right had he to prevent? He said the folk were not fit for us to know, when all father's friends were to be there. And he said that I had nothing fit to wear, when I had my purple plush that I had never so much as taken out of the drawer. At last when nothing else would do he went off to France upon the business of the firm, but we went, mother and I, with Mr. Hardy, who used to be our foreman, and it was there I met Mr. Hosmer Angel."

"I suppose," said Holmes, "that when Mr. Windibank came back from France, he was very annoyed at your having gone to the ball."

"Oh, well, he was very good about it. He laughed, I remember, and shrugged his shoulders, and said there was no use deny-

ing anything to a woman, for she would have her way."

"I see. Then at the gasfitters' ball you met, as I understand, a gentleman called Mr. Hosmer Angel."

"Yes, sir. I met him that night, and he

"AT THE GASFITTERS' BALL."

called next day to ask if we had got home all safe, and after that we met him—that is to say, Mr. Holmes, I met him twice for walks, but after that father came back again, and Mr. Hosmer Angel could not come to the house any more."

"No?"

"Well, you know, father didn't like anything of the sort. He wouldn't have any visitors if he could help it, and he used to say that a woman should be happy in her own family circle. But then, as I used to say to mother, a woman wants her own circle to begin with, and I had not got mine yet."

"But how about Mr. Hosmer Angel? Did he make no attempt to see you?"

"Well, father was going off to France again in a week, and Hosmer wrote and said that it would be safer and better not to see each other until he had gone. We could write in the meantime, and he used to write every day. I took the letters in in the morning, so there was no need for father to know."

"Were you engaged to the gentleman at this time?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Holmes. We were engaged after the first walk that we took. Hosmer—Mr. Angel—was a cashier in an office in Leadenhall-street—and—"

"What office?"

"That's the worst of it, Mr. Holmes, I don't know."

"Where did he live, then?"

"He slept on the premises."

"And you don't know his address?"

"No—except that it was Leadenhall-street."

"Where did you address your letters, then?"

"To the Leadenhall-street Post Office, to be left till called for. He said that if they were sent to the office he would be chaffed by all the other clerks about having letters from a lady, so I offered to typewrite them, like he did his, but he wouldn't have that, for he said that when I wrote them they seemed to come from me, but when they were typewritten he always felt that the machine had come between us. That will just show you how fond he was of me, Mr. Holmes, and the little things that he would think of."

"It was most suggestive," said Holmes, "It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important. Can you remember any other little things about Mr. Hosmer Angel?"

"He was a very shy man, Mr. Holmes. He would rather walk with me in the evening than in the daylight, for he said that he hated to be conspicuous. Very retiring and gentlemanly he was. Even his voice was gentle. He'd had the quinsy and swollen glands when he was young, he told me, and it had left him with a weak throat, and a hesitating, whispering fashion of speech. He was always well-dressed, very neat and plain, but his eyes were weak, just as mine are, and he wore tinted glasses against the glare."

"Well, and what happened when Mr. Windibank, your stepfather, returned to France?"

"Mr. Hosmer Angel came to the house again, and proposed that we should marry before father came back. He was in dread-

ful earnest, and made me swear, with my hands on the Testament, that whatever happened I would always be true to him. Mother said he was quite right to make me swear, and that it was a sign of his passion. Mother was all in his favour from the first, and was even fonder of him than I was. Then, when they talked of marrying within the week, I began to ask about father; but they both said never to mind about father, but just to tell him afterwards, and mother said she would make it all right with him. I didn't quite like that, Mr. Holmes. It seemed funny that I should ask his leave, as he was only a few years older than me; but I didn't want to do anything on the sly, so I wrote to father at Bordeaux, where the Company has its French offices, but the letter came back to me on the very morning of the wedding."

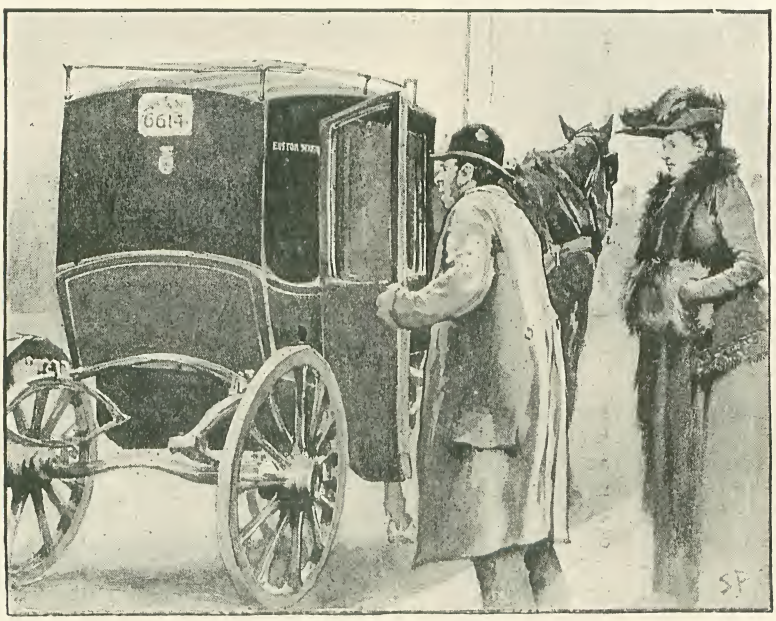
"It missed him, then?"

"Yes, sir, for he had started to England just before it arrived."

put us both into it, and stepped himself into a four-wheeler, which happened to be the only other cab in the street. We got to the church first, and when the four-wheeler drove up we waited for him to step out, but he never did, and when the cabman got down from the box and looked, there was no one there! The cabman said that he could not imagine what had become of him, for he had seen him get in with his own eyes. That was last Friday, Mr. Holmes, and I have never seen or heard anything since then to throw any light upon what became of him."

"It seems to me that you have been very shamefully treated," said Holmes.

"Oh no, sir! He was too good and kind to leave me so. Why, all the morning he was saying to me that, whatever happened, I was to be true; and that even if something quite unforeseen occurred to separate us, I was always to remember that I was pledged to him, and that he would claim his pledge



"THERE WAS NO ONE THERE."

"Ha! that was unfortunate. Your wedding was arranged, then, for the Friday. Was it to be in church?"

"Yes, sir, but very quietly. It was to be at St. Saviour's, near King's-cross, and we were to have breakfast afterwards at the St. Pancras Hotel. Hosmer came for us in a hansom, but as there were two of us, he

sooner or later. It seemed strange talk for a wedding morning, but what has happened since gives a meaning to it."

"Most certainly it does. Your own opinion is, then, that some unforeseen catastrophe has occurred to him?"

"Yes, sir. I believe that he foresaw some danger, or else he would not have

talked so. And then I think that what he foresaw happened."

"But you have no notion as to what it could have been?"

"None."

"One more question. How did your mother take the matter?"

"She was angry, and said that I was never to speak of the matter again."

"And your father? Did you tell him?"

"Yes, and he seemed to think, with me, that something had happened, and that I should hear of Hosmer again. As he said, what interest could anyone have in bringing me to the doors of the church, and then leaving me? Now, if he had borrowed my money, or if he had married me and got my money settled on him, there might be some reason; but Hosmer was very independent about money, and never would look at a shilling of mine. And yet what could have happened? And why could he not write? Oh, it drives me half mad to think of! and I can't sleep a wink at night." She pulled a little handkerchief out of her muff, and began to sob heavily into it.

"SHE LAID A LITTLE BUNDLE UPON THE TABLE."

"I shall glance into the case for you," said Holmes, rising, "and I have no doubt that we shall reach some definite result. Let the weight of the matter rest upon me now, and do not let your mind dwell upon it further. Above all, try to let Mr. Hosmer Angel vanish from your memory, as he has done from your life."

"Then you don't think I'll see him again?"

"I fear not."

"Then what has happened to him?"

"You will leave that question in my hands. I should like an accurate description of him, and any letters of his which you can spare."

"I advertised for him in last Saturday's *Chronicle*," said she. "Here is the slip, and here are four letters from him."

"Thank you. And your address?"

"31, Lyon-place, Camberwell."

"Mr. Angel's address you never had, I understand. Where is your father's place of business?"

"He travels for Westhouse & Marbank, the great claret importers of Fenchurch-street."

"Thank you. You have made your statement very clearly. You will leave the papers here, and remember the advice which I have given you. Let the whole incident be a sealed book, and do not allow it to affect your life."

"You are very kind, Mr. Holmes, but I cannot do that. I shall be true to Hosmer. He shall find me ready when he comes back."

For all the preposterous hat and the vacuous face, there was something noble in the simple faith of our visitor which compelled our respect. She laid her little bundle of papers upon the table, and went her way, with a promise to come again whenever she might be summoned.

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for a few minutes with his finger tips still pressed together, his legs stretched out in front of him, and his gaze directed upwards to the ceiling. Then he took down from the rack the old and oily clay pipe, which was to him as a counsellor, and, having lit it, he leaned back in his chair, with the thick blue cloud-wreaths spinning up from him, and a look of infinite languor in his face.

"Quite an interesting study, that maiden,"

he observed. "I found her more interesting than her little problem, which, by the way, is rather a trite one. You will find parallel cases, if you consult my index, in Andover in '77, and there was something of the sort at the Hague last year. Old as is the idea, however, there were one or two details which were new to me. But the maiden herself was most instructive."

"You appeared to read a good deal upon her which was quite invisible to me," I remarked.

"Not invisible, but unnoticed, Watson. You did not know where to look, and so you missed all that was important. I can never bring you to realise the importance of sleeves, the suggestiveness of thumb-nails, or the great issues that may hang from a bootlace. Now what did you gather from that woman's appearance? Describe it."

"Well, she had a slate-coloured, broad-brimmed straw hat, with a feather of a brickish red. Her jacket was black, with black beads sewn upon it, and a fringe of little black jet ornaments. Her dress was brown, rather darker than coffee colour, with a little purple plush at the neck and sleeves. Her gloves were greyish, and were worn through at the right forefinger. Her boots I didn't observe. She had small round, hanging gold earrings, and a general air of being fairly well to do, in a vulgar, comfortable, easy-going way."

Sherlock Holmes clapped his hands softly together and chuckled.

"'Pon my word, Watson, you are coming along wonderfully. You have really done very well indeed. It is true that you have missed everything of importance, but you have hit upon the method, and you have a quick eye for colour. Never trust to general impressions, my boy, but concentrate yourself upon details. My first glance is always at a woman's sleeve. In a man it is perhaps better first to take the knee of the trouser. As you observe, this woman had plush upon her sleeves, which is a most useful material for showing traces. The double line a little above the wrist, where the typewritist presses against the table, was beautifully defined. The sewing-machine, of the hand type, leaves a similar mark, but only on the left arm, and on the side of it farthest from the thumb, instead of being right across the broadest part, as this was. I then glanced at her face, and observing the dint of a pince-nez at either side of her nose, I ventured a remark upon short sight and typewriting, which seemed to surprise her.

"It surprised me."

"But, surely, it was very obvious. I was then much surprised and interested on glancing down to observe that, though the boots which she was wearing were not unlike each other, they were really odd ones, the one having a slightly decorated toe-cap, and the other a plain one. One was buttoned only in the two lower buttons out of five, and the other at the first, third, and fifth. Now, when you see that a young lady, otherwise neatly dressed, has come away from home with odd boots, half-buttoned, it is no great deduction to say that she came away in a hurry."

"And what else?" I asked, keenly interested, as I always was, by my friend's incisive reasoning.

"I noted, in passing, that she had written a note before leaving home, but after being fully dressed. You observed that her right glove was torn at the forefinger, but you did not apparently see that both glove and finger were stained with violet ink. She had written in a hurry, and dipped her pen too deep. It must have been this morning, or the mark would not remain clear upon the finger. All this is amusing, though rather elementary, but I must go back to business, Watson. Would you mind reading me the advertised description of Mr. Hosmer Angel?"

I held the little printed slip to the light. "Missing," it said, "on the morning of the 14th, a gentleman named Hosmer Angel. About 5 ft. 7 in. in height; strongly built, sallow complexion, black hair, a little bald in the centre, bushy, black side whiskers and moustache; tinted glasses, slight infirmity of speech. Was dressed, when last seen, in black frock coat faced with silk, black waistcoat, gold Albert chain, and grey Harris tweed trousers, with brown gaiters over elastic-sided boots. Known to have been employed in an office in Leadenhall-street. Anybody bringing," &c., &c.

"That will do," said Holmes. "As to the letters," he continued, glancing over them, "they are very commonplace. Absolutely no clue in them to Mr. Angel, save that he quotes Balzac once. There is one remarkable point, however, which will no doubt strike you."

"They are typewritten," I remarked.

"Not only that, but the signature is typewritten. Look at the neat little 'Hosmer Angel' at the bottom. There is a date, you

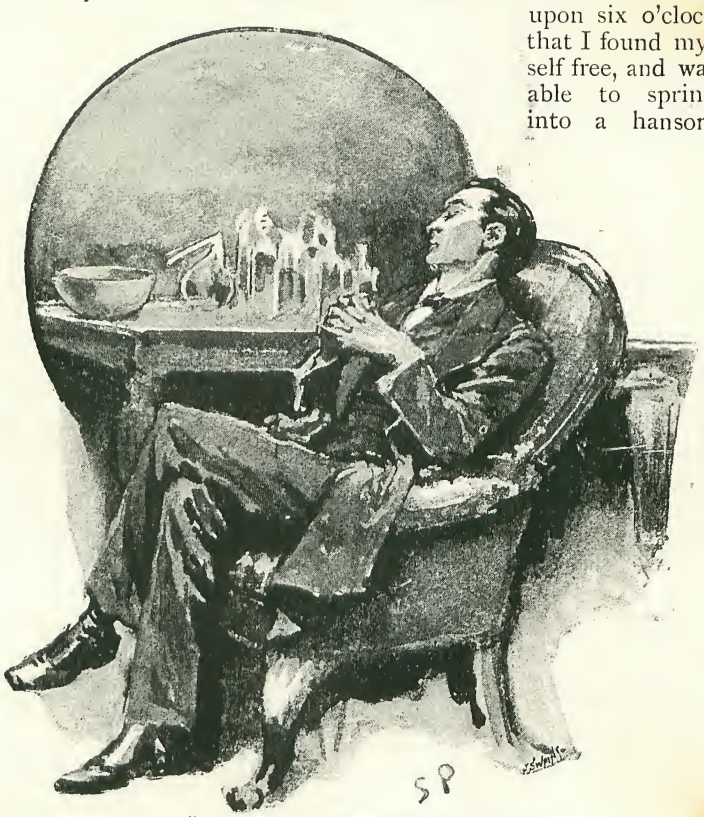
see, but no superscription except Leadenhall-street, which is rather vague. The point about the signature is very suggestive—in fact, we may call it conclusive."

"Of what?"

"My dear fellow, is it possible you do not see how strongly it bears upon the case."

"I cannot say that I do, unless it were that he wished to be able to deny his signature if an action for breach of promise were instituted."

"No, that was not the point. However, I shall write two letters which should settle the matter. One is to a firm in the City, the other is to the young lady's stepfather, Mr. Windibank, asking him whether he could meet us here at six o'clock to-morrow evening. It is just as well that we should do business with the male relatives. And now, doctor, we can do nothing until the answers to those letters come, so we may put our little problem upon the shelf for the interim."



"I FOUND SHERLOCK HOLMES HALF ASLEEP.

I had had so many reasons to believe in my friend's subtle powers of reasoning, and extraordinary energy in action, that I felt that he must have some solid grounds for the assured and easy demeanour with which he treated the singular mystery which he had been called upon to fathom. Once only had I known him to fail, in the case of the King of Bohemia and of the Irene Adler photograph, but when I looked back to the weird business of the Sign of Four, and the extraordinary circumstances connected with the Study in Scarlet, I felt that it would be a strange tangle indeed which he could not unravel.

I left him then, still puffing at his black clay pipe, with the conviction that when I came again on the next evening I would find that he held in his hands all the clues which would lead up to the identity of the disappearing bridegroom of Miss Mary Sutherland.

A professional case of great gravity was engaging my own attention at the time, and the whole of next day I was busy at the bedside of the sufferer. It was not until close upon six o'clock that I found myself free, and was able to spring into a hansom and drive to Baker-street, half afraid that I might be too late to assist at the *dénouement* of the little mystery. I found Sherlock Holmes alone, however, half asleep, with his long, thin form curled up in the recesses of his armchair. A formidable array of bottles and test-tubes, with the pungent cleanly smell of hydrochloric acid, told me that he had spent his day in the chemical work which was so dear to him.

"Well, have you solved it?" I asked as I entered.

"Yes. It was the bisulphate of baryta."

"No, no, the mystery!" I cried.

"Oh, that! I thought of the salt that I have been working upon. There was never any mystery in the matter, though, as I said yesterday, some of the details are of interest. The only drawback is that there

is no law, I fear, that can touch the scoundrel."

"Who was he, then, and what was his object in deserting Miss Sutherland?"

The question was hardly out of my mouth, and Holmes had not yet opened his lips to reply, when we heard a heavy footfall in the passage, and a tap at the door.

"This is the girl's stepfather, Mr. James Windibank," said Holmes. "He has written to me to say that he would be here at six. Come in!"

The man who entered was a sturdy middle-sized fellow, some thirty years of age, clean shaven, and sallow skinned, with a bland, insinuating manner, and a pair of wonderfully sharp and penetrating grey eyes. He shot a questioning glance at each of us, placed his shiny top hat upon the sideboard, and, with a slight bow, sidled down into the nearest chair.

"Good evening, Mr. James Windibank," said Holmes. "I think that this typewritten letter is from you, in which you made an appointment with me for six o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. I am afraid that I am a little late, but I am not quite my own master, you know. I am sorry that Miss Sutherland has troubled you about this little matter, for I think it is far better not to wash linen of the sort in public. It was quite against my wishes that she came, but she is a very excitable, impulsive girl, as you may have noticed, and she is not easily controlled when she has made up her mind on a point. Of course, I did not mind you so much, as you are not connected with the official police, but it is not pleasant to have a family misfortune like this noised abroad. Besides it is a useless expense, for how could you possibly find this Hosmer Angel?"

"On the contrary," said Holmes, quietly; "I have every reason to believe that I will succeed in discovering Mr. Hosmer Angel."

Mr. Windibank gave a violent start, and dropped his gloves. "I am delighted to hear it," he said.

"It is a curious thing," remarked Holmes, "that a typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man's handwriting. Unless they are quite new, no two of them write exactly alike. Some letters get more worn than others, and some wear only on one side. Now, you remark in this note of yours, Mr. Windibank, that in every case there is some little slurring over of the 'e,' and a slight defect in the tail of the 'r.' There are fourteen other characteristics, but those are the more obvious."

"We do all our correspondence with this machine at the office, and no doubt it is a little worn," our visitor answered, glancing keenly at Holmes with his bright little eyes.

"And now I will show you what is really a very interesting study, Mr. Windibank," Holmes continued. "I think of writing another little monograph some of these days on the typewriter and its relation to crime. It is a subject to which I have devoted some little attention. I have here four letters which purport to come from the missing man. They are all typewritten. In each case, not only are the 'e's' slurred and the 'r's' tailless, but you will observe, if you care to use my magnifying lens, that the fourteen other characteristics to which I have alluded are there as well."

Mr. Windibank sprang out of his chair, and picked up his hat. "I cannot waste time over this sort of fantastic talk, Mr. Holmes," he said. "If you can catch the man, catch him, and let me know when you have done it."

"Certainly," said Holmes, stepping over and turning the key in the door. "I let you know, then, that I have caught him!"

"What! where?" shouted Mr. Windibank, turning white to his lips, and glancing about him like a rat in a trap.

"Oh, it won't do—really it won't," said Holmes, suavely. "There is no possible getting out of it, Mr. Windibank. It is quite too transparent, and it was a very bad compliment when you said that it was impossible for me to solve so simple a question. That's right! Sit down, and let us talk it over."

Our visitor collapsed into a chair, with a ghastly face, and a glitter of moisture on his brow. "It—it's not actionable," he stammered.

"I am very much afraid that it is not. But between ourselves, Windibank, it was as cruel, and selfish, and heartless a trick in a petty way as ever came before me. Now, let me just run over the course of events, and you will contradict me, if I go wrong."

The man sat huddled up in his chair, with his head sunk upon his breast, like one who is utterly crushed. Holmes stuck his feet up on the corner of the mantelpiece, and, leaning back with his hands in

"GLANCING ABOUT HIM LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP.'

his pockets, began talking, rather to himself, as it seemed, than to us.

"The man married a woman very much older than himself for her money," said he, "and he enjoyed the use of the money of the daughter as long as she lived with them. It was a considerable sum, for people in their position, and the loss of it would have made a serious difference. It was worth an effort to preserve it. The daughter was of a good, amiable disposition, but affectionate and warm-hearted in her ways, so that it was evident that with her fair personal advantages, and her little income, she would not be allowed to remain single long. Now her marriage would mean, of course, the loss of a hundred a year, so what does her stepfather do to prevent it? He takes the obvious course of keeping her at home, and forbidding her to seek the company of people of her own age. But soon he found that that would not answer for ever. She became restive, insisted upon her rights, and finally announced her positive intention of going to a certain ball. What does her clever stepfather do then? He conceives an idea more creditable to his head than to his heart. With the connivance and assistance of his wife he disguised himself, covered those keen eyes with tinted glasses, masked the face with a moustache and a pair of bushy whiskers, sunk that clear voice into an insinuating whisper, and, doubly secure on account of the girl's short sight, he appears as Mr. Hosmer Angel, and keeps off other lovers by making love himself."

"It was only a joke at first," groaned our visitor. "We never thought that she would have been so carried away."

"Very likely not. However that may be, the young lady was very decidedly carried away, and having quite made up her mind that her stepfather was in France, the suspicion of treachery never for an instant entered her mind. She was flattered by the gentleman's attentions, and the effect was increased by the loudly expressed admiration of her mother. Then Mr. Angel began to call, for it was obvious that the matter

should be pushed as far as it would go, if a real effect were to be produced. There were meetings, and an engagement, which would finally secure the girl's affections from turning towards anyone else. But the deception could not be kept up for ever. These pretended journeys to France were rather cumbrous. The thing to do was clearly to bring the business to an end in such a dramatic manner that it would leave a permanent impression upon the young lady's mind, and prevent her from looking upon any other suitor for some time to come. Hence those vows of fidelity exacted upon a Testament, and hence also the allusions to a possibility of something happening on the very morning of the wedding. James Windibank wished Miss Sutherland to be so bound to Hosmer Angel, and so uncertain as to his fate, that for ten years to come, at any rate, she would not listen to another man. As far as the church door he brought her, and then, as he could go no further, he conveniently vanished away by the old trick of stepping in at one door of a four-wheeler, and out at the other. I think that that was the chain of events, Mr. Windibank!"

Our visitor had recovered something of his assurance while Holmes had been talking, and he rose from his chair now with a cold sneer upon his pale face.

"It may be so, or it may not, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but if you are so very sharp you ought to be sharp enough to know that it is you who are breaking the law now, and not me. I have done nothing actionable from the first, but as long as you keep that door locked you lay yourself open to an action for assault and illegal constraint."

"The law cannot, as you say, touch you," said Holmes, unlocking and throwing open the door, "yet there never was a man who deserved punishment more. If the young lady has a brother or a friend, he ought to lay a whip across your shoulders. By Jove!" he continued, flushing up at the sight of the bitter sneer upon the man's face, "it is not part of my duties to my client, but here's a hunting crop handy, and I think I shall just treat myself to——" He took two swift steps to the whip, but before he could grasp it there was a wild clatter of steps upon the stairs, the heavy hall door banged, and from the window we could see Mr. James Windibank running at the top of his speed down the road.

"There's a cold-blooded scoundrel!" said Holmes, laughing, as he threw himself down into his chair once more. "That fellow will rise from crime to crime until he does something very bad, and ends on a gallows. The case has, in some respects, been not entirely devoid of interest."

"HE TOOK TWO SWIFT STEPS TO THE WHIP."

"I cannot now entirely see all the steps of your reasoning," I remarked.

"Well, of course it was obvious from the first that this Mr. Hosmer Angel must have some strong object for his curious conduct, and it was equally clear that the only man who really profited by the incident, as far as we could see, was the stepfather. Then the fact that the two men were never together, but that the one always appeared when the other was away, was suggestive. So were the tinted spectacles and the curious voice, which both hinted at a disguise, as did the bushy whiskers. My suspicions were all confirmed by his peculiar action in typewriting his signature, which of course inferred that his handwriting was so familiar to her that she would recognise even the smallest sample of it. You see all these isolated facts, together with many minor ones, all pointed in the same direction."

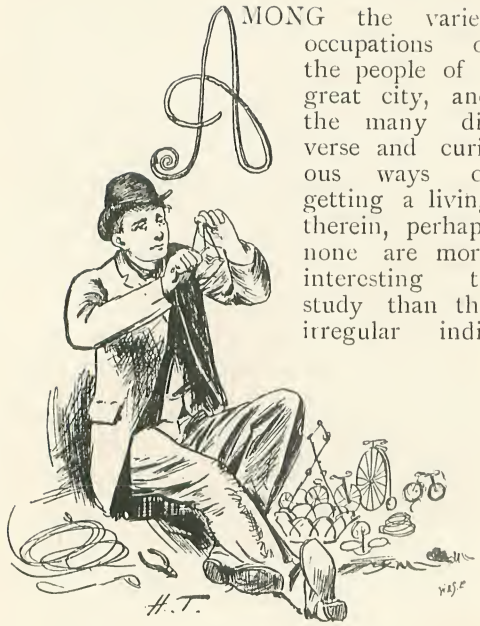
"And how did you verify them?"

"Having once spotted my man, it was easy to get corroboration. I knew the firm for which this man worked. Having taken the printed description, I eliminated everything from it which could be the result of a disguise—the whiskers, the glasses, the voice, and I sent it to the firm, with a request that they would inform me whether it answered to the description of any of their travellers. I had already noticed the peculiarities of the typewriter, and I wrote to the man himself at his business address, asking him if he would come here. As I expected, his reply was typewritten, and revealed the same trivial but characteristic defects. The same post brought me a letter from Westhouse & Marbank, of Fenchurch-street, to say that the description tallied in every respect with that of their employé, James Windibank. *Voila tout!*"

"And Miss Sutherland?"

"If I tell her she will not believe me. You may remember the old Persian saying, 'There is danger for him who taketh the tiger cub, and danger also for whoso snatches a delusion from a woman.' There is as much sense in Hafiz as in Horace, and as much knowledge of the world."

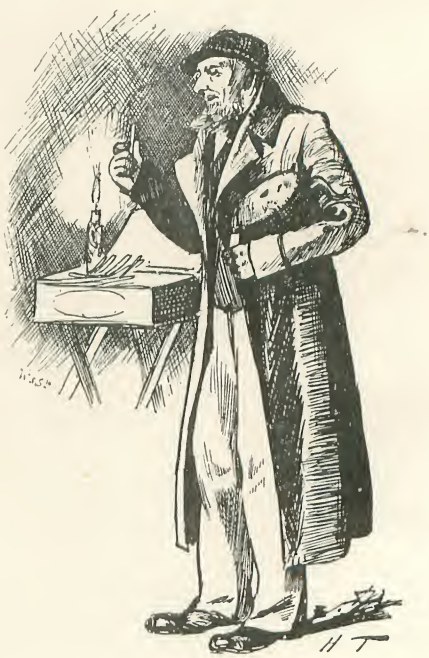
Street-Corner Men.



AMONG the varied occupations of the people of a great city, and the many diverse and curious ways of getting a living therein, perhaps none are more interesting to study than the irregular individuals who may be seen at various street corners, and almost on any night of the week, in the various High streets and main thoroughfares of the suburbs, cajoling, lecturing, flattering, preaching, and dogmatically and assertively declaring, by all and every kind of method, the advantages to the public of an investment in their particular kind of goods or a subscription towards the open-air entertainment they provide. The copper wire-worker, who with aid of pliers rapidly evolves models of bicycles, ordinaries and safeties, flower-stands, vases, card-baskets, &c.; the glass collar-stud and inexhaustible glass fountain-pen seller; the little old man who, with candle and old kettle, constantly pierces holes in the latter to mend with his patent solder, "Two sticks a penny, any child can do it"; the public benefactor and proprietor of a patent corn solvent; the conjuring-cards seller, "any one, man, woman, or child, can perform these ere tricks the same has wot hi do"; the boot-blacking stall-keeper; the silverer of old brass articles; the herb-vendor of penny packets to mix with tobacco to destroy the ill effects of nicotine, with printed placard of illustrious personages' opinions of smoking; the purveyor of old monthly parts of various illustrated magazines and periodicals, the umbrella seller, the conjuror, the open-air reciter; these and many others, with every kind of dodge and manœuvre to extract pence from the pockets of the people, are the street-corner men of this great metropolis.

A curious fact about these itinerants is observable; the majority are selling medicines or compounds to cure the ills of the flesh, presumably the needs and necessities of the people in the direction of cheap medicines receiving more attention, and the trade being more lucrative, than the retailing of articles of a domestic character. Their methods of attracting attention are various. One well-known character about the London streets regularly prefaces the sale of his patent digestive cure-all, kill-pain, stomach-regulating tonic with a rather elaborate experiment with two wine-glasses, apparently clean and empty, somewhat on the lines of the conjuror's manipulation of a variety of drinks.

A little cold water poured into one makes no change, but with the other a muddy, dirty-red coloured liquid is the result, typical of a disordered state of health.



"TWO STICKS A PENNY."

"OLD MONTHLY PARTS."

"Now," triumphantly declares the street quack, "you will see the magical effect of my patent curative, blood purifying, health-restoring, digestive tonic." Two drops of this into the muddy, dirty-red liquid chemically restores the water to its former apparent purity, and the effect upon the health of the purchaser is analogously equally efficacious. Strong lungs, a tremendous voice, and emphatic declarations help to sell a great number of bottles.

Another regenerator of his race begins from the platform of a smart pony and trap, by an amusing account of having landed from New York with the traditional half-crown in his pocket, and, wandering down the Whitechapel-road, was attracted by a quack medicine-vendor.

"EXPERIMENT WITH TWO WINE-GLASSES."

"The idea then struck me," he continues, "that I would never rest until, unaided and alone, I had become the greatest doctor of the London streets. That proud position I now enjoy. 'How do you do it, Shaw?' says one. 'Mere luck,' says another. How have I done it? I will tell you how I have done it. Take my health-giving hop-bitters; not Dr. Soules' hop-bitters, for which you have to pay 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 7½d. a bottle, but take my patent hop-bitters, one penny a packet, and you will never again be troubled—," and here follows a splendid list of every ailment that could possibly afflict suffering humanity. Having sold out all his hop-bitters, he would then bring on the scene, utterly and defiantly regardless of any copyright of the title, his famous tooth-powder "Cherry Blossom," which was to "purify the breath, cleanse the teeth, harden the gums, renovate the teeth, stop decay, beautify the complexion," &c., and in general make life a paradise, all for the small sum of one penny a box. Occasionally a boy is had up from the crowd, and his teeth

"THE GREATEST DOCTOR OF THE LONDON STREETS."

cleaned for him with a small piece of wadding, though generally a fairly good specimen dentally is selected.

The writer once stopped to listen to another type of quack, more modestly served with the usual naphtha lamp and small box on stand. He was a man with a fierce eye and very sallow complexion, who rejoiced to find one of his audience at the time afflicted with face-ache or neuralgia. He had an instantaneous cure by inhalation, and, indeed, if unable to discover a face bound up with a handkerchief or some other apparent evidence of neuralgic pains, would boldly and thunderingly accuse any particular one of the listeners of sciatica, neuralgia, tic-doloureux, or some other complaint, to the blushing confusion and ineffable distress of the victim of his declaration.

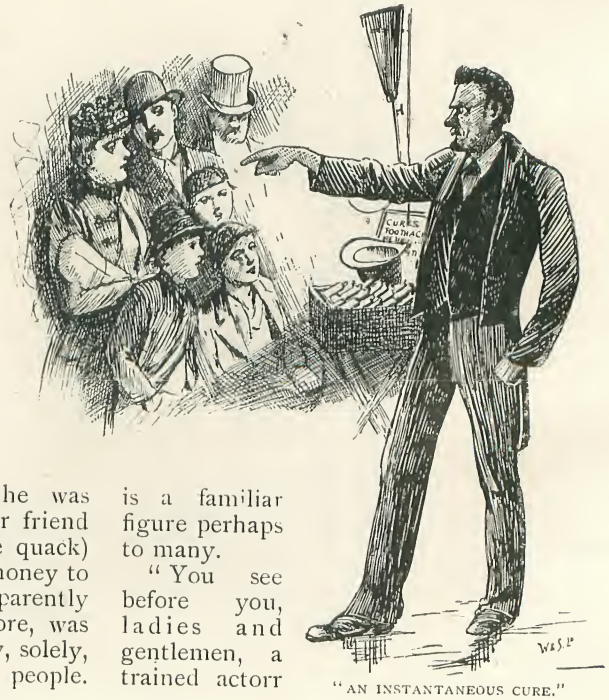
Another gentleman, with every assurance, declared solemnly that he was not there for himself, he was working on behalf of a very dear friend laid on a bed of sickness. He (the quack) had made enough and plenty of money to last him all his lifetime, and, apparently forgetting what he had said before, was selling his herbal compound purely, solely, and simply for the benefit of the people. If he hadn't enough to last him a lifetime, he was apparently pretty well off, as his well-appointed pony and trap sufficiently testified.

But the open-air entertainments are, of course, if not more amusing, certainly more attractive to the crowd.

We have seen more than one very excellent conjuror at a street corner, and as it is necessarily more difficult to perform in the open with little or no apparatus, and the audience completely surrounding one, perhaps they may be entitled to some credit.

Guinea-pigs discovered under an old hat, which had the moment before been lifted to show its emptiness by a small wand held at tucked-up-sleeved arms' length, rapid manipulation with cups and marbles, card tricks neatly shown, and other feats of legerdemain are comprised in the street conjuror's programme.

Open-air recitations have become very prevalent of late years. Here is one who is a familiar figure perhaps to many.



"AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE."

"You see before you, ladies and gentlemen, a trained actorr

"A CONJUROR."

and accomplished el-o-cutionist, one who has travelled throughout the whole of the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." It is no use, apparently, unless one is thorough in one's statements. "I have given recitations in the bleak frost-laden countries of Northern Russia and Siberiar, in the balmy climates of the South, the burning deserts of the East, and the wild backwoods of America, and for the small sum of 6d." (collected in advance) "will give you any recitation you chuse to harsk for, from Homah or Shakespeah down to George R. Sims. I require 6d. only, to get my night's lodging."

Nobody venturing to suggest a subject—or, if they do, it's about the same—our hero impressively gives out "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," by George R. Sims, fairly enough recited; at the conclusion of which another street-corner is sought for the same performance.

Another class of street-corner men are more of the "Cheap Jack" kind of individual. The wily lures of some of these gentlemen are not always discoverable by a cursory attention to their methods. Imagine coming upon a young fellow in a trap, with the usual flaming naphtha lamps, solemnly holding a boy whose head has a white kerchief over it, looking much like a small culprit prepared for the hangman, and the said young fellow, with great volubility, explaining some extraordinary and curious phenomenon which would happen, if sufficient attention were paid, but of which it is impossible to make head or tail. This is the simple dodge to collect an audience. That once done, the handkerchief is whipped off, the boy nimbly jumps down, and a copy of *The Evening News and Post* is carefully scanned to point out the advertisement of the young fellow's master, who, purely for advertising purposes, has sent him to this street-corner to sell, or rather, give away, for the audience is emphatically assured that all money taken will be returned, the celebrated pure Abyssinian double electric gold rings to be had at his master's establishment only, at the advertised price of 1s. 4d. "I harsk only one penny from each person for one of these rings. I am not allowed to sell less than one dozen, the same as hadvertised at 1s. 4d." (here the advertisement in *The Evening News* is again referred to, this time the paper upside down; but that is of no consequence); "and all those who purchase this ring, stay where you are; don't go away."

The dozen disposed of, the purchasers are requested to hold up their hands, and the pennies are duly returned. So far, so good. The next article would be a magnificently chased, pure Abyssinian double electric keeper ring, looking sparklingly bright in the glare of the lamps, for which twopence is asked, though sold at the head establishment at 2s. 6d., and the purchasers are earnestly entreated not to go away. Obvious deduction, the twopence of course to be returned. Two dozen only allowed to be sold of these. When duly disposed of, and another dozen tried in defiance of the strict regulations, it is found with the very extreme of irrelevance that time does not permit of several gold and silver watches being given

"AN ACCOMPLISHED ELOCUTIONIST."

away, so the "tuppences" are swept into the young fellow's pocket, to enable him, as he says, to give the audience another chance.

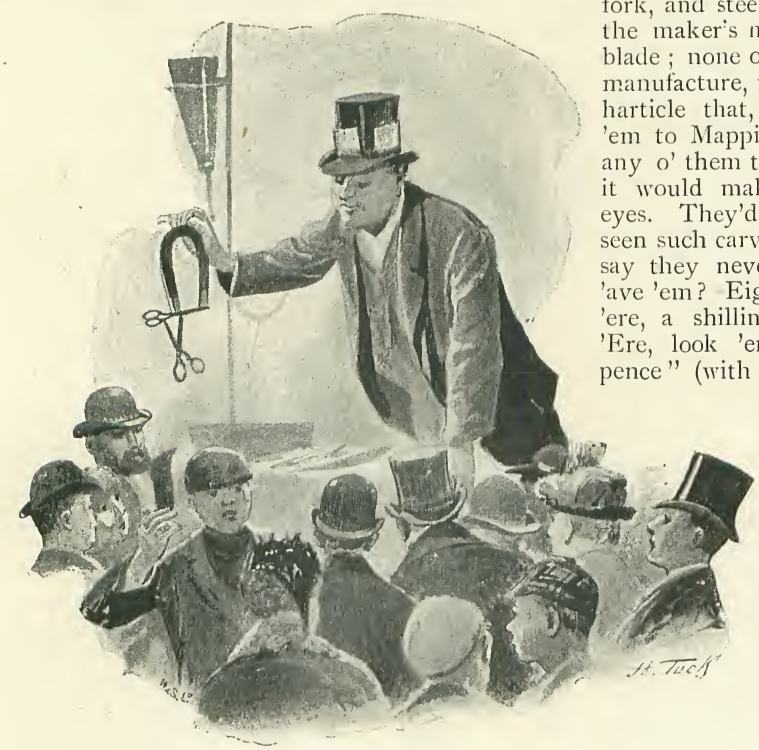
Diving quickly into a large box, paper packets are produced warranted to contain something, if only a bent wire button-hook, two of these being sold for 1d.

The sale slackening, one or two are opened, and out fall ivory-handled pocket knives, gold and silver alberts, brooches, &c. A fictitious rush thus created, divings into the box are rapid and frequent, with a large occurrence of bent wire button-hooks and waste-paper among the sold packets. Apparently the public rather enjoy the joke of this chance lottery.

"A DODGE TO COLLECT AN AUDIENCE."

We once came across a very good-tempered-looking sort of Cheap-Jack who was selling for sixpence what he called the great Parisian novelty, a pocket knife that had a glazier's diamond in the head (with which he cut up quantities of glass), two blades, a file, scissors, corkscrew, gimlet, and goodness knows what besides; and he had in addition albums, scissors, plated spoons, and all kinds of domestic cutlery.

"What! Don't want no albums! Well, what shall I show yer? I've tried yer with everythink. But there, I hain't agoing to despair. I've got a little harticle here—I hain't a-going to tell yer no more lies to-night; if I do, may I be a teetotaler—I've got a little harticle here—and I've honly got a very few, so you'll have to be quick—a carver, carving fork, and steel, real Sheffield make, the maker's name stamped on the blade; none o' yer German-sausage manufacture, real English; a little harticle that, if yer wos to take 'em to Mappin's or Benetfink's, or any o' them there places, I tell yer, it would make them open their eyes. They'd tell yer they'd never seen such carvers before, and I dare say they never did. Now, who'll 'ave 'em? Eighteenpence, fifteen—'ere, a shillin'; who'll 'ave 'em? 'Ere, look 'ere, ninepence, eightpence" (with a bang), "sixpence! Now who'll 'ave 'em? If I can't sell 'em to yer, I'll give 'em to yer. Fancy, 'ere's a present for the missus! Why, you'd be able to buy twice as much meat for yer Sunday's dinner; the carvers 'ud cut it up so quick; and, after dinner, you could sit at the winder and blow



"DOMESTIC CUTLERY."

yer bacca ; and all for the small sum of sixpence ! Now hain't that much better than sharpening hup the hold knife on the winder-sill in yer shirt sleeves, when the people's a-coming out o' church down below ? Now, who'll 'ave 'em, honly sixpence, and I'll make yer a present of the sheet of paper they're wrapped in ? "

And so he went on, when one article hung fire promptly introducing fresh ones.

Many other street-corner men there are ; the sweetstuff man, for instance, who sells so rapidly that two boys are employed to open the bags for him—one penny a quarter of a pound—and occasionally mohair lace sellers, puzzle and toy retailers, shipwrecked mariners, street butchers, song sellers, negro entertainers, and others ; but we have endeavoured, within the limits of this article, to indicate only some of the characters who make a speciality of a street-corner pitch, rather than the heterogeneous army of those who may be termed the kerbstone characters of the London streets.

"A SWEETSTUFF MAN."

For an Old Debt.

By J. Harwood Panting.

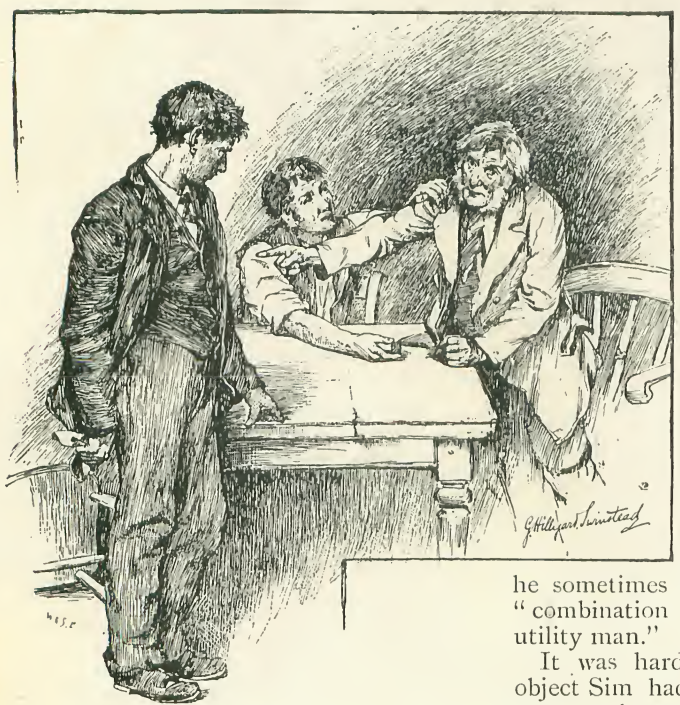
So, hush ! I will give you this leaf to keep ;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake, and remember, and understand.
Browning.

OLD Sim was the name they gave him, but he was by no means old — thirty at the most. He had an old-fashioned way with him ; that, I suppose, was the reason of it. He had a slow, methodical way of setting about his business ; but whatever he did, tardy though its accomplishment, was well done. He had a slow way, too, of taking to people—looked at first with suspicion upon everyone and everything, but once he had taken to a man he stuck to him through thick and thin.

Phil was a different creature. He had none of those premature wrinkles which disfigured—yes, disfigured—his brother's face. Why should he ? Life was serious enough, in all conscience, without making it more serious.

"Old Sim—dear old Sim !" He really must have followed the line, by right divine, of Methusaleh, some people thought, and there criticism stopped. Adverse tongues could say no more than that, and Heaven forbid that Phil should be on their side. Sim had earned his living almost from the time he had cut his teeth ; so, at least, it was averred. His father, who had a carpenter's shop in Hadlow, had died, leaving the business in difficulties, from which Sim, by dogged perseverance, had extricated it.

Phil admired his brother, but frankly confessed he was unable to imitate him. Perseverance was not in his blood, and what isn't in the blood—well, you know the proverb. He had been of a restless turn ; could not settle down, for the life or him, to any one thing long. When a boy he had run away to sea ; but had come back, after a couple of years, with much less enthusiasm for the nautical profession than when he started. Then he evinced a love for the drama. He joined a strolling company. His experience on the stage was much shorter than his experience on the ocean. Six months sufficed. He came back hungry, ragged, and footsore. Sim was his refuge at all times. He stood between him and the father when the latter, after one of his early escapades, called him vagabond, and would have turned him out of doors. And when the time came that there was no father or mother in the homestead, Sim occupied the place of both. As Phil put it, in the stage slang he sometimes affected, Sim was a sort of "combination company," or "general utility man."



"CALLED HIM VAGABOND."

It was hard to discover what precise object Sim had in life. His brother could never make out. He hadn't even a hobby.

That kind of thing is dangerous. Phil said it was, and he of course knew. *He* had two or three hobbies. He thought them necessary for mental and physical equilibrium. It was noticed, however, that Sim's colour—what little he had of it—would come quicker and go quicker when Miss Katie Hewson came to the shop. The wrinkles in his face would make their way into curious crannies, and broaden out into a smile. It was pleasant to see Sim at such times. Then you might be sworn his life was not altogether objectless.

Phil was going along steadily enough at this time—to all appearances, at least. He was earning fairly good wages as a clerk at the Hadlow Brewery, and stuck to his desk with a diligence that surprised and delighted his brother.

One evening, just as the autumn had begun, and the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees, he came in, and did not, as was his wont, stir out again. He chatted away in his careless, free style to Sim; admired the cabinet he had almost finished, which was intended as an exhibit at a forthcoming exhibition in the district, and for "possibilities" afterwards. Phil remarked among other things in keeping with these possibilities, that it would be a handsome addition to Sim's home when he got married, as he supposed he some day would. Sim gave a deprecatory twist of the head, but his face broadened out into one of those queer smiles of his. Then Phil took three or four energetic puffs at his pipe, watched intently for a minute or so the graceful circlets and wavering outlines of the smoke, and broke out abruptly:

"Sim, old fellow, I know that I am indebted to you for a lot—more than I can ever repay you. Will you help me to wipe it off?"

Sim kept on doggedly at his work. He had heard something like this before.

"Ah, I see you distrust me. Quite right, old fellow. I know that I've given you cause."

Sim put down his tools now, and looked up.

"Don't put it that way, boy"—Phil was only four years younger than Sim, but he still regarded him as a boy—"don't put it that way. Have I ever mistrusted you? I know that you've had your oats to sow. You've sown them, and we've got rid of the bad crop, haven't we? Shake hands on it."

"Right, Sim, right. But will you trust me a little further."

"Out with it, boy."

"I've a scheme in my mind by which I hope to clear off some—all, in fact—of the debt I'm still under to you. Only—and here's the difficulty—I want £20 to do it."

"Don't you think anything about the debt that's due to me. Between brothers there's no debt and credit account, and ——"

"Oh, yes, Sim, I know you; I know your kind heart, God bless you; but I'm not altogether disinterested. My scheme, which is certain to succeed, will make me a more prosperous, a happier man. Now do you see where I am? Will you help me to that?"

Sim thought for a moment. Twenty pounds would clear him out. He had just that amount in hand. He had withdrawn it only that day from the bank—Phil, of course, was unacquainted with that fact—for

"HER HAND REMAINED IN HIS LONGER THAN USUAL."

the purpose of clearing off the mortgage still remaining upon the house. One thing made his decision the harder. That afternoon Miss Kate Hewson had called in on some excuse or other. Her hand had remained in his longer than usual at parting, and she had—yes, there was no mistaking it—distinctly returned his pressure. A small thing? Very; but to a soft, impressionable nature like Sim's it meant a great deal. In the imaginative picture that pressure summoned up came the difficulty; for, if you have before you an object, the attainment of which necessitates an acquaintance with the principles of £ s. d., it is hard to part with the multiples by which the sum can be worked out.

"Ah, Sim, you are getting selfish, you are getting selfish," he soliloquised. Then his honest, grey eyes looked straight into Phil's: "You shall have it," he said; "but you'll be careful, Phil: it's all I have." Not a word about his intentions: not a word about the mortgage. When Sim did a thing, you see, he did not do it by halves.

Three days after this interview there was considerable excitement in Hadlow. Give people something to talk about in a village, and you may rely upon them carrying out the contract. Item one—Philip Pentreath had disappeared. Item two—Miss Kate Hewson had disappeared also. Item three—there was a small discrepancy in Phil's accounts at the brewery, which, rumour said, amounted to £50. There was another item—a very inconsiderable one this—Simeon Pentreath was ill. All of which items were summed up in the general remark—"Poor old Sim!" To this pity Sim was indifferent, for the simple reason that he was oblivious either to censure or blame. He had a long struggle to regain that happy condition of consciousness to public opinion which he would have preferred being without; but struggling had been in Sim's line, and, though he did not throw any particular heart in the present combat, he eventually, in spite of himself, and thanks mainly to a compassionate neighbour who nursed him day and night, succeeded in turning out the Dark Shadow which had hovered over his threshold. You would have quite understood the grim victory he achieved had you seen him afterwards. He himself was so much of a shadow that there were sufficient reasons why the other should have given up the competition.

Of course there came a letter of deep contrition from Phil, to which his newly-made wife—*née* Miss Kate Hewson—appended, in a neat postscript, "her love." Equally, as a matter of course, Phil was going to carve out a fortune in the land—Australia—which he had honoured with his presence, and intended to pay Sim tenfold for the "small sum" he had borrowed of him. Phil was kind enough to say all this, for which mark of brotherly regard (as well as the sisterly postscript) Sim should have been devoutly thankful. Only—Sim was *so* diffident—he never took the trouble to thus express himself. Those queer wrinkles deepened a bit, that was all. These alone told to the curious what his struggle had been.

There was one circumstance which prevented him from becoming quite a misanthrope. It occurred about eight years after his brother left Hadlow. Mrs. Cortis, the neighbour who had watched over him through his illness, herself succumbed to the fate from which she had saved him. Her husband followed within a few short months. They left a little girl, who could only just toddle. Mary was her name. This fatality—out of the husk of misery sometimes comes a kernel of happiness—was Sim's salvation. The child had no relatives in the village, and he adopted her. Strange foster-father and—mother! Yes, Sim *was* a "general utility man," no doubt of it.

The gnarled tree shot its arms around this tendril, and held it fast. It expanded with its expansion. Sim had lost faith in mankind, taken in its adult branches. He wanted to discover if there was not an exception to the general stock, taken in its earlier growth. The experiment, he plainly foresaw, was a risky one; but life after all was an experiment. He had been taunted with having no hobby. Why should not he, like the rest of them, have one?

Had he remained at this dubious stage, the hobby would not have proved a very hopeful or attractive one. When a person once starts analysis, the process is simply intellectual—not of the heart. Sim soon grew out of this. The child became to him not a problem, but a reality. She underwent this metamorphosis when she first lisped the name of "Father!" Sim then comprehended to the full his responsibilities, and, God helping him, he said, he would not shirk them.

And the child gave him back in interest all she received. The carpenter's shop, wrapped for so long in gloom, became

radiant with sunshine. She prattled to him as he worked at the bench; had her own hammer and her own piece of wood to knock imaginary tacks in; and began to be ambitious of the use of chisel and saw—an ambition which Sim would artfully counteract by the opportune provision of putty and like harmless material.

Then there came the schooldays, in which it was Sim's delight to watch the progression from pot-hooks and hangers to the proud moment when she could write her name. The afternoon which witnessed this evidence of her caligraphic skill was a memorable event. The child came skipping into the workshop with great glee, took possession of a large carpenter's pencil, and, bending down her pretty head over a smooth deal board, which she had frequently extemporised for a slate, triumphantly traced thereon, in large, capital letters, "MARY." The reward was a doll's house, fit for a princess, every piece of furniture in which was Sim's own handiwork.

SIM AND MARY.

There were days and nights of anxiety, too, when the child had her first serious illness. Sim had a nurse to attend on her, but he, after all, was the chief attendant at the sick-bed. The doctor laughingly told him that he would grant him his certificate for that profession at any time. Sim laughed, too, but it was after Mary had recovered. He could not afford to indulge in the luxury before, he said, even supposing that his muscles had been equal to the relaxation.

Thus the years sped on, until Sim really became old. The child, too, expanded into a young woman, and had grown in comeliness as well as stature. Sim saw this with joy, tempered with fear. At such times the thought would cross his mind, "She cannot always be my lass! Someone else will step in, and claim the prize." As this thought came, and he pictured his desolate hearth—home without Mary—he would cry out in agony: "My God, let it not be! I have suffered; am content to suffer still more: but spare me *that* agony!"

Is there not some occult power of divination between hearts attuned to the same sympathies? How else can you explain it that when thoughts like these bowed the head and saddened the heart of Sim, a loving pair of arms would be found around his neck, a warm, soft cheek against his furrowed one?

Another autumn evening. Sim somehow always remembered that time of the year. The chill breath of the coming winter could be felt in the air. You looked outside and then inside, and inside carried it by a large majority. Have you ever noticed on certain evenings about this time that orchestral symphony on the part of Nature; how her flutes, and violins, and 'cellos, and bass viols go to work in prelude to the last act of the seasons? No? Well, I don't think Sim's observation ever went so far as that either. Whatever had been the lot which life had brought him, he was quite content with it now. Only the least sensitive flesh has its creepy moments, and——

What was that? Mary was sitting by the fireside knitting; Sim had just loaded his pipe. They heard footsteps outside. They looked at each other; for they were not in the habit of having late visitors.

There was a gentle rap on the door, and Mary got up and opened it.

"Is Mr. Pentreath within?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see him?"

A voice like an echo—clear and intelligible enough, but still an echo.

Sim had risen to his feet. The light of the lamp flickered in the wind, and he could see nothing distinctly. The flame steadied itself as the stranger crossed the threshold.

"THERE WAS A GENTLE RAP ON THE DOOR."

"Good God, can it be? Phil!"

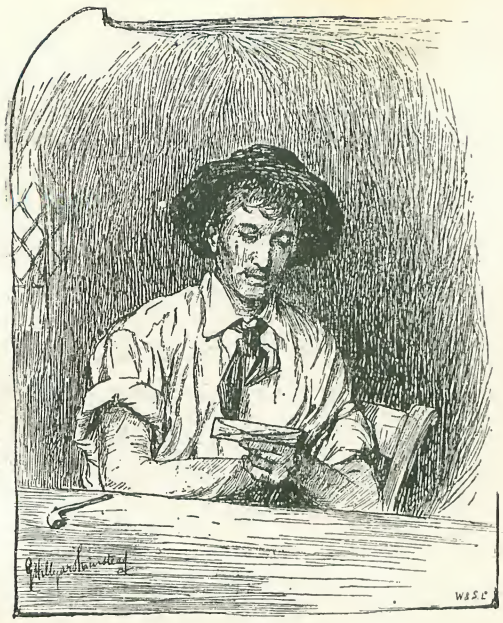
Sim asks the question in tones of surprise, wonderment, fear. Thought has bridged the twenty-four years or so since his brother left the homestead: he feels, with a quick gasp of agony, the old wound re-opening. And yet—and yet, this cannot be Phil.

"Well, now, that's strange," said the visitor. "How the deuce do you, who have never seen me, come to recognise me directly you clap eyes in my direction? There must be a strong family likeness somewhere. I *am* Phil—Phil Pentreath, at your service. And you're my uncle—Uncle Sim—of whom I've heard so much, and long wished to see. Won't you shake hands with a fellow? I've come all the way from Melbourne for that express purpose."

Sim shook hands with him like one in a dream. It seemed so unreal; and yet there was that dull pain which he had thought dead, throb, throb, throbbing into life, and making all so real. For he began to understand: this was Phil's son—*her* son. He was just like what the father had been twenty-four years since: the same figure, eyes, expression—the same name, too.

Luckily, Mary was there. By her womanly tact all feeling of constraint disappeared, and they were soon seated around the fire engaged in animated conversation. Phil Pentreath, sen., it appeared, had prospered of recent years—was regarded quite as a wealthy man in the colonies. Then he woke up to the consciousness that he had a brother, and Phil Pentreath, jun., the only son, who had long felt a wish to see England, was sent, as his father's envoy, to "look old Sim up."

"So, you see, I've looked you up," said the young man, "though I must say you didn't seem very pleased at first. Anyhow, you must put up with me for a bit, for my father's sake. In a little while I hope you will put up with me for my own."



YOUNG PHIL.

Sim repeated, in an absent sort of way, "for his father's sake," and then they parted for the night.

Young Phil had taken up his quarters at the Hadlow Arms, the principal inn in the village; and for the next month or so was a frequent visitor at the old carpenter's shop. He was a frank, manly sort of young fellow, and made friends wherever he went. On the second day of his stay he had slipped an envelope into his uncle's hand. It was from his father, he said. Sim was to open it when he was alone. Obeying this request, he found within a slip of paper, on which were written these words only—"For an old debt." Enclosed with this was a draft for £100. Sim went to a cupboard in the shop, unlocked the door, and took out a cabinet, thickly covered with dust—the cabinet upon which he had worked so long since, and which was still unfinished. He opened one of the drawers, took therefrom a document, enclosed the slip of paper and the draft along with this in an envelope, and wrote across it the same words contained in his brother's message—"For an old debt." The document contained the signatures of Messrs. Bedders, the brewers, in satisfaction of a sum of £50 paid to them some years since by Simeon Pentreath, on behalf of Philip Pentreath, his brother. He put the envelope in the drawer, and returned the cabinet to its hiding-place.

Phil and Mary were naturally thrown very much together during this time, and seemed to take a great deal of pleasure in each other's society. One could not help admiring Mary, you see, and —well, between young couples who can prevent sympathy? With declining years Sim had become lynx-eyed; but whether he saw this growing feeling cannot positively be affirmed. Only, that old wound of his occasionally gave him greater trouble.

Phil's visit was drawing to a close. He came to the shop one evening. Sim was asleep in his arm-chair.

"Mary," said Phil, "do you regret my visit to England?"

Mary opened her sweet blue eyes in astonishment.

"Why should I, Phil?" she answered simply.

"Well, I don't know; but I sometimes think Uncle Sim does."

"DO YOU REGRET MY VISIT?"

"Father? No, no; if you knew him as I do, you would not say that," with a tender look in the direction of the sleeper.

"You love him very much?"

"Very, very much. He has been more than a father to me."

"Ah!" and the young man sighed. "I thought of making a request, Mary; but I see it would be hopeless."

Mary averted her face. She knew instinctively what that request was. The young man paused to see if there were any further sign, and thought he saw a tear stealing down the fair cheek.

"Would you entrust your life to one who would love you—yes, quite as dearly as he?"

"Don't, don't," said Mary, rising to her feet, and still averting her face. "I know all you would say. But that can never be. My duty is here—with him. Do not tempt me to forget it."

The sleeper in the arm-chair slightly moved. Dreaming probably. A smile wreathed itself around the withered lips, as though the dream were a happy one.

"Do not hastily decide, Mary. On your decision so much depends—for me. You like me a little: ah! I see you do. I knew I was not so deceived as all that. Don't think I cannot appreciate and admire your loyalty—your devotion to my uncle; but he would be the last to stand in the way of your future happiness. Let me wake him, and you shall hear it from his own lips?"

"No—pray don't; I know what his answer would be. He would never think of self; he never has done. He would only think of me. He has devoted himself heart and soul to me. I can sacrifice a little in return for his dear sake."

Yes; evidently happy dreams. A sigh of contentment came from the lips of the sleeper.

"Ah! Mary," said Phil, "every word you utter makes it harder for me to relinquish all hope. I cannot accept your decision as final. See, I have to run over to Tunbridge this evening. It will be midnight before I return. It is now nine. That will give you three good hours to decide. If I see a light burning in your window—as I have often seen it unbeknown to you when I've returned here for a last look after wishing you good night—I will take it that your decision is favourable. If the light be out, then I shall know that my hopes are too. That shall be my farewell. I will not trust myself to see you again."

"That would be cruel," said Mary, with a suppressed sob.

"On whose part? Not mine, Mary, for with you will rest the more agreeable alternative."

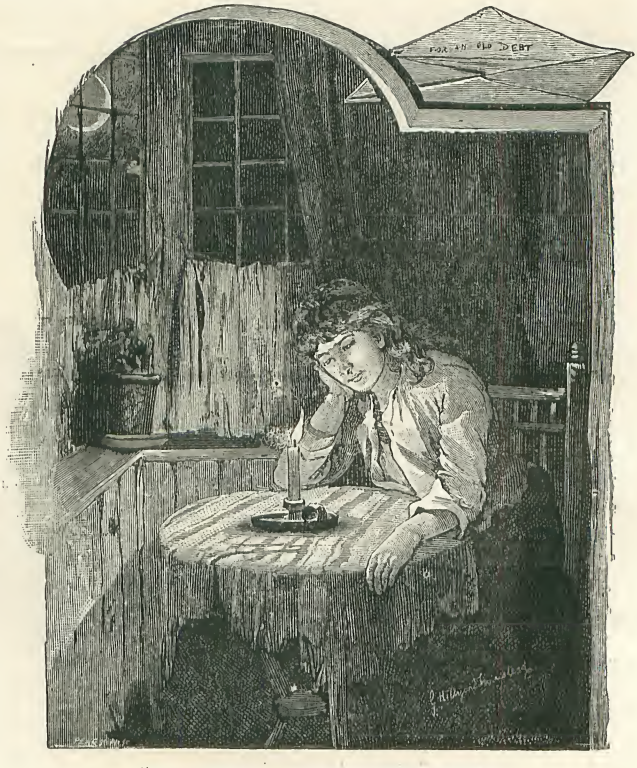
And before she could say more he had gone. The girl covered her face with her hands and wept. Then she knew that life has its sorrows and perplexities for young as well as old.

"Mary, dear." It was the voice—very quiet and soft it seemed—of Sim.

"Awake, father?" The girl came forward and put her arms around his neck, and kissed him passionately.

"Why, lass, what's the matter? Your cheek is wet. You've been crying!"

"And you. See!" and with her hand-



"SHE LOOKED INTO THE FLICKERING FLAME."

kerchief she tenderly wiped away two large tear-drops that were trickling down the furrowed cheeks.

"Have I? Well, that's queer. I must have been dreaming. They were happy dreams, though, if there were tears with 'em. And you—have you been dreaming, too?" with a quick glance at her face.

"I have not had the chance yet," she said, evasively. "I will tell you to-morrow" —this with a forced little laugh.

"To-morrow!" he repeated. "Well, then, to-morrow. May your dreams, child, be happy now and always. Good-night, darling."

"Good-night, dearest," she answered.

The old man folded her lovingly in his arms for a moment, and pressed upon her lips one long, lingering kiss. His eyes followed her as she lit a candle and went out.

She reached her chamber, and put down the candlestick on the little table by the window. She looked into its flickering flame. "If the light be out, then I shall know that my hopes are too," he had said. "That shall be my farewell."

Ah! the decision *was* hard—far harder than she had first thought. She drew the curtains to one side, and looked out. Patches of dark grey cloud, which gained now and again gleams of evanescent light from the pale, cold moon, were moving fleetly on. Very quiet the village seemed, and Mary found herself wondering whether under any roof therein there was any such question trembling in the balance as that which she was now called on to decide. She again glanced upward, as though seeking inspiration. Like twin sentinels she now saw twinkling through the drifting clouds two stars—one symbolising duty; the other love. Which should be her lamp? She drew a deep breath, half sob, and put out the light. That was her answer.

* * * *

Mary's sleep was a troubled, broken one. She could not have slept very long, as it seemed to her, when she awoke with a shiver, and——

What was that? The candle was alight! By what magic had this been done? She had put it out: of that she was certain. Could she have risen in her sleep and re-lit it? She raised herself on her elbow—now quite awake; and, as she did so, felt a gust of cold air on her face. She looked whence it came, and saw that the door, which she had firmly closed, was partly open. She sprang out of bed, hurriedly drew a shawl around her, put on her slippers, took the candle, and passed out. She listened at her father's bedroom. No sound within. She opened the door. No one there, and the bed had not been slept in. She hastened below in great fear and trembling.

And there she found him, his head resting on a dusty old cabinet, which she never remembered having seen before. Just beside the arm which served him as a pillow was an envelope, on which she read, even in that anxious moment, "For an old debt."

"Fallen asleep again, poor dear," thought Mary. Then, aloud, "Father!"

No response. She touched him on the shoulder. Still no reply. "Father! Father!" This time in pathetic, wailing accents. But the sleeper still slept on. He had paid the last great debt of all, and had gone to render his account.

Samuel A. Walker,] AGE 32. [230, *Regent Street.*

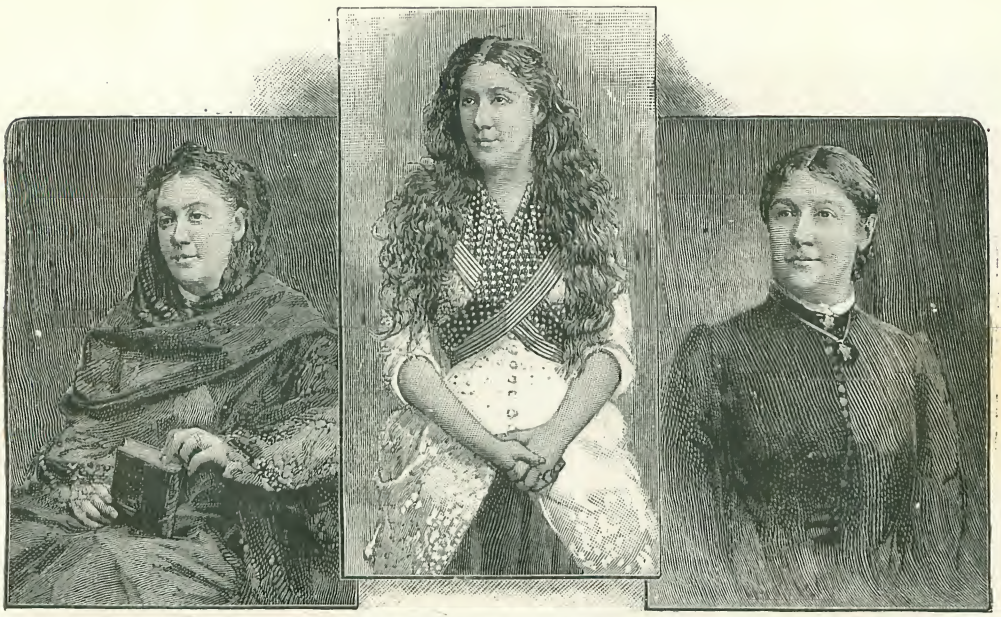
From a Photo. by] AGE 52. [*Maull & Fox.*

PROFESSOR OWEN.

BORN 1804.

RICHARD OWEN, naturalist, was born at Lancaster, and in early life evinced great love of the sea, and entered the Navy as a middy; but he was only ten years old when he left the *Tribune* to become a pupil of a surgeon. At twenty-one he entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's, where he soon attracted the notice of the great Abernethy, who showed him much kindness, and prevented him from accepting a post as a ship's surgeon in 1826. "Going to sea, sir!" said Abernethy, "you are going to the devil!" "I hope not, sir!" "Go to sea! You had better, I tell you, go to the devil at once," reiterated rough but glorious John, and offered him an appointment at the College of Surgeons. Thus the Navy lost a good officer and Science gained one of her brightest ornaments, "The Newton of Natural History." Professor Owen is a member of every learned Society of eminence in the world, and Her Majesty has appropriately recognised his great services to Science by granting him as a residence Sheen Lodge, in Richmond Park.

From a Photo. by] AGE 85. [*Elliott & Fry.*

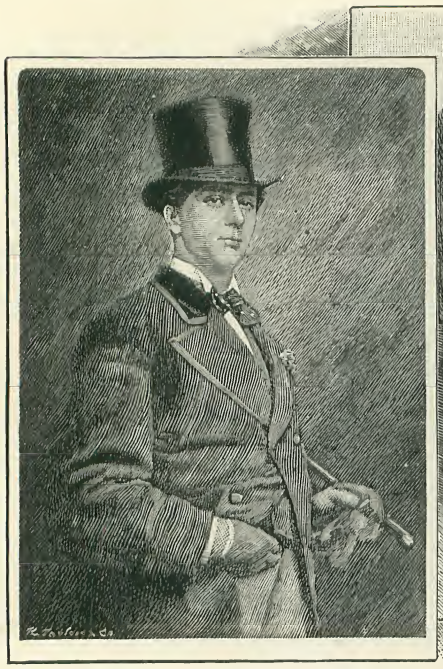


From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[W. & D. Downey.* *From a Photo. by]* AGE 27. *[Elliott & Fry.* *From a Photo. by]* AGE 35. *[W. & D. Downey.*

MRS. W. H. KENDAL.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Falk, New York.*

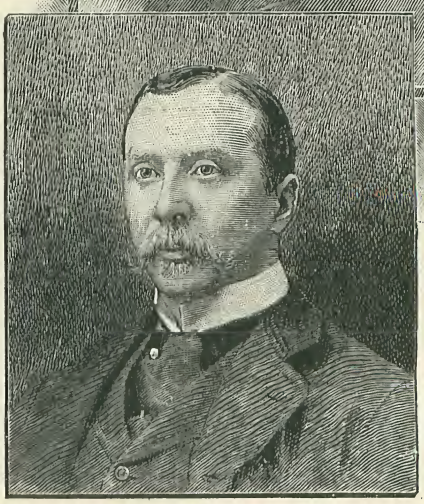
IT will be safe to say that there is scarcely a reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to whom the features of Mrs. Kendal will not be familiar. Her maiden name was Margaret Robertson, "Our Madge," a famous name; her brother, T. W. Robertson, having enriched our dramatic literature with that series of pure and brilliant comedies, "School," "Caste," "Ours," &c., which may be said to have made the fame and fortune of the Bancrofts at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Court-road. The name by which she is known to the theatrical public is a *nom de théâtre*, her proper designation being Mrs. W. Hunter Grimstone. Mrs. Kendal commenced her dramatic training early; she was no more than four years of age when she took the part of the *Blind Child* in "The Seven Poor Travellers." Thirteen years afterwards, in 1865, she made her appearance at the Haymarket Theatre—a theatre associated with so many of her triumphs—as *Ophelia* to the late Walter Montgomery's *Hamlet*. Engagements in the provinces, and afterwards at Drury Lane and the Haymarket again, followed; each fresh engagement being marked by a distinct advance in her powers. Her successes during her subsequent career are fresh in the remembrance of playgoers. Mrs. Kendal's triumphs in the United States are too recent, and our space too limited, to need recapitulation here. She goes again to the States this year, to the regret of her numerous admirers, who are looking forward eagerly to her return, when it is hoped she will once more take her place at the head of a London company.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [*Samuel A. Walker*, 230, *Regent-street.*

AGE 30
From a Photo. by W. & J. Downey.

AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Talbot, San Francisco.*

W. H. KENDAL.

MR. W. H. KENDAL (William Hunter Grimstone) made his first bow to a theatrical audience when he was eighteen years of age, at the little Royalty Theatre in Soho, and afterwards migrated to the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, where for five years he went through his apprenticeship, gaining experience in the company of most of the leading actors and actresses of the day. That useful engagement ended, he made what is called his professional London *début* at the Haymarket Theatre, making a leap to the front ten months afterwards by his performance, at the same theatre, of *Orlando* in "As You Like It." The professional association of his name with that of his wife is inevitable, because it was in association with her that he achieved his greatest successes, notably in such plays as "Uncle's Will," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Wicked World." In 1875 he went to the Court Theatre under the management of Mr. Hare, and a year afterwards, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, made a remarkable success as *Captain Beauclerc* in "Diplomacy." In this success he was associated with Mr. Bancroft and the late Mr. John Clayton, and the celebrated *scène des trois hommes* became the talk of the town. A long engagement at the Court Theatre followed, and then Mr. Hare and the Kendals joined business forces at the St. James's Theatre, a partnership which afforded so much delight to the public that there was a general expression of regret when it was broken.

From a Photo. by] AGE 14. *[Hills & Saunders.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Maull & Fox*

From a Photo. by] AGE 24. *[Maull & Fox.*

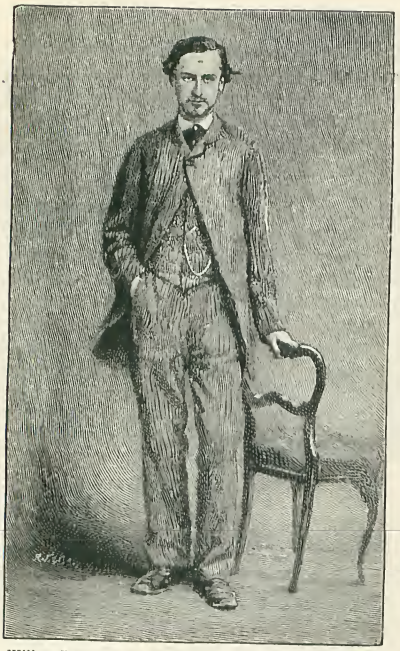
From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Maull & Fox.*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

BORN 1850.

PRINCE ARTHUR, the third son of Queen Victoria, born at Buckingham Palace on the first of May, 1850, was, at the ages at which our first two portraits represent him, receiving his education privately; but at sixteen, it having been decided that he should become a soldier, he was entered at Woolwich, where he studied military science for three years. Our third portrait shows him at this time in the cadet uniform of the Royal Artillery. A year later he joined the Rifle Brigade, of which he was to become colonel-in-chief in 1880, and the uniform of which he is wearing in the fourth portrait here presented. At twenty-four—the age of this portrait—Prince Arthur was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and Earl of Sussex. Five years later he married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia. The Duke of Connaught has seen active service in Egypt, the cross for which he wears on his left breast in the portrait of him at the present day which is here given. His popularity with his men is great, and his efficiency as a commander is well recognised; and, according to recent reports, he is likely in the future to fill a more prominent position in the public eye than hitherto.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Maull & Fox.*

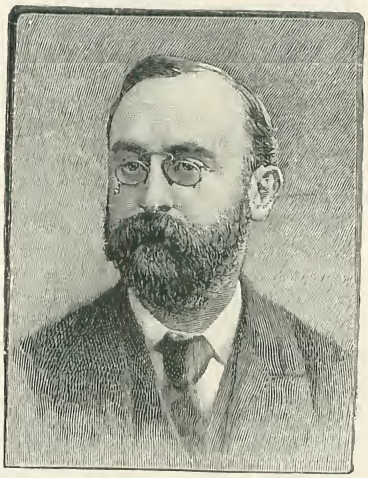


Willett Bros.,] AGE 16. *[Brighton.*

Mayall,] AGE 24. *Brighton.*

DR. ROBSON ROOSE.

BORN 1848.



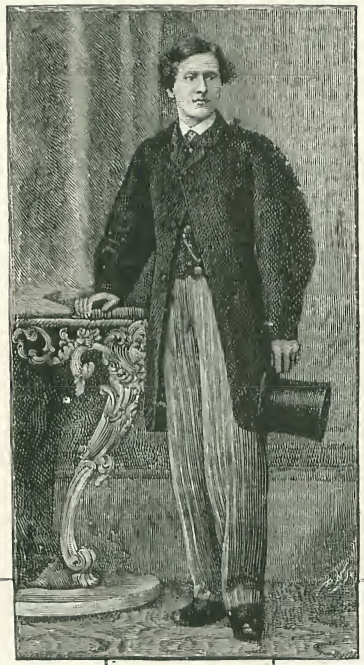
From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[Barraud.*

ROBSON ROOSE, M.D., LL.D., and F.R.C.P. of Edinburgh, whose name is now so widely and popularly known, was born in November, 1848. His parents were not in flourishing circumstances, and losing his father when he was eight years of age, and his mother when he was fifteen, he was left but poorly furnished by fortune to fight his way through life. Being his own pilot, and being early imbued with an earnest desire to become a doctor, he set to work to educate himself, and became a student at the County Hospital, Brighton, and subsequently at Guy's Hospital, London. He then spent some time studying in Paris, Brussels, and in various medical centres in Germany and Italy. In 1870 he started practice in Brighton, and there achieved so considerable a reputation that he opened consulting rooms in London, which he attended regularly for five years, continuing his professional labours in Brighton the while. In 1884 he took up his permanent residence in London, where he speedily made an extensive practice and became an established authority. He is the author of several works, among which may be mentioned his book on "Gout," which has passed through six editions in England, and has been translated into French and German. To a masterly knowledge of the disorders he treats Dr. Robson Roose adds the valuable qualities of a sympathetic nature, and he possesses a rare tact in inspiring confidence in the patients who throng his consulting rooms. His connection is largely political and literary, and in art circles he is greatly esteemed for his kindly manners and his skill.

MICHAEL MAYBRICK.

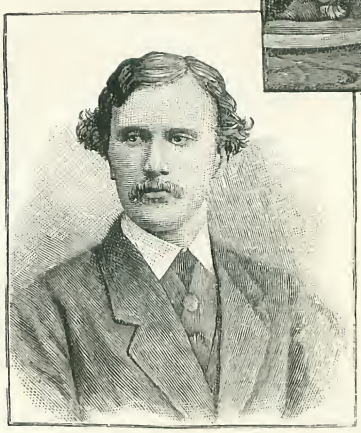
(STEPHEN ADAMS.)

LIVERPOOL has produced two great living baritones—Chas. Santley and Michael Maybrick. The latter's musical abilities showed themselves early, for at eight he had learned to play the piano, and at fourteen he was appointed organist of St. Peter's, the parish church of Liverpool, his native city, a position which he filled for eight years. As an accompanist in the concert-room, he was also held in great request. Obtaining leave of absence, he entered the Conservatoire at Leipsic, where it was discovered for the first time that his voice was a very fine one. For two years he studied singing at Leipsic and Milan; then, returning to England, he appeared in public with instantaneous success. It is strange, however, that while studying at Leipsic his vocal powers should have been discovered, while his talent for composition should have escaped recognition. It was not until after his appearance as a singer that he began to write songs for himself. "The Warrior Bold" appeared under the now familiar name of Stephen Adams. Then, in 1870, came "Nancy Lee," a song whose swing and strength of rhythm obtained for it an extraordinary popularity. Perhaps no song was ever sung, played, hummed, and whistled to the same extent. All Mr. Maybrick's songs enjoy the rare advantage of being introduced to the public by the composer himself.



AGE 17.

From a Photo. by Scott & Ferranti, Liverpool.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21 *[Kay, Liverpool.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Sarony & Co.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Debenham & Gould, B'mouth.*

From a] AGE 25. *[Painting.*

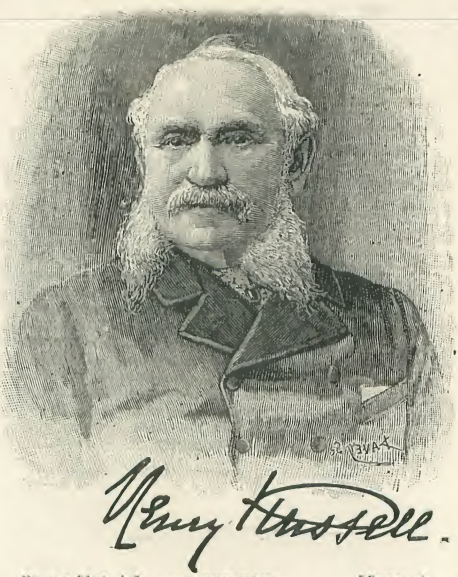
producing songs which "caught on" the moment they were *heard*; and all the country sang "Buffalo Girls," "Coal Black Rose," and "Get out of the way, Ole Dan Tucker." Henry Russell was born December 24, 1813, and was singing contralto at Drury Lane Theatre when Elliston was *impresario*. He sang before George IV., and he relates how the King took him on his knee and kissed him. In 1825 he went to Bologna to study,

From a] AGE 40. *[Daguerreotype.*

HENRY RUSSELL.

BORN 1813.

FOR years enough to satisfy any man's ambition, Mr. Henry Russell's songs were in everybody's mouth, and it is to be doubted whether any composer of songs for the people ever enjoyed a greater popularity. When we were children our parents used to sing "Woodman, spare that Tree," "The Ivy Green," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "Man the Lifeboat," "There's a good time coming," and other songs of his. He had the happy talent, in addition to his great gifts, of hitting the public taste, and of



From a Photo by] PRESENT DAY. *[Barraud.*

and there he gained a gold medal for an original operetta. At twenty he went to America, and there commenced his wonderfully successful career as a descriptive singer. In England he drew crowded audiences everywhere, and one of his entertainments, entitled "The Far West," contributed greatly to the flow of emigration to the United States and our colonies. Mr. Russell is seventy-eight years of age, and looks twenty years younger. He is the father of Mr. Clark Russell, the well-known novelist.

The Foundling Hospital.

THE Foundling Hospital is not an institution for the reception of foundlings. This will be news to five-sixths of our readers, and it is easy to imagine some of them exclaiming: "But do you mean to tell us that, if we discover a human mite abandoned on someone's doorstep, and take it to the Foundling Hospital, it will not be admitted?" We do. "Why, then, call the place a Foundling Hospital?" Thereby hangs a deeply interesting story—a story of human wrong, of human suffering; of evil, of good; of sorrow, of succour—a veritable world's story, focussing the large-souled sympathy of mankind, the weakness and trust of woman, and the treachery and infidelity of man.

The institution owes its origin to one of Nature's noblemen; it is a monument equally to the head and the heart of Captain Thomas Coram. Captain Coram, in no ordinary sense of the word, went about doing good. His life was made up of attempts to improve something or somebody. Early in the eighteenth century, he used, in his walks between the City, where he had business, and Rotherhithe, where he lived, to constantly come across young children left by the wayside, "sometimes alive, sometimes dead, and sometimes dying." In other countries such children would be taken up by the State, and cared for; in England nothing of the sort had ever been attempted, or even perhaps dreamed of. Captain Coram's heart was touched by surely the most pitiable sight in creation, and to touch Captain Coram's heart was to set the machinery of his resourceful brain in motion. He rightly considered such exposure of infant humanity a disgrace to civilisation, and proceeded to enlist the services of the high-placed and the large-hearted in the cause. For seventeen long years he laboured against adverse circumstances, until, in 1739, his efforts were rewarded by a charter authorising the founding of an institution "for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children."

A fine statue of Captain Coram, by W. C. Marshall, R.A., and a stone tablet to his memory, placed on the wall of the arcade in front of the building, are the first things to catch the visitor's eye. Coram lived, we are told, to be eighty-four, and died "poor in worldly estate, rich in good works." To help the new-born infant, he brought his grey hairs, if not in sorrow, at least in poverty to the grave. Like so many other benefactors of mankind, in striving to alleviate distress, this "indefatigable schemist"

FOUNDLING GIRLS.

forgot himself, and had he, in his devotion, not had friends who gave more regard to his material needs than he gave himself, he might have closed his eyes to mundane affairs in want by the wayside, even as the objects of his solicitude opened theirs.

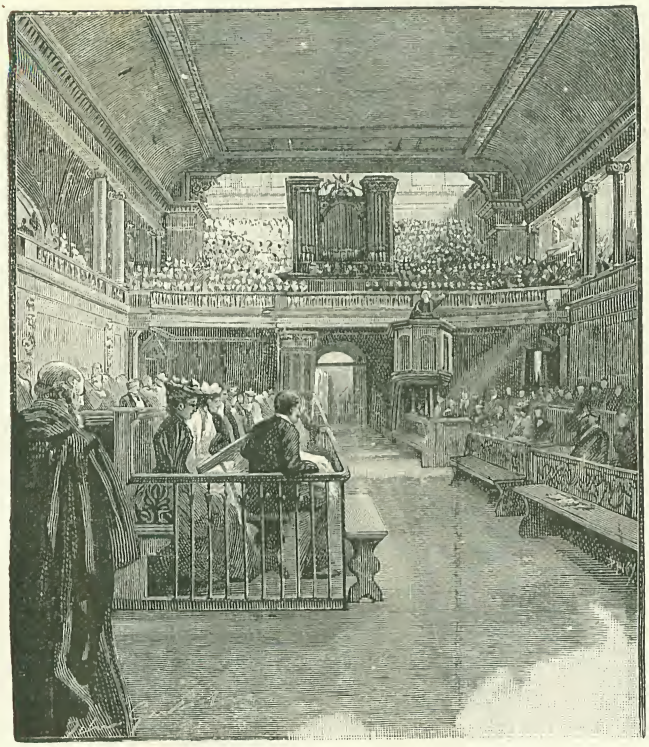
It is not necessary to go here at length into the early mistakes made, or to describe how the institution failed of the purpose which the founder had in view. It was intended by him to meet the necessities of deserted motherhood; it came, in the middle of the last century, to be a receptacle for all the babes whom worthless parents did not care to keep. A basket was hung outside the gates of the Hospital. On the first day 117 children were left in it, and a lucrative trade sprung up among tramps who, for a consideration, carried the little ones from all parts of England to the Hospital. In less than four years, 14,934 infants were thus disposed of.

These "regiments of infantry," as a waggish commentator called them, overwhelmed the resources of the institution, and it is not surprising to learn that, from various causes, not more than 4,000 of the 14,934 survived. The indiscriminate admission of children had to be abolished. Later, it was decided to receive children for money, but this step resulted in other abuses, and we have the authority of the admirable account of the Hospital, compiled by a former secretary, and revised by the present, Mr. W. S. Wintle — a work which may be purchased for half a crown, and is well worth attentive study—for stating that, since January, 1801, no child has been received into the Hospital, either directly or indirectly, with any sum of money, large or small.

To-day the practice is for the mother to take the babe before it is twelve months old to the Hospital, to make her statement before the authorities, and to leave the child to their care absolutely. She must be poor, she must be anxious to regain her good name, and no woman who petitions that her child may be admitted to the Hospital stands a chance of relief if she cannot prove that she has led a life of propriety previous to her misfortune. This point cannot be too strongly borne in mind. As the Reverend Sydney Smith, one of the preachers of the Foundling Chapel put it :—

"No child drinks of our cup or eats of our

FOUNDLING BOYS.

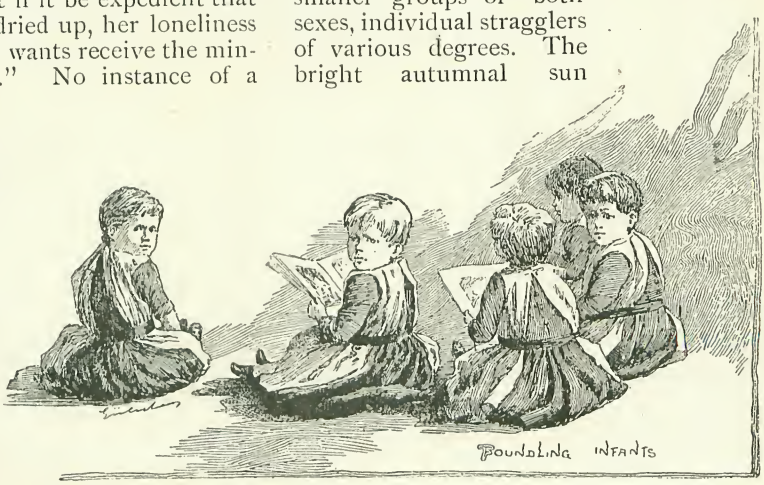


THE CHAPEL.

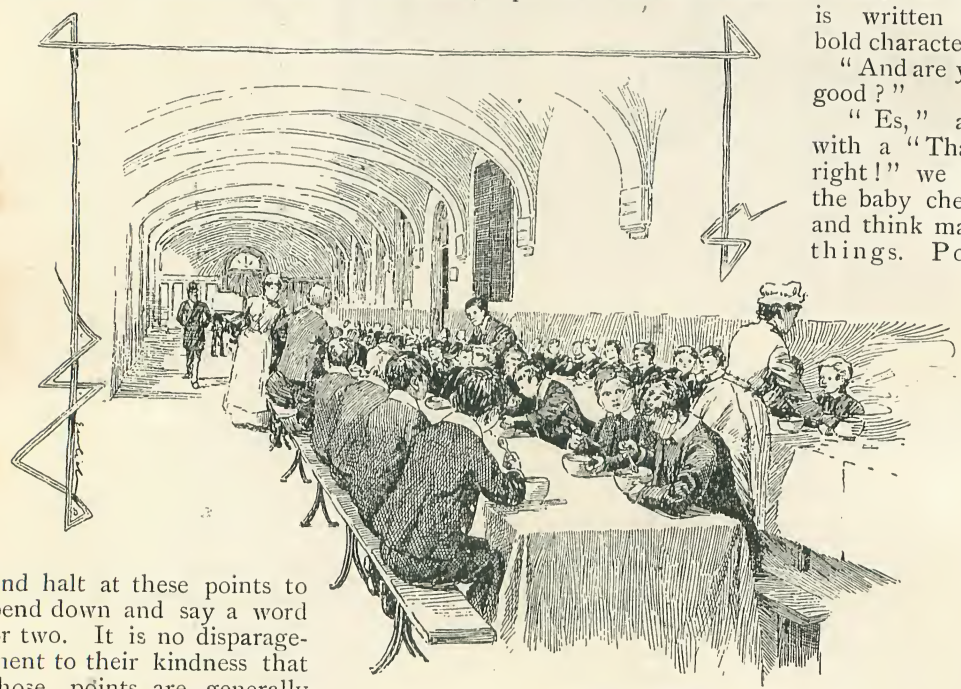
bread whose reception, upon the whole, is not certain to be more conducive than pernicious to the interests of religion and good morals. We hear no mother whom it would not be merciless and shocking to turn away; we exercise the trust reposed in us with a trembling and sensitive conscience; we do not think it enough to say, 'This woman is wretched, and betrayed, and forsaken'; but we calmly reflect if it be expedient that her tears should be dried up, her loneliness sheltered, and all her wants receive the ministration of charity." No instance of a mother going to the bad after she has been relieved by the Governors of the Foundling Hospital has, we believe, ever come to notice!

The general public knows most of the Foundling Hospital from a visit to the chapel on a Sunday morning. Anyone who is prepared to drop a silver coin into the plate at the door is admitted. The spectacle is impressive. In the galleries at the west end of the chapel, on either side of the organ, are seated some five hundred boys and girls, better behaved probably than any other considerable number of young people who appear in church regularly every Sunday. Their happy faces are perhaps a greater pleasure to gaze upon than their healthy voices are to listen to. Divine service over, at one o'clock they march into their respective dining-rooms, the boys being in one wing of the building and the girls in the other. Grace in the former is sung to the accompaniment of a cornet, which one of the boys plays. When they take their places at table, the spectator will find none lacking in appetite for the simple honest repast. On the opposite side of the building the girls are doing not less justice to themselves and those who have provided and prepared the dinner.

The scene on any Sunday morning in the year 1891 is precisely that which Charles Dickens described in "No Thoroughfare," a quarter of a century ago:—"There are numerous lookers-on at the dinner, as the custom is. There are two or three governors, whole families from the congregation, smaller groups of both sexes, individual stragglers of various degrees. The bright autumnal sun



strikes freshly into the wards, and the heavy framed windows through which it shines, and the panelled walls on which it strikes, are such windows and such walls as pervade Hogarth's pictures. The girls' refectory (including that of the younger children) is the principal attraction. Neat attendants silently glide about the orderly and silent tables ; the lookers-on move or stop as the fancy takes them ; comments in whispers on face such a number from such a window are not infrequent ; many of the faces are of a character to fix attention. Some of the visitors from the outside public are accustomed visitors. They have established a speaking acquaintance with the occupants of particular seats at the tables, and halt at these points to bend down and say a word or two. It is no disparagement to their kindness that those points are generally points where personal attractions are. The monotony of the long spacious rooms and the double lines of faces is agreeably relieved by these incidents, although so slight."



BOYS AT DINNER.

There is not much to see in the class-rooms, which will not be fully conveyed in our illustrations. As we enter the boys' room, we are momentarily startled by the shuffle of feet as every boy rises respectfully in his place. Not being professional school inspectors, such honours are not often accorded us. Resuming their seats, the class work goes on as at any ordinary school. So with the girls. The most interesting of the classes is that of the infants. On the day on which we visit the Foundling for the especial purpose of this paper, they are turned out of their ordinary room, and are squatted on the floor of another in sections before blackboards, and with slates in their laps. They are the veriest, chubbiest urchins imaginable, and, as we approach, three or four of them turn their smiling faces up to ours. They evidently expect to be spoken to, and we ask them what they are doing ?

"Writin'," answers a babe of a very few summers.

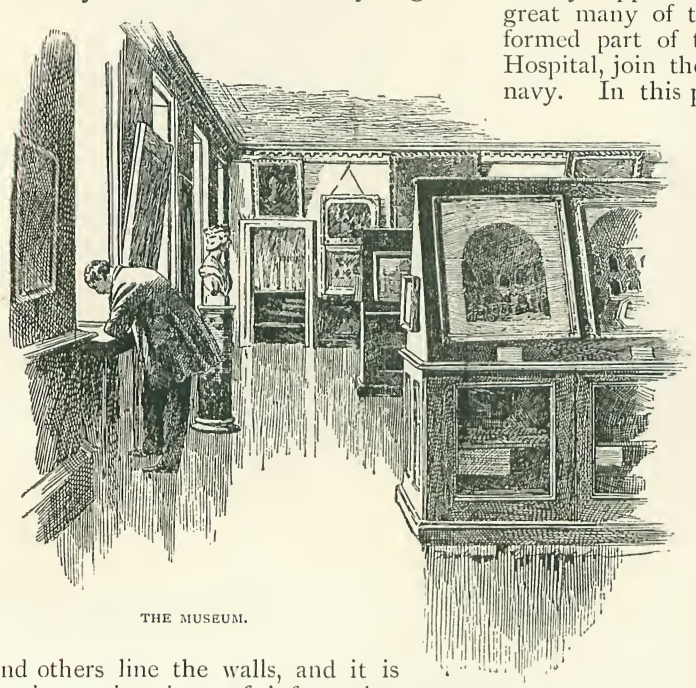
"Writing what ? " we ask.

"Good," is the reply, as a little finger points to the blackboard on which the word is written in bold characters.

"And are you good ? "

"Es," and with a "That's right ! " we pat the baby cheek, and think many things. Poor little mites, and yet happy withal ! Motherless, fatherless, friendless, and yet inmates of an institution which is not such a bad substitute for father, mother, and friends. What would they be but for it ? Recruits perchance in the ranks of shame into which their mothers might have drifted. And their mothers ? Who knows but that somewhere out in the world, women are living, and working, and sleeping ; dreaming, wondering how fares the helpless mortal for whose existence they are responsible, for whom they still bear a love which no barrier of separation can obliterate ?

From the school-rooms let us go to the museum, where are stored some valuables and many curiosities. Pictures by Hogarth

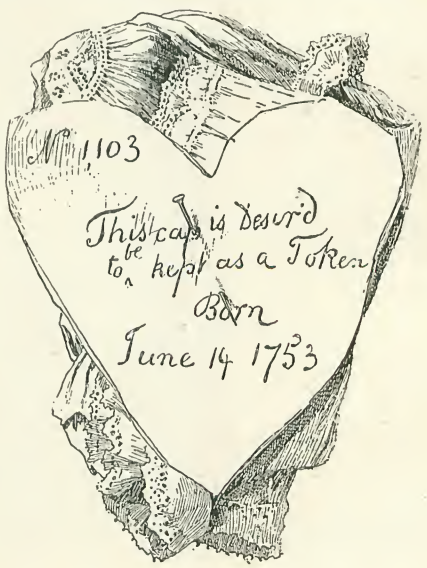


THE MUSEUM.

and others line the walls, and it is an interesting item of information that the Royal Academy of Arts, to which the fashionable world flocks to-day, was suggested to the founders by the crowds of people who in the last century went to see the pictures exhibited at the Foundling Hospital. Artists rallied strongly to the support of the institution, which also enlisted the services of Handel, who devoted his "Messiah" to its benefit, and presented the organ which is still in use. Lovers of art history and art treasures will find much on the walls and in the show-cases of the Foundling Hospital to gratify them. What will attract the majority of people more, however, than Handel's gifts, or Hogarth's or Sir Joshua Reynolds' canvases, are the tokens which it early became necessary to stipulate should be left with the child for the purpose, if need be, of identification. All sorts of things were left, from a coin or a key to a trinket or a piece of ribbon. Hearts and wedding rings are numerous, the former, no doubt, emblems more often than not of broken hearts, the latter eloquent of disappointed hopes. In some instances the token took the shape of verse.

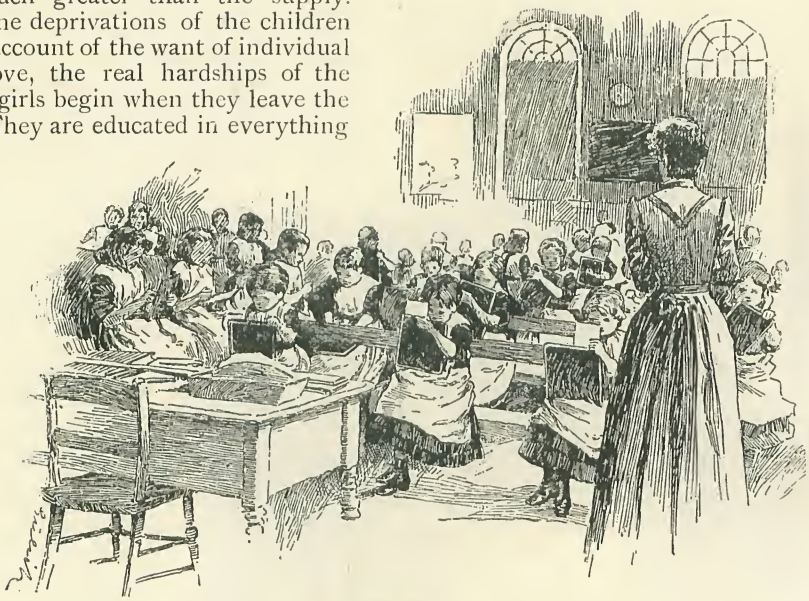
What becomes of the inmates of the Hospital when the time arrives to turn them out into the world to gain a living? The boys, at the age of fourteen, are usually apprenticed to some trade. A great many of them, however, who have formed part of the juvenile band at the Hospital, join the bands of the army and navy. In this position they seem to do especially well. Testimonials of gratitude from lads brought up at the Hospital are not wanting. One is a handsome Chinese vase, bearing the inscription: "Presented to the Foundling Hospital by George Ross, Corporal, Band, 74th Highlanders, as a small token of gratitude for the years of childhood spent in the institution. Hong Kong, 15th February, 1879." Another is an inkstand made of Irish bog oak, and was "Presented to the Governors of the Foundling Hospital by Corporal Samuel Reid, a foundling, of Her Majesty's Regiment Military Train, as a token of deep gratitude. April 26, 1868."

The girls go into domestic service, and with initial care make excellent servants. In these days, when good domestics are so difficult to get, the demand for foundling



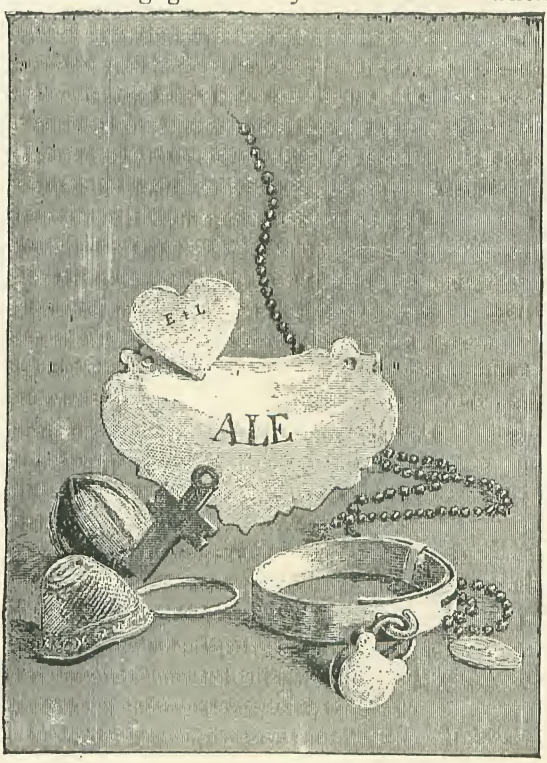
A TOKEN.

girls is much greater than the supply. Whatever the deprivations of the children may be on account of the want of individual motherly love, the real hardships of the lives of the girls begin when they leave the Hospital. They are educated in everything



GIRLS IN SCHOOL

save worldly knowledge. Where an ordinary girl runs errands for her parents, and becomes a little woman by the time she reaches her teens, the foundling girls remain in absolute ignorance of how to purchase any single article, or transact the simplest affairs outside the home. This is one drawback. Another and sadder is when, standing on the threshold of the great world, they realise that they are not as the majority of other girls are. They go to service, and they have not a friend of any kind to see or to talk about. Do what it will, the Hospital cannot supply the place of relatives, and, however much her origin may be screened from her fellow-servants, in all probability the time comes when the latter say: "How strange we never hear you speak of your father, or your mother, or your sister, or your brother." Then the lonely maiden invents little stories and tells fibs, which the most truthful among us may pardon, respecting the father and mother who are dead, or whatever other explanation may occur to her. If the inquisitive world only knew what pain its thoughtless inquiries may cause!



TOKENS.

A visit to the Foundling Hospital will afford food for many an hour's reflection. We are often urged to recognise woman's equality with man. The Foundling Hospital is a pathetic reminder of her eternal inequality.

A Perilous Wooing.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

[BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, the first and greatest writer which Norway has produced, was born at Quiken, in North Norway, on the 8th of December, 1832, his father being a Lutheran country pastor. At an early age he began to write, and a two years' residence at Copenhagen, to which city he removed at twenty-four, and where he studied the chief Danish writers, confirmed him in his resolve to create a literature in Norway. He was only twenty-six when he assumed the directorship of the theatre at Bergen, where he produced play after play of national importance. He wrote also several novels, of which "Arne" and "In God's Way" are, perhaps, the best known to English readers. The following little story shows as well as any of his long romances his peculiar and original characteristics—his faithful yet poetic painting of the life and the wild scenery of the Norwegian Alps.]

"WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME," ASKED THOR.

FROM the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night; and it was always worst on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Husaby, never went to bed on those nights without keeping on at least his leather breeches, and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Nesset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Husaby. Of course old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that, at any rate, he had never seen him there. Still they smiled, and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the hay-loft, whither Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose cool and clear through the sun's misty rays, the cow-bells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs, and blew the cow-horn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man, who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that

accompanied the action: "Come up here again, and there will be still more in store for you!"

All the young fellows could arrive but at one conclusion, that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Nesset. And all the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favour.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all, and said that if there were no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now Canute was certainly getting on in years; still, although he was past sixty, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever time indoors fell heavy on his hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings—a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me?" asked Thor, and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that," said someone else behind him, and gave him a great blow in the back of his neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the third man," said Old Canute, and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow, and hit out right manfully; he dived and he ducked; whenever a blow fell it missed him; and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterwards that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up till blood began to flow, then Canute cried out: "Stop!" Then he added in a croaking tone: "If you can get up here next Saturday, in spite of Canute Husaby and his men, the girl shall be yours!"

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight up on Husaby-hill, but everyone said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Aslang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when

"HE ROWED AWAY ROUND THE POINT."

she heard what had happened between him and her father, she sat down and cried bitterly, and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor, I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor stayed in his bed all Sunday, and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came, and it was a very lovely day. It had rained in the night; the hills looked so fresh and green, the window was open, sweet odours were wafted in, the cow-bells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above someone was "jodling." . . . Truly, if it had not been for his mother who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came, and still he stayed in bed; on Thursday, though, he began to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said: "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men, the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm: "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

"SHE LOOKED DOWN."

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby-hill; but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful; the sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upwards—all was quiet; he looked over towards Husaby farm—and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut; her day's work was done; she was thinking Thor would not come that evening, and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfastened the dog, and, without saying anything, walked further on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place, and without thinking more about it, sat down so that she looked towards the side where lay the fjord; it seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there the fancy struck her that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with "long-drawn notes," and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself sing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second, it seemed to her as though someone answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge, and twined her arms round a

slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice, and looked down. But she could see nothing ; the fjord lay there calm and at rest ; not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be." Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaned over the cliff. And there down below, at the foot of the rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap, and under it the figure of a man, climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself; and, letting go the birch, she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down on the greensward, seized the grass with both hands as though it were she who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots ; she screamed aloud, and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him ; but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and, therefore, he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this once!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time, and help him!" Then she threw her arms round the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

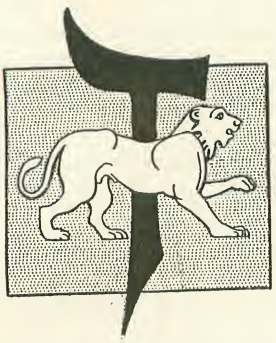
The time seemed to her quite endless.

Suddenly the dog began to bark. "Bow, wow!" said he to Aslang, and jumped upon her. And again, "Wow, wow!" then over the edge of the cliff a coarse, round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute, and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable. And when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason. Bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash, "The lad deserves her," he cried ; "the girl shall be his!"

Wild Animal Training.



THE taming of large wild animals, and their training to jump through hoops and submit to similar ignominies, is a thing which everybody regards with some amount of interest. The triumph of human skill, courage, and will over the immense, lawless brute force which lies in the muscles and sinews of half a dozen full-grown tigers and lions is a fine thing to witness, and has the fascination which all fine things have.

The Romans, among a great many other things, were great animal tamers. But animal training among them never rose to large proportions until, ripe and rotten, the Empire was nearing its fall. Then the public became luxuriously *blasé*, and no longer cared to stare all day at a constant succession of bloody combats in the arena. They were no whit less barbarous in their tastes than their fathers, but they wanted variety and new sensations. Now an old Roman Emperor was always popular so long as he gave his people good shows in the arena, and nothing disrespectful was ever said of a sovereign who provided plenty of fights, of novel features, no matter what else he might do. So that when fights, and nothing but fights, began to wax dull, the people of Rome were treated to performances of trained wild beasts, and, it would seem, to very great performances. The profession of animal tamer became a large one, and of some consideration. Horoscopes exist which were cast in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era in which prediction is made that the "native" shall become a trainer of tigers and elephants.

The existence of tame lions and tigers was a circumstance which Roman extravagance soon took advantage of. Mark Antony rode about Rome in a chariot drawn by a pair of lions. Domitian had a lion that accompanied the hunt, and acted as a retriever—a lion that would gambol with hares, and allow the little animals to chase it. Martial wrote a poem in praise of this gentle lion; but an ungentle lion, who hadn't the same educational advantages, broke the front of the cage one day in the arena, and left the Emperor's pet dead. Berenice, Queen of Egypt, too, had a tame lion, which sat at table with her and licked her cheeks: let us hope Her Majesty liked it. But the ladies in those days preferred, as a rule, tame birds to lions; and Pliny tells us that a trained nightingale cost as much as a human slave. But when we read a little more, and find that Mucianus talks of an elephant that could write Greek, we feel a certain want of confidence in these ancients and their stories.

In our own times and in this country wild animal taming has been practised with very considerable success. In the second decade of the present century popular attention was directed to the matter by a performance of certain animals bred by one Atkins. These were hybrid cubs, the offspring of a lion and a tigress, and the exhibition of the happy family at Ducrow's

Ἐλεφαντα
ἐκ μυιας ποιειν

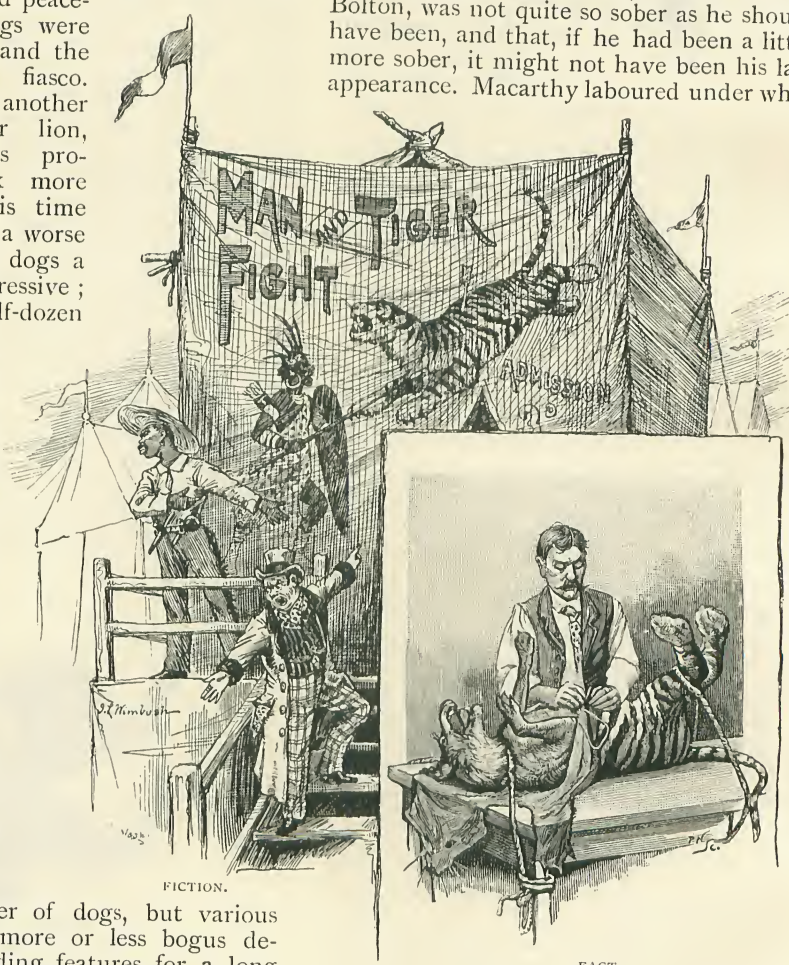
"AN ELEPHANT THAT COULD WRITE GREEK."

circus was a very paying novelty. The trainer would lie in the cage between the lion and the tigress, while the cubs strolled about over him, and romped among themselves. Then the man would lie on the lion and the tigress on the man.

A little after this Wombwell announced a great attraction in a dog and lion fight. Such a thing would soon be interfered with legally nowadays, but then, although it made a great stir, nobody thought it particularly barbarous. The lion "Nero" was confronted by six bull-dogs. But Nero was apathetic and peaceful, and the dogs were very frightened, and the "fight" was a fiasco. Whereupon on another evening another lion, "Wallace," was produced, with six more bull-dogs. This time the lion was in a worse temper, and the dogs a little more aggressive; soon all the half-dozen were killed or maimed, and Wallace was stalking about the cage with the last in his mouth, just as a cat carries a rat. Wombwell's trainer at this time was "Manchester Jack," a great celebrity in his way, and a man of unusual daring.

No more lion and dog fights took place after "Wallace" had made the experiment so expensive in the matter of dogs, but various "combats" of a more or less bogus description were leading features for a long time in wild animal performances. A sensational "man and tiger fight" went about the country, and drew much money at fairs until it became whispered that the "tiger" was a big dog sewn up in a false skin. "Macomo, the African Lion King" (who was really a black sailor engaged in an emergency), had a "lion-hunt" at Manders's menagerie, in which he chevied the animals around the cage. He was a bold man, and upon one occasion entered a cage in which two large strange tigers were fighting desperately, and although himself attacked and badly wounded, succeeded in beating them into submission with his whip.

It was in imitating Macomo's "lion-hunt" that his successor at Manders's, Macarthy—an Irishman who called himself Massarti—met his death. Unfortunately, it seems only too certain that Macarthy, in this, his last appearance, which was at Bolton, was not quite so sober as he should have been, and that, if he had been a little more sober, it might not have been his last appearance. Macarthy laboured under what would seem to be the fatal disadvantage of having only one arm; nevertheless, he had great command over his animals, although there seems little doubt that fear of his violence was at the bottom of their obedience, and that they took a signal vengeance at the first opportunity. He lost his arm in a tiger's mouth, and the public be-



FICTION. FACT.

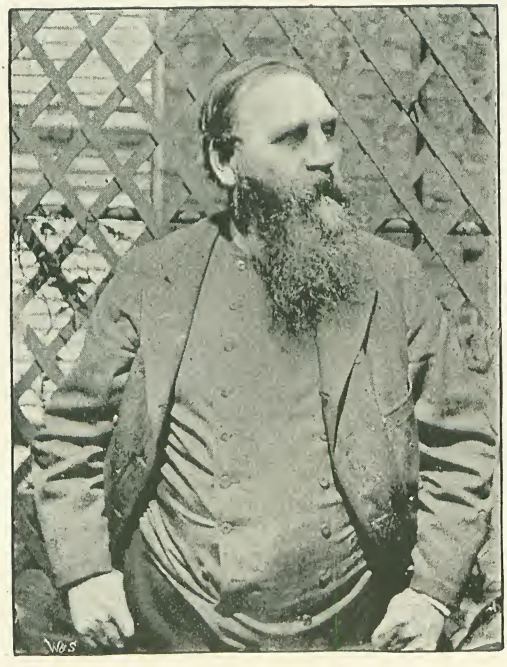
lieved that it was in course of his training operations. But those who were behind the scenes knew very well that when the accident occurred Macarthy had no business near the animals at all ; being, in fact, the night watchman, and having surreptitiously introduced certain friends to the cages after the show was shut.

Crockett was another famous tamer. He had been one of Sanger's bandsmen, but took to lion-taming at Astley's. One night all the lions got loose and had a glorious celebration all to themselves in the theatre, wandering over the auditorium, and breaking whatever it seemed desirable to break, beside killing an unfortunate keeper. Crockett was sent for in all haste, came, and entered the theatre armed with—a switch ! With this he coolly proceeded to drive all the animals back into their proper quarters, shut them all up, and went home again to bed without a scratch.

When the lion-king fever was at its height, it occurred to the proprietor of Hilton's menagerie that the next sensation ought to be a lion-queen, and accordingly his niece became the first. She was followed by others, but the taste for female performers received a check in 1850, when Miss Blight was killed by a tiger at Wombwell's. Nevertheless, among those whose depraved taste leads them to witness wild-beast performances merely to gloat over the tamer's danger, lion-queens have since been popular.

But among the famous lion-tamers of this century Van Amburgh and John Cooper hold the highest places. Van Amburgh was a Dutchman, with a fine, well-built figure, who came to London just before the beginning of the present reign. Sir Edwin Landseer (who was only Mr. Landseer at the time) painted a picture representing Van Amburgh in the midst of his animals, and this was exhibited at the Royal Academy. A better advertisement for the tamer could hardly be conceived, and soon Van Amburgh's performances became more fashionable than any animal performances before. The great Duke of Wellington once asked Van Amburgh if he had ever experienced a fear of his lions, to which the tamer answered that he never had, and, further, that if ever he did, or if he suspected that the animals had ceased to fear *him*, he would give up the business at once. Van Amburgh made a moderate fortune, and died peacefully in his bed, although more than one newspaper paragraph had reported his death by claws and teeth, at intervals during his professional career. But a premature obituary notice in a local paper short of copy is a sort of thing which a lion-tamer must expect now and again.

Mr. John Cooper divides with Van Amburgh the honour of king of lion-kings —indeed one would be doing little injustice to the memory of the brave Dutchman in placing Cooper alone quite at the top of the tree, the Royal Academy picture being Van Amburgh's great claim to remembrance. Mr. Cooper has not been killed by his animals, of whom he has trained his thousands, neither has he died peacefully in his bed. He is alive and well at this moment, fifty-one years of age, although he scarcely looks it, and capable, one would imagine, of living quite fifty-one years more. We have had the advantage of some personal acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, and purpose to set forth some incidents of his extraordinary career, and some of his own opinions and impressions in the matter of his profession.



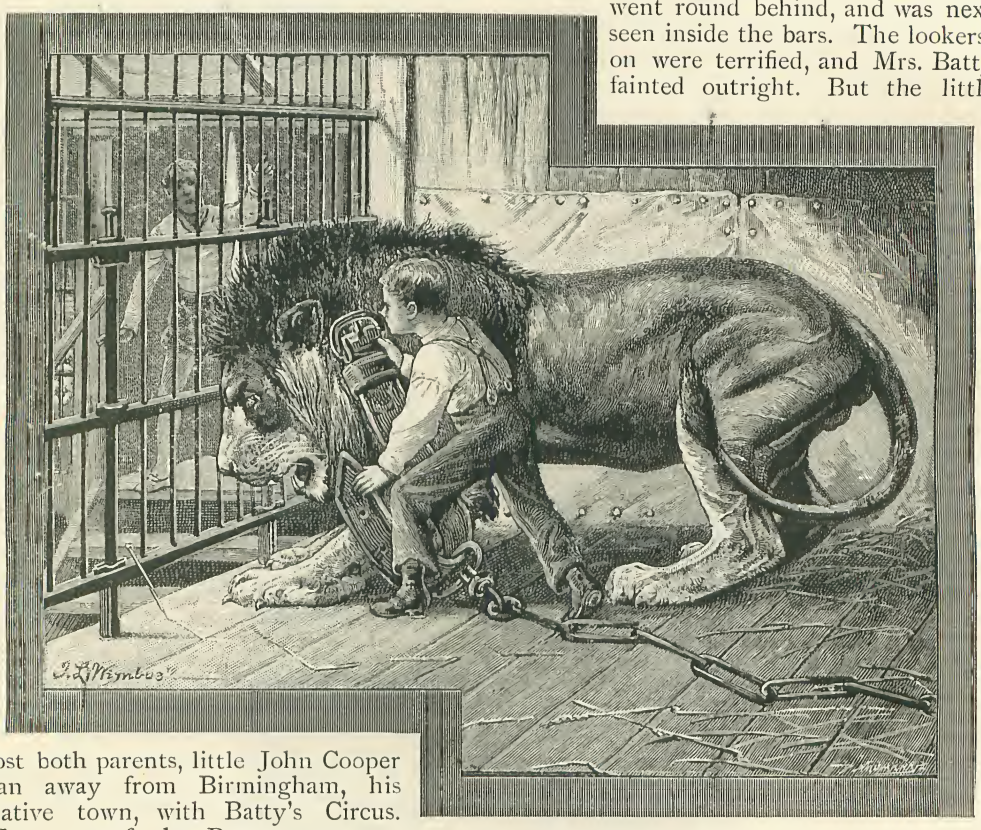
JOHN COOPER, THE LION-TAMER.

He is a man of about the middle height, stout and powerful of limb, kindly and intelli-

gent of face, and, it may seem strangely, remarkably gentle and quiet of manner. He loves his animals, and although he has retired upon a competence, cannot rest inactive, and still, from time to time as the inclination seizes him, goes among the tigers and lions again—for amusement.

As may be assumed in the case of any person attaining such eminence in a particular calling, Mr. Cooper has an inborn genius and aptitude for his profession. From his very birth animals have been his passion, and he was promoted from white mice and rabbits to larger game at a very early age, actually becoming a lion-tamer at twelve! At ten years of age, having lost both parents, little John Cooper ran away from Birmingham, his native town, with Batty's Circus. Now one of the Battys was proprietor of a menagerie, and the lad's strong inclination towards everything to do with animals soon led to his being transferred to this service from the circus, and being apprenticed to the business of an animal showman.

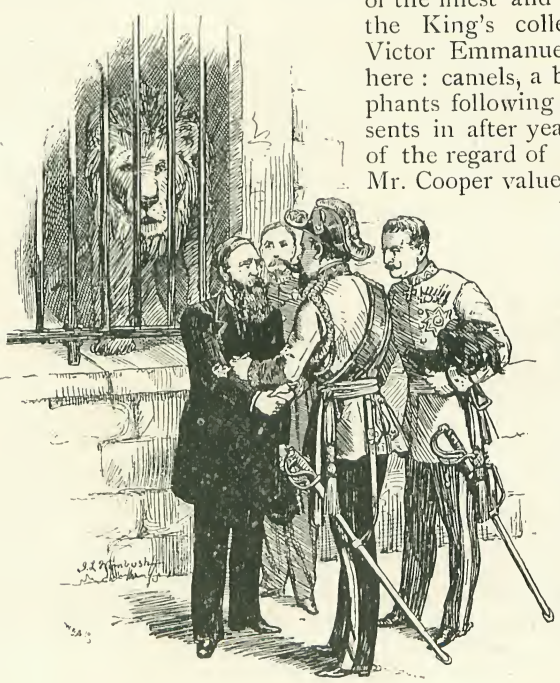
The first occasion of the many on which he distinguished himself—after losing the top of a finger at the bars of a wolf-cage—took place when he was twelve. The show possessed an awkward piece of stock in the person of a very large and very savage lion. Nobody could approach this animal, and as he made a regular amusement of breaking through the sides and back of his cage, he was always secured by a strong collar and chain, which was let down through the roof. At Leeds, one day, he managed to get loose from this collar, and at once began high festival by breaking up first the fittings, and then the side of his residence. All the attendants stood helplessly by, unable to do anything. But young Cooper—who, of course, at his age, was never allowed in any cage, let alone this one—without a word to anybody, quietly went round behind, and was next seen inside the bars. The lookers-on were terrified, and Mrs. Batty fainted outright. But the little boy calmly walked up to the big lion, and fixed on his collar again, coming out unscratched. When Mr. Batty arrived upon the scene—he had been out on business—his first impulse was to spank his apprentice for foolhardiness, and this impulse he acted upon. But, on consideration, and when it became known that the lad really could handle the animals well and fearlessly,



"THE LITTLE BOY WALKED CALMLY UP TO THE BIG LION."

the proprietor's attitude changed, and at once all Batty's bills announced, in the most uproariously large letters possible, the appearance, nightly, of "John Cooper, aged 12, the youngest lion-tamer in the world."

With Batty's Mr. Cooper stayed till of age, and, after three years with Mrs. Edmonds's menagerie, began a long Continental career by accepting an offer of Herr Renz, a well-known German showman. For seventeen years he wandered about the Continent, with one menagerie and another, until he knew Europe all over as well as his native Birmingham. His reputation on the Continent was, and still is, immense—indeed, perhaps greater than that in his own country. In the first place, the best part of his professional life has been spent in Continental countries, and in the second, wild beast performances, for some unexplained reason or another, are, and always have been, more popular in those countries than in England. The English lion-tamer was everywhere treated like a prince, and in the course of his travels made the personal acquaintance of "all the crowned heads"—in a much more intimate sense than falls to the lot of most showmen. Victor Emmanuel struck up quite a personal friendship with Cooper, and the tamer always speaks of that fine old King with the very highest admiration and respect. The King was a great lover of animals, and had a very fine private collection of his own. Cooper's animals were generally his own property, and, a fine litter of lion cubs being born while he was showing at Florence, he presented the newcomers to the King, who was delighted at the acquisition, and invited Mr. Cooper to inspect his own collection. These animals were of course in a perfectly wild state; and when the tamer expressed his willingness to go among them at once, and, if he pleased, perform with them, the King's astonishment was great. Go among them, however, Cooper did, and handled them as they had never been handled before. At the conclusion of the performance, the King shook the tamer most heartily by the hand, and having heard that he was a smoker, presented him with a handsome pipe from his own mouth. This pipe is now Mr. Cooper's most treasured possession. After this he became quite an honoured visitor at the Royal palaces.



"VICTOR EMMANUEL PRESENTED HIM WITH A HANDSOME PIPE FROM HIS OWN MOUTH."

Not long after his departure from Florence, while working northward, the tamer experienced a run of ill-luck in the loss by death, in quick succession, of several of his most valued lions, and this loss was repaired, as soon as it came to the ears of Victor Emmanuel, by a present of four of the finest and largest lions from the King's collection. Nor did Victor Emmanuel's generosity end here: camels, a bear, and two elephants following as occasional presents in after years. These proofs of the regard of *il Re Galantuomo* Mr. Cooper values higher than any that he has received, although they are not the only Royal gifts which came to his share. Among other things, there is a very splendid gold lion in the form of a brooch, studded with diamonds, the present, accompanied by an autograph letter, of the Queen of Holland. The old German Emperor William took great personal interest in the performances at Berlin, and witnessed them again and again, as also did Prince Bismarck.

At the time of the Court performances at St. Petersburg, which were especially encouraged by the present Czar, then the Czarewitch, an awkward accident occurred.

The performance had been given, and Cooper had shut the cages and retired, when an officer of high rank, a member of the suite of the Czarewitch, approached the cage, and induced the attendant—with something from his pocket—to let him slip aside the shutters. His silly vanity, however, quickly met its reward, for no sooner had he come within sufficient distance of the bars than a lioness reached forth her paw, and so mauled and tore his arm that it had to be amputated. In such a country as Russia an accident of this sort was like to prove an unpleasant thing for the innocent tamer, and, while an inquiry was being held, Cooper had to leave the province. The wounded officer, however, was so obviously to blame for his own misfortune, that the matter was soon cleared up; and a very severe Royal rebuke was administered him, after which the tamer carried on his performances as usual. The officer was some years afterwards sent to Siberia, being found to be connected with a Nihilist organisation.

In England, while performing at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Cooper became acquainted with the late Prince Imperial, who was completely fascinated by the wonderful command the tamer exhibited over animals which no other man dare approach, and who badly wanted to be allowed to enter the cage himself. "I wouldn't allow you to go into that cage, sir," said Cooper, "for all France itself!"

The lions whose claws ended the career of Macarthy at Bolton afterwards killed another trainer, named Lucas, in Paris. They had been bought by an Englishman, a banker in Madrid, who financed and ran a menagerie. Lucas was the trainer, and this unfortunate man was mauled to death while showing in Paris. It is characteristic of the man that, never having seen these dangerous animals before, Mr. John Cooper put them through a long and severe performance a day or two after Lucas's death, on the occasion of a benefit arranged for the dead man's widow and family. Cooper's opinion is that poor Lucas never had the animals fully under control—at all events never acquired that complete mastery of them which a lion-tamer must have.

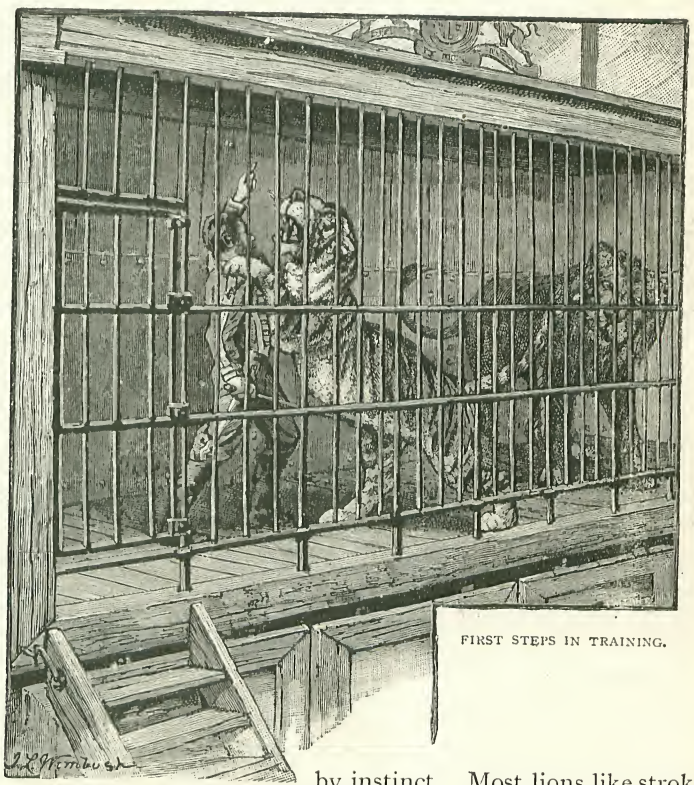
It must not be supposed that Mr. Cooper has come through all these years of daily and hourly peril unscathed; and it is instructive to observe that even in so exceptional a case as his, where animals seem to have no will but that of their master, numberless claws and teeth have left their marks on the trainer's body from head to foot. His hands alone are an index to his profession—here a scar and there a scar, there a finger bitten short, and here a nail gone. The third finger of his left hand is shortened by half the top joint, and the nail grows, not up from the back of the finger as usual, but over the top, and, if allowed to keep growing, lengthens down in *front* of the finger, towards the palm. This mishap occurred in practice one morning in Italy, with a lion who had an especial distaste to having his mouth opened to admit the head of Mr. Cooper. The trainer took a jaw in each hand to "persuade" them open, when the lion, with no vicious intent, finding his teeth an inch or so apart, snapped them together again, with the finger between them. *Felis leo* was surprised and disgusted, perhaps pained, at the disaster, and promptly spat the finger-end out, while blood flowed freely from the shortened digit over his face till he turned his head from under it. Several medical students had been admitted to watch the practice, and they promptly cauterised the wound with a hot iron, and the day's business proceeded as usual. Cooper only mentions this incident as contradicting the notion often expressed that the taste of blood infuriates an animal and rouses his passion for more. As an accident, among so many others, it is scarcely worth speaking of—in the trainer's opinion.

His most serious mishap occurred at Brussels, while Myers's Circus was performing there. It was winter, and Cooper's lions were dying fast from the effects of the severe weather. On the day of the accident two new lions, perfectly wild, had arrived from Hamburg. Now, it was always one of Cooper's boasts that all his training went on openly before the eyes of the public, and that he could go among untrained animals equally well before the public or in private. So the new beasts were turned in among the others in the evening, and Cooper went into the cage. The theatre was full to overflowing, and the audience certainly witnessed a sensational performance. Scarcely had the tamer entered, than one of the new lions and one of the old ones began a desperate fight. Cooper took his whip and started to quell the disturbance. In striking at the old lion, however, he managed to give the new one a smart cut, and the savage beast immediately flew upon him, and, planting its claws on his left

shoulder, tore down all the flesh from the shoulder and breast. Raising his right arm to drive the lion off, the hand and arm were seized by the brute's teeth, and the bone laid bare from elbow to wrist. The other animals, as of course is their wont, were not slow to take advantage of the position of affairs, and soon the tamer's leg was bitten through and other injuries inflicted. It seems scarcely credible that during all this the man never for an instant lost his presence of mind, and, with all his fearful injuries, continued to whip the brutes into subjection, and actually succeeded in doing so, before making good his exit from the cage.

From this terrible adventure some idea may possibly be gained, not only of Cooper's extraordinary courage and coolness, but also of his immense bodily strength and vitality—lion-like in itself. All hope of saving the injured arm was at first given up—indeed, the mutilations might have killed a weaker man—but an eminent surgeon from Paris was called in, and in three months from his lively evening's work in Brussels, John Cooper was actually in the cage again, performing as well as ever. The lion which first attacked him, he is fond of relating, by way of vindication of the brute's disposition, turned out afterwards one of the most intelligent and faithful animals he had ever had to do with, if not quite the most so.

Ask Mr. Cooper to tell you all about the "taming secrets" which have been talked of from time to time, and he will smile pleasantly. The only secrets he ever had, he will say, are confidence, coolness, and common sense. Many trainers make first acquaintance with an animal by approaching it from outside the bars and feeding it. Mr. Cooper simply walks into the cage at once. Animals are of all sorts and varieties of temper and disposition, just as human beings are. As a rule, lions are more trustworthy and even-tempered than tigers, or such things as hyenas; but then there are ill-tempered lions and good-tempered tigers. Again, every good-tempered animal has its fits of ill-temper, and the ill-tempered beasts are sometimes in a good humour. Now this, of course, makes the taming and handling of the animals a more uncertain and dangerous thing than ever, and it is here that the genius of a man like Mr. Cooper shows itself. For there is not an animal which you might put before him, whether a stranger or an old friend, that he cannot label, classify, and tell you all about at a glance. He will say at once: "This lion is a good-tempered fellow, but he is in a bad humour just for a time," or, "That tiger is a dangerous beast, but quite safe just at present." He is a sort of animal physiognomist, and knows what passes through a brute's brain almost as well as the brute itself. He seems to know what an animal will allow and what it will object to,



FIRST STEPS IN TRAINING.

by instinct. Most lions like stroking and fondling, as does an ordinary cat; but then some do not. Each animal has its natural aptitude, or the reverse, for particular tricks, and part of the trainer's art is to discover these peculiarities and keep each animal in its own "line." Going

among strange, untrained animals for the first time, Mr. Cooper, after friendly overtures, stroking, fondling, and so forth, will set them running about, leaping, and playing, as the fancy may strike them. With unfailing discrimination he thus judges each creature's proper "line," and encourages its efforts in that direction; this lion is kept going at leaping, that tiger at rearing upon its hind legs and placing its paws on the tamer's shoulders, and so forth.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is no shadow of doubt that the tamer who is master of his profession, rules his charge by fear, but—and this is an immense "but," worthy of very large capitals—it is not the sort of fear which is engendered by brutal whipping and driving. When a man first calmly enters a cage of wild animals they have an instinctive fear of him, and one main object of the trainer's art is to keep alive this wholesome feeling through all his dealings with them. But the influence which this fear gives him must be exercised rather through the medium of dignified threat than actual violence. A cut of the whip is a necessary thing on proper occasion, but it needs a forbearing discrimination to tell when the proper occasion arrives. The whip-cut loses its terror if it becomes an every-minute affair. Of course it must be remembered that with a wise trainer, who loves his animals, the animals soon learn to return the affection, and this gives colour to the "all done by kindness" theory. It *is* all done by kindness—of a wise and severe sort. For it must be remembered that with all their affection the brutes still remain dangerous and treacherous in their nature, and variable in their moods. Their love is to a large extent a love born of fear, but that there is real affection in it is doubtless. If Mr. Cooper visits a menagerie nowadays where any of his old animals are exhibited, they will crowd toward the bars of their cages with every expression of recognition and welcome.

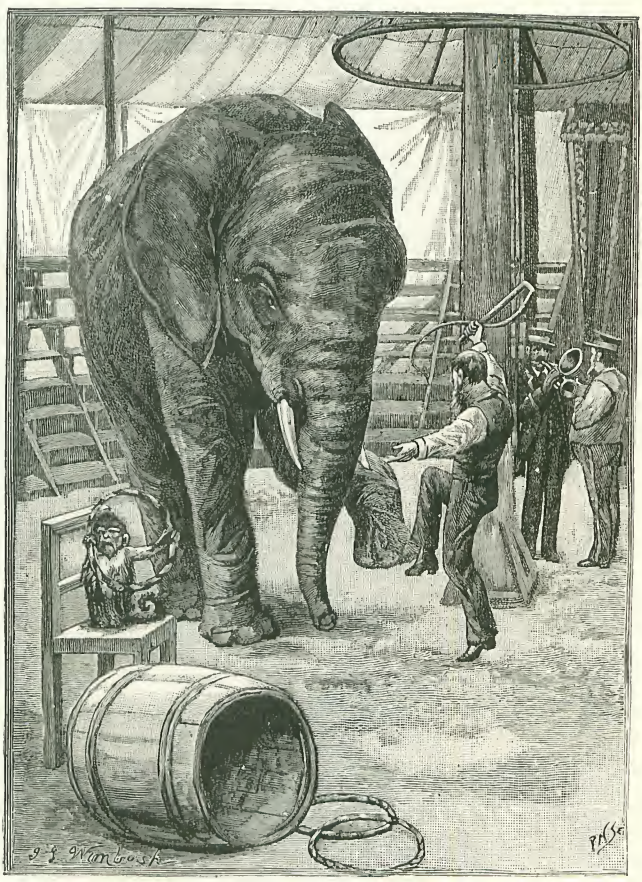
His performances have always been of the "quiet and superior" order—really a more difficult thing than the showy, sensational, tear-and-fury sort of thing which goes down with many vulgar sightseers. It has been a maxim with trainers who favour the latter sort of performance that the man should never take his eyes from the animals, and should avoid any position but the erect, as involving an almost certain attack, and for ordinary trainers the rule is doubtless a good one. But Cooper, in his perfect control of his charge, was able to disregard it most completely. He would lie at full length in the middle of a cage containing seven lions, and close his eyes as if asleep, whereupon his great lion "Victor Emmanuel," without any word of command, would walk up to his master, and, gently lifting his head with a paw, would lie down beneath it, so as to form a soft pillow. Cooper would then, still as if asleep, move his hand within reach of the lion's mouth, and the faithful brute would continue licking it until the tamer arose. Now this was a quiet, unostentatious performance compared with the sham "lion-hunts," and "terrible struggles with a tiger" which one is familiar with, but, as an exhibition of perfect training and confidence in its result, it beats them all.

Another secret of Mr. Cooper's success is, perhaps, that he is almost a teetotaler, never drinking anything stronger than light dinner wine. He has a strong opinion, which he often expresses, that nearly all the fatal accidents to performers with wild animals have been due to intemperance, often combined with, or leading to, brutality. Again and again men have entered cages in a muddled condition, lashed about recklessly among the animals, until a slight slip or stagger has been the signal for a fearful death. The deaths of John Carter and Macarthy may not unjustly be cited as cases in point.

One thing—in itself requiring perfect sobriety—is very essential in all performances in which lions, and tigers, and leopards leap about in proximity to the tamer, and that is that the man must remain perfectly still. A movement of an inch may cause an animal to miscalculate its jump, and, brushing roughly against the tamer, knock him down. Then he is as good as done for—the whole cage full will tear him. The mere running to and fro of the great clawed beasts across the prostrate body will tear life from a man in almost no time. Cooper often taught a leopard to jump from a shelf to his head and shoulders and back again. The slightest movement or "give" to the weight of the animal would, of course, have called out the long claws to save a fall, with a result that may be easily imagined. At times, in leaping past, an animal will make a dab, half playful, half vicious, or perhaps even all

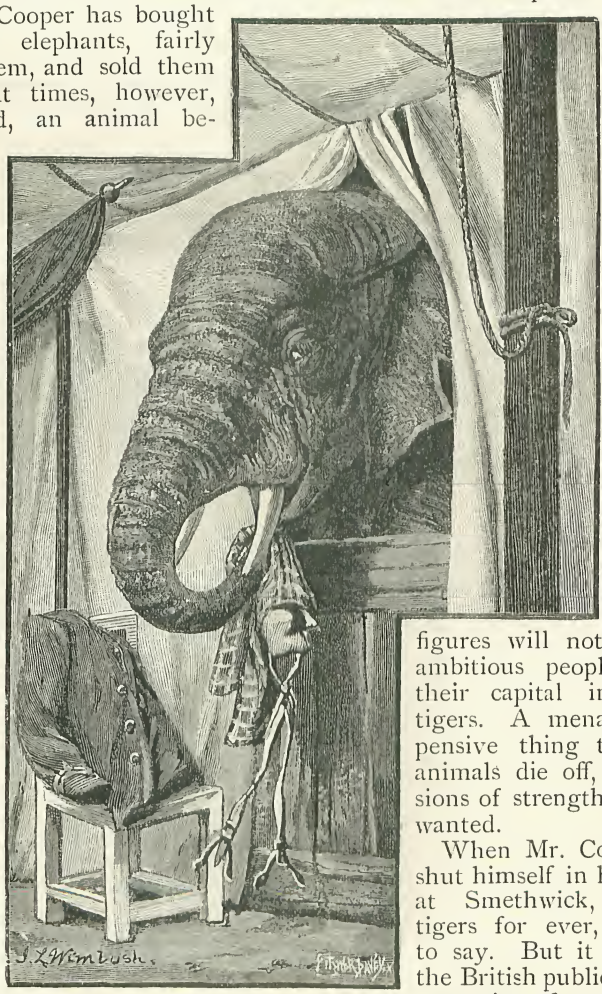
playful, with its claw at the tamer. A young lioness did this two or three years ago to Mr. Cooper, and laid his left arm bare of flesh for nearly a foot. This was after the tamer's nominal retirement, at a performance—in France—such as he gives now and again, because he likes it. It was only a single tap of this kind from a tiger which killed poor Miss Blight, at Chatham, and the wound which caused her death was only a scratch ; but that scratch was in the neck, and severed the jugular vein.

Mr. Cooper has tamed and trained not very many under two thousand animals of the feline tribe alone. In elephants his experience has been large. He was the first tamer to give a performance with a whole troop of elephants at once. Nobody had ever performed with more than two elephants before, and this even was generally considered one too many. So that when Cooper clubbed with Mr. Myers and bought six, with the intention of training them to perform altogether, other experienced tamers laughed at the idea. Nevertheless, in six weeks the performance took place with perfect success. The training of an elephant is a thing involving heavy manual labour—it is no light task to push and haul an elephant about till he dances to music or rides a tricycle. And then, although when properly used the animals become, as a rule, very tractable, it impossible to predict when an elephant may take a fit of savagery; when he does, with his enormous stamping feet, his active trunk and his sharp tusks, he is a very unpleasant companion. One of the Wombwells was killed at Coventry by an elephant's tusk, just a year before Miss Blight's death at Chatham. Mr. Cooper's favourite elephant was "Blind Billy," the largest beast ever tamed, and, though totally blind, the cleverest in the troop of eight with which, in 1876, Mr. Cooper used to perform. Billy would pick Mr. Cooper up by the waist and place him astride his forehead and the root of his trunk ; he would also stand patiently still while his master's entire head and shoulders were inserted in his mouth, and when not busy himself was useful in keeping the others in order. The extraordinary gambols of these others—dancing on their forelegs with their hind feet in the air, walking on rolling barrels, and so forth, had to be seen to be properly appreciated. Green stuff is, of course, an elephant's chief food, and that is measured to him by the hundredweight. Still, an elephant is never particular. In 1876, during the Crystal Palace performances, one of Mr. Cooper's grooms missed a suit of clothes, a pocketful of small change, an ounce of tobacco, and a cigar-holder. He complained of the theft, and mentioned his suspicions of more than one person. It was discovered, however, that the big elephant Betsy, rummaging about one day in search of a snack, had swallowed the lot.



"HE DANCES TO MUSIC.

A great deal of interest is often taken by the public in the money values of wild beasts, and consequently figures are often published for the public information. But these figures never represent a fixed value. An animal may cost £100 one week and £500 the next. The reason is that they are not things for which the sale is at all regular, and a little rise in demand causes an immediate leap in prices. Of course a trained animal is much more valuable than a wild one. Mr. Cooper has bought £800 worth of elephants, fairly young, trained them, and sold them for £12,000. At times, however, with no demand, an animal becomes such a "drug in the market" that, trained, it will fetch even less than the high price paid for it wild. Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, is one of the greatest dealers in wild animals, and also owns various travelling menageries. The recent show of animals at the Crystal Palace under Herr Mehrmann is his, and a very interesting show it is, although the animals are all very young. Jamrach, of London, and Cross, of Liverpool, are names familiar to everyone.



"BETSY SWALLOWED THE LOT.

Through all his training, Mr. Cooper has never forgotten that the example of one animal is a good thing for another, and takes care that, as far as possible, his pets teach each other. It is a very usual thing to bring up a lion or tiger with a boarhound, and the affection which springs up between the pair is often marvellous. A tiger and a boarhound which Mr. Cooper possessed lived together in great amity until the boarhound died, whereat the tiger moped and was inconsolable. Another boarhound was not procurable at the moment, so a great sheep dog was found and placed in an adjoining cage, with bars between, for a day or two. The tiger took no notice. But when, by way of carrying the acquaintanceship a little further, the bars were withdrawn, the bereaved tiger sprang forward and killed the new dog with a blow of his paw.

Mr. Cooper has been "retiring" since 1883, but hasn't quite succeeded in tearing himself away from the animals yet. With his own beasts he never performed for less than £50 a week, his usual fee being much higher, £50 and more a night often being paid him for starring engagements. But Mr. Cooper is a man of a thousand, and we trust that the printing of these figures will not persuade many ambitious people to invest all their capital in elephants and tigers. A menagerie is an expensive thing to keep up, the animals die off, and fresh accessions of strength are always being wanted.

When Mr. Cooper will finally shut himself in his pleasant house at Smethwick, and leave his tigers for ever, it is impossible to say. But it will be long ere the British public will have the opportunity of seeing such another master of the brute creation. Even Mr. Cooper, however, has his weak points, and there is one animal which he has never tamed, or attempted to tame, common as the experiment is. Mr. Cooper has never been married.

Lion and tiger taming is not always so difficult a thing now as it was in Mr. Cooper's earlier days, and in those of Van

Amburgh, John Carter, and Macomo. The animals are often bred from those already in captivity, and what with this and the continual breeding in and in of tame stock, they are almost born tame, besides which the training begins in the cub-period. Indeed, many widely advertised shows are now entirely carried through with very young animals. Still the game is often risky enough, and new, large animals are being continually imported. Let us trust that no unfortunate John Carter or Ellen Blight is marked in the book of destiny to die under their claws.

The Last Touches.

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford, *Author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime."*

I.

WITHOUT doubt Henry Carbouche was the greatest painter in France. He had done his best to convince the world of this, and the world had responded by trying to prove its conviction. A few inches of canvas that he had covered with paint were worth thousands. Sovereigns thought it a privilege to inspect his studio, decorations were offered him, but he cynically refused them, even though he was a Frenchman. Biographical writers pined for details of his life, but he supplied none. No one knew who he was, or where he had studied, or what had been his history. His pictures were famous, but it seemed as if his fame had had no beginning; it had arrived suddenly at its height. One year no one had known his work, the next it was spoken of almost as a national possession; it had been considered one ever since. But he himself was hardly known, even by sight. He had no friends, no particular haunts, nothing that made him intimate with his fellow men, no one visited him except on business, and then the interviews were short, and to the point. It had happened of late years that he had been tempted now and then by some almost fabulous sum to paint a portrait. But his sitters knew him little better than the rest of the world, and could give but few details concerning him; for, while he painted, he was silent and formal, and all attempts to draw him into conversation failed utterly. The bow with which he wished his sitter adieu for the last time was as distant as the one which he had received him with; for he had never painted a woman. He was no longer young, fifty, more or less; he gave no clue to his age, but he was getting grey, and the lines on his face were many and deep. His expression was grave and stern, his bearing was almost distinguished. He appeared to take some interest in his work, but he was never eager about it. His pictures seemed to be things apart from him, to come into being as though some unseen power other than the man who held the brush inspired them. Besides his work, he took an interest in his investments, but that interest also seemed half curiosity; he shrugged his shoulders as he counted his thousands, and, putting away the record of his wealth in an iron safe, turned to his work again.

Through the winter he stayed in Paris in his house near the Parc Monceau. In the early summer he disappeared, and the only clue to his wandering was afforded, later on, perhaps by some picture he exhibited. His house was a splendid one. Its appointments were perfect; he looked at them with cold criticism, but that was all. The names of his servants he hardly remembered; but he turned on them fiercely if they neglected their duties. His food, the food he ate, was the simplest, yet he stormed if the table

"THE BOW WITH WHICH HE WISHED HIS SITTER ADIEU."

were meagre. His studio was the one bare, undecorated room in the house; it was absolutely destitute of all the luxuries that painters of these days affect. There were a couple of easy-chairs, and a table near the fire-place—a great open fire-place on which he burnt huge logs of wood; for the rest, there were the actual necessities to his work, but that was all. He spent most of his time in the studio; he worked there, and sat there, day in, day out, save when he went for his two hours' drive, or took his way to the gorgeous *salle à manger* to eat his solitary meals. It was in the studio that his pictures were sold to eager buyers, who thought it an honour to stand in his presence. The other rooms of the house were always empty, waiting, it seemed, to form a setting to a life that refused to be lived, or belonging to a story that never was told, and that day by day slipt back farther and farther into the past.

There were many anecdotes told of Carbouche, all of them turning on a certain savagery that seemed to be in him; as when he had painted the portrait of Alphonse Bubois, the millionaire, and had brought out the sinister expression on his face with a malignity that was almost startling. Or when his famous picture of the forest of St. Germain en Laye had suggested to everyone that its beauty was over rated—its terrace walk a long, straight road, its famous view merely an effect of distance and winding river that was, after all, well known in other views; even the dim city in the distance, with the thousands of human histories gathered together in the far-off mists, seemed to have some false quality in its poetry. "And, oh, that forest," said an English girl, who stood before the picture in its place of honour in the *salon*, "I felt once as I walked down the terrace, and looked into the trim depths, that it was artificial. Now I know that it is. I believe that every tree was reared in a square box painted green, and let into the ground beneath, like a theatre growth. Perhaps even the squirrels are shams, and their bushy tails were bought at the furrier's and sewn on to make believe."

"Ah, Carbouche is a great painter," said her companion, as they passed on; "but he always brings out the cynical side of the world, and the worst aspect of nature."

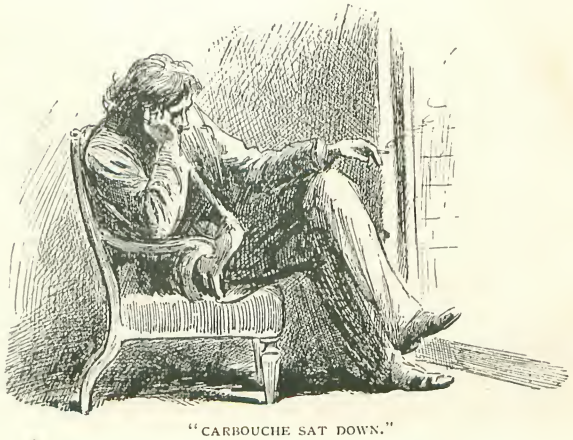
II.

CARBOUCHE had returned to Paris. The logs were piled on the studio fire, for the room was chilly after its long spell of emptiness. In the painter's life there was little warmth, little of anything but work and silence, and his surroundings seemed to express the condition of his soul. He strode up and down, looking at his easel, and the little, old-fashioned bureau for colours beside it. On a shelf to its left there were some brushes and a palette. Against the wall were one or two sketches, but they were slight and unfinished, for there was never any work of Carbouche's unsold, if money could buy it. The only other canvas in the room rested on the floor, with its face to the wall, half-hidden by an old worn portfolio. No one save Carbouche knew what was painted on it, and he had avoided looking at it for years, with a carefulness that was half scorn, half superstition. Before the blazing fire were the two easy-chairs, and on the little table between them an open box of cigarettes. Carbouche sat down, and, lighting a cigarette, smoked vigorously until the end was thrown among the blazing logs.

There was a faint rumbling in the distance. It came nearer, it entered the gateway, and he knew by the grinding sound peculiar to the turning of a carriage on gravel that a visitor had arrived. He waited half resentfully, impatient at the prospect of being disturbed.

The servant entered with a card, "Milor," and he hesitated. Carbouche took the card, and said slowly, as if he, too, found the name difficult.

"The Earl of Harlekston. Ah, one mo-



"CARBOUCHE SAT DOWN."

ment, Auguste, I have forgotten." He sorted a note from a dozen on the mantelpiece, and read it. "Ask milor if he will enter." A minute later there appeared a middle-aged, well-groomed Englishman.

"Good morning, monsieur," the painter said stiffly. "I regret that you should have had the trouble of coming. I only returned last night, and found your note."

"I did not expect an answer," Lord Harlekston said in excellent French. Carbouche, of course, could speak no other tongue.

"But I regret to have caused you a fruitless journey."

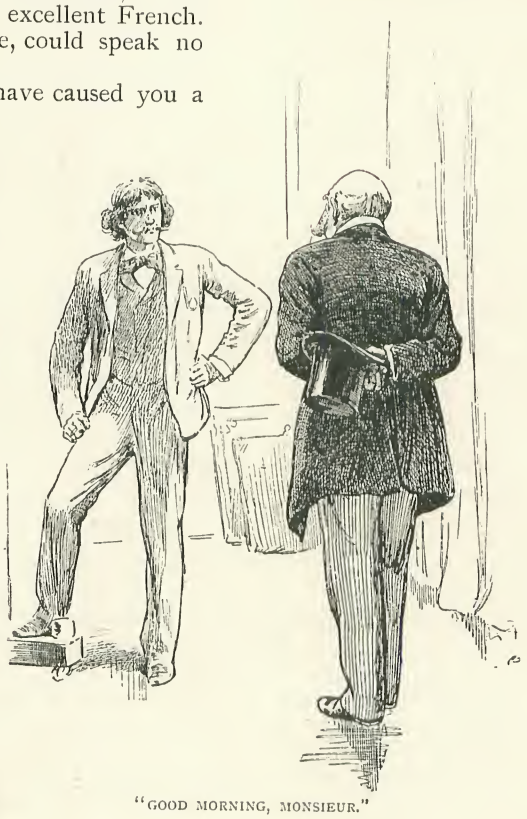
"I am delighted to have made it. It is, if you will allow me to say so, a great privilege to have entered your studio."

"I am flattered," the painter said, coldly, "but I apologise again for the unanswered note."

"It is very good of you to apologise, but——."

"And I regret exceedingly——," Carbouche began again.

"Will you allow me to sit down?" the Englishman asked, and went towards one of the chairs.



"GOOD MORNING, MONSIEUR."

"Certainly, monsieur;" but it was said half unwillingly. Lord Harlekston looked round the studio again, then at the artist, who had seated himself, facing his visitor.

"I see you affect the severities of life rather than the frivolities," the latter went on; "it is quite a relief. One can breathe in your studio. London ones choke you; they are so full of gimcracks." Carbouche bowed; he evidently wished to convey that it would be well to come to the point. Lord Harlekston took the hint. "I told you in my note that my wife wished to be painted by you, M. Carbouche."

"I am much honoured by the desire of Madame la Comtesse, and regret that I am not a portrait painter."

"She would think it an honour to sit to you," Lord Harlekston said courteously.

"I regret much that I am not a portrait painter," Carbouche repeated distantly.

"But," said Lord Harlekston hesitatingly, "I think I have seen one or two portraits that you have painted."

"That is possible; but they have been very few, and for each one there have been reasons."

"Would it not be possible to make a reason in this case?"

"I have never painted a woman, monsieur. I do not wish to paint one, much as I am flattered at your desire that I should begin with madame."

Lord Harlekston was evidently a diplomat. "You increase my desire by that remark," he said suavely. "Is it not possible to persuade you? One feels a hesitation in speaking of money in connection with work like yours. Its value, I know, is immense."

"It *is* immense, monsieur," the painter said grimly, and turned towards the fire.

"Which again increases my desire."

"I would not paint a woman under—" and he named an enormous sum, "and then I should prefer not to do it," and he looked into the fire almost savagely.

"I should be delighted to pay that sum, and most grateful to you besides."

"I am very busy, and I never did a portrait that took much time—three or four sittings at most."

"That would be fortunate, since our stay in Paris is very short."

"I would not give much time to a face that is, after all, of no interest to the world," the painter went on. "I do

not mean this as any lack of compliment to Madame la Comtesse," he added. "But you will understand, monsieur, that the face of a woman, even if it is beautiful—and no doubt madame's is beautiful—is not so interesting as a man's face. Of course, I would not say this before the other sex; but we are alone, and can speak without reserve."

"I perfectly understand," Lord Harlekston said, "I am going to the Pyrenees next Thursday for a fortnight. Would it be possible while I am away?"

"I am very busy," Carbouche persisted.

"Of course, we are only talking of a head; but even a sketch we should feel to be a great possession."

Carbouche looked at the fire, and hated the woman already. Still, deep in his soul there lurked a love of money, and the sum he had mentioned was a fabulous one for a portrait. No man in Europe but himself would have dared to ask it. He felt a triumph in remembering this, just as he felt a dogged triumph in adding to his wealth; it gave him a sense of defiance towards the world, of having conquered it, and put it under his feet—that insolent world that in the beginning had given him nothing, had made him suffer and feel keenly that he was nobody, that he had not even money to study as he had wished, that he had only, and that in secret, a sense of power, a knowledge that the time would come that was now here. Yes, it was now here, but he knew that on its way it had stripped itself of all the gifts fate usually made to other men. After all, what had he in life? His fame did not sweeten a single moment to any other person on earth. His great house was worse than a tomb; it would never hold any dead, save, perhaps, his own lonely body. His money had served him nothing except to strengthen his feeling of defiance, and loneliness, and hatred towards the world. And yet he thought scornfully he would leave the world richer than he had found it, possessed of things in which it took a pride, but each one would be a sign of his power, his greatness, his scorn. He was perfectly aware of what the world would owe him, the world that once had grudged him all things. But this woman, what had he to do with women that he should paint her portrait? With almost a start he turned to his visitor, who had been watching him curiously.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am not very gallant but I would prefer to keep to the work I have already arranged. I am, as I said before, much flattered that an English lady should desire to have a picture of herself at my hands; still, if I did a portrait at all, it would, perhaps, be only just that I should paint one of my own countrywomen."

"Then, let me give you the chance of paying a double compliment; for my wife is half French."

"Ah, madame is half French?"

"Her father was English, but her mother was French."

"It was so?" the painter repeated oddly, and he looked up as if an impossible idea were dawning upon him.

"When she was a girl, she lived at St. Germain en Laye, until she went to her father's people in England. They sent for her when she was nineteen or twenty."

"Ah, yes. I remember them sending for mademoiselle," Carbouche said. An expression of satisfaction broke over the Englishman's face.

"Now you understand, I see," he said, "my wife told me, if all other arguments failed, that I was to urge that you and she were old friends."

"Madame la Comtesse has an excellent memory," the painter said cynically, "it matches the other qualities I remember in mademoiselle."

"You were in the same pension?" Lord Harlekston said.

"I was staying with M. and Madame Carton at the Pavillon Rouge. I was young, monsieur, and venerated an old soldier above all things. Monsieur Carton was one; but he had belonged to the old order of things, and despised the new one. He had left Paris, and he and Madame lived quietly at the Pavillon Rouge on such money as they had saved or could gather in giving instruction. Monsieur taught some of the youths in the town, and madame received one or two pupils into her family. That was how I knew mademoiselle; she was staying there with her mother, Madame Brooke."

"I wonder you did not paint her then, she was very beautiful."

For a moment the expression on Carbouche's face softened as he answered: "Yes, she was very beautiful."

"But probably you were studying at one of the schools in Paris; I never heard who had the honour of being your master."

"I never owned one, monsieur, and belong to no school. If there is fire in oneself, one

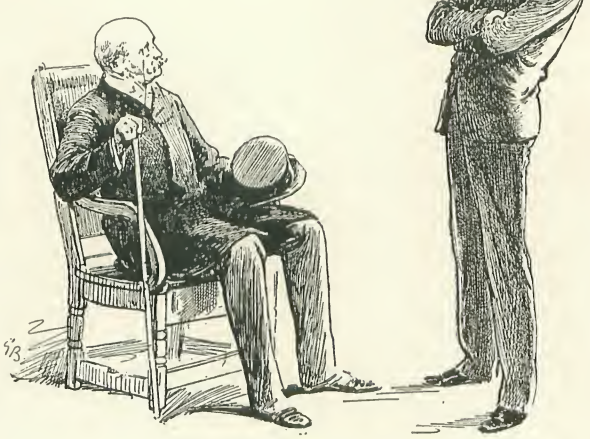
can nourish it, and make it strong. If one's eye is not true, and one's hand is not docile, if one does not see the outward expression, and understand the soul that is beneath, then one had better give up the endeavour to give the world that which has not been created for it by someone else."

"But all men have studied in some school."

"All, with exceptions, monsieur."

"My wife tells me that you and she had many talks together."

"Madame is most kind to remember;" the painter's voice was cynical again; "for in those days I was nobody, and had nothing save ambitions." He was silent for a moment, and looked into the fire. "It was a pleasant *ménage*," he went on, as if he were talking to himself; "M. and Madame Carton, Madame Brooke and mademoiselle, one or two others, and myself who had been received because my father had also been a soldier, and was known to M. Carton."



"MADAME IS MOST KIND TO REMEMBER."

"Was the Pavillon Rouge near the Château?" Lord Harlekston asked, remembering Carbouche's picture.

"Ah no, monsieur, it was half an hour from the Château, outside St. Germain altogether, on the road to the forest of Marly. But I am keeping you, monsieur. These recollections are after all of little interest. Express my compliments to madame."

"But the portrait, M. Carbouche?"

"I do not understand why madame should wish to sit to me; we have not met since she left St. Germain."

"She does wish it, and she hoped that you would consent for the sake of your old acquaintance, which it has always been a great pleasure to her to remember."

Carbouche frowned, and was silent for a moment, then suddenly he looked up.

"Monsieur," he said, "I should think it a pleasure to paint a portrait of Madame la Comtesse."

III.

THE logs were piled on the studio fire again. The light was carefully arranged. On the easel was a small canvas, large enough perhaps for a head and shoulders, but no more. On a slightly raised platform was a chair. Carbouche was awaiting his sitter; and walked up and down expecting to hear again the sound that had disturbed him three mornings ago. "Madame la Comtesse," he said to himself; "Madeline e-egh," and an ugly sound came from his lips, but it was an expression of pain. "Perhaps she wears the grey squirrel round her throat still. It must be a different throat from that of three and twenty years ago. Mon Dieu, but if things had come at the other end of life instead of at this"—he stopped before the portfolio in the corner, and pulled out the canvas from behind it. It represented some chestnut trees in a forest, and a youth who was trying to see the face of a girl, but she had turned away from him. "I wish I had seen her eyes then, I should have known," he said. In a corner was written "Marly, 18—." He put the picture back with a sigh, and paced up and down again. Then the door opened, and a tall, graceful woman entered. Carbouche bowed formally, his face grew hard, but he looked curiously at his visitor, trying to see her features through the lace veil that covered them.

"How do you do, M. Carbouche? It is indeed a pleasure to see you again." Her voice was low and sweet, and his heart stirred to it, but he set his teeth together and answered stiffly—

"Bon jour, madame; I am to have the honour of painting your portrait."

"It is too good of you to consent," she said, and came a step forward. He listened

with an odd gratitude at the rustle of her dress. Then he answered—

"To paint is my business in life, madame." There was standing behind Lady Harlekston a trim-looking lady's maid ; Carbouche looked at her inquiringly.

"It is only my maid, Susette," Lady Harlekston explained ; "she will arrange me," and then she looked at Carbouche's face. "It is strange to meet you again ; I have often wished——"

"We will begin your portrait, madame, at once if you will make yourself ready."

"Ah, yes, we must not waste your time ; it is too precious. Susette," she unhooked her cloak, and the maid took it. With almost hungry eyes the painter watched her. The figure beneath the cloak was slim enough, though naturally in three and

"IT IS STRANGE TO MEET YOU AGAIN."

twenty years it had lost its girlishness. He had seen, too, the moment she entered, that the freedom of movement of old days had developed into a womanly ease that had with it especially an air of distinction. Then the maid undid her veil, which had been fastened by a little tortoise-shell arrow, and Carbouche saw in a moment, with his keen quick eyes that took in every detail and refused him any illusions, that, though her hair was golden, still its colouring was harsher than formerly. "Ah," he thought, "there had been many winters since the summer end in which we said 'Good-bye'; and, when the sunshine goes, one has to make a substitute as best one can." She turned towards him a little reluctantly.

"I am changed," she said, with something that was almost pathetic in her voice, and a smile that asked him to contradict her, but he answered with extreme gravity.

"Naturally, madame, we are both changed—you are Madame la Comtesse, and I am an old man."

"Ah no, not old, monsieur," she said with a smile that was meant to be winning ; a little dislike shot through him. Suddenly he saw her face, and something that was almost hatred took possession of him. The eyes that looked up at him were not as blue as formerly, and they had lost their look of trustfulness. Her eyebrows were fine and arched and darker than her hair. Lady Harlekston was not the daughter of a Frenchwoman for nothing, and knew well, as years advanced, how to offer nature the little attentions of art. There was a flush upon her cheek ; he remembered the flush of old, and knit his brows when he saw the one that was there now. And her lips had lost their moulding and their colour, her chin had taken to itself a little firmness, and about her face were lines that nothing would ever smooth away save death, which often, when it gathers in the years to itself, gathers in their footprints too, and leaves the face smooth as if the traveller, having reached the end of his circle, had met his youth again. There was no disguising it,

on the face of Lady Harlekston and in her whole bearing, handsome and fashionable woman though she was counted, there was something artificial and worldly. Carbouche saw it, and forgave her nothing.

"And now, Susette, you may go; the sitting was to be two hours, was it not, monsieur? At one o'clock you can return; bring the carriage, for I shall be tired."

"Your maid can wait if you prefer it, madame. There is a chair by the fire."

"Ah no; she has some shopping to do. Besides, we are old friends, monsieur." There was something very French in her manner, even he recognised it. "And I want—I want," she lingered over the words until the door was shut behind the maid, "to have some talk, it would be impossible before a maid." Carbouche shrank back.

"Pardon, madame," he said, as he motioned her to the chair on the platform and looked for his charcoal stick; "but I have not the honour of being an old friend; it is not ten minutes since you arrived."

"I was thinking of years ago," she said in her low voice.

"The years ago have no more concern with us, madame, than the dead who lie in their graves. To-day we have to think of your portrait. Will you have the goodness to turn a little more to the light?" and he stepped back to look at her pose.

"Am I very much changed?" she asked sadly. "Time is an envious thing, madame, and takes something from us all," Carbouche said as he began to draw on his canvas, "it is seldom so self-denying as to take least from the beautiful." She made a little grimace that had been studied, and it had its effect upon him accordingly. For a few minutes neither of them spoke. "You were surprised when you heard who your sitter was to be Hen—M. Carbouche?" she corrected herself almost elaborately, and watched the effect of her seemingly careless slip upon him. His manner was colder and still more formal than before, and he answered—

"There are many unexpected things in life, Madame la Comtesse; but as one grows old one is seldom much surprised," and again there was a silence.

"You find it difficult to talk while you paint?" she asked.

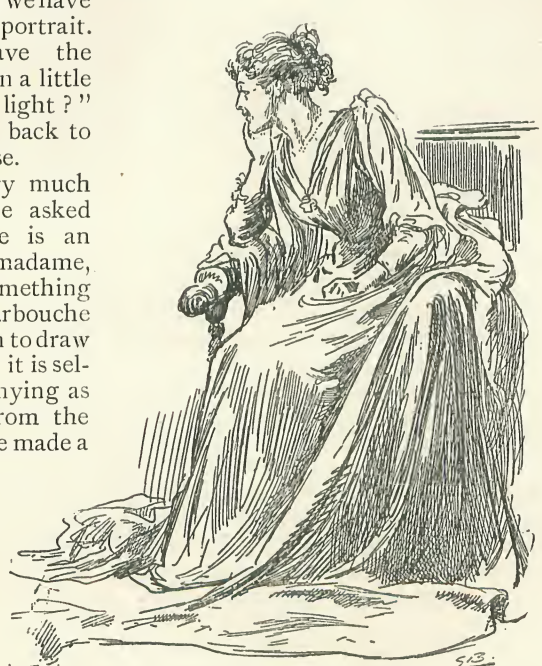
"As a rule I prefer to be silent, madame."

"I long so much to hear about yourself."

"I am flattered at madame's longing," he said coldly.

"I have watched your career with much interest."

"I am honoured at madame's interest," and he went on with his work. Lady Harlekston was baffled. When he looked up at her there was no expression on his face except one of desire to accomplish accurately the portrait on which he was engaged. Evidently he worked with extraordinary quickness and decision. An hour passed, a good deal of progress had been made with the portrait, but the painter and his sitter were precisely on the terms they had been the moment after her arrival.



"I WAS THINKING OF YEARS AGO."

Presently she made a bold venture. "Have you been to St. Germain lately?" she asked suddenly.

"No, madame."

"It is a dear place," she said, "I long to see it again."

"That would not be difficult," he answered absently, as if his whole attention were given to his work. "It is not an hour from Paris, and the trains are frequent."

"It is full of memories, it would only make me sad," she said with a sigh, but he was silent. "It is a beautiful place," she added.

"It is not beautiful now, madame," he said grimly; "it is winter,

and the leaves have fallen — St. Germain depends on its leaves; when they are gone, it is bare and ugly, its beauty is like that of a woman. As a rule a woman has little that is beautiful beneath her looks; when the summer goes St. Germain has nothing beneath its leaves."

"Youth and summer are not everything," she said almost piteously.

"Ah, no," he answered, "sometimes wisdom and knowledge come with age, and in winter there is time for reflection." Another silence. Carbouche went on with the portrait. Keenly and quickly he looked at her; surely and unhesitatingly his brush went to the canvas. The sitting was nearly at an end.

"Monsieur," she said softly, "I think you are very hard."

"Perhaps," and he shrugged his shoulders; "but one cannot help one's nature, it is one's misfortune or the reverse."

"I think," she went on reflectively, "it is a little inevitable—it is one of the qualities of genius, so many precious things are hard; the diamond is hardest of all," she added plaintively.

"Madame is most ingenious, she would make one feel flattered even at the possession of one's defects," but there was no yielding in his voice. She was silent for a few minutes, he lifted his brush and pulled his thumb out of the palette. The sitting was over; he looked at her curiously and then at his work. The carriage drove up in front of the house. With almost a gasp she asked—

"Do you never forgive?" He looked at her straightly.

"Forgive? Oh yes, we all do, that sometimes."

"And does forgiveness make no difference?" she asked.

"I should perhaps forgive a burglar who broke in and stole," he answered; "but afterwards I should bar the door, knowing the manner of person who was possibly without."

"I want to speak of the past," she said, and put out her hands, then drew them back quickly.

"But this is my studio in Paris, madame. I have the honour to be painting your portrait, and, if you will have the goodness, we will confine our conversation to the things that concern it. Ah, here is your maid and your cloak; I compliment you on its colour, it would be good to paint. On Thursday, then, at eleven, and with two more sittings, if we are diligent, the portrait will be finished. I wish Madame la Comtesse good day."

IV.

Lady Harlekston was sitting for the last time. The portrait was nearly finished. As a painting it was perfect, as a work of art—was it not Carbouche's? But it was as accurate and as merciless as a looking-glass. The face of the woman on the canvas was the face of the woman who sat, nothing was softened. The hair had that harshness dye gives it; the colour on the cheeks was the tint of that which had replaced the natural one on the original. Every line that time had set on her was reproduced, every year that she had lived could be counted; nay, it seemed as if every day and night of them had been in the painter's mind while he worked. She was in despair. That to go forth as her portrait painted by the immortal Carbouche! That artificial, made-up-looking face of who shall say how many years and forty to be known to the world as hers; it would be a shame and reproach even to her descendants! Once or twice she tried to remonstrate, but words had no effect on him; he was amenable to no hints. Nothing deceived him, no half turning from the light availed, no wile for a single second served its purpose. His eye as it fell upon her seemed to see her through and through, till her cheeks burned and her throat trembled; and his brush unerringly went to the canvas, and without pity or scruple set down what he had seen.

"Will it be finished to-day?" she asked chokingly.

"It is nearly finished now, madame."

"And is that colour really mine?"

He looked up at her in surprise. "But certainly, madame."

"You have put in all my wrinkles," she said gently.

"I regret, but cannot help them. The years do not like to be forgotten, they set a mark on us as they go by; and it was madame's portrait that I was asked to paint."

"You might have left out a few," she said; "a woman has her vanities."

"I might have left out one eye, madame, but then it would not have been a portrait."

"It makes me sad to see them," she said, "they remind me—they are like the beads

we tell beside the dead, one for every year, and hope, and joy that is gone."

"Madame is poetic," and he touched the throat of the portrait with his brush. She pulled up the lace about her own throat a little higher. He saw it, and took away some of the fairness from the one he had painted. "It is too white," he whispered, and she writhed. Slowly she rose, and going to her cloak felt in its pocket.

"Monsieur," she asked, "is it too late to paint this collar round my throat? It is grey squirrel, and I have possessed it many years." His eye fell on it, and with a little start he turned away.

"It is too late," he answered firmly, and deepened the line about the mouth.

"You work so quickly," she pleaded; "paint it in, monsieur. You have been hard to me." The last words were almost whispered. "But now this last sitting you will be a little gentle: we shall never meet again," she added sadly in a voice that sounded prophetic.

"There is no time;" but he seemed wavering.

"But the portrait is nearly done," she said; "see, I will fasten the collar here," and she put it round part of the ornamentation on the back of the chair on which she had been sitting. "Try and paint it, monsieur, while I rest a little, for I am tired and cold." She seemed weary. There was something pathetic in her demeanour as she went slowly towards one of the chairs by the little table. Perhaps it softened him, for he began to paint in the grey squirrel. A long silence. Once his eyes wandered to her as she sat over the fire, her face turned from him, but her beautiful figure thrown into relief by the blaze from the logs. Presently she got up, and walked round the studio, and again he listened gratefully to the rustle of her dress, it was so unusual a sound in that room.

"Monsieur," she said, "there is a canvas behind the portfolio in this corner. It has its face turned towards the wall, but if there is a picture on it, may I see it?"

"If I wished it seen, its face would not be towards the wall; therefore, madame must excuse it." She moved away, and stood by his side, the left side, close to the hand that held the palette. He went on with his work almost as if he did not know she was there. The grey collar was nearly finished; but he lingered over the picture, touching it here and there, with a little stroke, almost as if he were dreaming. He brushed away a wrinkle that showed in the throat above the fur. She went a little closer.

"Henri," she said, softly, "the chestnuts

"SHE STOOD BY HIS SIDE."

are falling in the forest of Marly ;" the brush nearly fell from his hand.

"Yes," he answered ; "they are falling, and the leaves lie dead, as all things lie dead sooner or later." His voice had lost its harshness.

"The summer is over, but it is not winter yet, and all things are not dead. Ah ! go on, I like to watch you. The little grey squirrel makes me think——"

"Why did you keep it ?" he asked, through his teeth.

"To remember — though it was not possible to forget," she answered. "Give it to me ; let me put it round my throat."

"Madame will be seated again," he said, trying to fall back into his most formal manner.

"No, let me stand here, you have so nearly finished, and do not want me to sit again ? Thank you, monsieur," and she put the collar round her throat. "I love it," she whispered. "No, don't stop," she went on, hurriedly, "and don't look at me, there is no necessity, you do not forget my face."

"No, I do not forget," he answered, with his eyes on the picture.

"Surely that chin is a little heavy above the collar. Nay, feel it—yes—yes, just this once." She rested her face on his sleeve for a moment, and softly pulled his right hand towards the palette, and then the left one towards her chin. "The touch of the fur, does it make you remember ?" she asked, as she raised her head.

"I have never forgotten," he answered, with a little break in his voice ; and the chin on the canvas grew round again, and the lines about it were smoothed away.

She spoke again, hardly above her breath—

"I so often think of the forest," she said, "and the path towards where the fountains had been : we played our little play——"

"It was only a play," he half turned his head towards her ; but softly she put up her hand, and pushed it from her.

"No," she said, "think of the girl who was, Henri," her voice was almost tragic in its sweetness ; "and of how she and you pretended they were back in the days of the Queen. You were walking with me *en polisson*, and I was a Court lady in the *habit de Marly*."

"It was only a play," he repeated.

"It was much more to me," she answered. "You said once when the wind blew among my hair that it was like the marriage of the sunshine and the wind. Take away the smoothness there" (she nodded at the picture), "and put in a suggestion of the wind, so that I may remember."

"It is all too late," he said bitterly, as he took up some colour from his palette of a brighter hue than he had already used, and worked it into the hair. "It was like gold," he said to himself. She was almost bitter when she spoke again.

"I can see your face as if it were yesterday, but you have forgotten." The reproach seemed to sting him.

"Never." It was like a cry of pain. She gave a long sigh and went on—

"I think of your eyes sometimes, as they looked down at me. Have you forgotten mine ?"

"I never forgot, Madeline," he exclaimed, and turned towards her again ; but again she put up her hand, and kept his face from her.

"No, no," she said ; "go on, and don't look at me, or think of me, as I am now. Think of me as I was then, and stood beneath the chestnuts, and felt the colour come to my face ; surely it was not like that you have put on my face there. You said —but I am afraid to think of your words" (and there was a quiver in her voice) ; "I have so often wondered if they were true."

"They were all true," and he touched the cheeks of the portrait.

"You said that you loved me."

"I did tell you I loved you, Madeline."

"But you forgot soon—you have loved other women since, and said the same words to them !"

"I have said them to no other woman. I have been dumb, and lived remembering," and still, without knowing it, his brush wandered over the canvas, till the blue had come into the eyes again, and the gold to the hair, and the softness of youth to the skin, till the face of the made-up, middle-aged woman had gone, and in its stead remained the beautiful one of twenty years before. And a smile broke over the stern face as he watched lovingly the effect of every touch his brush made. "I loved you," he repeated simply, "and have lived alone for your sake." Then suddenly he put down the brush, and turned quickly. She bent her head so that he should not see her face, but he stooped till his lips for a minute touched the grey fur about her throat. There was a sound of wheels beneath ; the carriage had come for her.

"Tell me you loved me," he said; "that you, too, meant your words." She put her hands over her face, and uneasily he saw the diamonds on her fingers. The door opened, and with a start they drew back.

"Madame," said Susette, entering hurriedly, "milor has returned suddenly. Important business takes him to England; we leave Paris in two hours' time. The portrait is to go finished or unfinished."

"Ah! take it, Susette, but carry it carefully, for it is not yet dry," Lady Harlekston said impetuously.

"And here is a letter for milady; milord told me to ask you to open it immediately."

"Yes, yes; but take the portrait, Susette. Let it go," she whispered to Carbouche, who stepped forward as Susette went towards the easel.

"But I must touch it," he said, bewildered.

"Ah! no, no," she whispered again. "Let it go. Carry it carefully, Susette, and rest it against the back seat. You need not return. I will descend in a moment."

As Susette vanished, Lady Harlekston opened the letter from her husband. There was an envelope enclosed. She looked at the address, and hurriedly put on her cloak.

"But now, Madeline, tell me—tell me," Carbouche said, eagerly.

She looked up; he saw her face, and started back with dismay.

"Ah! monsieur," she said politely, "this letter is for you. And now——"

She went two steps towards the door.

"But tell me," he said, with a gasp; "in this last moment, before you go, tell me, did you mean——"

A mocking laugh came from her lips.

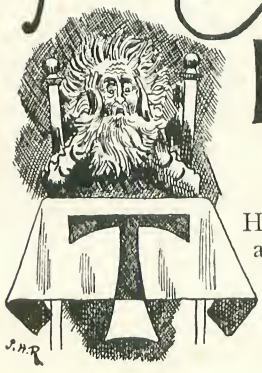
"Oh! monsieur," she said. "But the portrait is finished, and it is charming. Adieu! A million thanks," and she swept from the room.

"Madeline!" he exclaimed, petrified; but she was already descending the stairs.

"Adieu!" she laughed up at him. "The portrait is finished, and the last touches were perfect. That is all I wanted."

He drew back, and stood looking at the empty easel, bewildered. There was a grating sound on the gravel. She had gone. Mechanically he tore open the envelope in his hand. A dozen bank-notes fluttered from it, and scattered themselves at his feet.

Some Curious Inventions.



THE history and growth of inventions are subjects in which all are interested. The difficulties and rebuffs which inventors have had to undergo in the perfecting of their ideas, their perseverance and ultimate success, form most interesting reading.

Vast sums of money are brought in by apparently simple inventions requiring no great mechanical knowledge. The accounts of these read more like the wildest fiction than simple fact, and are sufficient to make the least covetous among us bright yellow with jealousy. The very simplicity of some of them creates a feeling of annoyance ; we feel we could have invented them with the greatest ease. If we had only known better the wants and tastes of the public, we might ourselves have been the recipients of those compact round sums. The stylographic pen brought in £40,000 per annum, the india-rubber tips to pencils £20,000, metal plates for protecting the soles and heels of boots brought in £250,000 in all, the roller skate £200,000. A clergyman realised £400 a week by the invention of a toy ; another toy, the return ball (a wooden ball with a piece of elastic attached), brought in an annual income of £10,000, the "Dancing Jim Crow" £15,000 per annum, whilst "Pharaoh's Serpents," a chemical toy, brought in £10,000 in all ; the common needle-threader brought in £2,000 a year ; the inventor of a copper cap for children's boots was able to leave his heir £400,000 ; whilst Singer, of sewing-machine fame, left at his death nearly £3,000,000.

But there is another side to the question —the humorous side. It is to this that I propose to confine myself more particularly here, and to describe, with the help of drawings, some of the wonderful things which people have thought it worth their while to patent, strong in the hope of making a big fortune in the near future, only to find in so many cases that their inventions were impracticable and very often perfectly ridiculous.

The prevention of sea-sickness has long been a subject of interest to all travellers. Some of the cures and preventives have been curious. One suggestion I remember

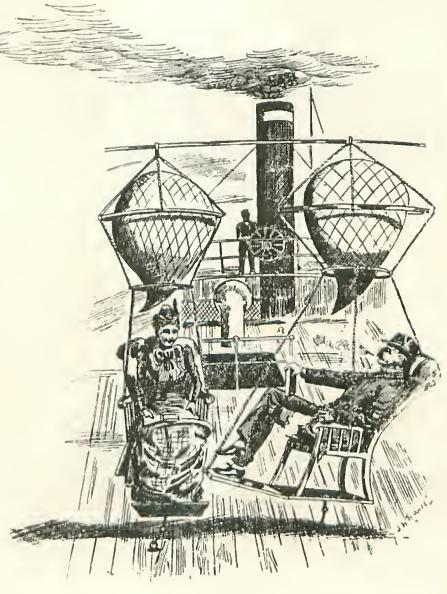


FIG. 1.

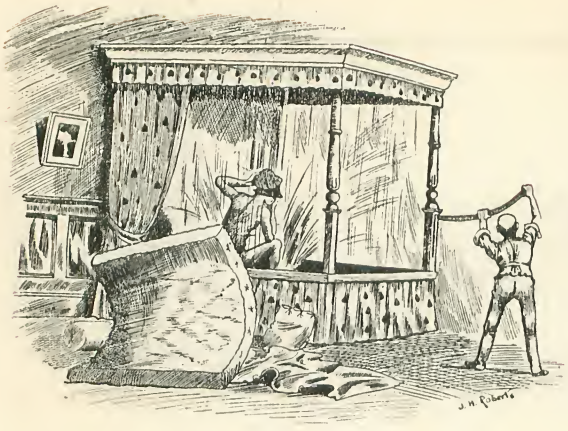


FIG. 2.

seeing recommended was the tying of a Bradshaw, or any other hard substance, tightly to the waist. But an invention depicted here (Fig. 1) beats this hollow in its originality of conception. The passenger's chair is attached to a balloon, the chair being connected to the deck by a ball and socket joint; to keep the balloon from swaying too much, it is attached to a rod above.

The next piece of furniture we will take is the bed. A man invents a four-poster, which can be converted into a bath. The canopy above forms the vessel for the shower-bath, the water being pumped up through a pipe in one of the four uprights (Fig. 2). Another bed is called the alarum bed; at the appointed hour the two lower legs bend backwards and awake the occupant (Fig. 3).

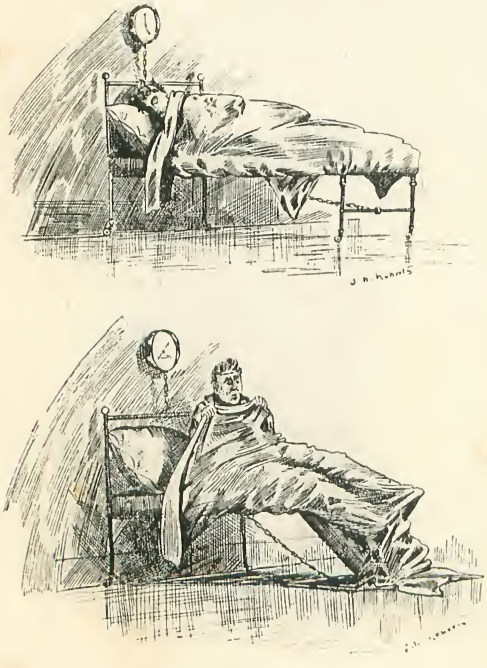


FIG. 3.

The next thing is a vapour bath, constructed as depicted here, with a hole for the head and hands (Fig. 4). Of all the inventions mentioned in this paper, this is the only one I have ever seen in use.

The hat or cap has received a great deal of attention from the inventors. We find methods patented for making it water-proof, blow-proof, for ventilating it, for draining it, and for keeping it warm, some of these methods being as complicated and cumbrous as those applied to buildings.

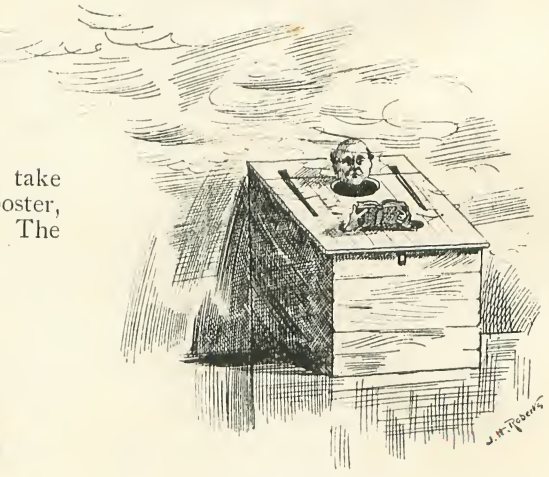


FIG. 4.

One of the methods for ventilating a hat is indeed startling. The crown is made separate from the sides. They are united by means of springs, slides, or staples, so that the crown may be partially or wholly raised, or shut down entirely, at the pleasure of the wearer!

I wonder how many of these hats were sold. I think the "every-day" man would prefer holding his hat in his hand if very hot. Perhaps this hat was intended for those whose hands are already occupied—porters carrying burdens, bakers pushing carts, or cricketers when fielding or batting (Fig. 5).

The next hat on my list goes in for being

strong, if nothing else; it is made of tin, copper, or other metal. One can imagine the unearthly din and clatter there would be about one's head during a sharp hail or rain storm.

The next hat is patented by a scientific gentleman. His hat may be described as a medicinal or surgical hat. But let him describe it in his own words:—

"My invention consists in the introduction into coverings for heads of such combinations of metals or materials as shall form with the moist skin during the wearing of such coverings a voltaic or galvanic combination, and develop a current of electricity, the electrical current so developed curing or relieving headaches or other nervous or painful affections in the head of the wearer."

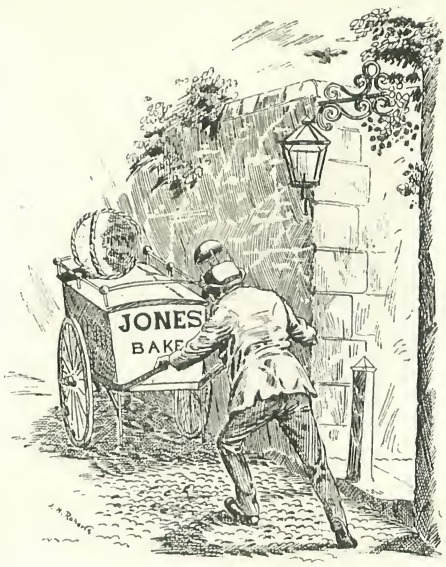


FIG. 5.

What a delightful hat to wear at the Royal Academy or other picture gallery, for these are the places which one never leaves without a headache. The doctors, I am told, have discovered the headache caused by looking at pictures to be quite unique, and I hear it has been given a name all to itself to distinguish it from others. Why should not the Royal Academy have a counter where these medicinal hats could be had on loan, after the manner of opera glasses at the theatres? or, failing this, might not private enterprise satisfy the wants of the public? I give this suggestion away to the street newspaper boy or to the street toy-seller, or any other person who cares to have it. Of course, if these hats were found satisfactory, they would be worn at all times, and in all places, whenever one had a headache; indeed, a neuralgic person would have a hat-peg fixed over his bed with the hat hung on, ready for instant use.

The next hat is not of such an ambitious nature as the last; it is to be used more as a preventive than a corrective. In the words of the inventor, "It is a cap which ensures safety, ease, and comfort to the wearer when travelling; it consists of one, two, or three air-tight circular tubes to be inflated when required for use." In this we have something very novel if nothing else, and suited to those people who tell you all they want is comfort, and that the look of the thing is nothing to them. What a curious aspect our railway stations would assume if these hats were generally worn! Old gentlemen short of wind would tip a porter and get their hats blown out for them; porters would carry a pair of bellows hung from their belt expressly for this purpose. On cold days, when it would be dangerous to remove the cap from the head, passengers would blow each other out. What an animated scene! (Fig. 6.)

The next hat on my list is one intended to protect the eyes from the sun and dust. Just over the brim we have two apertures for the eyes, filled with glass, gauze, or other suitable material. When the wearer is annoyed with the dust or sun, or in the distance views an enemy or dun (I see I have lapsed into poetry), he simply pulls his hat down to his ears and goes on

FIG. 6.

his way rejoicing (Fig. 7). Another inventor, apparently much struck with this invention, improves upon it. He makes the body of the hat in two parts, the upper part resting on the head, the lower part, which carries the brim, sliding over the other; it is

FIG. 7.

provided with apertures and screens as before described.

The next novelty is a reversible hat having a cloth surface for fine weather, a waterproof surface for wet weather. The next has an attachment for striking matches; the next contains a mirror. Then we have a hat constructed in such a manner that it will fit any sized head—a useful piece of clothing for large and graduating families.

The inventor we now come to has apparently been in a wholesale business, where he has got into the habit of doing things on a large and exhaustive scale, for he takes out protection for a hat with a brim or peak adapted to receive certain useful articles, namely, a looking-glass, comb, pencil, &c. But this is nothing compared to the invention of another gentleman who patents a walking-stick which contains a pistol, powder, ball, screw, telescope, pen, ink, paper, pencil, knife, and drawing materials! We can imagine this latter gentleman arriving at a sea-side lodgings without any luggage; we can see the landlady courteously, but firmly, refusing to take him in; we can see our inventor unscrewing his walking-stick, and exhibiting his belongings to the astonished landlady. "Here, my good woman, is my luggage;" a smile from the landlady, and admission graciously granted (Fig. 8). Certainly these articles would be useless as toilet and sleeping requisites, but why not have a Saturday to Monday walking-stick, to contain night-shirt, razor, sponge, tooth-brush and shaving-brush?

There is one more hat to be mentioned, and we must then get on to other garments. This hat has a removable brim which can be folded up and put in the pocket; we are not told what advantage the wearer gains by getting rid of his brim in this curious and eccentric manner, but perhaps the hat is one meant more particularly for members of the conjuring profession; though it would certainly be useful to a person paying an afternoon call necessitating a hot and sunny walk. He would travel with the brim on; on approaching the house the brim would be taken off and concealed, and he would ring the bell clothed in an ordinary hat.

In looking through these specifications, we find collars, gloves, stays, and crinolines have received the most attention. The latter seem to have exercised the brain of the inventor to a dangerous extent; the great problem was to construct a crinoline which would permit the wearer to sit down in comfort, to enter a vehicle, and to pass through narrow places. Some of the contrivances and dodges to attain these ends to the uninitiated sound most complicated. Strings and pulleys are freely used; I have only space to describe one of these inventions, I give it in the inventor's own words:—"The crinoline is made of light air-tight material, capable of collapsing, and having a small aperture in the upper part, in order that thereto may be adapted a minute pair of bellows of a very slender form; a second

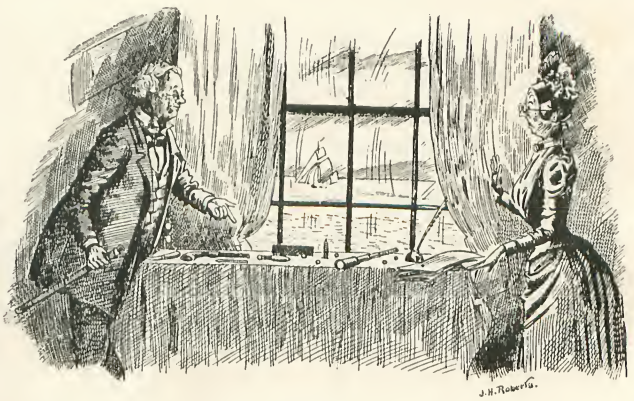


FIG. 8.

aperture allows for the emission of air when ladies shall desire to sit down."

The next invention will be of interest to military men, to those fond of camping out, and travellers generally. Listen to the words of the inventor:—"My invention is an improved military cloak; the body of the cloak is nearly circular, a hood is fixed to the neck portion, sleeves are sewn to the body." Such a cloak, we are informed, forms an excellent close tent. The cloak can be suspended by the hood, holes can be made in the lower edge of the cloak for the passage of pegs, and the cold

FIG. 9.

may be kept out by means of the customary buttons and buttonholes.

On the first blush this sounds rather a good idea, and almost practicable, till the thing is looked into more closely. We then find that the cloak must either be very, very large for the wearer, or, on the other hand, the tent must be very, very small for the occupant. To put it graphically, we have the choice of two sorts as depicted here (Fig. 9). We are not told what happens to the sleeves when used as a tent; perhaps one is stuffed with straw to keep out the cold, the other being used as a chimney or ventilator!

Another tent coat is formed by buttoning three coats together, each one being one-third of a circle in shape. Such a tent would be all very well for two of the men, but the third, I am afraid, would have to sit outside, to say nothing of the dog, supposing there was one.

Almost as marvellous as the above is the description of a coat, the skirts of which are attached to the body in such a manner that whilst it is being worn it may be readily converted into a frock coat, a dress coat, a hunting coat. Apparently the front part of the skirt can be unbuttoned and buttoned back behind, forming swallow tails. Thus dressed the wearer can accept an invitation to dinner at a moment's notice. A white tie he could always carry with him, so as to be ready for any emergency.

Another frock coat is described which can be turned inside out and worn either way.

Here is another coat, which ensures you a soft and dry seat wherever you may sit down (Fig. 10)—a peculiarly appropriate coat for a third-class smoking carriage: "In the back part of the coat there is placed, between the lining and the cloth, a bag or cushion, which, when inflated, forms a seat. A small tube of indiarubber extends from the bag to the side pocket." Fancy travelling by train, not knowing such a thing as this coat existed, and seeing your fellow passengers gradually rising higher and higher in the world on the seat opposite to you—how uncanny it would be!

FIG. 10.

Here are a few more curiosities:—A child's bib with a trough attached, the whole made of some waterproof material; a pocket which cannot be picked; a muff and boa filled with air, to save you from a watery grave; cuffs and collars made of steel, painted or enamelled white; trousers with double legs—on the outer legs getting soiled or bespattered you tuck them up, and behold a clean pair. This arrangement would be only suitable, I should say, when worn with an overcoat. Last, but not least, we read of sham calves in stockings.

FIG. 11.

Under the head of umbrellas and walking sticks we get some very laughable inventions.

One is an umbrella, which, in some wonderful way, is converted into a walking-stick, and so formed that a spear can be attached, when it is useful as a weapon of offence and defence. I recommend it to elderly ladies in the dog-days, as a protection from sun and mad dogs.

The next invention is a rain absorber, to prevent rain from running down from hats and umbrellas. The absorber is formed either of uncovered sponges or of sponges covered by a fabric. We are naïvely told that the absorber can be readily removed from the article, squeezed, and replaced.

We next come to an article which the inventor has named (take a long breath and shut your eyes) the "Rhabdoskidophorus." This is an umbrella which takes to pieces; the silk and ribs being hidden within the stick, it is thus transformed into a stout walking-stick.

Let me now bring to the notice of frequenters of the Row and riders generally an umbrella with telescopic handle, which is attached to the saddle behind in such a manner that it can be adjusted to any angle. When not in use, the silk portion can be removed.

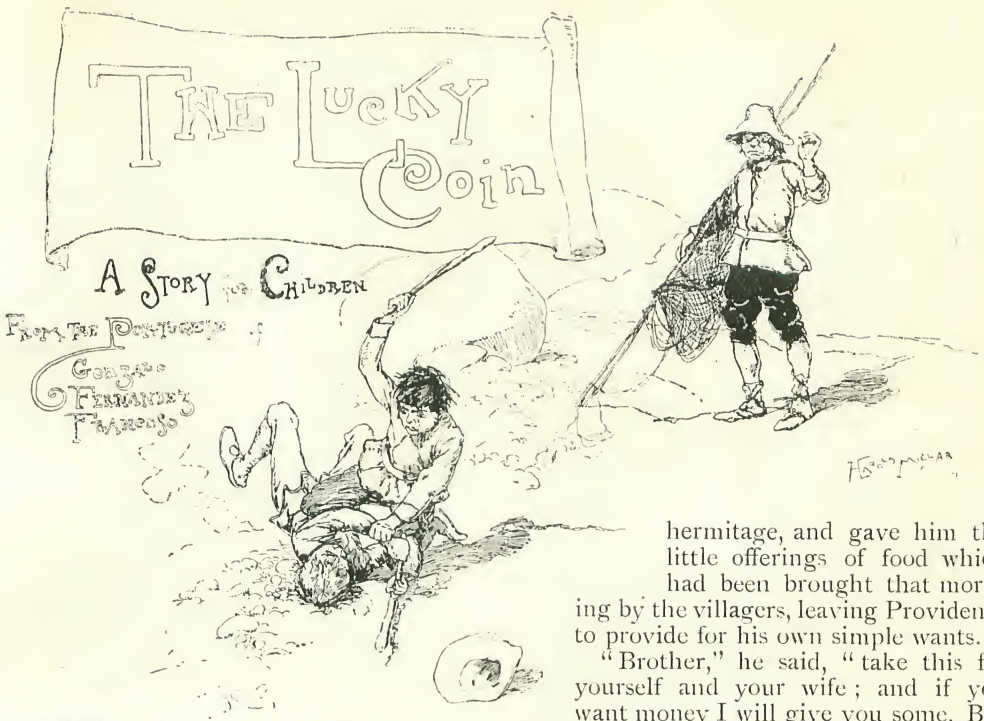
The next umbrella, to use a vulgarism, "takes the cake." It is one provided with windows, so that the occupant or user thereof can see where he is going. Thanks to this umbrella, a collision is avoided (Fig. 11).

Walking-sticks have been patented with all manner of attachments on them and within them. Among other things mentioned we find almanacks, thermometers, pistols, pipes, perfumes, inkpots, and crutches.

The feet come last, and form a fitting end to this article. There is only one invention worth mentioning, which consists of metal plates which are attached to the heels of boots, thus protecting the trousers from splashes of mud (Fig. 12).

The moral of all this is, that every man can be an inventor, but not necessarily a successful one.

FIG. 12.



MANY years ago there lived in a hermitage a holy monk. From all the villages around, the people, mostly poor labourers, were in the habit of coming to him on Sundays and festivals to hear him say mass for them. These good people used to bring little offerings of food for the support of the hermit during the week.

One Sunday, after his congregation had departed, the monk perceived a man laden with traps and nets for catching birds, crossing the field before the hermitage. The good monk went out to him.

"Where do you come from?" he inquired; "and what are you going to do, my son?"

"I live some miles from here, good father," he replied, "and I have borrowed a few nets and traps to try to catch some doves to sell, so as to get a little butter for our bread; for with that and a draught of water from the spring my wife and I are satisfied; or else to get some work to do, that I may earn enough for our support, for we have neither bread nor a single farthing to buy it."

The hermit took the man into his hermitage, and gave him the little offerings of food which had been brought that morning by the villagers, leaving Providence to provide for his own simple wants.

"Brother," he said, "take this for yourself and your wife; and if you want money I will give you some. But you must first tell me which you choose, to earn a single coin honestly, or a hundred dishonestly."

The poor man hesitated, for great was the temptation.

"I will consult with my wife," he said at last, "and return to-morrow to inform you."

With the food in his hands he returned to his miserable home, where he and his wife made an excellent meal, for which they returned thanks to Heaven. They then consulted together about the money, and, though the temptation was great to take the hundred coins, yet, being God-fearing folks, they decided upon taking the one coin honestly acquired, and let alone the hundred.

The man accordingly returned to the hermit, and told him what they had decided.

The good monk gave him two half *reals*.

"Take this money," he said: "and may Heaven prosper you."

Full of joy the man departed. But on the road home, in a solitary spot, he encountered two lads fighting desperately; they were dealing each other terrible blows, and blood was streaming down their faces.

The man rushed up to separate them, but all his efforts only served to make them fiercer.

"Why do you fight like this?" he cried.

"We are fighting for that stone," replied one of the lads; "I saw it first!"

"No, you didn't," replied the other, "it was I, and it belongs to me!" And once more they fell to blows more desperate than before.

The poor man, fearing that the quarrel might end fatally, cried out to them:—

"Here, take each of you one of these coins, and let alone the stone; it is of no value, for it is no bigger than a walnut. And be off with you!"

The lads were glad to take the money, and ran away, thinking themselves lucky to make so good a bargain.

His wife was at the cottage door impatiently awaiting her husband. Great was her disappointment when all he brought her was a stone.

"Well, to be sure!" she cried, after he had recounted what had taken place, "I *am* disappointed." And, taking the little stone, she threw it into a corner of the room.

"Dear wife," replied the man, "do not take it so to heart. The money was spent in a good work; in making peace between the children of our neighbours."

His wife at length became more reconciled to the loss, considering that after all he had done right to make peace between their neighbours' sons at any cost. Not many minutes after, the parents of the two lads came to thank the man for having separated the boys. They also thanked him for the money he had given to the boys, for they knew he sorely needed it himself. Each of the parents gave him a present for his friendly service; and from that day they always treated him most kindly, and often gave him little jobs to do, so that the poor couple never wanted bread.

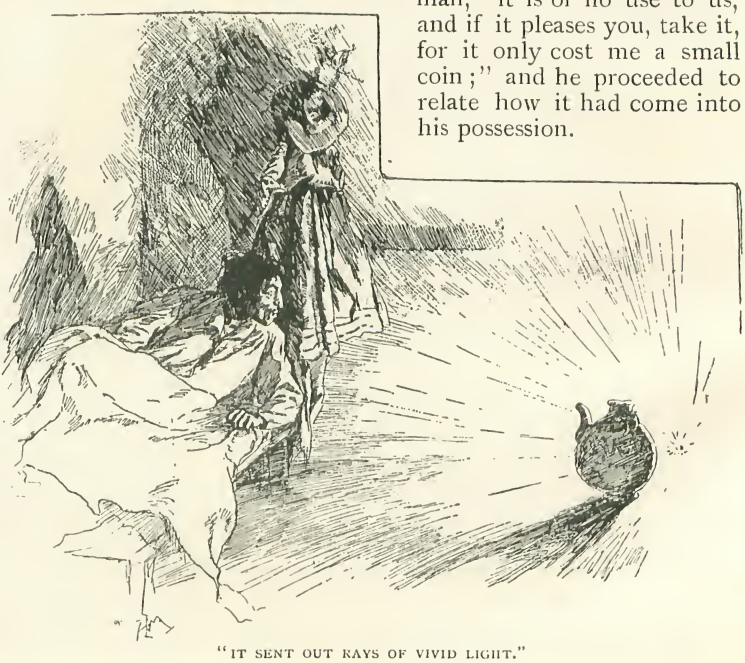
Not long afterwards, it happened that the King's Ambassador passed that way, with a great retinue of officials, secretaries, and servitors, and it fell out that, night coming on, the Ambassador decided upon taking up his quarters in the village.

The village inns were small, and could not afford accommodation for so large a retinue, and the various cottagers were asked to take in one or more of the servants. Among those who gave lodgings to the retinue were our good couple, who took in a lodger, for whom they were paid handsomely. The wife quickly prepared a clean, tidy bed, and did her best to make things comfortable.

The guest, being tired, was soon fast asleep. Towards morning he awoke, and was surprised to see the chamber bathed in a resplendent light. Knowing well that the people of the house could not afford a lamp or candles, he arose to find out whence proceeded this unusual brilliancy. Great was his astonishment to find that it proceeded from a small stone in the corner of the room, which, as the sun struck on it, sent out rays of vivid light. He took up the stone, and, believing it to be of great value, took it to the Ambassador.

When the nobleman examined the stone, he admired it greatly, and desired its owner to be sent for in order to learn all particulars about it.

"Please your Excellency," said the poor man, "it is of no use to us, and if it pleases you, take it, for it only cost me a small coin;" and he proceeded to relate how it had come into his possession.



"IT SENT OUT RAYS OF VIVID LIGHT."

The Ambassador drew forth a heavy bag of money, and, taking out a handful of gold pieces, gave them to the man.

"My good man," he said, "since you offer me the stone, I accept it gladly; but as I am leaving the kingdom, and my expenses are very heavy, I cannot give you all that it is worth. If it please Heaven, I will return this way, and I will pay you then."

The poor man did not like to accept so much gold for what he judged to be a worthless stone; but on the nobleman's entreaty he took the money, and ran back to his wife, full of joy at his good fortune. Both husband and wife then went at once to the hermit to recount to him all that had taken place, and to offer him a tenth of the money. This he refused to take, but bade them return to the village and distribute it in alms to the poor. They returned to the village accordingly, and did as the monk had bidden them. They also gave part of the money to the parents of the lads who had fought so desperately for the possession of the stone. The rest the man spent in purchasing a piece of land.

This little plot of ground proved very fertile, and whatever he planted produced a hundredfold. His trees were borne down by the weight of the fruit, which always fetched a good price.

Years passed ere the Ambassador returned from the foreign country, where he had gained high honours and wealth. On passing the village again where he had obtained the stone, he inquired for the good man, and was told how he had prospered with the money he had given him, and was now a person of importance.

On arriving at the Court of his sovereign he recounted to the King all that had taken place. The King was greatly pleased with the history of the honestly earned coin, and had the stone valued by the first jewellers of the kingdom, who all pronounced it to be a singularly valuable gem. A large sum was given to the Ambassador for it, and he was loaded with distinctions and honours. The nobleman, wishing to show his gratitude for the honours conferred on him, sent handsome presents to the good man and his wife.

And so it came to pass that they, who had been honest, were now prosperous as well.

"ON THE NOBLEMAN'S ENTREATY HE TOOK THE MONEY."

The Queer Side of Things.

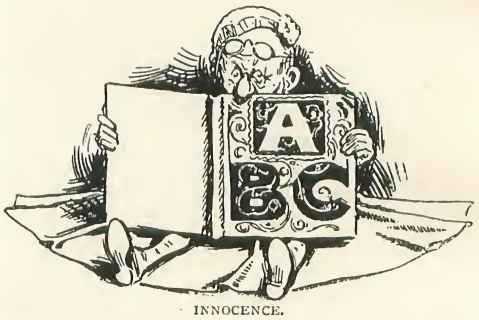
I.—JUDICIAL INNOCENCE.

THE attainment, by dint of superior intellectual abilities, of any high position naturally implies some individuality of character—some departure from the stereotyped mental constitution of the crowd.

In a judge, for instance, we confidently expect this departure, and we get it, in one characteristic at any rate, to a remarkable extent; and it is this judicial trait which we now propose to consider—one little slice or fragment of judge. We would not presume to deal with an entire judge in so slight an article as this; for—never having acted as valet to one—we think of a judge with something beyond reverence.

The judicial trait we have to consider is PROGRESSIVE INNOCENCE. In the ordinary human being the birthright of innocence is rapidly squandered, and a person usually "knows too much" at the age of fifteen or so; he starts innocent and finishes knowing. But it seems to be quite otherwise with your judge; we have never known a judge as an infant, and so cannot say whether he is born innocent. The earliest reliable information about any given judge dates from his Eton or University days, and in his University days, at any rate, extreme innocence does not appear to be his chief characteristic.

But let us change the slide to a picture of his lordship seated upon his familiar and comfortable bench, and we see him clothed in innocence as with a garment, and



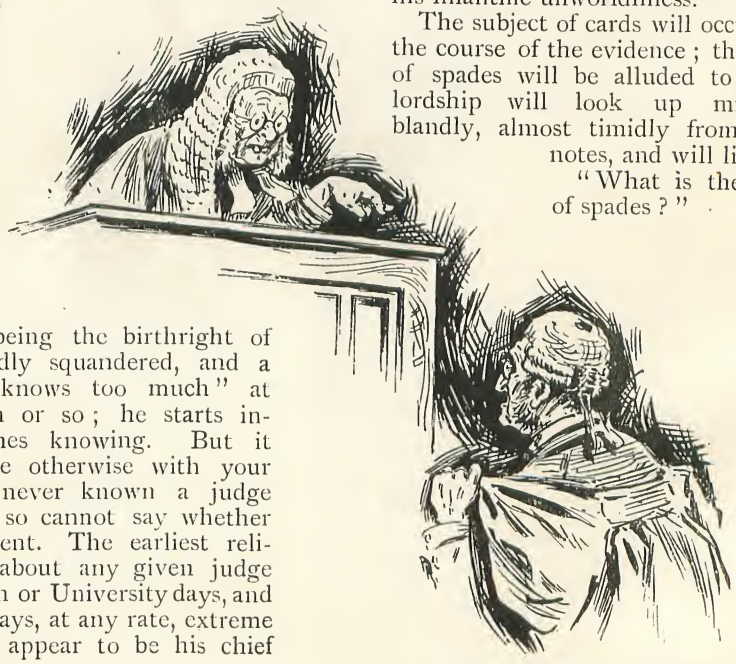
INNOCENCE.

muffled up to the eyes in overwhelming ingenuousness!

He who has read the law-court reports in the papers will have paused in amazement at the simplicity of the questions put by his lordship to witnesses, to counsel, to the usher, to anyone who will take pity on his infantine unworldliness.

The subject of cards will occur in the course of the evidence; the ace of spades will be alluded to; his lordship will look up mildly, blandly, almost timidly from his notes, and will lisp:

"What is the ace of spades?"



"WHAT IS THE ACE OF SPADES?"

"It is a card, m' lord," says Bulliwrag, Q.C.

"A card?" prattles his lordship, in his pretty little taking way; "a card is a thing people play with, is it not?" and appears to be looking about for his rattle.

"Yes, m' lord," says the witness.

"Is it the same as a visiting card—and a race card?" says his lordship.

"No, m' lord, not quite the same," says Badgeremm, Q.C., in a soothing tone, apparently designed to get baby to sleep before he can ask any more questions, and my lord bends over his notes and writes down all his new information about cards, and gazes at it in delight.

We cannot more clearly trace this remarkable evolution of innocence than by giving

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CAREER OF LORD JUSTICE TODDLES, OF HER MAJESTY'S HIGH COURTS.

(*Compiled from the newspapers, and illustrated by extracts from his Lordship's diary.*)

After figuring as one of the chief ornaments of Eton, young Timothy Toddles—destined to be afterwards so well known to fame—entered upon his career at the University, where his unremitting application and keen relish of learning, combined with a brilliant capacity and limitless power of assimilation, rapidly won the admiration and respect of his instructors, &c., &c.

(*Extract from his diary at that period.*)

"Feel just a few chippy this morning. Haven't been to roost since last Thursday. Dashwood and the other johnnies would stick at baccarat till breakfast every evening. Got fairly cleared out this journey; and worst of it is, old Moss won't part another fiver, and Flickers dunning me to bail up over the Leger transaction. Blued every maravedi, and the ancestor not to be tapped again till the 15th, and then only for a century!

"Sam Grobbs turned up with the rats. My terrier, Bob, had a little match on for a tenner with Dashwood's Nipper, and eased him of it with fifty-five seconds to the good. . . . Saw some sweet little play between Yarmouth Bloater and Bob Ribroaster, of the Three Stars. Bob led off grandly about the region of the Bloater's headlights, and dusk supervened after a few layers of it; though the Yarmouth Practitioner did negotiate a little business connected with Bob's nibblers, some of which retired within and got digested. . . ."

Any person of insight, reading the above extract, will be irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that the study of letters did not so monopolise Mr. Toddles as to utterly banish some slight knowledge of the pursuits and customs of the life around him. At that time, indeed, indications point to the idea that he knew a thing or two—that he probably knew, at least by hearsay, the nature of the ace of spades.

But a few years later we find a marked change in him—the EVOLUTION OF INNOCENCE has set in. A sudden call to the Bar has caused his moral sense to awaken, with a cry of horror, to the enormity of his previous knowledge of a thing or two: he feels, with an absolute pang, how great a danger any knowledge of the flippant life of the age must always be to the pure soul of a pleader in the courts; and we feel his thrill of horror and aversion when confronted with a witness possessed of such knowledge. Here is an extract from the case.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

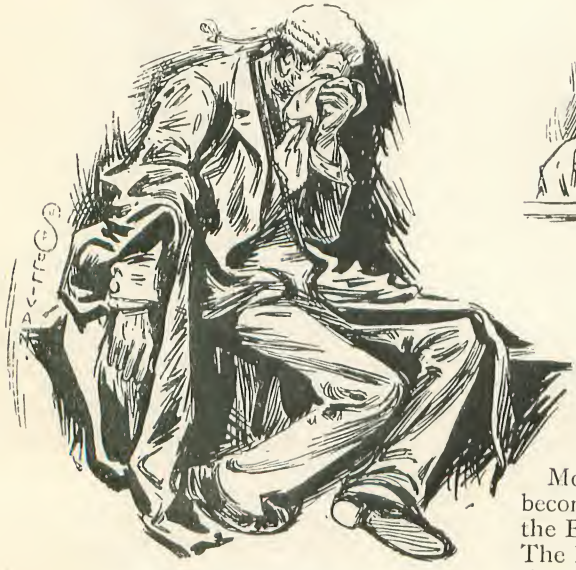
The Learned Counsel (*with emotion*): "Cards? Do you deliberately and unblushingly stand here and tell this court that you are in the habit of playing cards?"

Witness: "I do occasionally take a hand."

The L.C. (*wiping his brow*): "In point of fact, you deliberately admit—almost boast—that you are a card sharper? Gentlemen, you will hardly forget *that!* And the card you had in your hand was the ace of spades? Exactly! Now, gentlemen, I ask you to look at this witness—to try to

"GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU TO LOOK AT THIS WITNESS.

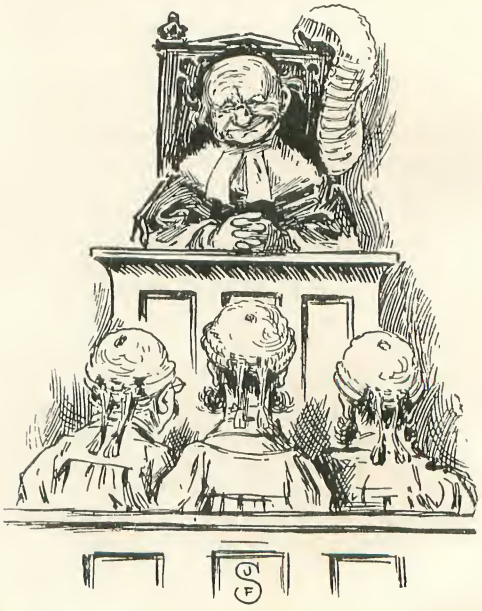
realise that this man—this fellow creature (for he is still a fellow creature)—is capable, beneath his sleek and respectable exterior, of combining those base and degraded instincts — those revolting and deplorable inclinations which can so stifle a man's purer and loftier nature as to allow him, unblushing and unrepentant, to hold in his hand not only a card—not only a court-card—but an ace, and that ace the ace of spades! Gentlemen, we have heard of these things, but until this terrible moment, when this man stands before us in all his vileness, we have not realised them; we have not grasped the fact that they exist; that they are—how shall I utter the word?—*used!!!*" (The learned counsel was at this point so overcome by emotion that he begged leave to sit down for a moment.)



"OVERCOME BY EMOTION."

Such further light as may be needed is thrown upon this period of our Toddler's career by a few words from his diary of that date:—

"Wiped Horsewig's eye nicely over the card case, and knocked his witnesses into a cocked hat. Got our costs, too, which I hardly expected the old boy would give us.



"THE EVOLUTION OF INNOCENCE."

Dined with Horsewig in the evening, and cleared him out afterwards at poker."

* * *

More years pass, and the counsel (having become a Q.C.) is called to the bench; and the EVOLUTION OF INNOCENCE is complete. The keenest eye would fail to recognise in that chubby and cherubic judge, seated in

his lofty chair, and apparently pining for his feeding-bottle, the University student who knew a thing or two!

He is not filled with horror and aversion *now* at the mention of contaminating things; bland innocence fills the air around him, and he is unconscious of the existence of good and evil. His toys are laid out on the little desk in front of him—his pen, his ink, and his paper. Near him sits his nurse, the clerk; and all around are counsel, witnesses, jurymen, in attendance there solely to answer the artless questions which fall from his little rosy lips. It is an infant school—an idyll: it is sweetly pretty.

"And what do people do with cards?" asks his lordship.

"They play with them, ducky," replies Bulliwrag, Q.C.

"Play with them?" repeats his lordship, beginning to get restless, and rubbing his eyes ominously. "*I* want to get down and play. Isn't it lunch time?"

And the clerk hastily gets up, and hoists up his lordship just as he is slipping out of his chair, and pats him soothingly; but he won't sit up and listen any more, and he *won't* understand what a card is, and he pouts until the barristers stop their ears in anxious anticipation; and the usher takes up his lordship, and dances him up and down, and hurries him away to his private room and his bottle—of dry sherry.

"THE CLERK HOISTS UP HIS LORDSHIP."

Can we have dreamed that we once encountered in a railway carriage an elderly gentleman of overwhelmingly innocent mien? There he seemed to sit, sucking his umbrella handle, and, as we entered the compartment, he gazed at us with round eyes full of innocent delight, and crowed.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

"Fine day for the Ascot Cup," we remarked; and he took the handle from his mouth—leaving a little dewy drip on his chubby chin—and said, "Astot tup?"

We explained, in language as simple as possible, the nature of the Ascot Cup contest; but his round blue eyes were full of puzzled wonder, and he loudly crowed again. Then we tried the Labour Commission, the short service system, and the bearings of the Jackson case on the future relations of husband and wife. Here he crowed loudly, rammed both his thumbs into his mouth, and said: "Baby tinks yat 'ee decision in that case was as intrinsically bad in law as it was distinctly and perniciously opposed to those legal traditions which, though finding their basis in no legislative enactment, should, as nurturing the very root of all true social well-being, and forming, as they unquestionably do, the substructure of that order to which society owes its very essence and being—ahem!"

He stopped abruptly in confusion; but instantly perceiving that he had gone too

far for further dissimulation to be of any avail, he slowly closed one eye with an excruciating wink, and jerked his thumb three times over his left shoulder.

"Innocent, my dear sir?" he said. "We judges innocent? All put on, sir—a mere trick of the trade. Merely done for effect, sir, as a foil to emphasise and contrast the depth of our erudition, and the grasp and subtlety of our reasoning when we come to the summing up. See?—ahem!"

A stranger entered the compartment, and his lordship replaced his umbrella handle and crowed violently.

G. F. SULLIVAN.

II.—A VARIATION ON TWO SUITS.

THE JOYS OF CYCLING.—I.

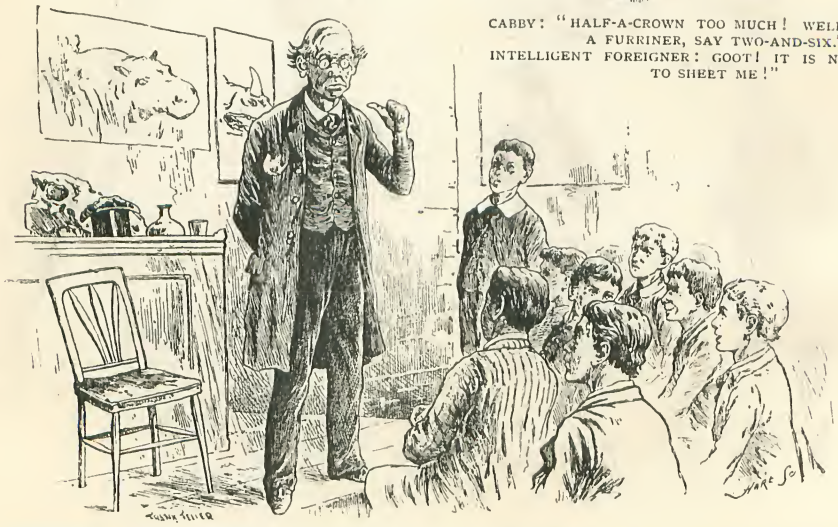
ENTHUSIASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER: "JUST A MOMENT LIKE THAT, PLEASE!"

THE JOYS OF CYCLING.—II.

LANDLADY: "TOWEL NOT CLEAN! WHY, TWENTY GENTS HAVE USED THAT TOWEL, AND NEVER SAID A WORD!"

SINGING MASTER: "OPEN YOUR MOUTH LIKE THIS. NOW!"
PUPIL (AFTER A TREMENDOUS EFFORT): "THERE! WHAT'S THAT GOOD FOR?"
SINGING MASTER: "AN AUCTIONEER."

CABBY: "HALF-A-CROWN TOO MUCH! WELL, AS YOU'RE A FURRINER, SAY TWO-AND-SIX."
INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER: GOOT! IT IS NOT BOSSIBLE TO SHEET ME!"



PROFESSOR: "NOW, IN ORDER TO GET A CORRECT IDEA OF THIS HIDEOUS ANIMAL, I MUST REQUEST YOU TO FIX YOUR EYES ATTENTIVELY ON ME."

W. S. GILBERT AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. IV.—MR. W. S. GILBERT.

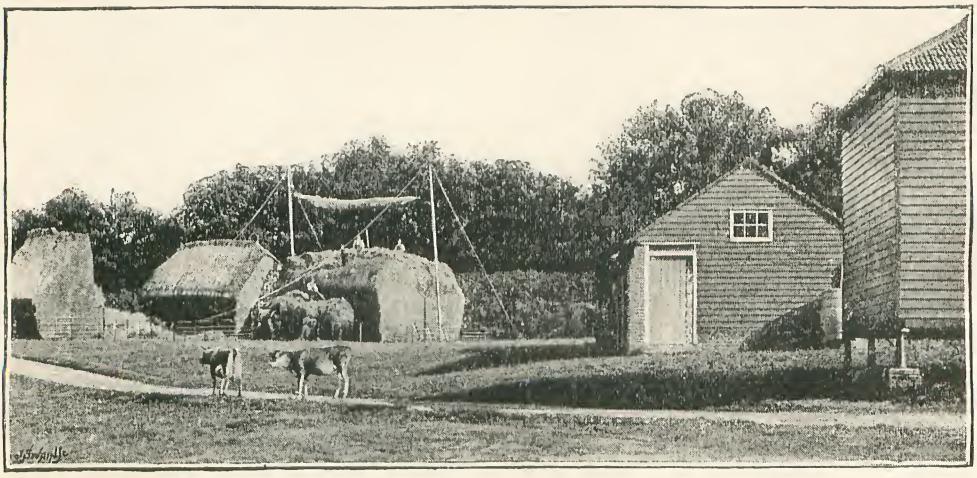
From a Photo. by] GRÆME'S DYKE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

MR. GILBERT lives in a little land of his own. There is nothing wanting to complete his miniature kingdom at Græme's Dyke, Harrow Weald. With a hundred and ten acres at his disposal, the most brilliant writer of irresistible satire of the day has laid down a healthy two miles of paths, which wend their way through banks of moss and ferns, avenues of chestnut trees and secluded valleys. You turn out of one pathway only to enter a diminutive forest; again, and you are standing by the rushes and water weeds by the side of the old Dyke, which has run its course for two thousand years and more, spanned by rustic bridges; and in one part, near the bathing house, is a statue of Charles II., which originally stood years ago in Soho-square. You may wander along a walk of roses and sweetbrier, or admire the view from the observatory, where the owner enjoys his astronomical watchings. From another spot Windsor Castle is visible. Mr. Gilbert is a man of many minds. The verse of comic opera does not prevent him from watching the interests of his thoroughbred Jerseys—for there is a perfect home farm on the Gilbertian land. The hayricks look rich, the horses, the fowls, and the pigs seem "at home," and the pigeons—I am assured by Mr. Gilbert that he is using the utmost efforts to induce his feathered friends to adopt as their permanent address the fine and lofty house he has erected for them. The roofs of the vineries are heavy with great bunches, the peaches and nectarines are fast assuming an appearance calling for a hasty "bite"; flowers, flowers are everywhere, and the bee-hives, green little wooden dwellings, with the bees crowding in and out, are pointed out by their owner as looking very much like small country theatres doing a "tremendous booking."

The house was built for Mr. Goodall, R.A., from designs by Mr. Norman Shaw,

IN THE GROUNDS.

R.A., and is from every aspect architecturally very fine. Many portions of it are entirely covered with ivy—the entrance porch is surrounded by the clinging tendrils. Here I met Mr. Gilbert. He is tall, stalwart, and handsome. He appears strong, and he is; he looks determined. He frankly admits that this characteristic has led success to him and him to success. His hair is grey, but the vigour of a young man is there. To hear him talk is to listen to the merry stream of satire which runs through his verse and lyrics. Imagine him declaring that he considers the butcher boy in the gallery the king of the theatre—the blue-smocked youth who, by incessant whistling and repeated requests to "speak up," revels in upsetting the managerial apple cart. Then try and realise Mr. Gilbert assuring

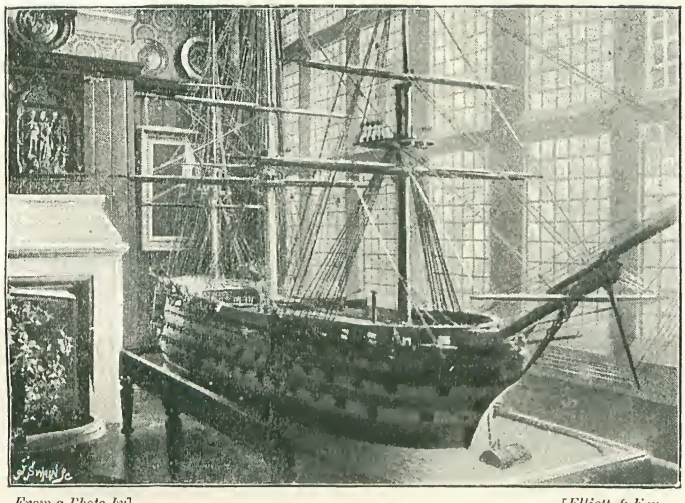


From a Photo. by] THE FARM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

one that what he writes is nothing more nor less than "rump steak and onions!"—a palatable concoction of satisfying and seasoning ingredients which is good enough to please the man of refinement in the stalls, and not too refined for the butcher boy in the gallery. "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates," "The Mikado," and the lily-loving *Bunthorne* and æsthetically inclined young maidens in "Patience" rump steak and onions! He has not—save at rehearsals—seen one of his own plays acted for seventeen years. Report says that, on "first nights," he wanders about muffled up, with his hat over his eyes, along the Thames Embankment, casting occasional glances in the direction of the water, and mentally measuring the height of Waterloo Bridge. Nothing of the kind. He goes to his club and smokes a cigar, and looks in at the theatre about eleven to see if there is "a call"; and he is seldom disappointed in the object of his visit. He is quite content to look in at the theatre and see that everything is safe for the curtain to rise, goes away, and returns at the finish. He is wise in believing that the presence of the author at such a time upsets the players, and deteriorates the action.

From a Photo. by] AT THE PORCH. *[Elliott & Fry.*

We are in the entrance hall. Over the mantelpiece is a fine specimen of fourteenth century alabaster. By the window is a model of a man-of-war, sixteen feet in length. It is perfect in every detail, and a portion of it was specially constructed as a model of the set of the scene in "H.M.S. Pinafore." Mr. Gilbert—who is an enthusiastic yachtsman—had the remaining forepart built when it was no longer wanted for theatrical purposes. The parrot in the corner is considered to be the finest talker in England. It can whistle a hornpipe, and, if put to the test, could probably rattle off one of its master's patter songs.



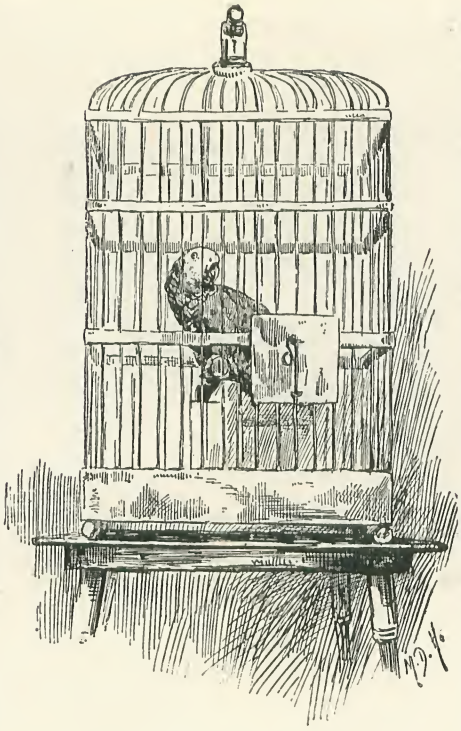
From a Photo. by] *[Elliott & Fry.*
MODEL OF "H.M.S. PINAFORE" IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"The other parrot, who is a novice," points out Mr. Gilbert, "belongs to Dr. Playfair. He is reading up with my bird, who takes pupils."

Passing up the oaken staircase, the solidity of which is relieved by many a grand palm, a peep into

the billiard-room reveals on one side of the wall photos of all the characters which have from time to time appeared in his operas. Over a long oak bookcase is a run of photos unique of their kind, including those of J. S. Clarke, Mrs. Stirling, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale, Herman Vezin, Henry J. Byron, and Irving and Hare, taken seventeen years ago. A little statuette of Thackeray, by Boehm, is near at hand, and here is another of the dramatist's great friend, T. W. Robertson, the writer of "Caste," "School," "Society," and other plays inseparable from his name.

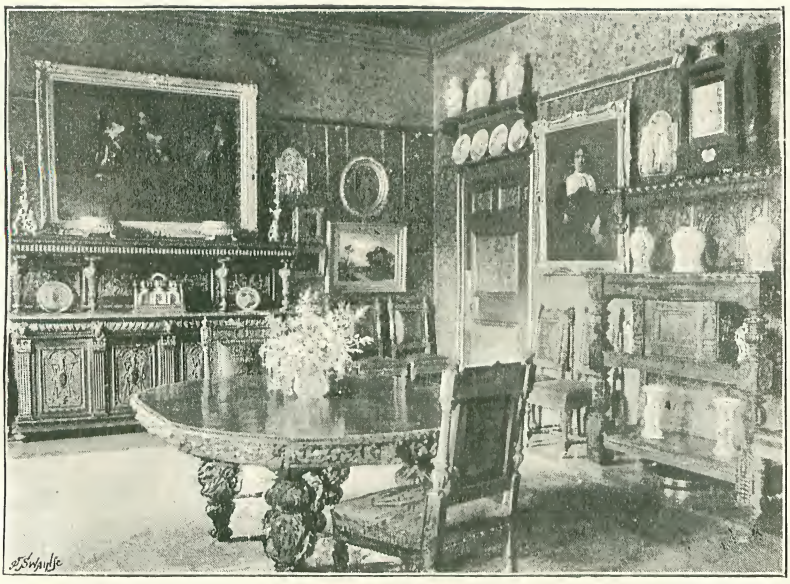
The drawing-room was Mr. Goodall's studio. It is a magnificent apartment, rich in old china,



"THE FINEST TALKER IN ENGLAND."

great vases 200 years old, antique cabinets, and treasured knick-knacks innumerable—for the present owner is a great lover of curios, and is an inveterate "hunter"—and exquisitely furnished. The fire-places are crowded with ferns and flowers. Near the corner, where Mr. Goodall was one time wont to sit and paint sunsets, is a curious old musical clock which plays twelve airs. It is 150 years old. Mr. Gilbert sets the hands going, and to a musical tick—tick—tick a regiment of cavalry pass over the bridge, boats row along the water, and ducks swim about. Frank Holl's picture of the dramatist is here, and several by Duncan, the famous water-colour painter, whose brush was

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

only responsible for a single example in oils, possessed by Mr. Gilbert; others by Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, and Adrian Stokes. Here is, also, an early example of Tenniel. It was bought unfinished. Mr. Gilbert met the artist one day, and described it to him. He remembered it, though drawn half a century ago. Tenniel took it back, and finished his work only a few months ago. This little satinwood cabinet came from Carlton House, and there is a curious story regarding the manufacture of a fine Japanese cabinet of 200 years ago. In those days whenever a child was born to a wealthy Jap an order was given for a cabinet to be made. It took fifteen years to manufacture, so fine was the workmanship, and it was presented to the child on his fifteenth birthday.

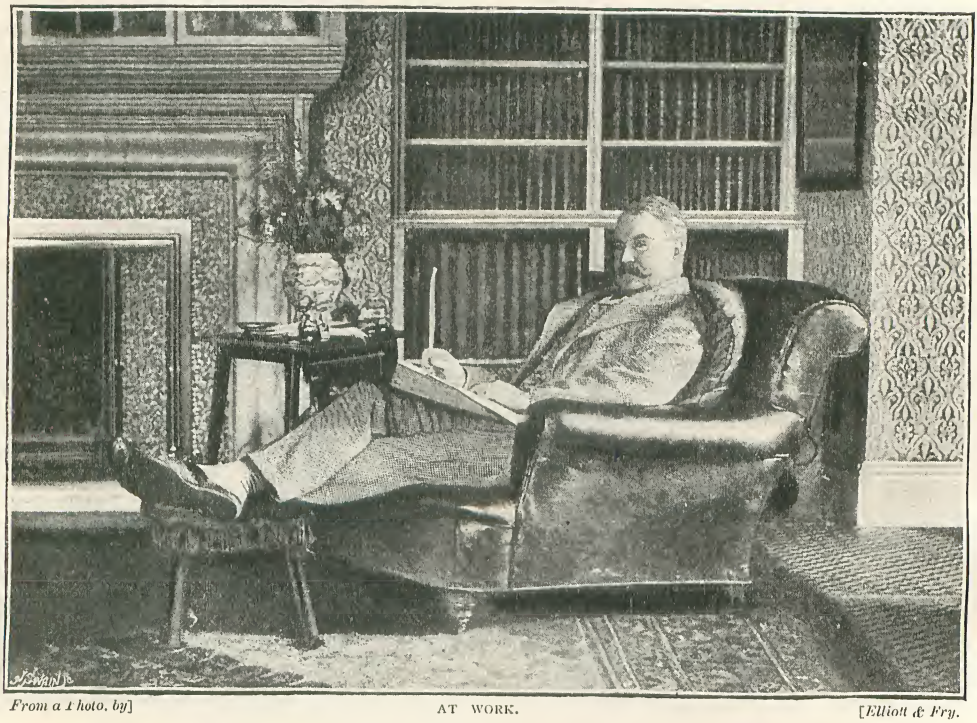
Under a glass case are a pair of marble hands joined together, by Boehm. They are those of Mrs. Crutchley, who danced in the recent Guards' burlesque at Chelsea, modelled when she was eight years old. Mr. Gilbert handles a fifteenth century carved ivory tankard. It is five inches in diameter, and carved out of a solid tusk. Unfortunately it is broken. When Miss Julia Neilson was making her first appearance in "Comedy and Tragedy," a tankard was wanted. It had been overlooked at the theatre. Mr. Gilbert was present, rushed off in a cab to Kensington, where he was then living, and got back in time. Miss Neilson so entered into her part (and small blame to her) that, quite forgetting the valuable goblet she had in her hand, she brought it down with a bang on the table with this result.

The dining-room contains some fine

From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

work in oak. A massive Charles I. sideboard, dated 1631, was made for Sir Thomas Holt, a cavalier, who murdered his own cook in a fit of passion. He was charged "that he tooke a cleever and hytt hys cooke with the same upon ye hedde, and so clave hys hedde that one syde thereof fell uppone one of hys shoulders and the other syde on ye other shoulder." It was, however, ingeniously argued that although the indictment stated that the halves of the cook's head had fallen on either shoulder, it was not charged against him that the cook had been killed, and on this technicality Sir Thomas escaped. There are some valuable oil paintings here, too—a fine example of C. Van Everdingen. The only other work of his in England is in the messroom of the Honourable Artillery Company. There are also fine works by Giorgione, Van der Kappelle, Tintoretto, Maes, and others.

The library—where we sat together talking—has one distinctive curiosity. It opens out on to the lawn, and its white enamel bookcases contain close upon four thousand volumes out of a compact stock of some five thousand works scattered about the house. All round the apartment are drawings by A. Caracci, Watteau, Lancret, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, and others, and on top of the bookcases are arranged seventy heads, representing all sorts and conditions of character typical of India. They are made of papier-mâché, and were brought home from India by Mr. Gilbert, whither he had wandered in search of new pastures for plot and fresh ideas, so that, should he ever write an Indian opera, the company engaged would find an excellent guide to making up their faces from the figures. On the table—in the centre of the room—amongst the flowers, are portraits of some of the dramatist's *protégés*, so to speak. No man is more far-seeing than he. He can single out talent, and, having found it, he encourages the possessor. No one has been asked more frequently, "Should I go on the stage?" He calls for a sample of the applicant's abilities, pronounces judgment, and those who have heard his "don't" were as wise in refraining from seeking for fame from Thespis as those who welcomed his "go" and have acted on his advice.

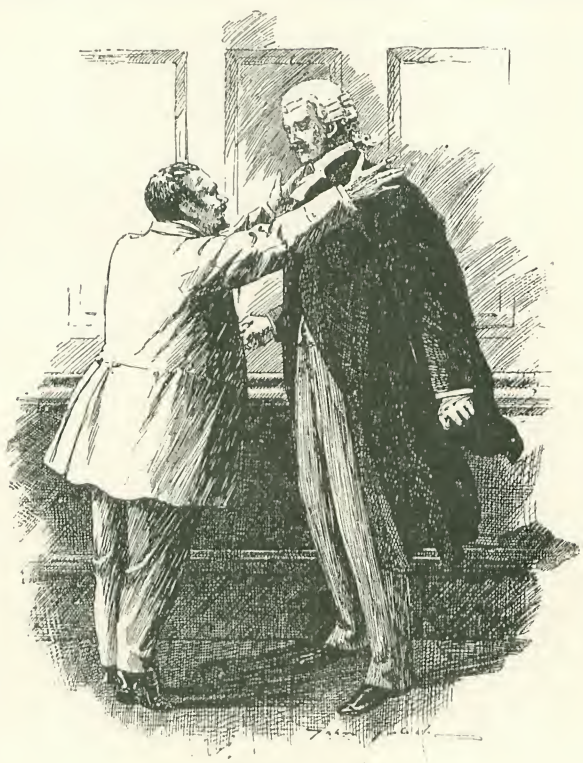


From a photo. by] AT WORK. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Among many who made their first appearances in his pieces are Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Wyatt, Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Brandram, Miss Julia Neilson,

Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Alma Murray, and Mr. George Grossmith.

"Grossmith," said Mr. Gilbert, "applied to Sir Arthur Sullivan first. Sullivan was pleased, thought him the very man for the part of *John Wellington Wells* in 'The Sorcerer,' and so did I. You see, when making an engagement, the composer tests the applicant vocally, whilst I try him histrionically. Previous to that Grossmith had done nothing, save in the way of entertainments at young men's societies and mechanics' institutes. He didn't want to offend them—what would I advise? 'Go on the stage,' I said, 'and you'll make such a success as to render yourself quite independent of them.' I think he has.



"MY FIRST FEE."

"Then in the 'Trial by Jury'—one of my early works, which I consider one of the best, and in which the *Judge* was played by Sir Arthur Sullivan's brother Fred, now dead—the foreman of the jury was played by a gentleman who only had a couple of lines to sing. But whenever he opened his mouth the audience roared. The estimable foreman of the twelve good men and true on that occasion was Mr. W. S. Penley. Just a moment."

It is post time, and on the day of my visit he had just finished the libretto of his new comic opera. He weighs the great blue envelope in his hand, and, after the servant has left the room, flings himself into his favourite chair, and suggestively remarks, "There goes something that will either bring me in twenty thousand pounds or twenty thousand pence!" And a favourite chair with Mr. Gilbert is an article of furniture not to be despised. It is of red leather, and he has used the same size and pattern for a quarter of a century. He takes it with him wherever he goes, for he never writes at a desk. When working he sits here with a stool exactly the same height, and stretching himself on these, he writes on a pad on his lap.

I asked him if he would write me a few original verses for publication in this article. "Thank you, very much," said he, "but I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me. When I have just finished a piece I feel for a few days that I am absolutely incapable of further effort. I always feel that I am quite 'written out.' At first this impression used to distress me seriously—however I have learnt by experience to regard it as a 'bogie,' which will yield to exorcism. This, however, is quite at your service;" and he crossed to a recess by the window, and from a heap of papers took out a sheet. It was a couple of delightful verses, left over from "The Gondoliers," written in his best style, and seen by no one till this moment. *Tessa* was to have sung them in the ear of the *Grand Inquisitor*, when he commands the two kings of Barataria—one of whom the fair *Tessa* loves—to leave their lovers and rule their kingdoms. The following are the verses, the second being given in fac-simile:—

I.

"Good sir, I wish to speak politely—
Forgive me if my words are crude—
I find it hard to put it rightly
Without appearing to be rude.
I mean to say,—you're old and wrinkled—
It's rather blunt, but it's the truth—
With wintry snow your hair is sprinkled:
What *can* you know of Love and Youth?
Indeed I wish to speak politely;
But, pray forgive me, truth is truth:
You're old and—pardon me—unsightly,
What can you know of Love and Youth!

II.

You are too aged to remember
That withered bosom's earliest glow;
Dead is the old romantic Ember
That warmed your life-blood years ago.
If from our sweethearts we are parted
(Old men know nothing of such pain)
Two maidens will be broken-hearted
And quite heart-broken lovers Twain!
Now pray, for goodness' sake, remember
I've no desire to be uncouth;
But we are June & you're December—
What can you know of Love & Youth!

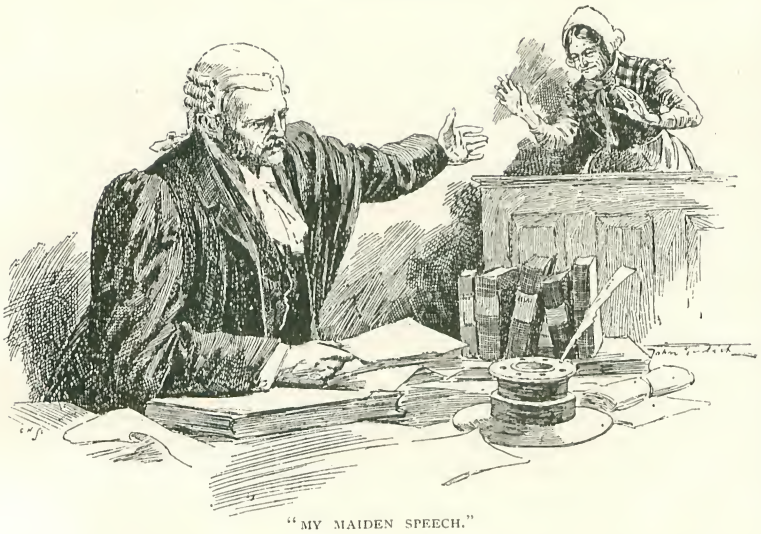
FAC-SIMILE OF MS. OF TESSA'S SONG.

"My life? Date of birth, November 18, 1836. Birthplace, 17, Southampton-street, Strand, in the house of my grandfather, who had known Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds, and who was the last man in London, I believe, who wore Hessian boots and a pig-tail. I went to school at Ealing, presided over by Dr. Nicholas—a pedagogue who appears more than once in Thackeray's pages as 'Dr. Tickle-us of Great Ealing School.' I was always writing plays for home performance, and at eighteen wrote a burlesque in eighteen scenes. This was offered to every manager in London, and unanimously rejected. I couldn't understand why at the time—I do now. I was intended for the Royal Artillery, and read up during the Crimean War. Of course, it came to an end just as I was prepared to go up for examination. No more officers were required, and further examinations were indefinitely postponed until I was over age. I was offered a line commission, but declined; but eventually, in 1868, I was appointed Captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (Militia), a post I held for sixteen years. I was clerk in the Privy Council for five miserable years, took my B.A. degree at the London University, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1863. I was at the bar four years, and am now very deservedly raised to the Bench—but only as a Justice of the Peace.

"I was not fortunate in my clients. I well remember my first brief, which was purely honorary. I am a tolerably good French scholar, and was employed to interpret and translate the conversations and letters between attorney, leading counsel, and client—a Parisian. It was at Westminster. The Frenchman, who was a short, stout man, won his case, and he looked upon me as having done it all. He met me in the hall, and, rushing up to me, threw his arms round my neck and kissed me on both cheeks. That was my first fee.

"On another occasion I defended an old lady who was accused of picking pockets. On the conclusion of my impassioned speech for the defence, she took off a heavy boot and threw it at my head. That was my second fee. By the way, I subsequently introduced the incident into an article, 'My Maiden Brief,' which appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

"I joined the Northern Circuit, and attended assizes and sessions at Liverpool and Manchester. Perhaps a dozen guinea



"MY MAIDEN SPEECH."

briefs, but nothing substantial. The circumstances attending my initial brief on circuit I am not likely to forget. I was to make my maiden speech in the prosecution of an old Irishwoman for stealing a coat. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and the members of the Prince of Wales's company, then on tour, were present on the Bench, and I am sorry to say, at my invitation. No sooner had I got up than the old dame, who seemed to realise that I was against her, began shouting, 'Ah, ye divil, sit down. Don't listen to him, yer honour! He's known in all the slums of Liverpool. Sit down, ye spalpeen. He's as drunk as a lord, yer honner—begging your lordship's pardon.' Whenever I attempted to resume my speech, I was flooded by the torrent of the old lady's eloquence, and I had at last to throw myself on the protection of the Recorder, who was too convulsed with laughter to interfere. Mrs. Bancroft says in her memoirs that I never got that maiden speech off, but in that she is mistaken. The old lady had three months.

"My first lines appeared in *Fun*—Henry J. Byron was the editor then. He asked me to send him a column of stuff with a half-page block every week. Well, I did not think it possible to get fresh ideas week by week; but I accepted it, and continued writing and illustrating for six years, though at the end of every seven days I always felt written out for life, just as I do now. My first play was 'Dulcamara,' produced at the St. James's Theatre by Miss Herbert. Tom Robertson and I were great chums, and he, being unable to write her the Christmas piece, was good enough to say he knew the very man for it and recommended me. I wrote it in ten days, rehearsed it a week; it ran five months, and has been twice revived. No arrangement was made about the price to be paid, and after it had been produced Mr. Emden, Miss Herbert's acting manager, asked me how much I expected to receive for the piece. I reckoned it out as ten days' work at three guineas a day, and replied, 'Thirty guineas.'

"'Oh!' said Emden, 'we don't deal in guineas—say pounds.'

"I was quite satisfied with the price, took his cheque and gave a receipt. Then Emden quietly turned to me and said—

"'Take my advice as an old stager. *Never sell as good a piece as this for £30 again.*'

"I took his advice; I never have.

"Then I commenced to write for the Royalty and Old Queen's Theatres. 'La Vivandière' was one of these; and at various times 'An Old Score,' 'Ages Ago,' 'Randall's Thumb,' and 'Creatures of Impulse' appeared. These were followed by 'The Palace of Truth,' and 'The Wicked World.' 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' which took me six months to write, was produced in 1871. 'Sweethearts' came out in 1874, and 'Broken Hearts' two years later. I consider the two best plays I ever wrote were 'Broken Hearts' and a version of the Faust legend called 'Gretchen.' I took immense pains over my 'Gretchen,' but it only ran a fortnight. I wrote it to please myself, and not the public. It seems to be the fate of a good piece to run a couple of weeks, and a bad one a couple of years—at least, it is so with me. Here is an instance of it:—

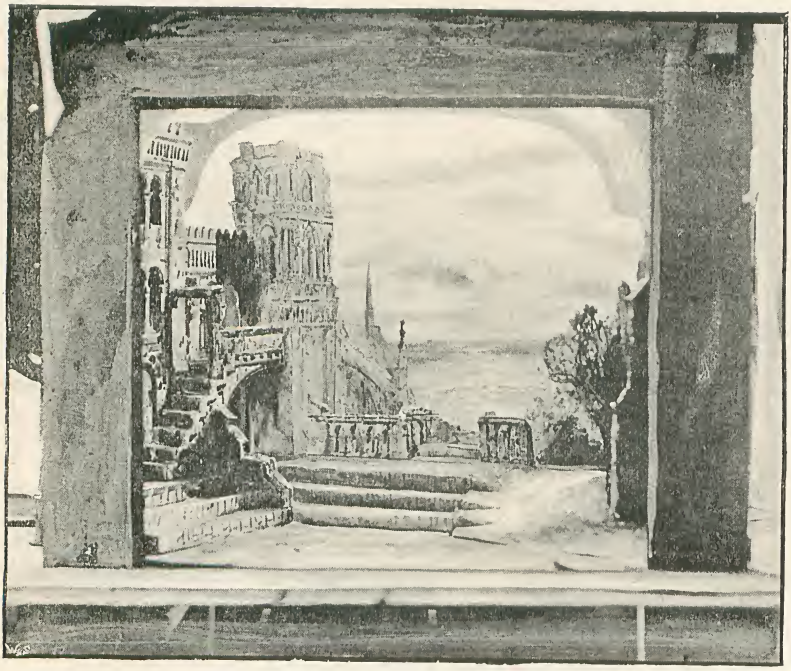
"'The Vagabond' was produced at the Olympic, with Henry Neville and Miss Marion Terry in the cast. I was behind during the first act, and everything went swimmingly—author, actors, and audience delighted. I remained during half of the second act, when Charles Reade put his hand

on my shoulder, and exclaimed, 'Gilbert, its success is certain.' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'there's the third act to come!' 'The third act?' said Reade, who had been present at my rehearsals. 'The third act's worthy of Congreve!' That was enough for me. Off I went to my club, and returned to the theatre at eleven; as I passed through the stage-door, I heard one of the carpenters say to the hall-keeper, as he passed, "Bloomin' failure, Bill." He was quite right. The whole of the third act had been performed in dumb show! That was fourteen years ago; and yet, strange to say, only the other day I received a letter from young Mr. Wallack in New York, saying he had found the manuscript of a play called 'The Vagabond,' and, feeling sure that it would be extraordinarily successful, if produced, wanted to know what was my price for the piece. He knew nothing of its melancholy history.

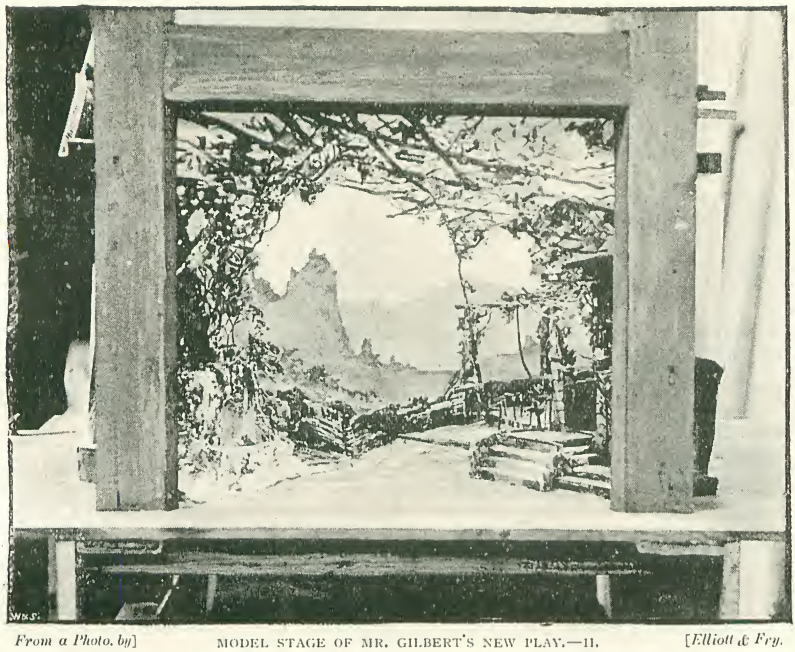
"My operatic work has been singularly successful—owing largely, of course, to the invaluable co-operation of Sir Arthur Sullivan. When Sullivan and I first determined to work together, the burlesque stage was in a very unclean state. We made up our minds to do all in our power to wipe out the grosser element, never to let an offending word escape our characters, and never allow a man to appear as a woman or *vice versâ*.

"My first meeting with Sullivan was rather amusing. I had written a piece with Fred Clay, called 'Ages Ago,' and was rehearsing it at the Old Gallery of Illustration. At the same time I was busy on my 'Palace of Truth,' in which there is a character, one *Zoram*, who is a musical impostor. Now, I am as unmusical as any man in England. I am quite incapable of whistling an air in tune, although I have a singularly good ear for rhythm. I was bound to make *Zoram* express his musical ideas in technical language, so I took up my 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and, turning to the word 'Harmony,' selected a suitable sentence and turned it into sounding blank verse. Curious to know whether this would pass muster with a musician, I said to Sullivan (who happened to be present at rehearsal, and to whom I had just been introduced), 'I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Sullivan, because you will be able to settle a question which has just arisen between Mr. Clay and myself. My contention is that when a musician who is master of many instruments has a musical theme to express, he can express it as perfectly upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury (in which there are, as we all know, no diatonic intervals whatever) as upon the more elaborate disdiapason (with the familiar four tetrachords and the redundant note) which (I need not remind you) embraces in its simple consonance all the single, double, and inverted chords.'

"He reflected for a moment, and asked me to oblige him by repeating my question. I did so, and he replied that it was a very nice point, and he would like to think it over before giving a definite reply. That



From a Photo. by] MODEL STAGE OF MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.—I. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] MODEL STAGE OF MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.—II. *[Elliott & Fry.*

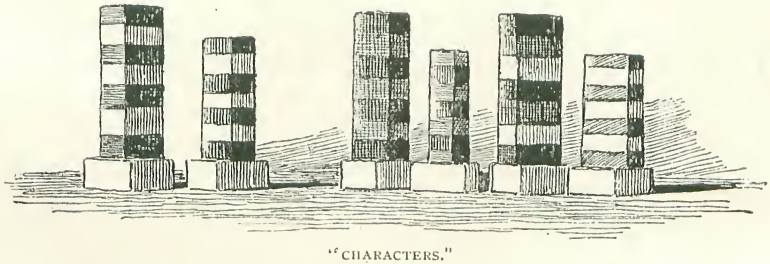
took place about twenty years ago, and I believe he is still engaged in hammering it out."

Not the least interesting part of my day with Mr. Gilbert was in having his methods of working explained. Mr. Gilbert's tact and unequalled skill as a stage manager are well known, but he explained to me a decidedly novel secret which undoubtedly greatly assists him in his perfect arrangements of *mise-en-scène*. He has an exact model of the stage made to half-inch scale, showing every entrance and exit, exactly as the scene will appear at the theatre. Those shown in the illustrations represent the two sets which will be seen at the Lyric Theatre when his new opera is produced. Little blocks of wood are made representing men and women—the men are three inches high, and the women two and a half inches. These blocks are painted in various colours to show the different voices. The green and white striped blocks may be "tenors"; the black and yellow "sopranos"; the red and green, "contraltos"; and so on. With this before him, and a sheet of paper, Mr. Gilbert works out every single position of his characters, giving them their proper places on the model stage, and he is thus enabled to go down to rehearsal prepared to indicate to every principal and chorister his proper place in the scene under consideration.

His subjects are often the outcome of pure accident. "The Mikado" was suggested by a huge Japanese executioner's sword which hung in his library—the identical sword which Mr. Grossmith used to carry on the stage as *Ko-Ko*. "The Yeomen of the Guard" was suggested by the beefeater who serves as an advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company at Uxbridge Railway Station.

A rather curious and certainly unique fact in dramatic authorship, and one that is without precedent in the annals of the stage, is that Mr. Gilbert's name has appeared in the London play bills without a single break for nearly twenty-four years. On July 1 the spell was broken by the termination of his connection with the Savoy.

HARRY HOW.



"CHARACTERS."

The P. L. M. Express.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JACQUES NORMAND.

THERE was a general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we heard of the approaching marriage of Valentin Sincère. What! he?—the hardened celibate! the Parisian sceptic, rebelling against all matrimonial ideas!—the joyous free-liver who had a hundred times swore that he would never have anything to do with it! Valentin, after all, was going to join the great brotherhood! And, of all women, whom was he going to marry?—a widow! We were bewildered.

So, the first time I met him, I button-holed him, and demanded explanations.

"I've hardly time to speak to you—a heap of things to do. I have just come from the Mairie, and am on my way to Stern's, the engraver in the Passage du Panoramas, to get some invitation letters. If you'll go with me——"

"*If* I'll go with you!" I said.

We were in front of the Madeleine. We passed down the boulevards, arm in arm.

"WE PASSED DOWN THE BOULEVARDS."

"The story's a very simple one," he said. "Commonplace to the last degree; but, since you want so much to know about it, here it is:—

"In the month of February last I was going to Nice for the Carnival fêtes. I have the greatest aversion to travelling by night, and I therefore took the 8.55 morning train, due at midnight at Marseilles, where I proposed spending the following day with my friends, the Rombauds, who expected me to breakfast. The next morning I was going on to Nice, where I was to arrive at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"At the station there was an excited crowd; but, thanks to the proverbial obligingness of M. Regnoul, the station-master, I was able to secure a place in the only *coupé* in the train. The only other occupant was a gentleman with a red rosette in a button-hole of his overcoat—a gentleman of severe aspect, and with an administrative air, whose luggage consisted solely of a portfolio. Assuredly he was not going far with *that* outfit, and presently I should be alone. Alone! the only thing to make a railway journey supportable!

"All the passengers were in their places, and the train was about starting, when the sound of a dispute arose at the door.

"'No, Monsieur, no!' said the voice of a woman, fresh in tone, and with an almost imperceptible Southern accent. 'I ordered a sleeping-compartment, and a sleeping-compartment I must have.'

"'But, Madame, I have told you, we haven't one!'

"'You ought to have carried out the instructions in my letter.'

"'We have not received any letter, Madame!'

"'Have another carriage put on, then.'

"'Impossible!—we have already the regu-

lation number. Come, come, make haste ; the train is about to start.'

"'Well, I must have a place found for me.'

"'I have offered you two, Madame, in the *coupé*.'

"'There ?'

"'Yes, Madame—there !'

"A little dark-haired woman appeared in the doorway, and instantly started back, as if in alarm.

"'There are two gentlemen in it !'

"'Good heavens, Madame ! I can't give you a whole carriage to yourself !'

"'Very well, then ; I will not go !'

"'As you please. The train is off—I am going to give the signal.'

"'Stay, Monsieur ; stay. I *must* absolutely go ; and since there is only this *coupé* —but you'll let me have a sleeping-compartment at the first station we come to ?'

"'Yes, Madame.'

"'You'll telegraph for it ?'

"'Yes, yes, Madame.'

"'You promise me ?'

"'Yes, Madame.'

"'You are sure ?'

"'Yes, yes, yes, Madame !'

"The door was thrown open wide, and the little brown-haired lady, surrounded by half a carriage-load of parcels and wraps, arranged her parcels around her with the ordinary haste of persons who have long hours to pass in a railway-carriage.

"She had one bag, two bags, three bags, and—as to wraps— !

"Out of the corner of my eyes I watched these little proceedings, and I observed with pleasure that she was a charming little personage. I say with pleasure ; for, in truth, it is always more agreeable to have a pretty woman for a travelling companion than an ugly one.

"It was very cold. The country, covered with snow, and lit up by a very pale-faced sun, flew rapidly by on either side of the carriage. The little lady, muffled up to her chin in rugs and other wraps, turned her gaze obstinately out of the farther window ; the administrative gentleman put his papers, yellow, green, and blue, with printed headings, in order, and read them attentively ; as to myself, comfortably installed in a corner with my feet on the foot-warmer, I waded through the file of newspapers I had bought at the station to pass the time.

"11.21 ; Laroche. The train stopped. The administrative gentleman gathered up his papers, rose, bowed, and descended from the carriage. His feet had hardly touched

"SHE ARRANGED HER PARCELS."

entered the *coupé* ; a shrill whistle, and—we were off.

"Gallantly the administrative gentleman seated himself by my side, so as to leave the opposite seat entirely at the service of the new arrival.

"Without even turning her eyes towards us, flustered and red with anger, she the platform before he was received by the station-master, who called him 'Mr. Inspector.' The lady leaned out of the door :—

"'Mr. Station-master !'

"'Madame ?'

"'They were to telegraph to you from Paris for a sleeping-carriage.'

"'They have done so, Madame, and I have sent on the message.'

"'Sent it on! Am I not to have a sleeping-carriage at once, then?'

"'Impossible, Madame; we have no carriages here. They can only furnish you with one at Lyons.'

"'At Lyons! At what o'clock?'

"'At 5.45, Madame.'

"'At the end of the journey! But, Monsieur, I can't remain in this *coupé* until that time! Impossible! I *won't!*'

"'Take care, Madame, the train is starting!'

"It started.

"She threw herself into her corner again, in a furious pet, without casting a glance at me. I plunged once more into the contents of my newspapers—into the contents of the tenth, that is to say.

"Shall I confess it! That paper took me longer to read than its nine predecessors. Twenty times I began the same line; I believe that at least for some time the paper was upside down. Hang it, one can't be shut up for a long journey with a pretty woman without feeling *some* sort of emotion!

"I greatly wanted to enter into conversation with her, but what pretext for doing it could I find? The classic resources of putting up or down the windows, in such a state of the temperature, were non-available. What was there to do?—launch a commonplace remark of some kind? Better a hundred times keep silent than do that. My companion, I had seen at a glance with my Parisian eyes, was a woman of the best society. To speak to her brusquely, without being known to her, would have made me appear in her eyes no better than a vulgar commercial traveller. The only way of drawing her into conversation would be to find something strikingly original to say to her; but what?—what? I sought laboriously, but did not find.

"I was still continuing that search, when the train stopped suddenly, thanks to the powers of the new break — so good against accidents, but so bad for passengers.

"'Tonnerre! — twenty-five minutes' stoppage!' cried a porter, opening the carriage-door.

"My companion rose, threw off her rugs which, with her three bags, she left in the carriage, and descended on to the platform. It was noon. Hunger had begun to make itself felt. She moved towards the buffet on the left, across the line.

"I followed her. I was then enabled to admire at my ease the elegance of her figure, well set off by a long fur mantle. I remarked also that she had a pretty neck, a grey felt hat, and very tiny feet.

"At the entrance to the buffet stood the manager. Wearing a velvet cap and bearing a striking resemblance to Napoleon III., he pointed out with his hand and with a napkin a long table to be taken by assault.

"I entered with a crowd of travellers—ruffled, hurried; in short, that stream of persons essentially grotesque and derogatory to human beauty, of an express train, bent all on devouring food of some sort.

"I seated myself and hastily swallowed the succession of dishes set before me: my lady traveller took some soup at a separate table.

"I was amongst the first to rise, and went out upon the platform to smoke a cigarette. The twenty-five minutes—reduced to twenty according to rule—were quickly spent. The passengers came in groups from the refectory and returned to their places in the carriages. I rein-

"SHE TOOK SOME SOUP AT A SEPARATE TABLE."

stalled myself in mine. My fellow traveller did not appear.

"I perceived her at the little bookstall on the opposite side of the line, looking over the volumes displayed. Although I could see nothing of her but her back, I easily recognised her by her pretty figure, her otter-skin mantle, and her grey hat. Her hair seemed to be a little less dark than I had imagined it to be; but that was the effect of distance, no doubt.

"All the passengers had resumed their seats, and the porters were banging-to the doors.

"'She'll be left behind!' I thought. 'She's mad!' 'Madame! Madame!' I called to her out of the window.

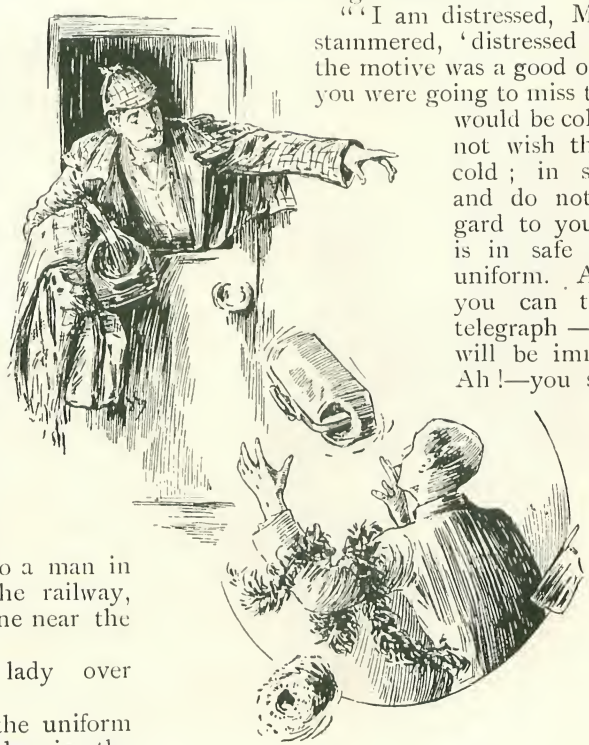
"She was too far off, and did not hear me.

"The whistle sounded; the train was going to start. What was to be done? Prompt as a flash of lightning, an idea shot through my brain. She would be left there in the horrible cold without her luggage! Let her, poor woman, at least have her smaller belongings.

"I gathered up, in an armful, her three bags and her rugs, and threw the whole to a man in the uniform of the railway, who was on the line near the carriage.

"'For that lady over there,' I cried.

"The man in the uniform carried the articles in the direction of the lady at the bookstall. At the same moment the carriage door on the opposite side—the side next the platform—was opened, and my travelling companion, grumbled at by a station porter, hurried into the carriage, and the train started. Horror! I had mistaken the traveller. The lady at the bookstall was not the right one; the same mantle, same hat, same figure—but not she! It is perfectly absurd, how much women resemble one another—the back view of them. I had made a pretty mess of it!



"I THREW THE WHOLE TO A MAN."

"She had hardly entered the carriage before she uttered a shriek.

"'My parcels! Somebody has stolen my parcels!'

"And, for the first time, she turned her eyes on me, with a look—good heavens!—with a look never to be forgotten.

"'No, Madame,' I stammered, 'your parcels have not been stolen; they—they have been left behind at Tonnerre.'

"'At Tonnerre! How?'

"I explained all to her. By Jove! my dear fellow, I can't describe the second look she darted at me; but, I assure you, I firmly believe I shall remember it even longer than the first.

"'I am distressed, Madame,' I further stammered, 'distressed exceedingly; but the motive was a good one: I thought that you were going to miss the train—that you would be cold—and—and I did not wish that you should be cold; in short—forgive me, and do not be uneasy in regard to your property, which is in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you can telegraph—we will telegraph — and your things will be immediately sent on. Ah!—you shall have them, I vow, even though I have myself to go back to Tonnerre to fetch them.'

"'Enough, Monsieur! I know what I have to do.'

"Stormily she rearranged herself in her corner, tugging pettishly at her gloves.

"But, alas, poor little thing! she had counted without the cold—she no longer had her warm rugs and wraps about her. At the end of ten minutes she began to shiver. It was in vain that she tried to huddle herself up, to draw her otter-skin mantle closer to her form: she positively shivered with the cold.

"'Madame,' I said, 'I beg of you, on my

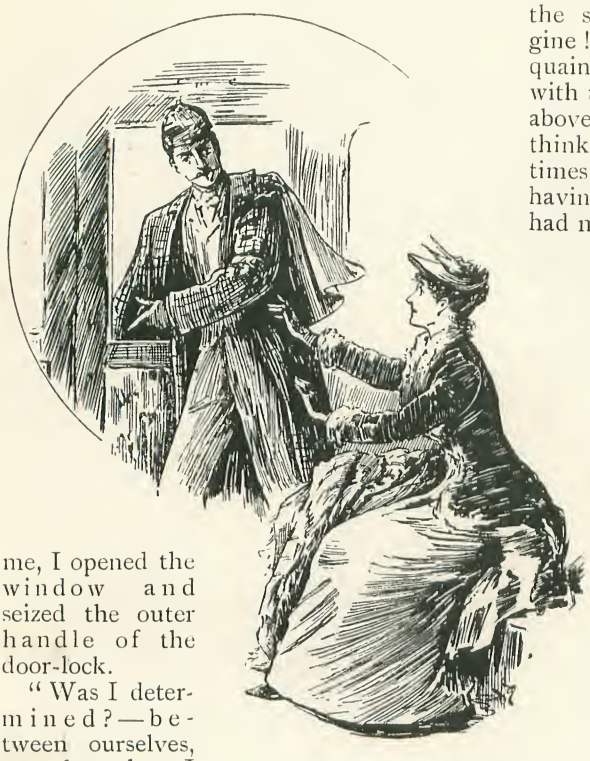
knees, to accept my rug. You will catch cold—and it will be my fault—and I should never, to the end of my days, forgive myself!'

"'I did not speak to you, Monsieur,' she said, sharply.

"I was nervous—excited. In the first place, she was charming; in the next place, I was furiously annoyed with myself for the stupid blunder I had made: in short, I found myself in one of those predicaments that call for the taking of strong resolutions.

"'Madame,' I said, 'accept this rug, or I swear to you I will throw myself out on to the line!'

"And flinging the rug between her and



"YOU ARE MAD, MONSIEUR."

me, I opened the window and seized the outer handle of the door-lock.

"Was I determined?—between ourselves, not altogether, I think; but it appeared that I had the air of being so, for she instantly cried out:

"'You are mad, Monsieur, you are mad!'

"'The rug—or I throw myself out!'

"She took the covering, and in a softened tone, said:

"'But you, Monsieur—you will catch your death of cold.'

"'Do not be uneasy on my account, Madame, I am not in the least chilly—and, even if I should feel cold, it will only be a just punishment for my unpardonable stupidity.'

"'Say your over-hastiness; for, as you have said, your motive was a good one. But how came you to mistake another lady for me?'

"'Because she appeared to me charming!'

"She smiled. The ice was broken—the ice of conversation, that is to say; for, in other respects, I was shivering with cold.

"But how quickly I forgot the cold, the journey—everything! She was delicious, exquisite, adorable! She possessed a cultivated mind, keen, gay, original! She loved travel, like myself. In literature, in music, in everything in fact, we had the same tastes! And then—only imagine!—we found we had a heap of acquaintances in common; she was intimate with the Saint-Chamas, with the Savenois, above all with the Montbazons! Only to think that I had perhaps met her twenty times in their drawing-rooms without having noticed her! Good heavens! where had my eyes been?

"She spoke simply, amiably, with the frankness I so much love. A slight, very slight, provincial accent, almost imperceptible, a chirp rather, giving to her pronunciation something of the singing of a bird. It was intoxicating!

"But though I would have given all the world not to appear cold—great heavens, how cold I *was!*

"At Dijon (2.20) my right foot was half frozen. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the articles left behind.

"At Mâcon (4.30) it was the turn of my left foot. We received a message from Tonnerre, saying that the luggage would arrive in Marseilles next day.

"At Lyon-Perranche (5.48) my left hand became insensible; she forgot to demand her sleeping-carriage.

"At Valence (8.3) my right hand followed the example of the left; I learned that she was a widow and childless.

"At Avignon (9.59) my nose became violet; I fancied she had never wholly loved her first husband.

"At Marseilles (12.5 a.m.) I sneezed three times violently; she handed me back my rug, and said graciously: 'Au revoir!'

"'Au revoir!' Oh, I was mad with delight.

"I spent the night at the Hôtel de Noailles—an agitated night, filled with remembrance of her. The next morning, when I awoke, I had the most shocking cold in the head imaginable.

"Could I, in such a state, present myself to my friends, the Rombauds? There was no help for it; it was one of the accidents of travel; they must take me as I was, and to-morrow I would go and seek my cure in the sun of Nice.

"Oh, my friend, what a surprise! That good fellow Rombaud had invited a few friends in my honour, and among them was my charming fellow-traveller! my charmer!

"When I was presented to her, a smile passed over her lips; I bowed, and asked in a whisper:

"'Tonnerre—your parcels?'

"'I have them,' she replied in the same tone.

"We sat down to table.

"'What a cold in the head you have got, my dear fellow!' cried Rombaud, sympathetically; 'where the deuce did you pick it up—in the railway-carriage, perhaps?'

"'Very possibly,' I said, 'but I don't regret it!'

"Nobody comprehended the sense of this veiled reply; but I felt the tender glance of my fellow-traveller reach me through the odorous steam of a superb tureen of soup majestically posed upon the table.

"What more have I to tell you? Next day I set off for Nice; a fortnight hence I am to be married."

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

By Private James Lamb, late 13th Hussars (One of the Six Hundred).

PRIVATE JAMES LAMB.

THE twenty-fifth of the present month is the anniversary of the Charge of the Light Brigade—an event never to be mentioned by Englishmen without a thrill of pride. We have thought that, at such a time, an account of the famous exploit, told in the words of one who actually took part in it, would be of interest to our readers. The following is a description of the famous charge, by Private James Lamb, who only just missed winning the Victoria Cross on that eventful day.

On October 25, 1854, I was a trooper in the 13th Light Dragoons (now the 13th Hussars), and was in the foremost squadron that led the attack on the Russian guns on that never-to-be-forgotten morning. I was riding close to Captain Nolan when he was mortally wounded by one of the first shots from the enemy's guns. The gallant captain stuck to his saddle, and his horse galloped shoulder to shoulder with us down the valley. The next discharge from the Russian cannon tore wide gaps through our ranks, and many a trooper fell to rise no more. Owing to the dense smoke from the enemy's guns, I lost sight of Captain Nolan, and did not afterwards see him alive.

We still kept on down the valley at a gallop, and a cross-fire from a Russian battery on our right opened a deadly fusilade upon us with canister and grape, causing great havoc amongst our horses and men, and mowing them down in heaps.

I myself was struck down and rendered insensible. When I recovered consciousness, the smoke was so thick that I was not able to see where I was, nor had I the faintest idea what had become of the Brigade. When at last I made out my position, I found I was among numbers of dead and wounded comrades. The scene I

shall never forget. Scores of troopers and their horses were lying dead and dying all around me, and many men severely wounded and unable to extricate themselves from their dead horses. Luckily for me, my horse was shot through the head, and, falling forward, pitched me clear. My own wound was not a very severe one, and I soon recovered sufficiently to endeavour to return to the British lines.

Just as I made a start, I looked around and spied two companies of Russian Rifles doubling out from the right rear of the position where their guns were stationed, and, as they dropped on one knee to fire a volley up the valley, I laid down close to my dead horse, having its body between me and the firers. I was not a moment too soon, as I had scarcely sheltered myself before the bullets came whizzing around me, and literally riddled the dead body of my horse and its saddle. After the volley they were a body of Cossacks coming down to cut off our retreat; but I quickly discovered that I was mistaken, and that the horsemen were two squadrons of French Dragoons charging down to silence a masked Russian battery that was firing on our left flank, whose guns were covered by a regiment of Polish Lancers. This battery gave the gallant Frenchmen a warm reception by means of canister and grape, by which a number of saddles were emptied. But riding swiftly on, despite their losses, they charged right up into, and cut their way through, the Polish regiment, and wheeling round to their right flank, rode off and made good their retreat.

In the *mêlée* I saw a chance of capturing one of the stray horses of the French dragoon regiment whose rider had been killed, but before I could effect my purpose the animal bolted, and I was obliged to get along on foot.

"AFTER THE VOLLEY I VENTURED TO LOOK OVER MY DEAD HORSE."

I ventured to look over my dead horse, thinking to see the enemy reloading to fire again; but, to my surprise, I saw them mustering together quickly, and running to the rear of their guns. On turning round I saw a body of horsemen charging down the valley on my right front, and thought

During the short time in which the French Dragoons and Polish Lancers were fighting, I managed to get some distance up the valley towards our lines, and when near No. 3 Redoubt I saw two men supporting a wounded officer of the 17th Lancers. One of the men was a trooper

belonging to my own regiment, and the other was one of the 17th Lancers. The officer was faint and exhausted from loss of blood, and was feebly asking for water. Neither of the men who were helping him had their water-bottles with them, and mine had been shot through in the cross-fire when the Russians first opened fire upon us at the commencement of our deadly ride. I saw no chance of getting water other than by searching among the dead bodies on the battlefield. I accordingly retraced my steps, and was soon fortunate enough to find a calabash, half full of water, strapped to a dead trooper's saddle. I snatched up this calabash, and, as I made my way back, pulled out the stopper and had a good drink, as I was frightfully parched myself. I had to get along as sharply as I could, for the enemy were again on the move; but I succeeded in reaching the wounded officer without any mishap, and gave him the water, which he gratefully acknowledged, and, turning to us, said, "Men, leave me here, and seek your own safety." But we would not leave him, and the other two troopers carried him off the field while I limped along by his side, ready to render any assistance I could, should the necessity arise.

As we were moving painfully along I saw a trooper of another regiment, who had been severely wounded, and another endeavouring to get him off the field, but they were getting along very slowly. I went to their assistance, leaving the two men with the wounded officer, whom they eventually succeeded in carrying safely from under fire. I afterwards heard that this officer died the next morning, after having had one of his legs amputated. My comrade and myself managed to get the wounded trooper safely into our lines. I then went in search of my regiment, and at last found what was left of it—only about half remained. We went into action that morning 112 strong and came out with only 61. Of horses we lost 84, and had besides several wounded, some of which eventually recovered, while others had to be destroyed. As a matter of fact, out of the 112 horses of my regiment which took part in the charge, only one, named *Butcher* (so called from the number and severity of its wounds), was brought back to England. This horse was presented to Her Majesty the Queen when the 13th Hussars embarked for India in 1874, and was kept at Hampton Court until its death about ten years ago. Our two regimental doctors had their hands full that

"I SUCCEEDED IN REACHING THE WOUNDED OFFICER."

day. They were very busy taking off a leg or an arm here, extracting bullets there, and dressing the wounds, more or less severe, of others. The roll of my regiment had been called before I reached it, and I found I was reported "killed," or "taken prisoner," but I fortunately was neither, and am alive at the present moment, with the glory of being one of the survivors of "The Charge of the Six Hundred."

I must not forget to mention that the two men who gallantly succoured the wounded officer and carried him safely off the field were, shortly after landing in England, awarded the Victoria Cross as a reward for their bravery and humanity. Such is the fortune of war, I myself just missed obtaining it. The colonels of the regiments of the Light Brigade got one each to be presented to the most deserving man of each regiment. Some of the colonels made the remark that one man was as much entitled to it as another. Through going down the valley in front of the enemy and bringing Captain Webb, of the 17th Lancers, a drink of water, I was allowed to draw lots for it with Corporal Malone, of my regiment, who assisted Sergeant Berryman to carry his officer off the field.* Malone being the oldest soldier got first draw, and drew the lucky straw.

* A description of Sergeant Berryman's feat, related by himself, appeared in the March number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

"BUTCHER."

THREE STORIES OF ARTIST LIFE.

By "Rita,"

Author of "Sheba," "Gretchen," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Dame Durden," &c.

INTRODUCTION.

"Brothers of the Brush."

THE studios stood in a meadow high above the quaint little fishing village of Trenewlyn. The meadow, which the proprietor had jestingly named "Le Champ des Beaux Arts," came suddenly upon one as a surprise on mounting the stony, dusky street that led up from the quay. The studios—three in number—were a still greater surprise, so modern and out of place they looked in this little old-world nook, where only fisher folk had lived and worked since the village had existed.

The streets were narrow and steep, and rudely paved with rough stones from the neighbouring quarry. The houses were piled in an incongruous fashion up the sloping hill, as if the builders had begun at the quay and gone on at intervals dropping these primitive dwellings here and there just as the fancy took them. History stated that the little village had suffered severely at the hands of the Spaniards in 1595, at which time these ruthless invaders had partly destroyed the beautiful old church which stood in the parish of Polwyn, about a mile off.

The wide blue waters of the bay could be stormy and wild at times, and the fleet of brown-sailed fishing boats were glad enough of the shelter and anchorage formed by the solid stone sea wall that stretched out right and left of the little harbour. It was a pretty sight to see them resting on the pebbly beach, or rocking on the soft rise and fall of the waves, or again standing out to sea like a flock of dark-winged birds, while the groups of women and children stood watching on the quay for a last look or smile from some stalwart lover, or father, or husband. They had their hours of peril, those bronzed and hearty toilers, for the coast was rough and dangerous, and the risk of life and its many hardships but poorly compensated. But, for all that, they were contented and cheerful folk, and apparently satisfied enough with their primitive life and surroundings. There was much that was picturesque and quaint about the little hamlet, and wonderful beauty of bay and coast, where the wide blue sea rolled bold and unbroken to the Lizard Point. And the varying lights and shadows, the quaint dusky houses, the steep streets, the groups of fishermen with their brown nets drying in the sun, the occasional and uncommon beauty of the women, which was curiously Spanish in type and colouring—all these were the delight and inspiration of many an artist who had strayed thither by chance, to stay often enough from choice.

So, in course of time, it entered the mind of one Jasper Trenoweth, owner of the old manor house of Trenoweth, and accounted by the country folk as a somewhat eccentric individual, to buy the waste piece of meadow land that commanded so unrivalled a view,

and build thereon a set of studios for the benefit of such artists as cared for marine subjects. The studios had been built and tenanted for some years, and the place itself had acquired considerable favour among the "Brothers of the Brush." Jasper Trenoweth was a man of great culture and of artistic tastes. He had travelled much, read much, and, in an unobtrusive and almost unrecognised manner, done an immense amount of good to members of a profession which he held in high reverence and esteem. Indeed, he himself had worked and studied as an artist in his youth with no inconsiderable success. But of late years, and, strangely enough, since the first year that the studios had been completed and opened, Jasper Trenoweth had never touched brush or pencil. He gave no reason, but then he was a man too reserved and cold to give confidence easily. A few friends dear to him by association, or kindred tastes, were all he ever asked to the lonely old mansion on the hill-side, where for nearly two centuries the Trenoweths had been born, and dwelt, and died. He was the last of that race; a man living quite alone, with no ties of family, and very few friends. He made good and generous use of his wealth, but always in an unobtrusive manner that few suspected. To artists in their days of struggling and despair he had ever been a friend, but he conferred benefits so delicately that it would have been a difficult matter to trace them back to his hand. A cold man, a cynical man, a man scant of praise, intolerant of feebleness, so said the art world; but here and there some nature would recognise the deep tenderness and nobility of this unknown benefactor; would learn that no man held genius in greater reverence, or gave to it more ready help, even as his scathing words and bitter contempt held up to scorn all that was imitative and mediocre.

Five years had passed since the studios had been tenanted—four since that strange rule had been framed and published by their owner that they would never be let to a woman artist. He was very strict on this point. He would give no reason, and suffer no questioning, but the rule, once made, had been rigidly adhered to.

Various tenants had held the studios from time to time, some remaining but a few months, others for a year or more. One artist, however, a young Irishman, celebrated for his sea pieces, and a great favourite with Jasper Trenoweth, had held his studio ever since they had been opened. This young man knew more of the cynical and reserved owner than any of the "art brotherhood" to whom his tall figure, and grave stern face, and quiet merciless criticisms were familiar.

As far as it was in him to unbend to, or care for anyone, Jasper had unbent to Denis O'Hara: perhaps because the bright sunny nature and genial temperament were so unlike his own—perhaps because he recognised in the youth of five-and-twenty those possibilities which had once allured himself, and knew that he, too, loved art more than fame, in an age when

"HE OPENED THE DOOR."

men care all for fame and little for art.

For five years the two had been constantly together, save for some months when Jasper Trenoweth would be travelling in Italy, or Switzerland, or Norway. It was after returning from one of these tours that one evening Jasper Trenoweth took his way down the hillside to the studios.

The general room where the artists usually sat and smoked and drank coffee in the evenings, was bright with lamplight and firelight as he opened the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold looking at the group round the fireplace.

They sprang up at his advent to give him a warm welcome. Brushes had been laid aside, easels forsaken. On the morrow the pictures destined for acceptance or rejection at the Royal Academy would be on view to the village folk, or gentry around. Hard work was over for a time. It remained to be seen what its results would produce.

"Welcome, welcome. Just in time!" rang out cheerily as the well-known face looked back at them.

"I suppose you've come to see what we've been doing," said Denis O'Hara, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You couldn't have hit on a better time, only—" he stopped and glanced round at his companions, a momentary chill and embarrassment on his bright face, and in his usually gay young voice.

"Only—what?" said Jasper Trenoweth, his deep tones sounding less stern than usual as he glanced round at the familiar scene.

A small table stood by the fire-place. It was littered over with sketches, and it seemed to him that the eyes of these "Brothers of the Brush" had suddenly turned to that table, and its loosely scattered contents.

Denis O'Hara seemed to constitute himself spokesman. "Sit down," he said, "and I'll tell you in what schoolboy fashion we were going to amuse ourselves. You see those sketches, . . . we found them in that cupboard yonder, and after some valuable and impartial criticism—which you've missed—we agreed to relate each a story of the origin or subject of one particular sketch, to be selected by vote."

"A good idea and interesting, if you tell the truth," said Jasper Trenoweth. "You must not let my visit interfere with your proposed amusement."

He came forward and stood by the little table, looking down with grave unsmiling eyes at the scattered suggestions before him. Idly enough his hand turned over the various sheets. The three men resumed their chairs and pipes. They were used to his visits and his ways, and accepted them without remark. Denis O'Hara alone of the group watched the face that was bent over the sketches, watched it with that sense of interest and speculation that it had always aroused in his breast. It was usually so calm and impressive a face that he was startled to see it suddenly flush darkly, hotly to the very brow, as the hand so idly moving among the scattered sheets turned up one and seemed arrested by that one.

A quiver as of pain, or the memory of pain, disturbed the usually impassive features. Jasper Trenoweth's eyes flashed keen and startled on the young and earnest face so intently watching him.

"Who—who did that?" he asked hoarsely.

"WHO DID THAT?"

Denis O'Hara glanced at the sketch. "It is mine," he said, simply.

For a moment the man who had asked that question stood silent and still, gazing down at the picture in his hand, his thoughts and memories centred in something it had recalled. Something—a dream, a hope, a memory?

Ah! even men, the coldest and hardest of men, may have one such dream, one such hope, one such memory. "So it is yours, that sketch," said Jasper Trenoweth. "But it is unfinished. Lend me your pencil, Denis; you may have the credit of the sketch, but I think I alone could tell the story aright."

"And you will, you will!" cried Denis O'Hara eagerly. "How often I've wanted to know—how often I've wondered. Trenoweth, don't think me intrusive or curious, but you know that old folly—the romance of that first year we spent here—if only I knew what had become of—her!"

For a moment Jasper Trenoweth was silent. The others now roused and wondering were looking at him, and at Denis, marvelling at the unwonted excitement of the one, the disturbance of the other. Then they saw the pencil working rapidly over the panel that Jasper Trenoweth held. No one spoke. Swiftly with unerring certainty, with that firmness and ease which bespoke certain knowledge and artistic skill, the sketch grew and lived before their eyes, and Denis O'Hara, breathless and wondering, watched it as no one else watched it, for to him it meant what it could never mean to anyone else, or so, in youth's blind egotism, he imagined.

Then with a deep-drawn breath, almost a sigh, Jasper Trenoweth handed him the sketch, and took the vacant chair placed for himself.

The face of the young artist grew pale as he looked at the little picture.

It was so simple, so unpretentious, and yet it might hold so tragic a meaning.

He looked questioningly at his friend. "I—I cannot understand," he said hesitatingly. "I could not tell the story from this now."

A faint smile quivered on those pale set lips of Jasper Trenoweth. "No?" he said. "But the sketch was yours; describe it."

"A—a large room, one it seems of many rooms. Pictures cover the wall. Before one picture a group of figures standing. Behind the group a man, his frame bent, almost crippled it seems, leaning on a woman's arm. I—I know the woman—I made this sketch of her long years ago—but——"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Trenoweth. "Tell the story of that woman as you know it. I will finish it."

STORY THE FIRST.

"19 ON THE LINE."

DENIS O'HARA kept the sketch in his hand, and glanced at it from time to time as he spoke.

"When I first came here," he said, "I had the place all to myself. I came in one of those fits of enthusiasm at which you all laugh. I had determined to do a great work, and I found everything here I wanted—light, views, climate, and models. Our friend Trenoweth introduced me to the place, gave me inestimable hints, and (no use shaking your head, Jasper; you shall not always hide your light under a bushel) in every way made me at home and comfortable. We were much together, for he was, or *said* he was, interested in my work, and approved of my subject. Sometimes I painted out of doors, favoured by the soft, grey light and equable climate, for which this place is famous. Sometimes I would work in the studio, and often, taking pity on my loneliness, Trenoweth would drop in here in the evenings, and we would talk—as he alone can make anyone talk. Altogether it was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening he strolled down here to show me a letter he had received from one of our fraternity asking to hire a studio for three months in order to complete a picture.

"The handwriting was bold and clear; the signature at the end of the simple, concise words only 'M. Delaporte.' We discoursed and speculated about M. Delaporte. We wondered if he was old or young, agreeable or the reverse; if he would be a bore, or a nuisance—in fact, we talked a great deal about him during the week that intervened between his letter and his arrival. Trenoweth saw to the arrangements of the studio. It was No. II. he had agreed to let, and gave directions as to trains, &c., and then left me to welcome the new comer who was to arrive by the evening train. I had been out all day, and when I came home tired, cold, and hungry, I saw lights in No. II., and thought to myself, 'My fellow artist has arrived, then.' Thinking it would be only civil to give him

welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out, 'Come in!' and, turning the handle, I found myself in the presence of—a woman! For a moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short step-ladder, arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned and, with the rich-hued stuffs forming a background for the pose of the most beautiful figure woman could boast of, faced me with as much ease and composure as—well, as I lacked.

"'Mr. Trenoweth?' she asked inquiringly.

"Her voice was one of those low, rich, contralto voices, so rare and so beautiful."

His own voice trembled; he glanced again at the sketch in his hand. "But then everything about her was beautiful and perfect. That says enough. 'I'm not Mr. Trenoweth,' I said, 'I'm only an artist living in the next studio. I—I came here to see if Mr. Delaporte had arrived; I beg your pardon for intruding.'

"'Do not apologise,' she said frankly. 'This studio is let to me, and you are very welcome.'

"'To you?' I said somewhat foolishly. 'I thought you were a man.'

"She laughed. 'I have not that privilege,' she said. 'But I am an artist, and art takes no count of sex. I hope we shall be friends as well as neighbours.'

"I echoed that wish heartily enough. Who would not in my place, and with so charming a companion? There and then I set to work to help her arrange her studio and fix her easel. The picture seemed very large, to judge from the canvas, but she would not let me see it then. I forgot fatigue, hunger, everything. I thought I had never met a woman with so perfect a charm of manner. The ease and grace and dignity of perfect breeding, yet withal a frank and gracious cordiality that was as winning as it was resistless. But there—what use to say all this! Only when I once begin to talk of Musette Delaporte I feel I could go on for ever.

"SHE WAS ARRANGING SOME VELVET DRAPERIES."

"That was a memorable evening. When the studio was arranged to her satisfaction, she made me some tea with a little spirit-lamp arrangement she had, and then we locked up the room, and I took her through the little village to try and find lodgings. Of course, Jasper and I having decided that M. Delaporte was a man, had expected him to rough it like the rest of us. I could not let her stay in Trenewlyn itself, but took her up the hill-side to a farmhouse, where I felt certain they would accommodate her. She was in raptures with the place, and I agreed with her that it was a paradise, as indeed it seemed to me on that August night. I remember the moon shining over the bay, the fleet of boats standing out to sea, the lights from the town and villages scattered along the coast, or amidst the sloping hills. I did not wonder she was charmed; we all have felt that charm here, and it doesn't lessen with time; we all have acknowledged *that* also. . . . But I must hurry on. When Trenoweth heard of the new artist's sex he was rather put out. I could not see why myself, and I agreed that the mistake was our own. M might stand for Mary, or Magdalen, or Marietta, just as well as

for Maurice, or Malcolm, or Mortimer. However, when he came down and saw M. Delaporte here, I heard no more about the disadvantages of sex. She was essentially a woman for companionship, cultured, brilliant, artist to her finger-tips, yet with all her beauty and fascination, holding a certain proud reserve between herself and ourselves, marking a line we dared not overstep. At the end of a month we knew little more about her than we did on that first evening. I opined that she was a widow ; but no hint, however skilful, no trap, however baited, could force her into confidence or self-betrayal. We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her name was Musette, she told me. Her mother had been a Frenchwoman ; of her father she never spoke. She worked very hard, often putting me to shame, but still she would not let me see the picture, always skilfully turning the easel so that the canvas was hidden whenever Jasper or myself entered the studio. We were never permitted to do so in working hours, but when the daylight faded, and the well-known little tea-table was set out, we often dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. It was all so pleasant, so homelike. The studio, with its draperies and its bowls of flowers, its plants, and books, and feminine trifles . . . I—I wonder how it is some women seem to lend individuality to their surroundings. . . . The studio has never looked the same since she left. . . ."

He paused, and laid down the sketch. The usual gaiety and brightness of his face was subdued and shadowed.

"I—well, it's no good to dwell on it all now," he said abruptly. "Of course I fell madly in love with her. Who could help it? I bet any of you fellows here would have done the same. I neglected work. I could only moon and dream and follow her about, when she let me, which I am bound to say was not very often. I'm sure I used to bore Trenoweth considerably at that time, though he was very patient. And she was just the same always : calm, friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances unconscious of what mischief her presence had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. I thought she avoided me, she never let me into the studio now, and I must confess I had a great curiosity to see the picture. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive me at the farmhouse. I believe Trenoweth was equally unsuccessful. At last I could stand it no longer. I spoke out and told her the whole truth. Of course," and he laughed somewhat bitterly, "it was no use. If she had been my mother or my sister she could not have been more serenely gracious, more pitiful, or more surprised. I—I had made a fool of myself as we men call it, and all to no purpose. It was maddening, but I knew it was hopeless. I had almost known it before my desperate confession. I couldn't bear to see her again. I felt I hated the place, it was so full of memories. So, suddenly, without a word to Trenoweth or herself, I packed up my traps and started off on a sketching tour through Cornwall. When I came back, the

"A CUP OF TEA AND A CHAT."

studio was closed, and Trenoweth had gone away. The man left in charge and who made the arrangements for letting them, told me that a new rule had been made by their landlord. They were never to be let to women artists. That is all my part of the story. This—this sketch is only the figure I remember. She was standing once just like that, looking at the wall of the studio, as if to her it was peopled with life, and form and colour. 'I—I was fancying myself at the Academy,' she said to me, as I asked her at what she was gazing, 'at the Academy, and my picture on the line.' I do not know if she ever attained her ambition," he added. "I have never seen or heard of her since."

He glanced at Jasper Trenoweth, who silently held out his hand for the sketch.

For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eyes of all were on the bent head and sad, grave face of the man who sat there before them, his thoughts apparently far away, so far that he seemed to have forgotten his promise to finish the story which Denis O'Hara had begun.

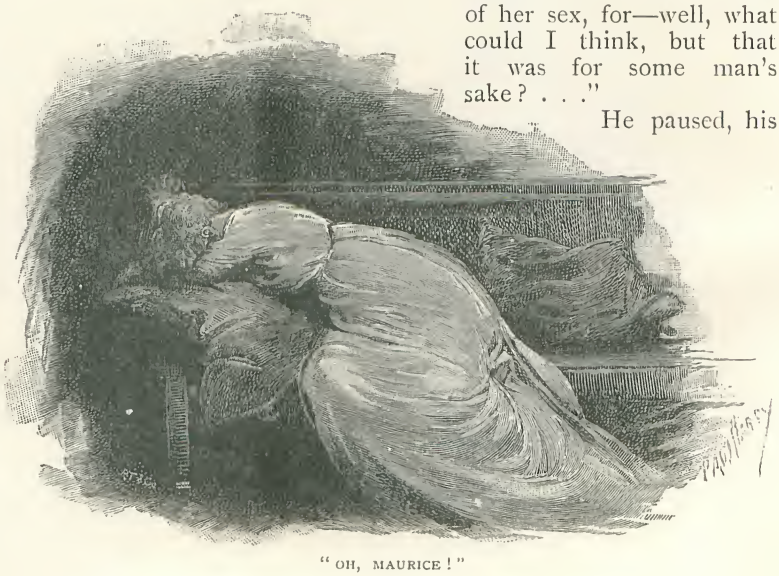
At last he roused himself. "There is not much more to add," he said slowly. "All that Denis has said of Musette Delaporte is true, and more than true. She was one of those women who are bound to leave their mark on a man's life and memory. After Denis left so abruptly I saw very little of her. She seemed restless, troubled, and disturbed. Her mind was absorbed in the completion of her picture. That unrest and dissatisfaction which is ever the penalty of enthusiasm, had now taken the place of previous hopefulness. 'If it should fail,' she said to me. 'Oh, you don't know what that would mean. You don't know what I have staked on it.'

"Still she never offered to show it to me, and I would not presume to ask. I kept away for several days, thinking she was best undisturbed. All artists have gone through that phase of experience which she was undergoing. . . . It is scarcely possible to avoid it, if, indeed, one has any appreciation for, or love of, art in one's nature.

"At last, one day I walked down to the studio. I knocked at the door. . . . There was no answer. I turned the handle, and entered. In the full light of the sunset, as it streamed through the window, stood the easel, covered no longer, and facing me, as I paused on the threshold, was the picture. I stood there too amazed to speak or move. . . . It was magnificent. If I had not known that only a woman's hand had converted that canvas into a living breathing history, I could not have believed it. There was nothing crude or weak or feminine about it. The power and force of genius spoke out like a living voice, and seemed to demand the homage it so grandly challenged. Suddenly I became aware of a sound in the stillness—the low, stifled sobbing of a woman. . . . I saw her then, thrown face downwards on the couch at the farthest end of the room, her face buried in the cushions, her whole frame trembling and convulsed with a passion of grief. 'Oh, Maurice!' she sobbed, and then again only that name—'Maurice! Maurice! Maurice!'

"I closed the door softly, and went away. There seemed to me something sacred in this grief. . . . I—I could not intrude on it. She was so near to Fame. She held so great a gift . . . and yet she lay weeping her heart out yonder, like the weakest and most foolish of her sex, for—well, what could I think, but that it was for some man's sake? . . ."

He paused, his

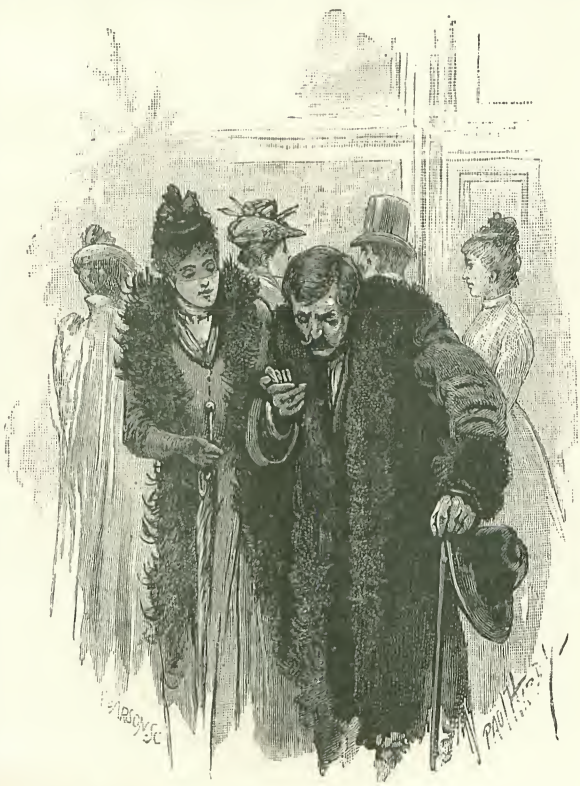


"OH, MAURICE!"

voice seemed a little less steady, a little less cold.

"On the morrow," he said abruptly, "she was gone, leaving a note of farewell, and—and thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange, too, how much I missed her and Denis. The loneliness and quiet of my life grew more than lonely as the days went on, and I at last made up my mind to go to London. Whether by chance or purpose I found myself there on the day the Academy opened. All who are artists know what that day means for them. I—well, I was artist enough to feel the interest of art triumphs, and the sorrow of its failures. I went where half London was thronging, and mingled with the crowd, artistic, critical, and curious, who were gathered in the Academy galleries. I passed into the first room. I noticed how the crowds surged and pushed and thronged around one picture there, and I heard murmurs of praise and wonder from scores of lips as I, too, tried to get sight of what seemed to them so marvellous and attractive. At last a break in the throng favoured me. I looked over the heads of some dozen people in front of the picture, and I saw—the picture I had gazed at in such wonder and delight in the studio of Musette Delaporte! Deservedly honoured, it hung there on the line, and already its praises were sounding, and the severest critics as well as the most eager enthusiasts were giving it fame.

"I turned away at last. My steps were, however, arrested on the outskirts of the crowd by sight of a woman whose figure seemed strangely familiar. Her face was veiled and somewhat averted, but I knew well enough that pose of the beautiful head, that coil of gold brown hair, just lifted from the white neck. She—she did not see me as for a moment I lingered there. Then I noticed she was not alone. Leaning on her arm was a man, his face pale and worn, as if by long suffering, his frame bent and crippled. As his eyes caught the picture I saw the sudden light and wonder that leaped into his face. I saw, too, the glory of love and tenderness in hers. I drew nearer, the man was speaking: 'How could you do it,' he said, 'how could you?' 'Oh, Maurice, forgive me,' said that low, remembered voice. 'Dearest, are we not one in heart and soul and name? I only finished what you had so well begun. You were so ill and helpless, and when you went into the hospital, oh, the days were so long and so empty. I meant to tell you, but when it was finished I had not the courage, so I just sent it, signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. I—I never dared to hope it would be accepted. After all, what did I do? The plan, the thought, the detail all were yours, only my poor weak hand worked when yours was helpless.'



"LEANING ON HER ARM WAS A MAN—BENT AND CRIPPLED."

I was so close I heard every word, so close that I saw him bend and kiss with reverence the hand that she had called poor and weak, so close that I heard the low breathed murmur from his lips, 'God bless and reward you, my noble wife!'"

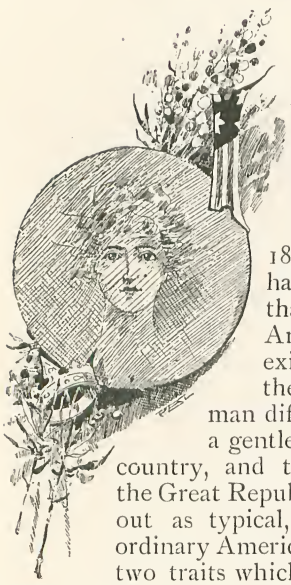
* * *

"And she was married all the time!" said Denis plaintively. "She might have told us!"

Jasper Trenoweth was silent.

Notes on Jonathan's Daughters.

By Max O'Rell.



IN an article on "The Typical American," which appeared in *The North American Review* (May, 1890), I ventured to hazard the opinion that the typical American does not exist, as yet: that the American gentleman differs not at all from a gentleman of any other country, and that no citizen of the Great Republic can be pointed out as typical, although in the ordinary American are to be found two traits which are very characteristic of him, and of other dwellers in new countries, viz., childishness and inquisitiveness.

But, although I failed to find a typical American man, I am very strongly of opinion that the American lady is typical. Good society is apt to mould all who frequent it into one pretty even shape, and it is all the more astonishing, therefore, to find the American *lady* with such a separate individuality.

Of the ordinary American woman I am not in a position to speak. In my wanderings through the United States I made acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men; but, coming to the petticoated portion of the community, I had practically no opportunity of studying any but ladies.

The American lady, in my eyes, is a distinct type; her charm is distinct from the charm of any European lady, and is certainly equal in extent to any. Two traits struck me very forcibly in her, and to the first of these I think she owes a great part of her success. They are, naturalness, or utter absence of affectation, and—shall I say it?—a lurking contempt for man. Not a militant contempt, not a loud contempt, but a quiet, queenly, benevolent contempt. I talk about her owing her success to the first of these; but who shall say whether her triumphant progress has not been greatly due to the second?

I have often tried to explain to myself this gentle contempt of American ladies for the male sex; for, contrasting it with the devotion, the lovely devotion of Jonathan to his womankind, it is a curious enigma. Have I found the solution at last? Does it begin at school? In American schools, boys and girls, from the age of five, follow the same path to learning, and side by side on the same benches. Moreover, the girls prove themselves thoroughly capable of keeping pace with the boys. Is it not possible that the girls, as they watched the performances of the boys in the study, have learnt to say: "Is that all?" while the young lords of creation, as they looked on at what "those girls" can do, have been fain to exclaim: "Who would have thought it?" And does not this explain the two attitudes: the great respect of men for women, and the mild contempt of women for men?

* * * *

When I was in New York, and had time to saunter about, I would go up Broadway, and wait until a car, well crammed with people, came along. Then I would jump on board, and stand near the door. Whenever a man wanted to get out, he would say to me, "Please," or "Excuse me," or just touch me lightly to warn me that I stood in his way. But the ladies! Oh, the ladies! Why, it was simply lovely. They would just push me away with the tips of their fingers, and turn up such disgusted and haughty noses! You would have imagined it was a heap of dirty rubbish in their way.

* * * *

Just as one of the hardest ways of earning a living is to be a middle-class English wife, so one of the loveliest sinecures in the world is to be an American lady. A small, sometimes no, family to bring up; very often no house to keep; three months' holiday in Europe; a devoted, hardworking husband ever ready to pet her, worship her, and supply the wherewith; an education that enables her to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life; a charming naturalness of manner; a freedom from conventionality; a bold picturesqueness of speech; a native

brilliancy ; all combine to make her a distinct type, and the queen of her sex.

* * * *

When a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman converse together, they can seldom forget that one is a man and the other a woman. It does not prove that a Frenchwoman must necessarily be, and is, affected in her relations with men ; but it explains why she does not feel, as the American woman does, that a man and a woman can enjoy a *tête-à-tête* free from all those commonplace flatteries, compliments, and platitudes that badly understood gallantry suggests. Many American ladies have made me forget, by the easiness of their manner, and the charm and naturalness of their conversation, that I was speaking with women, and with lovely ones too. This I could never have forgotten in the company of French ladies.

"THEY WOULD JUST PUSH ME AWAY."

On account of this feeling, and perhaps also of the difference which exists between the education received by a man and that received by a woman in France, the conversation will always be on some light topics, literary, artistic, dramatic, social, or other. Indeed, it would be most unbecoming for a man to start a very serious subject of conversation with a French lady to whom he had just been introduced. He would be taken for a pedant or a man of bad breeding.

In America, men and women receive practically the same education, and this of course enlarges the circle of conversational topics between the sexes. I shall always remember a beautiful American girl, not more than twenty years of age, to whom I was once introduced in a New York drawing-room, as she was giving to a lady sitting next to her a most minute description of the latest bonnet invented in Paris, and who, turning towards me, asked me point blank if I had read M. Ernest Renan's last book, "The History of the People of Israel." Well, I had not. I had to confess that I had not yet had time to read it. But she had, and she gave me, without the remotest touch of affectation or pedantry, a most interesting, detailed, and learned analysis of that remarkable book, almost in one breath with the description of the Paris bonnet. I related this incident in "Jonathan and his Continent." On reading it, some of my countrymen, critics and others, exclaimed : "We imagine the fair American girl wore a pair of gold spectacles."

"No, my dear compatriots, nothing of the sort. No gold spectacles, no guy. It was a beautiful girl, dressed with the most exquisite taste and care, and most charming and womanly."

An American woman, however learned she may be, is a sound politician, and she knows that the best thing she can make of herself is a woman, and she remains a woman. She will always make herself as attractive as she possibly can, not to please men, to please herself. If in a French drawing-room I were to remark to a lady how clever some woman in the room looked, she would probably closely examine that woman's dress to find out what I thought was wrong about it. It would probably be the same in England, but not in America.

A Frenchwoman will seldom be jealous of another woman's cleverness. She will far more readily forgive her this quality than beauty. "Oh ! how I should like to be a man ! " once exclaimed a French lady in my presence. An American lady would probably have said to her : "My dear, you are ever so much better as you are ! "

Of all the ladies I have met, I have no hesitation in declaring that the American ones are the least affected. With them, I repeat it, I feel at ease as I do with no other women in the world.

With whom but an *Américaine* would the following little scene have been possible?

It was on a Friday afternoon in Boston, the reception-day of Mrs. X., an old friend of my wife and myself. I thought I would call upon her early in the afternoon, before the crowd of visitors had begun to arrive. I went to her house at half-past three. Mrs. X. received me in the drawing-room, and we soon were talking on the one hundred and one topics that old friends have on their tongue tips. Presently the conversation fell on love and lovers. Mrs. X. drew her chair up a little nearer to the fire, put the toes of her little slippers on the fender-stool, and with a charmingly confidential, but perfectly natural, manner, said:—

"You are married, and love your wife; I am married, and love my husband; we are both artists, let's have our say out."

And we proceeded to have our say out.

"INQUISITIVENESS."

But, lo! all at once I noticed about half an inch of the seam of her black silk bodice was unsewn. We men, when we see a lady with something awry in her toilette, how often do we long to say to her: "Excuse me, Madam, but perhaps you don't know that you have a hairpin sticking out two inches just behind your ear," or, "Pardon me, Miss, I'm a married man, there is something wrong just under your waist belt."

But we dare not say so. We are afraid we shall be told to mind our own business.

Now, I felt for Mrs. X., who was just going to receive a crowd of callers, with a little rent in one of her bodice seams, and tried to persuade myself to be brave, and tell her of it. Yet I hesitated. People take things so differently. The conversation went on unflaggingly. More than once I had started a little cough, and was on the point of—but my courage failed. The clock struck half-past four. I could not stand it any longer.

"Mrs. X.," said I, all in a breath, "you are married, and love your husband; I am married, and love my wife; we are both artists; there is a little bit of seam come unsewn just there by your left arm, run and get it sewn up!"

The peals of laughter that I heard going on upstairs while the damage was being repaired, proved to me that there was no resentment to be feared; but, on the contrary, that I had earned the gratitude of Mrs. X.

* *

Inquisitiveness, I have said, is a characteristic feature of American men; but I imagine that this feature is also to be found in the daughters of the Great Republic.

During my second visit to the States, it amused me to notice that the Americans to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced, refrained from asking me what I thought of America, but they invariably inquired if the impressions of my first visit were confirmed.

One afternoon, at an "At Home" in Boston, I met a lady from New York who asked me a most extraordinary question.

"I have read 'Jonathan and his Continent,'" she said to me. "I suppose that is a book of impressions written for pub-

lication. But now, tell me *en confidence*, what do you think of us ? "

"Is there anything in that book," I replied, "which can make you suppose that it is not the faithful expression of what I think of America and the Americans ? "

"Well," she said, "it is so complimentary, taken altogether, that I must confess I had a lurking suspicion of your having purposely flattered us, and indulged our national weakness for hearing ourselves praised, so as to make sure of a warm reception for your book."

"No doubt," I ventured, "by writing a flattering book on any country, you would greatly increase your chance of a large sale in that country ; but, on the other hand, you may write an abusive book on any country, and score a great success among that nation's neighbours. For my part, I have always gone my own quiet way, philosophising rather than opiniating, and when I write, it is not with the aim of pleasing any particular public. I note down what I see, say what I think, and people may read me or not, just as they please. But I think I may boast, however, that my pen is never bitter, and I do not care to criticise unless I feel a certain amount of sympathy with the subject of my criticism. If I felt that I must honestly say hard things of people, I would always abstain altogether."

"Now," said my fair questioner, "how is it that you have so little to say about our Fifth Avenue folks ? Is it because you have seen very little of them, or is it because you could only have said hard things of them ? "

"On the contrary," I replied, "I saw a good deal of them, but what I saw showed me that to describe them would be only to describe polite society, as it exists in London and elsewhere. Society gossip is not in my line, boudoir and club smoking-room scandal has no charm for me. Fifth Avenue resembles too much Mayfair and Belgravia to make criticism of it worth attempting."

I knew this answer would have the effect of putting me into the lady's good graces at once, and I was not disappointed. She accorded to me her sweetest smile, as I bowed to her, to go and be introduced to another lady by the mistress of the house.

The next lady was a Bostonian. I had to explain to her why I had not spoken of

"MR. BLANK WAS ALSO VERY MUCH ALIVE."

Beacon Street people, using the same argument as in the case of Fifth Avenue society, and with the same success.

* * * *

At the same "At Home," I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blank, whom I had met many times in London and Paris.

She is one of the crowd of pretty and clever women whom America sends to brighten up European society, and who reappear both in London and Paris with the regularity of the swallows. You meet them everywhere, and conclude that they must be married, since they are styled Mrs., and not Miss. But whether they are wives, widows, or *divorcées*, you rarely think of inquiring, and you may enjoy their acquaintance, and even their friendship, for years, without knowing whether they have a living lord or not.

Mrs. Blank, as I say, is a most fascinating specimen of America's daughters, and that day in Boston I found that Mr. Blank was also very much alive, but the companions of his joys and sorrows were the telephone and the ticker; in fact, it is thanks to his devotion to these that the wife of his bosom is able to adorn European society during every recurring season.

American women have such love for independence and freedom that their visits to Europe could not arouse suspicion, even in the most malicious. But, nevertheless, I was glad to have heard of Mr. Blank, because it is comfortable to have one's mind at rest on these subjects. Up to now, whenever I had been asked, as sometimes happened, though seldom: "Who is Mr. Blank, and where is he?" I had always answered: "Last puzzle out!"

"MONSIEUR AND MADAME."

The freedom enjoyed by American women has enabled them to mould themselves in their own fashion. They do not copy any other women, they are original. I can recognise an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or a car, and you know her for Jonathan's daughter. Married or unmarried, her air is full of assurance, of a self-possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you, or talks to you, her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth.

Would you have a fair illustration of the respective positions of women in France, in England, and in America?

Go to a hotel, and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-rooms.

Now, don't go to the Louvre, the Grand Hôtel, or the Bristol, in Paris. Don't go to Claridge's, the Savoy, the Victoria, or the Métropole, in London. Don't go to Delmonico's in New York, or the Thorndyke in Boston, because in all these hotels, you will probably run the risk of seeing all behave alike. Go elsewhere, and, I say, watch.

In France, you will see Monsieur and Madame arrive together, walk abreast towards the table assigned to them, very often arm in arm, talking and smiling at each other—though married. Equal footing.

In England, you will see John Bull leading the way. He does not like to be seen eating in public, and thinks it very hard that he should not have the dining-room all to himself. So he enters, with his hands in his pockets, looking askance at everybody right and left. Then, meek and demure, with her eyes cast down, follows Mrs. John Bull.

But in America! Oh, in America, behold, the dignified, nay, the majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a perfect queen going towards her throne, bestowing a glance on her subjects right and left—and Jonathan behind!

* * * *

They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than paradise; there is another word to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies.

If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice:

"Oh! make me an American woman!"

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Le Jeune, Paris.*

From a] AGE 37. *[Photograph.*

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

BORN 1826.

EUGÉNIE, Ex-Empress of the French, was born in Granada May 5, 1826. Her father was an officer in the Spanish army; her mother, Doña Maria Kirkpatrick, was descended from a Scotch family who had fled to Spain after the fall of the Stuarts. Eugénie's childhood was spent at Madrid, but she was afterwards sent to school in England, and resided with her mother for some time in London. When she was twenty-five she paid a long visit to Paris, where her great beauty and intellectual gifts won the heart of Napoleon III. The marriage was celebrated with great magnificence on January 29, 1853, at Nôtre Dame. In 1856, the year in which our first portrait represented her, at the height of her remarkable beauty, the Prince Imperial was born, who, in our second portrait, is shown at the age of seven at his mother's knee. On June 1, 1879, occurred the great sorrow of her life, when the Prince Imperial was killed by the savages in South Africa. Her Majesty now lives in retirement at her mansion at Farnborough.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 32. *[F. S. Window*

From a Photo. by] AGE 39 *[Window & Grove.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[Sarony.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

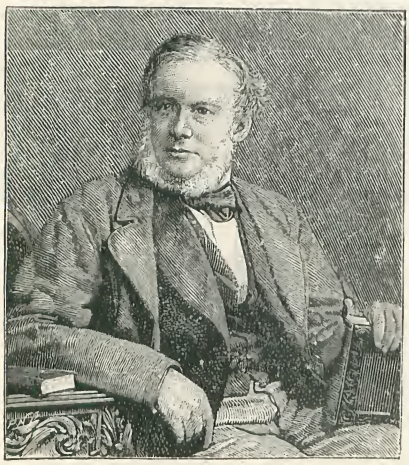
W. S. GILBERT.

BORN 1836.

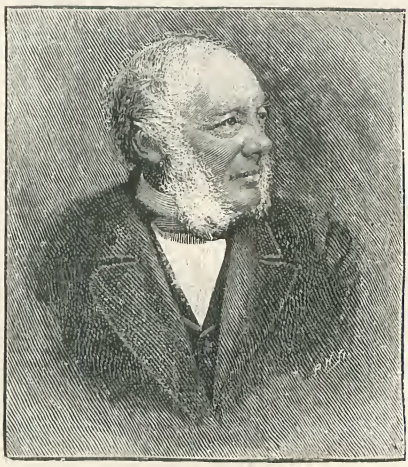
A FULL account of Mr. Gilbert's life appears in the present number, recounted for the most part by himself—a fact which lends additional interest to this series of portraits, but which renders it unnecessary to enter in this place into any particulars of his career. The first of our portraits shows Mr. Gilbert as a lawyer, the second in the uniform of a captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders, the third as the author of several successful plays, and the last as the most original and popular writer of comic operas now living.

From a] AGE 28. [*Daguerreotype.*

AGE 47.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.



AGE 58.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

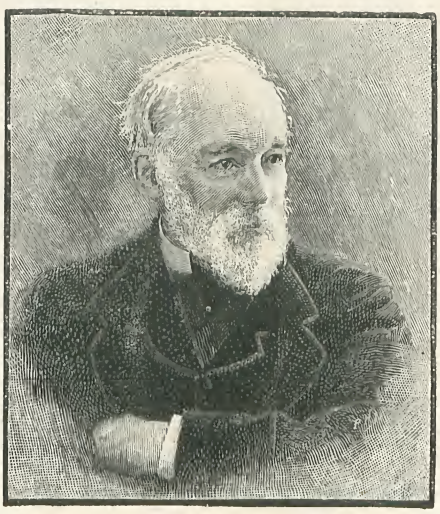


AGE 69.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES.

BORN 1812.

SAMUEL SMILES, born at Haddington, Scotland, was educated as a surgeon, but abandoned the profession at about the date of our first portrait to become editor of *The Leeds Times*. He had already written his first book, "Physical Education."



From a Photo. by] AGE 78. [*Le Lieure, Rome.*

In 1845 he became secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, which, ten years later, he left for the South-Eastern Railway. All this time he was putting forth his popular books, and at the date of our second portrait had just written perhaps the most popular of them all, "Self-Help." Few men have had the privilege of addressing a wider audience than has Dr. Smiles.

From a] AGE 12. *[Silhouette.*

JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

BORN 1830.

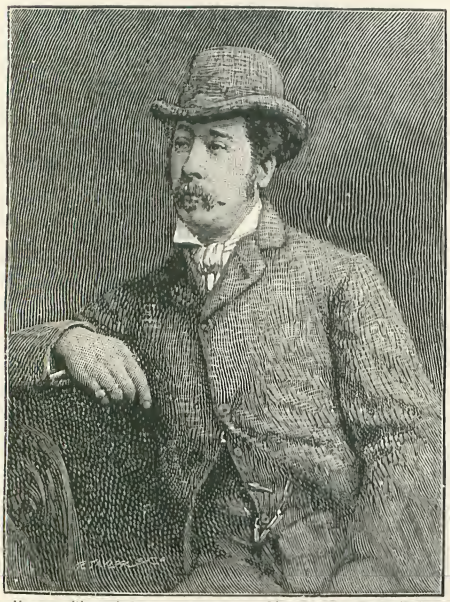
MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, according to the account with which he has been good enough to favour us, learned very little at school, except the classics and French: German and Italian he studied afterwards. He was extremely fond of Latin and Greek, and when quite a small boy used to read even the most difficult Latin and Greek authors quite fluently. He read all the classics he could get hold of when school hours were over. He never had the slightest pretension to scholarship, and only acquired what may be called a literary knowledge of the languages, enough to enable him to read the books he loved. Even still, though he has lost his boyish familiarity with the languages, he has kept up his acquaintance with the great authors of Greece and Rome. He never had any taste for science, except for astronomy, and even that he did not cultivate to any practical extent. At one time he fancied himself a poet, and wrote and published much verse—nearly all of it anonymously. But he became satisfied in his own mind that he had no genuine gift of poetry, and he resolutely gave up any attempts at verse. Born and brought up in a seaport town, he was in his early days passionately fond of yachting, rowing, and swimming — but afterwards he had no leisure to cultivate such pursuits. He entered a lawyer's office immediately after leaving school, and studied law there for about a year. Family affairs compelled him to give up the idea, and he took to newspaper work instead. He became attached to *The Cork Examiner* when he was hardly more than fifteen years old, and has been connected with journalism ever since. He always says that the one great success of his life has been that he has known so many famous, and gifted, and interesting men and women. He is, and ever has been, a devoted Irish Nationalist, and is well known outside the world of politics as a novelist, and by his "History of Our Own Times."

From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[Watkins.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Barraud.*

From a] AGE 12. *[Drawing.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Alex. Bassano.*



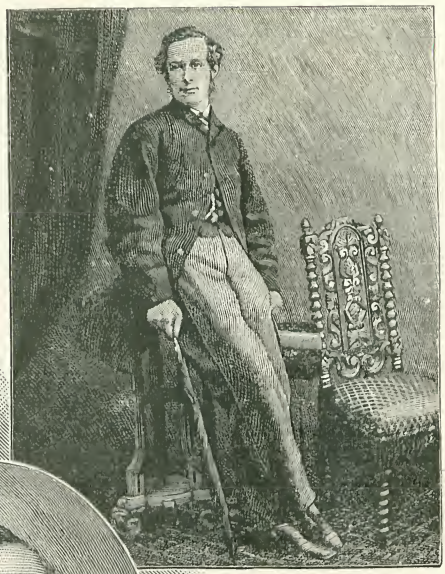
From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[London Stereoscopic Co.*

From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Walery.*

CHARLES WARNER.

MR. CHARLES WARNER, who was originally intended for an architect, made his first appearance in London when he was eighteen years of age, as *Romeo* at the Princess's Theatre. Those who afterwards saw him play *Charley Burridge* in Byron's drama, "Daisy Farm," could not fail to recognise his rare histrionic gifts. When the famous "Our Boys" was produced, he contributed in a large measure to its phenomenal success by his creation of *Charles Middlewick*. There was, however, a hidden power in Mr. Warner which few suspected, and it was not till he played *Coupeau* in Charles Reade's "Drink," that this power had the opportunity of revealing itself. His performance of this character stands now, in the recognition of critic and playgoer alike, as one of the notable performances of the age. Mr. Warner's reputation and position caused tempting offers to be made to him from Australia, and in our Britain across the seas he gained fame and fortune. He has this year been playing at Drury Lane Theatre with marked success.

AGE 20.
From a Photograph.

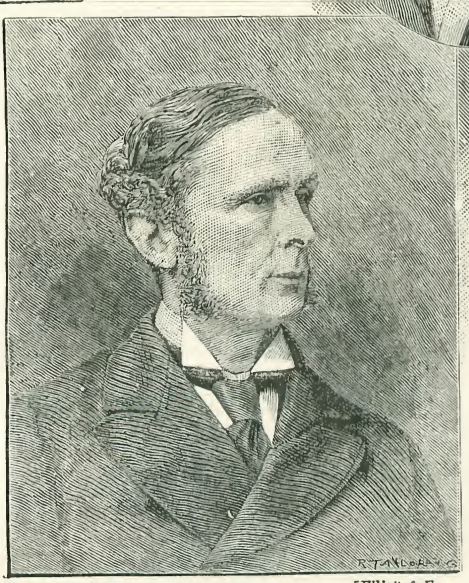


AGE 26.
From a Photograph by the London School of Photography.

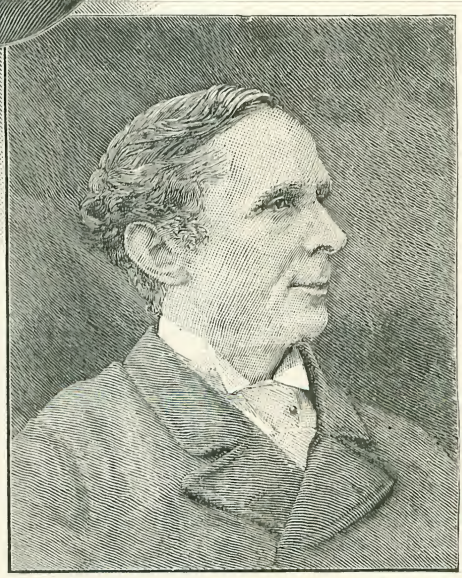
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE. AGE 31.

BORN 1837.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S father, who was a doctor, was killed by being thrown from his gig, when the boy was only fourteen. He began life in the Union Life Assurance Company, Cornhill, but soon entered as a student at the London Hospital, where, and afterwards at Vienna, he commenced the distinguished career, of which the results are known to all the world.



From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Elliott & F. y.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 54. *[Menaelstown.*

Three in Charge.

By W. Clark Russell.

IT is a little incident of ocean life now a good many years old; but human nature was the same then as it is now; and, indeed, the older I grow the more I find human nature the same now as it was then.

Business had carried me to the East Indies. I had visited Madras, whence I had proceeded to Calcutta, and from Calcutta I had made my way to Rangoon. I stayed in that place a month, by which time my health had suffered so greatly from the climate that I made up my mind to return to Europe in a sailing ship, that I might spend many long weeks among the fresh breezes of the sea, and get all the benefit I could out of the incessant changes of climate which a voyage down the Indian Ocean, and round the Cape of Good Hope, and up the two Atlantics provides you with.

There was a full-rigged ship lying at Rangoon, called the *Biddy McDougal*. I heard that she was to sail at much about a date that would suit my convenience, and as she looked a comfortable, stout ship, I inquired the name of the agent, called upon him, and asked if I could get a passage to England by the vessel. He answered "Yes;" she was bound to London; she was not a passenger ship, but the captain would no doubt be glad to accommodate me with a cabin. The charge would be so much—I forget the figure, but I recollect that it was moderate, something short of forty pounds. For this money I was to live on such provisions as were served up at the captain's table, but the spirits and wine I might need I must myself lay in.

Next day I went aboard the *Biddy McDougal* to inspect her cabin accommodation. On climbing over the gangway I was received by a tall, rather good-looking man, with a face remarkable for its expression of sternness. His skin was blackened by exposure to the sun and weather, and another shade of dye would have qualified him to pass for a native. He frowned as he surveyed me, and inquired my business on board.

"I am going to England in this ship," said I, "and I have come to see what sort of a cabin I am to sleep in."

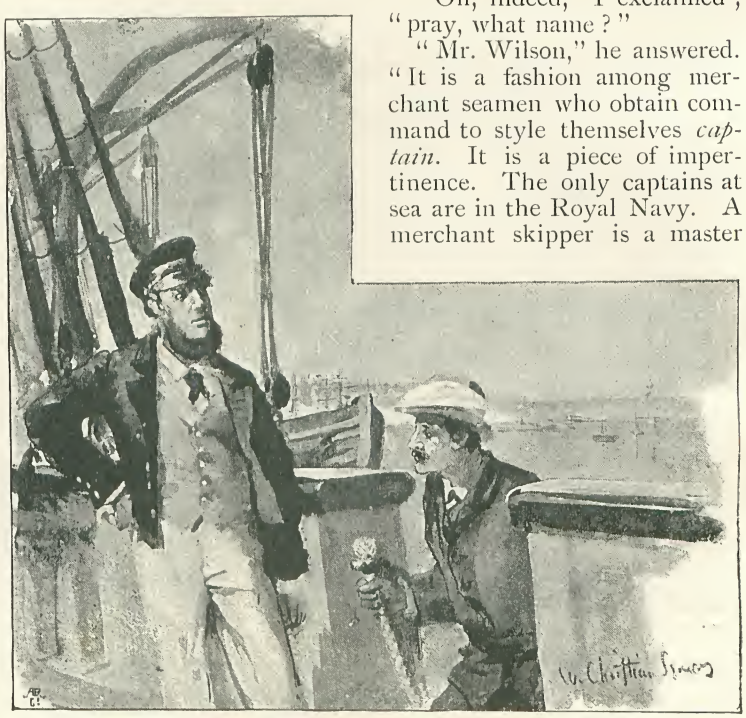
"Oh, I beg pardon," he exclaimed, but without relaxing his stern expression. "I thought——," he broke off and muttered behind his teeth.

"Who are you?" said I, "the mate?"

"No, sir, I am the captain."

"Oh, indeed," I exclaimed; "pray, what name?"

"Mr. Wilson," he answered. "It is a fashion among merchant seamen who obtain command to style themselves *captain*. It is a piece of impertinence. The only captains at sea are in the Royal Navy. A merchant skipper is a master



"I WAS RECEIVED BY A TALL, RATHER GOOD-LOOKING MAN."

mariner. All merchant captains are misters. I am plain Mr. Wilson, at your service, sir."

He spoke with considerable heat; but I was willing to attribute his temper to the weather, which was certainly very trying. And then, again, his men might have given him trouble, for numerous and deep are the worries and anxieties of the British shipmaster. Much is expected of him, and little is given. His crew are slender and ignorant; they charge upon him every outrage that is perpetrated by the owner, and often would they be glad to cut his throat before the land is out of sight; he has no professional prospects, and when at last he runs his ship ashore, or loses her in a gale of wind, or by fire, and is compelled by a Court of Inquiry to withdraw from the vocation which he has pursued, if not adorned, man and boy, for perhaps forty years, there is no other port under his lee for him to bring up in than the establishment at Belvedere, which, I regret to say, is always in want of funds and always inconveniently full.

Therefore it was that when Mr. Wilson spoke with heat about shipmasters styling themselves *captains*, I made "allowances," as the phrase goes, and after briefly acquiescing in his views, requested to be allowed to see the cabin the agent had offered me. I viewed that cabin, and found it small and ill-lighted, but on the whole it was a better cabin than I had expected to find on board such a ship as the *Biddy McDougal*. The state-room, in which the meals were taken, was a tolerably cheerful interior, very plainly furnished, with a large skylight over the table, a stove for cold weather, a lamp, a clock in the skylight, and a big telescope in the companion way. There were three cabins forward and two cabins abaft. My cabin was forward, on the starboard side.

Mr. Wilson and I went on deck, and we stood conversing awhile under the shelter of an awning. I asked the number of the crew, the time the ship had occupied in making the outward passage, and so on, and then went ashore, understanding that the vessel would not sail for another week.

Three days later I paid a second visit to the ship, for by this time I had purchased what I needed, and I wished to see where the cases and parcels had been stowed. On stepping on board I beheld an immensely stout, red-faced man with a wide straw hat on his head, dressed in white drill, seated in a chair with poles attached to it under the short awning which sheltered a portion of the quarterdeck. Two or three sailors were lounging in the forepart of the ship. There was no work apparently doing. I looked about me for Mr. Wilson, the master, and seeing nothing of him, I directed my eyes in search of any individual who might resemble the mate.

"I BEHELD AN IMMENSELY STOUT, RED-FACED MAN."

"Pray, what's your business?" called out the stout, red-faced man without attempting to rise.

"I wish to see the captain," said I.

"Well, you are looking at him," he answered.

"I do not see him," I exclaimed, casting my gaze around.

"Why, ye can't be so blind as all that!" cried the stout, red-faced man in a noisy, roaring, yet greasy voice, which he followed on with a succession of hearty chuckles.

"I want to see the captain," said I, feeling much too hot and tired to be made a fool of by a rough, shapeless, red-faced lump of a man such as was he who gazed at me out of a pair of little weak, moist blue eyes, set in the midst of a countenance as round and inflamed as the newly-risen November moon at its full.

"I am the captain," said he.

"What is your name?" said I, approaching him.

"Captain Timothy Punch," he answered; "what is your business, sir?"

I informed him that I had taken a passage in the *Biddy McDougal* for England.

"Oh, *you're* the gent!" he cried, and his manner immediately became respectful. "You'll excuse me for not rising. I'm full up, flush to the hatches with gout, and pain ain't going to improve the manners of a plain sailor. If I'm a bit rough in my speech, you'll excuse me. What can I offer ye, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"A ship's fok'sle was my college," he continued, giving expression to his enjoyment of the matter of his speech by a succession of oily chuckles, "and I comes from a rough stock, sir. Ye may have heard of the famous Captain John Punch, him as was a terror to all wrong-doers down in the West Indian waters. He couldn't read or write, but he was a captain in the Royal Navy for all that, as you may h'ascertain by consulting the Admiralty lists of his day. His not being able to write was nothen; but his not being able to read was a bit inconvenient now and again; as, for instance, when he was sent away under sealed orders, or when he'd get an official letter marked 'confidential,' the inside of which he was to keep strictly secret."

He was proceeding, but I cut the garrulous old gentleman short.

"I may take it," said I, "that there has been a fresh captain appointed to this ship since I visited her a few days ago?"

"You may take it," he noisily wheezed, "that the captain of this ship is Timothy Punch. He brought the *Biddy McDougal* out, and he's going to take the *Biddy McDougal* home."

I viewed him with astonishment, but held my tongue, never doubting that the "Mr. Wilson" whom I had met, and who might have happened to be on board as a guest, or as a sightseer, when I arrived, had entertained himself at my expense by a deliberate lie.

Captain Punch again apologised for not being able to rise, yet made an effort to stir in his chair for no other purpose, however, that I could see than to force a groan that sounded like an execration. He told me that my private stock of wine and the other matters I had laid in were safely housed in the berth adjoining mine, a berth that was unoccupied, and was therefore at my service, as well as the cabin I had paid for. Nevertheless, I went below to make sure. In the cabin I found a young fellow cleaning some glasses.

"Are you the steward?" said I.

"I waits upon the captain," he answered.

"The captain?" I exclaimed.

"Captain Punch, sir," said he.

"Then it is all right so far as Punch goes," thought I; "and that fellow Wilson—if I should happen to meet him!"

"Is there a regular steward?" said I.

"I does all the waiting at this here table," answered the young fellow.

On this I told him that I was the passenger, bade him see that my cabin was clean and comfortable and in readiness for me, slipped a few rupees into his hand, and, after looking at my purchases, returned on deck.

The captain told me that the ship would certainly sail on the following Wednesday, at some hour in the forenoon, and bade me be on board not later than nine.

"We ought to ha' got away three weeks ago," he exclaimed. "It's all along of the Rangoon port authorities, as they call themselves. Every snivelling creature whose dirty little soul is wropped up in a white hide is a boss in this here flaming country, and the more snivelling he is, and the dirtier the little soul what's wropped up in him is, the more aggrevatingly does he go to work in his bossing jobs. Punch knows 'em. They've got Punch's hump up often enough, and lucky it is for these here port authorities that Punch ain't no longer the man he was;" and here he looked at his immense gouty fists, then fastened his eyes significantly upon his bloated, seemingly helpless knees.

I sent my baggage to the ship on the Tuesday afternoon, and at nine o'clock on

the following morning I repaired on board the *Biddy McDougal* as she lay in the river off the town. On gaining the deck I perceived a number of seamen employed upon the ground tackle, and I seemed to catch sight of the man who had called himself "Wilson" and "captain" standing in the ship's head, and gazing down over the bows; but his face was but partially revealed, and the shadow of his wide straw hat darkened and obscured the little of his countenance that was visible. A man stood near the gangway, clothed in blue serge with a white cover to his naval cap. He was a sullen-looking fellow, with a roll of white beard and whiskers running down his cheeks under his throat, a sour mouth, and a dry twist of face which, rounding into one eye, made it look smaller than the other. As I had not yet met the mate of the ship, I supposed that this man might be that officer, and, approaching him, I said:—

"Are you the mate?"

"No," he answered, leisurely bringing his eyes down from aloft, and fastening them upon me. "I am neither the mate, nor the man that cooks the mate."

"Who are you?" said I, nettled by his brusque manner.

"Who are *you*, first of all?" he answered.

"I am a passenger going home in the *Biddy McDougal*."

His manner changed. "I ask your pardon," said he; "I took you to be another gent; someone I don't want to have nothing more to say to. You're amazingly like him, surely."

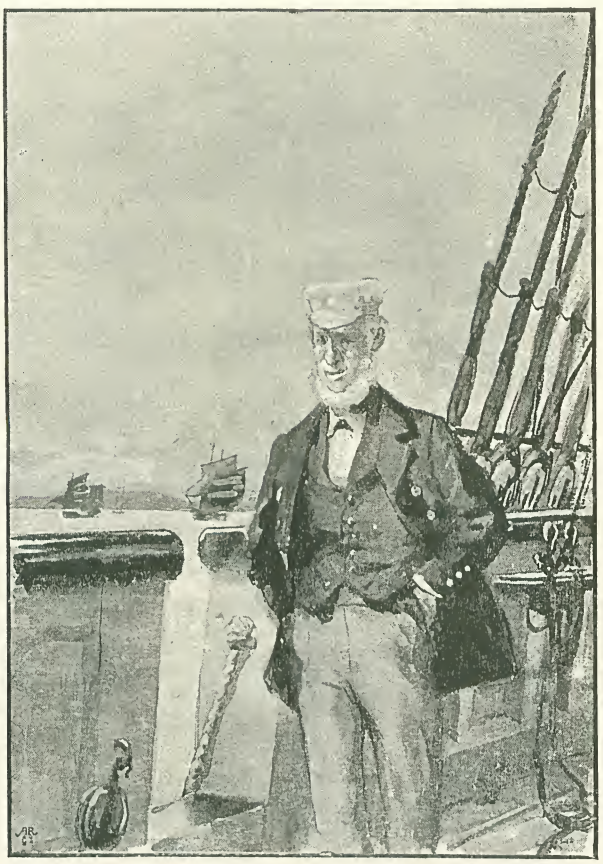
"Are you the mate?" said I.

"No, sir," he replied, "I am the captain."

I eyed him steadfastly, and then looked round the deck, scarcely knowing as yet but that I had taken my passage aboard a ship full of lunatics.

"The captain?" I cried.

"Ay," he answered, with an emphatic nod, "Captain Parfitt."



"A MAN STOOD NEAR THE GANGWAY."

"Pray, how many captains does this ship carry?" said I, again looking round the deck in search of any signs of old Captain Punch.

"One only," said he, "and I'm that man."

"I have been aboard this vessel three times," said I, "and on each occasion have met with a new captain. The first time it was Captain Wilson — there he is," I exclaimed, pointing to the forecastle where the man Wilson who had called himself the master now stood looking towards me, and plainly visible. "Next it was Captain Timothy Punch, a gouty, red-faced man, who sat helpless in a chair on this quarter-deck. And now it is you."

A sour smile curled the man's lips.

"They haven't been quite above-board with you, sir," said he. "The long and short of it's this: Cap'n Punch was in charge during the outward voyage right enough; but he was took very bad with gout a month afore Rangoon was reached, and the command of the vessel was given

to his chief mate, that there gent as you see for'rads. The ship was to sail home in charge of Mr. Wilson; but the port authorities says 'No; Mr. Wilson don't hold a certificate as master.' The ship couldn't be cleared till a proper master was had. I was asked to navigate the vessel home, and here I am. So ye may take it from me that I'm captain and nobody else."

"Well," said I, "if there's truth in the saying that there's safety in numbers, the passage should be comfortable and speedy," and with that I went below to look after my traps.

The ship sailed an hour later, but it was not until dinner time that I saw what we were to expect more or less throughout the whole of the long run to England. We were then at sea, the high sun burning over our masthead, a hot breeze blowing over the quarter, and the ship thrusting along under full breasts of canvas and wide overhanging wings of studding-sail. A bell rang to announce dinner, and I quitted the quarter-deck for the cabin. On entering I found Mr. Wilson seated at the head of the table. Captain Parfitt followed me below, and instantly exclaimed to Mr. Wilson:

"That's my place. You must clear out of that chair, please."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Wilson. "I am master of this ship by orders of her lawful captain. You are an interloper."

Captain Parfitt turned pale and breathed short.

"I am captain of this ship," said he, "and you are her chief mate. You will go on deck, if you please, and keep a look-out whilst I eat my dinner."

Mr. Wilson did not offer to move; merely eyed Captain Parfitt with his extraordinarily stern face. Captain Parfitt clenched his fists.

"Gentlemen," said I, "there must be some remedy for this."

"So there is, by God!" roared Parfitt. "It's mutiny. If ye ain't out of that chair in a jiffy I'll clap ye in irons."

"*You?*" shouted Mr. Wilson, half springing from his seat.

At this moment the door of one of the after cabins was opened, and two stout sailors appeared, bearing the immense shape of Captain Punch in a chair, to which poles had been lashed.

"Is dinner ready?" he called out.

"IS DINNER READY?" HE CALLED OUT.

"Your chief mate is a mutineer. He refuses to obey my orders," cried Captain Parfitt.

"Up ye get, Wilson; that's my seat," said Captain Punch, taking no notice of Parfitt.

Mr. Wilson at once made way, and the two sailors, broadly grinning, with much pushing and shoving, hove, or rather prized old Punch into the chair of honour. Mr. Wilson swiftly seated himself at the foot of the table.

"Sit ye down, sir; sit ye down," cried old Punch to me. "Who's got the lookout on deck?"

"The ship's watching herself," sulkily growled Captain Parfitt.

"Hadn't ye better go up and look after her?" said Punch to Parfitt.

"What am I to understand?" shouted Parfitt.

"Why this," interrupted Captain Punch, "that this is a ship as could very well ha' found her way home without ye. You wasn't wanted; but since ye've made up your mind to come, why, durn my eyes, ye'll have to take things as ye find 'em. Mr. Wilson's the captain-helect by my authority, and whilst I've got lungs to blow a breath of air out with I'm the gorramighty of the *Biddy McDougal*. Understand *that*."

Without answering a word Captain Parfitt flung his cap down upon the locker and took his seat at the table abreast of me. On this Captain Punch bade Mr. Wilson tell the ship's carpenter—who it seems acted as second mate—to keep a lookout until he was relieved from the cabin.

"Seeing that I have paid for my passage aboard this ship, and that it is highly desirable, absolutely essential in a word, that I should have some head to refer to, some person in supreme authority to complain to and to appeal to in case of discomfort or difficulty, I should be glad to know, gentlemen, which of you I am to consider as captain of the *Biddy McDougal?*" said I, hoping by this stilted but nevertheless resolutely uttered address to clear the air somewhat and do some good.

"I am captain," said Punch, with his mouth full of beef.

"Yes, and I am in charge," said Captain Parfitt.

"You mean, I am in charge," cried Mr. Wilson.

"I am captain of this ship, and the supreme head, sir," cried Punch, addressing me, "but Mr. Wilson represents me whilst I'm off duty through illness, and so long as he represents me he is master helect, as I afore said, and there's no man aboard this ship who's going to say contrairy."

"Yes, there is," said Captain Parfitt; "but I don't mean to waste no words on either of ye. You know where my authority comes from. I'm master of the *Biddy McDougal* till I've berthed her in the dock she's bound to, and if this here mate of yours interferes with me I'll log him for mutiny, break him, and send him forrads, as ye both know I've got the power to do. And if that don't answer—" he interrupted himself by exclaiming: "But I don't want no words," and so saying he rose, having eaten little or nothing, and went on deck.

Well, as may be supposed, this was but the first of a long series of uncomfortable quarrels. I cannot positively say that Captain Parfitt did not log Mr. Wilson for mutiny, and order him forward into the forecastle to work before the mast. This I cannot say, but it is certain that Mr. Wilson did not go forward; on the contrary, he remained very much aft, giving instructions without regard to Captain Parfitt's orders, and acting in all ways as though he, and he alone, were master of the vessel.

That very same day, I remember—I mean that day on which the quarrel at the table happened—Mr. Wilson came on deck whilst Captain Parfitt was pacing the weather side, keeping a look-out, and with an air of aggression stared into the compass, then looked aloft, also very aggressively, and then sent his eyes round the sea-line, making a motion with his head that was offensive with its suggestion of criticism. Presently, taking his stand abreast of the mizenmast to leeward, he asked the man at the wheel how the ship's head was. The fellow replied.

"Let her come to three-quarters of a point," called out Mr. Wilson; "and, Captain Parfitt, you will be so good as to trim sail."

"Keep her as she goes!" roared Parfitt.

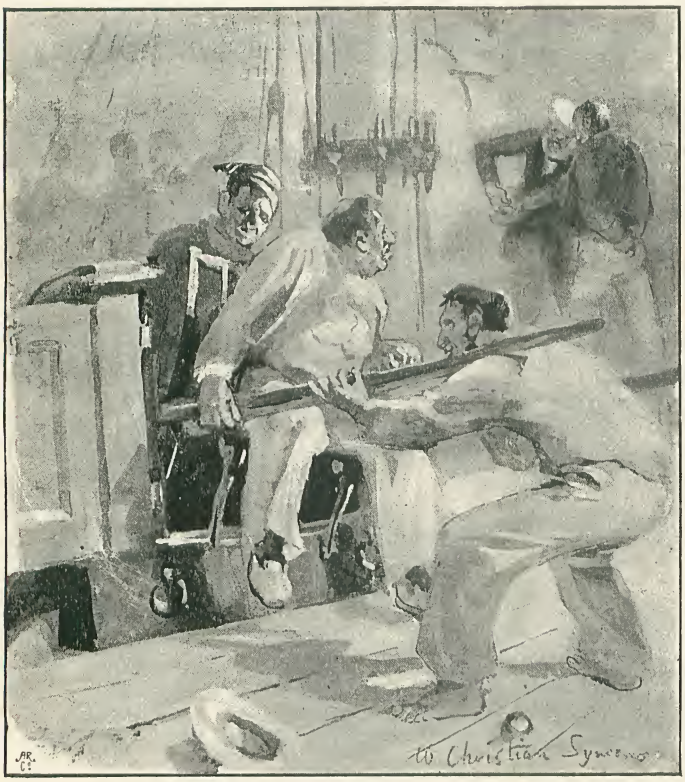
"You are making too much westing," exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Leave the deck, sir," bawled Parfitt.

"By what chart are you sailing, I should like to know?" sneered Mr. Wilson. "Why damme, man, we aren't bound to Madras."

An angry quarrel followed, a mere affray

of words indeed, but it was hard to guess at what instant the blow would not come, with a long and shameful scuffle on top of it. The sailors forward stood staring aft, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle of the two men gesticulating and bawling at each other. Presently, up through the hatch came Captain Punch, borne by a brace of



"UP THROUGH THE HATCH CAME CAPTAIN PUNCH."

sailors, who struggled up the steep companion steps with purple faces, panting and blowing, whilst Punch sat holding on tightly and cursing the builder of the ship for constructing a companion-way that gave a man no room to turn in.

"What is it all about?" shouted the old fellow, as his bearers dumped him down upon the deck.

"The ship's being headed for Madras," cried Mr. Wilson, with a contemptuous laugh.

"He's a liar, and he knows he's a liar," said Parfitt.

"You're making too westerly a course to suit me," exclaimed Captain Punch, and he ordered the man at the wheel to shift the helm by a spoke or two.

"D'ye suppose," cried Captain Parfitt, approaching Captain Punch close, and snorting his words into the old seaman's jolly, round, brick-red face, "that I've taken charge of this sugar-box to larn navigation from *you*?"

"I ain't deaf—keep your distance," responded Captain Punch. "This sugar-box is going to get home, and I don't mean to let you put her ashore betwixt this and the London Docks, and so I tell 'ee. I've heard of navigators, you must know, whose reckoning by account has landed them by four degrees of longitude inland—same thing may happen with some folks' sextants. My course is your course, and you'll please to stick to it."

"There's not even yet southing enough," said Mr. Wilson.

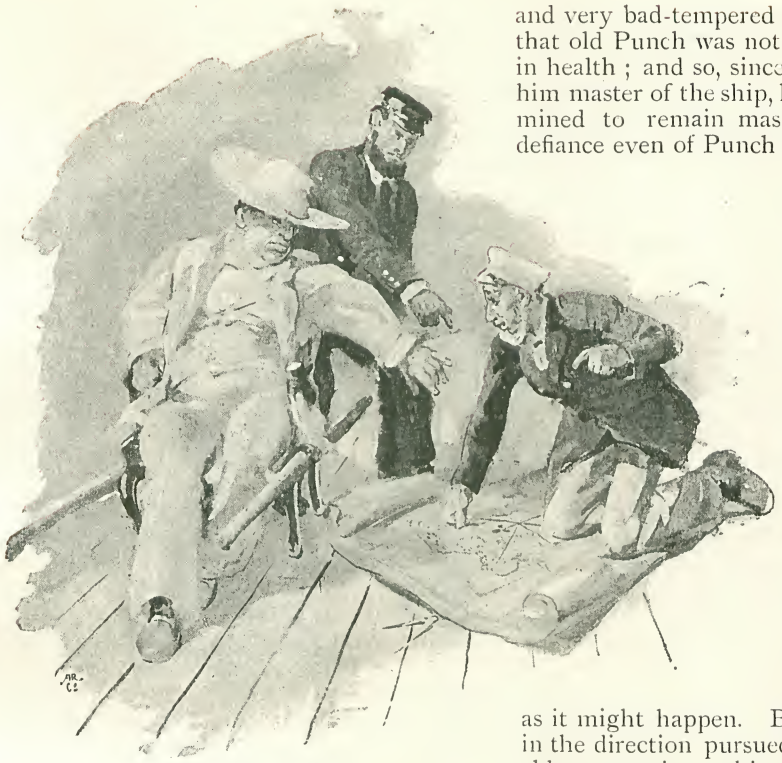
"Yes, there is," cried Captain Punch, "*you* don't want to teach me navigation, do 'ee?"

Captain Parfitt rushed into the cabin and returned with a chart, which he laid open on the deck at Captain Punch's feet. He then went down on his knees and indicated the course with a square thumb, occasionally pounding the chart with his fist until the deck echoed again to the blows, whenever Captain Punch laughed or shook his head or uttered any observation that was distasteful to Captain Parfitt.

I left them disputing, and walked some distance forward to smoke a pipe. After a while Captain Parfitt left the deck, taking his chart below with him, and somewhat later Captain Punch was borne into the cabin by the two sailors. When Mr. Wilson found himself alone he stepped over to the wheel, and I guessed by the twirl which the man at the helm gave the spokes that Mr. Wilson had shifted the course.

This, indeed, proved the case. Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed when Captain Punch's servant arrived on deck and called out to Mr. Wilson:

"The capt'n's orders are that the ship is



"I LEFT THEM DISPUTING."

to be brought to the course which she was steering when he was carried below."

"My compliments to Captain Punch," answered Mr. Wilson, "and tell him that he has given me charge of this vessel, and that I'm not going to learn navigation at my time of life from any man alive, be his name Parfitt, or be his name Punch, or be his name Judy, by thunder!"

This insolent speech reached the ears of Captain Punch, who was below in the cabin under the skylight, which lay wide open. The roar that followed was that of a bull. It was by no means inarticulate, however. The sea-words the old fellow employed were so much to the purpose that Mr. Wilson, going to the skylight, cried down: "It's all right, sir, it's all right, don't excite yourself," and he then audibly directed the man at the wheel to bring the ship to the course commanded by Captain Punch.

I was astonished to find Mr. Wilson acting in opposition to Captain Punch. He had shipped as Punch's first mate, and Punch was indisputably his chief, however Parfitt might have stood in this complicated business. But I speedily discovered that Mr. Wilson was an extraordinarily conceited and very bad-tempered man. He guessed that old Punch was not going to improve in health; and so, since Punch had made him master of the ship, he was clearly determined to remain master at all costs, in defiance even of Punch himself.

All three men had notions of their own as to the courses to be steered. One was always something to the eastward or something to the southward of the others. Captain Punch had a tell-tale compass in his cabin, and when he was too ill with the gout to be carried on deck he would send his servant to the man at the wheel with instructions to luff or to let her go off as it might happen. But these alterations in the direction pursued by the ship he was able to contrive to his own satisfaction only when the carpenter happened to have the watch, for if an order came from Punch when Captain Parfitt or Mr. Wilson was on deck it was instantly countermanded, with the result that when the captains met in the cabin they would quarrel wildly for an hour at a time, threatening one another with the law, sneering at one another's experiences, often clenching fists; indeed, and on more than one occasion, very nearly coming to blows.

The frequent changing of the ship's course, together with the incessant interference of these men one with another, considerably delayed our passage, and there were times when I would think that we should never double the Cape of Good Hope at all; but that, on the contrary, the three captains would quarrel themselves out of all perception of the ship's true reckoning, and end either in putting the vessel ashore, or in sending a boat to land on the first bit of coast they might sight to learn from the natives of the place where we were. Often, as I could observe, they differed merely to spite one another. For instance, Captain Parfitt, on quitting the deck, would leave the ship under all plain sail, royals set, and tacks boarded; but

Wilson, who kept watch and watch with the ship's carpenter (acting, in this respect, as chief mate, though the moment he arrived on deck he asserted himself as captain, took command, and carried out his own ideas of steering and of carrying sail, and the like, without the least regard to the views and instructions of Punch and Parfitt)—Wilson, I say, on relieving the deck after Parfitt had gone below, would look up at the sails, and then round upon the sea, as though studying the weather, then coolly sing out orders to clew up this and haul down that, paying not the least regard to the wishes of Parfitt, who, on hearing the men crying out at the ropes, would rush on deck and ask Wilson what he meant by shortening sail in the face of a high barometer; whilst through the skylight you might hear the voice of Captain Punch roaring out to know what sail the ship was carrying, and what that fellow Wilson meant by altering the course by three-quarters of a point.

We were to call at Capetown, and I had made up my mind, if heaven ever permitted us to cast anchor in Table Bay, to go ashore and represent the state of the ship to those who might be empowered to deal with the three captains; though I would sometimes think that it was doubtful whether there was any remedy within the reach of the authorities to apply, for it was certain that Punch was still in command of the ship, and next that, being in command, he had a right to entrust the charge of the vessel to the chief mate whilst he was confined below by illness, so that, despite the Rangoon authorities, Parfitt had no official representation on board, had no claim upon the obedience of Mr. Wilson, and could achieve no end by logging him or by threatening. Indeed, Parfitt seemed to have guessed as much, for often as he talked of "breaking" the mate, as he called Wilson, and sending him forward, I do not think that he ever attempted to do so, though repeatedly and sarcastically invited to the attempt by both Captain Punch and Wilson himself.

It came at last to pass that on a certain day we were *supposed* to be off the Cape of Good Hope. We were then exactly two months and three weeks out from Rangoon; that is to say, we had occupied eleven weeks in measuring the Indian and the Southern Oceans down to that part of the sea where we were supposed to be. I say *supposed*, not, as you may conclude, because the three captains, as I call them, had lost all reckoning and knew no longer where the ship was, but because the weather had been so thick for no less a period than ten days that never once was the sun, the moon, or a star to be seen, and the position, therefore, of the *Biddy McDougal* was wholly calculated by what is termed dead reckoning.

Dead reckoning means briefly the finding out of the speed of a ship through the water per hour by means of a contrivance called the reel log. When the speed is ascertained it is entered in the log book. Allowance is then made for what is called lee-way, if any lee-way exist, and the sum of the speed, together with the courses which may have been steered, enables the mariner to mark down upon his chart with more or less accuracy the points of latitude or longitude at which his ship has arrived.

The three captains were agreed in their dead reckoning. They could find no cause for a quarrel in the indication of the reel log. The allowance for lee-way was assented to and the courses steered were admitted, but, unhappily, the three captains had been at loggerheads over the reckoning before the thick weather came on. Captain Punch had made the ship's situation a degree or two more southerly than Mr. Wilson found it. Wilson's longitude was several leagues to the eastward of Captain Parfitt's. Hence, when the day arrived which, according to Parfitt's reckoning, should show the ship to the westwards of Agulhas, the arguments and quarrels were incessant, because Wilson swore that the ship's longitude was at least sixty miles east of that Cape, whilst Punch, on the other hand, persisted in maintaining that the latitude was not what Wilson and Parfitt represented, and that the vessel's course, therefore, required more northing.

So matters stood on a dull, heavy, thick day, as well I remember. There was a light breeze off the port bow, and a long ocean swell was sluggishly rolling up from the southward. I do not recollect that the lead was hove. Every man of the three skippers was cocksure of the ship's position on his own account, but I do not say that any one of them ever once ordered a cast of the lead to be taken. There was nothing to be seen. The sea line was shrouded by vapour to within two or three miles of the vessel. Occasionally there was a rumble of thunder in the south, but no lightning.

Thus it remained throughout the day, and throughout the day the three captains did nothing but alter one another's direc-

tions to the man at the wheel. All day long Captain Punch was in a towering passion. He said that he knew the ship's whereabouts as surely as though Table Bay lay open before him, that Parfitt was out by leagues, and Wilson utterly wrong, that both men might thank God that he was too much afflicted to occupy his proper post on deck in such damp and filthy weather, or—and here he would shake his immense gouty fist at the skylight and bid his servant step on deck and ascertain how the ship's head was, and then on learning that the course which he had ordered Parfitt and Wilson to steer had been changed by one or the other of them he would roar out like a bull, using many strong and terrible words, once even going to the length of threatening to take Captain Parfitt's life if he interfered with his orders to the helmsman.

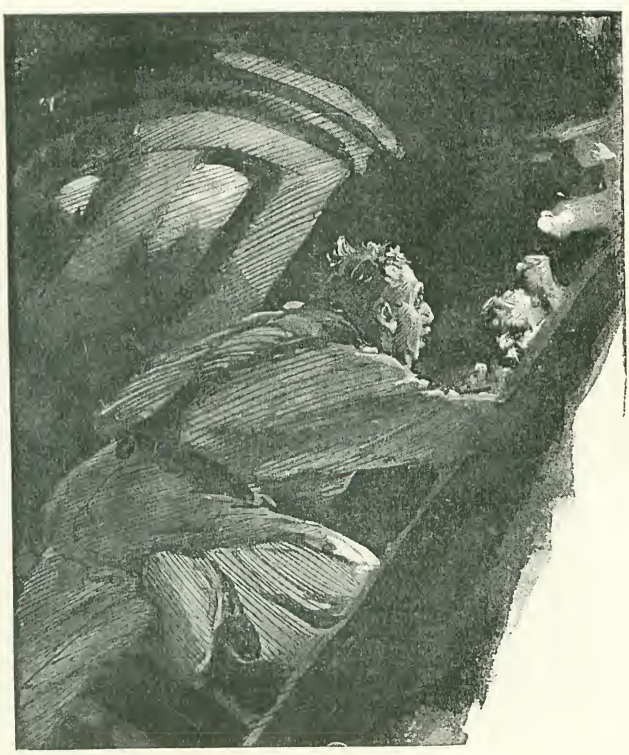
When I went to bed that night I was unable to sleep for some time owing to the argument which the three captains were holding in their cabin. I could hear such exclamations as, "My life's as precious to me as yourn is to you" ; "North-east, d'ye say! Good angels! And yet they granted ye a certificate?" "If the chronometers are out that's not my fault, but if my calculations wasn't within a second of the right spot afore this blooming muck drawed up and hid the sky I'll give up, own that I'm no sailor man, and I'll call ye both my masters."

To such stuff as this I lay listening ; then I heard some sailors come below to cart old Captain Punch away to bed. There was an interval of agreeable silence and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by an uproar on deck, by the shouts of men, the bawling of Captain Punch in his cabin, by a hurry of footsteps and a sullen flapping of canvas. The ship lay over at a sharp angle ; I believed at first that a heavy squall had burst upon her and heeled her down, but she lay perfectly motionless, with a singular noise of creaking threading the above-board clamour and a frequent, dull, thunderous thump as of water striking her.

In a moment I realised that the ship was ashore!

I partially clothed myself in a few minutes, rushed out, and with great difficulty, so acute was the angle of the ship's deck, reached the companion steps. All was in darkness. I put out my hands and touched a figure, and now grew sensible of somebody just in front of me panting heavily, and from time to time groaning. It was Captain Punch, in whom the agony and helplessness of the gout had been temporarily conquered by wrath and terror. He reached the deck unaided and fell a-roaring. There was little to be seen. Here and there a man held a lantern, but the light was feeble and the illumination merely confused the sight. The ship lay over with her broadside to the sea ; the dark heave of swell burst against the bilge and recoiled in milk that flung a dim sheen upon the atmosphere of the night, making the quietly flapping sails glance out. It was very thick ; there was nothing of the land to be seen. The carpenter was sounding over the side, and I heard him bawl out the depth, but there was no depth. The *Biddy McDougal* was hard and fast upon



"IT WAS CAPTAIN PUNCH."

the African strand, with Parfitt and Wilson yelling out contradictory orders, and Punch bawling to his men to obey *him* and nobody else.

Just before daylight the weather cleared ; dawn disclosed the high coast along our starboard beam, and I gathered from the tempestuous discourse of the three captains that we had gone ashore somewhere near Cape Hanglip and Sandown Bay, proving that though Captain Parfitt's calculations had come nearest the truth, all three men had been heavily out in their reckoning.

Scarcely had the sun risen when a gunboat hove in sight, bound from the eastwards to Simon's Town. She sighted our ship ashore, and sent boats. I was heartily glad to get aboard of her. Captain Parfitt and five of the crew also went aboard ; but old Punch declined to leave the neighbourhood of the vessel. He said that there was no immediate danger, that he would go ashore, and make shift under canvas until assistance should be sent from Capetown. Wilson remained with him.

The ship was ultimately got off, and navigated to England by Wilson with Captain Punch in the cabin ; but by *that* time I had received my luggage from the hold of the *Biddy McDougal*, had transferred it to another vessel, and was abreast of Ascension on my way to England.

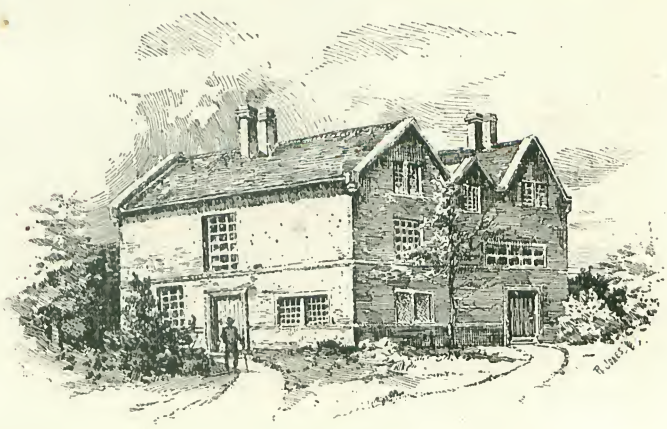
I find something heroic in the fancy of Punch's gout-ridden shape camping it out abreast of the stranded vessel, whose situation he wholly though improperly attributed to Parfitt's ignorance as a navigator. So far as passengers are concerned, perhaps there is no great matter of a moral to be gathered from this brief narrative ; yet, even in these advanced seafaring times, ships may be found at sea with more than one commander, though one only has any claim to the title. Will any shipmaster tell me that amongst his passengers he does not occasionally meet with a nautical man—sometimes a yachtsman, and sometimes a naval officer—who has the highest possible opinion of his own judgment, and who will lose no opportunity of giving his opinion, and vexing the soul of the legitimate skipper by impertinent criticism, by offers of help, and by downright counsel? "Intending" passengers will do well sometimes, perhaps, to inquire before embarking how many captains are going in charge of the ship.

Tennyson's Early Days.

ALFRED TENNYSON, AGE 22.

IS it fair to attribute to certain persons and particular scenes the inspiration of a poet's masterpiece? Some say such a course is very unfair, as it makes the poet a photographer instead of an artist. But, while an undue insistence on the principle is not permissible, it is surely not unfair to connect scenes once familiar to the eyes of a poet with the products of his brain; or to identify in the characters he portrays persons with whom he may have been familiar.

That Lord Tennyson is at present the centre of so much interest to the generation is a happy augury for the perpetuation of his fame. Within the last twelve months more than one volume has appeared in which the scenes surrounding him in early life, and personages with whom he was early acquainted, have been dilated upon and illustrated with more or less fulness and accuracy. All this shows conclusively that



"LOCKSLEY HALL."

BAG ENDERBY CHURCH.

our Laureate has a firm hold of the reading public, and is an evidence that references to the poet's early years are of great interest to his admirers. That we are not mistaken in attributing to those times the inspiration of his finished productions, is admitted by the Laureate himself.

In Mr. Jennings' "Biographical Sketch," Lord Tennyson is quoted as follows :—

"There was a period in my life, when, as an artist — Turner, for instance — takes rough sketches of landscape, &c., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature."

But, without doubt, some writers have been too ready to point to this or that local scene, or to particular individuals. Such definite identification precludes claim to any degree of authority. The Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, an old friend of the Laureate's, and who officiated at the poet's marriage, wrote in *Macmillan*, something like twenty years ago :—

"As a Lincolnshire man and long familiar with the district in which Mr. Tennyson was born, I have often been struck with the many illustrations of our county's scenery and character to be found in his poems. What Wordsworth has done for the English Lakes and Scott for the Highlands, our poet has done for homelier scenes of his boyhood and early manhood in Mid Lincolnshire. They live for us in his pages, depicted with all the truth and accuracy of a photograph."

The identity of "Locksley Hall" has been fought over by the champions of various country houses. Local tradition, however, says that in an old house near the Lincolnshire coast, the Laureate wrote the first "Locksley Hall." Here is an interesting item which does not reflect upon the poet's creative genius. The tradition has never been repudiated, although its existence is known to the Laureate's family. A sketch of the old house as it was seventy years ago is here given. Parts of the old edifice still remain, showing evidences of great age and an old-fashioned manner of construction. A large tract of land is now reclaimed between the house and the North Sea, but the tide formerly flowed to within a few yards of the door of the house.

One who has recently passed away used garrulously to tell of the poet visiting

STOCKWORTH MILL.

Mablethorpe as a young fellow, and how he would spend whole nights on the shore, and wander as far as Donna Nook, without sufficient care to prevent immersion by incoming tides. These protracted absences sometimes provoked anxiety, and search parties were sent out.

Above is a portrait of the Laureate in his youth. The original engraving by J. C. Armytage, from a crayon drawing by Samuel Lawrence, was first published in R. H. Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*. The villagers of Somersby and neighbourhood recognise in it a likeness to Dr. Tennyson, the poet's father.

Numbers of pilgrims have put on record their impressions of the neighbourhood where the Laureate first saw the light. The church of Bag Enderby, one of the livings held by Dr. Tennyson, is a quaint structure. The exterior is given on page 384.

Votaries of "the localising craze" say that Stockworth Mill was the home of "The Miller's Daughter." See the mill, page 384.

Somersby should be seen during each of the various seasons of the year in order to come into close sympathy with the moods of various local references in the poems. The last time we were there was early in February, when Holywell Glen was sheeted in snowdrops. Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie says, "Lord Tennyson sometimes speaks of this glen." The same writer gives us a glimpse of the happy "circle" referred to in lxxxix., "In Memoriam":—

"Dean Garden was one of those friends sometimes spoken of who, with Arthur Hallam, the reader of the Tuscan poets, and James Spedding and others, used to gather upon the lawn at Somersby—the young men and women in the light of their youth and high spirits, the widowed mother leading her quiet life within the rectory walls."

Old retainers of the Tennyson family still survive. Here is the portrait of an old dame who now sits in her chimney-corner and says, "Poet or no poet, I carried him on my back when he was a baby." This is the old servant, to whom the Laureate wrote so pleasantly in response to her congratulations on his becoming a peer. She remembers Arthur Hallam visiting the Rectory, and the distress occasioned there on the receipt of the news of his death. Although quite blind, the old lady is sprightly and cheerful, notwithstanding her extremely humble circumstances.

Another resident in the neighbourhood remembers being in service at Somersby Rectory—"a vast o' years sin'," she says. She tells us that "Master Alfred" always had a book in his hand, and that he once gave her two volumes of his poems. She does not remember the Laureate's brothers writing poetry, but "*Arthur learned it after*." This worthy dame remembers Dr. Tennyson as a good preacher. She has occupied her present snug cottage more than half a century. The few shillings she receives weekly is but a meagre subsistence, but she says, "I hate to be in the grumbling club."

TENNYSON'S NURSE.

Visitors to the locality may expect to encounter this retired

village pedagogue. He boasts of having coached Charles and Alfred Tennyson in arithmetic, when they were preparing for the University. It will interest some to know that the text-book used was "Walkingham's Tutor's Assistant." This old gentleman is now eighty-five, but is still able to earn a maintenance by land surveying.

These members of a passing generation are interesting links between the days of the Laureate's youth and those of the ripened evidence of his genius.

TENNYSON'S SCHOOLMASTER.

Laying a Ghost.

By George Manville Fenn.

"IT is of no use for you to talk, Mary," I said, quite angrily; "a professional man has no right to sit still taking his patients' fees without constantly striving after higher knowledge for their benefit."

"Of course not, dear," said my wife, gently—by the way, she always does speak gently—"but you study too much."

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed, dear, but you do. Your forehead is growing full of lines, and your hair is turning quite grey."

"All the better. People do not like young-looking doctors."

"But you do work too hard, dear."

"Absurd! I feel as if I must be a mere idler, Mary; and at a time, too, when it seems as if medicine was quite at a stand. Surgery has made wonderful strides, but the physician is nowhere."

"What nonsense, dear, when everybody says that you are the cleverest doctor for fifty miles round; and at such times I feel as if I could kiss the person who said so."

"'Everybody' is a goose; and, goose or no, don't you let me catch you kissing them. There, be off, little one, and let me get on with my work."

"Work, work, always work," she said, with a pretty pout of the lips which invited what they received, with the result that my happy young wife went out smiling while I sat down to think.

I was young and very enthusiastic in those days. Rather vain, too, and disposed to look down upon what I called the "old fogies of the profession." I meant to make great discoveries in medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity, and for my own benefit too, I'm afraid. Consequently — I confess it — I was a dangerous kind of doctor, and always itching to try experiments.

At the time of which I am speaking, I was mad upon a new remedy which I believed I had discovered for the nervous state consequent upon the failure of the digestive powers in people of middle age; and it was upon this remedy that I now sat down to think in my little consulting-room and dispensary combined.

I had been pondering over the subject then for months, and the more I thought the more convinced I was that my remedy would work wonders, but for want of test cases I was completely in the dark. I had got so far, though, that I had given myself full confidence in the correctness of my deductions; all I wanted was trial—experiment on the vile body of man, so as to make sure.

"MY HAPPY YOUNG WIFE WENT OUT SMILING."

"How to proceed?" I said to myself, as I sat amongst my bottles and drugs, tapping the table with my finger nails—"how to proceed? I must try it upon a patient, but it is not fair or just to try experiments upon one who confides in you. Suppose my ideas are wrong—suppose it is a fallacy?"

These thoughts troubled me so that I grew feverish, and my head burned.

Jumping up from my chair, I took a clean tumbler from a shelf, half filled it from a seltzogene which stood on the table, tossed off the sparkling water, put back the tumbler and resumed my seat, feeling decidedly better and clearer.

"How to proceed?" I said again. "I cannot, I must not try it upon a patient. It would not be just. Upon whom, then? Mary!"

"Perish the thought!" I cried dramatically. "To deceive her would be ten times worse."

"But I might tell her first. She would take it—bless her!—if I told her."

"No—no—no—no!" I cried; and then, half aloud, "If the experiment must be tried, and you have so much faith in it, try it upon yourself, like a man!"

I sprang up once more with all kinds of unpleasant notions beginning to haunt me. Suppose the dose failed—suppose it proved fatal—suppose I were suddenly called away without having time to explain to a brother medical man what I had taken.

"Why, they would bring it in suicide, and my wife would be a widow," I exclaimed with a chill of horror seeming to make my blood run sluggishly through my veins.

But this was momentary. I recovered my strength of mind directly, and, unlocking my desk, I took out a bottle containing a white powder, which I shook and held up to the light.

"I'll try one drachm first," I said. "Too much. No: it would be absurd to trifle with it. How can I get a satisfactory result if I do not proceed boldly with my test? Am I going to play the coward after all?"

I went to the shelf where the bottles stood, and took down the one labelled Sp. Vin., having determined to combine a stimulant with the drug, which would, I knew, from former experience, dissolve in spirit, but, to my chagrin, the bottle was completely empty.

"Brandy will do," I said to myself; and, after replacing the bottle, I went out and into the dining-room to fetch one of the

"A BOTTLE CONTAINING A WHITE POWDER."

three from the spirit stand, but found that its contents were confined to about a wineglassful. "That would be enough," I thought, and going back into my consulting room, I set the little decanter down, removed the stopper, and my hand trembled a little as I poured in the white powder, a mere pinch, but full of potency.

"You *are* a coward," I said to myself contemptuously. "You would have given that to a patient without a qualm, but you are all on the shiver because you are going to take it yourself."

And myself seemed to answer, as if I then led a dual existence.

"I am no coward," it said half aloud. "For the benefit of medical science I am going to take that drug as soon as it is dissolved; and if it destroys my life, I have died in a great cause as bravely as any soldier who ever faced the deadly breach."

As I spoke I replaced the stopper, crumpled up the paper, and threw it in the waste basket. I then shook up the brandy, which looked turbid at first, but rapidly began to clear, as I set it down, took paper and pen, and was about to write a few lines to my wife telling her what I had done, and why, lest in the case of accident I might be

supposed to have committed suicide ; but I had only just written down the date when I heard a ring, and directly after there was a tap at the door, and our servant ushered in a patient.

I motioned him to a seat, and in the rapid look which a doctor gives to his visitors, formed my own impressions as to his ailments, the gorged veins of the eyes, the flushed face, the pimpled and reddened nose, telling their own tale—a story confirmed by the trembling of his hands as he removed his gloves.

"Morning, doctor," he said ; "I'm very bad. I want you to overhaul me, and see if you can set me right. Can't eat—no appetite—no digestion ; I'm a prey to the horrors—my nerves are absolutely shattered, and life has become such a burden that if I don't soon mend I know I shall make an end of myself. I'm afraid I shall," he continued, getting more and more excited in his speech, and gesticulating as I sat back scanning him intently, and seeing in him the very object for my experiment if I cared to administer my remedy. But honour held me back, and I vowed I would resist the temptation, come what might.

"Be calm," I said, quietly, "and tell me—— " but before I could get any farther, he burst out—

"Calm ? Who is to be calm, suffering as I do ! Man, I am haunted. Do what I will, go where I will, I am haunted."

"As all men are," I said quietly, "who persist in flying to the bottle."

"No," he cried fiercely, "not as they are. Do you think I am one of the idiots who see snakes and imps and all kinds of imaginary creatures dancing before their eyes ? I am haunted, I tell you, and it is by a man I know well—I must tell you now—I can't keep it back. We were friends out in Australia—years ago."

"Australia, eh ? " I cried.

"Yes. Do you know Australia ? " he said wonderingly.

"I passed my boyhood and my early manhood there," I replied quietly. "I came to England to finish my studies, and settled down. So you are haunted, eh ? "

"Haunted ! Did I say haunted ? " he cried uneasily. "Oh, no : a mere fancy," and he laughed unpleasantly.

"Of course," I said. "My dear sir, as a medical man I must be plain with you. I will give you the best advice, and will help you in any way I can ; but the cure for your complaint is in your own hands. Leave all liquors alone, and you will mend fast. Go on as you are now, drinking heavily, and in six months you will be in your grave."

"DRINK ! YOU THINK I DRINK ?"

He started violently, and grasped the elbows of the chair as he leaned forward, gazing wildly in my face.

"Drink ! " he gasped ; "you think I drink—am a drunkard ? "

"I know you drink, sir," I replied quietly. "It is plainly written in your face, and in your trembling hands. I do not say you are a drunkard. Possibly you are never drunk, but you are constantly flying to stimulants, and they are wrecking you hopelessly."

"Don't say hopelessly, doctor," he panted. "I will leave off—I will, indeed, for "—he shuddered—"I dare not die. It is too horrible. But I've been obliged to fly to the brandy to keep myself up.

Haunted, night and day, for years now. Can't you give me something—some tonic—to set me right? Can't you cure me—make me strong?"

"Yes, I think I can, sir," I replied, "if you will obey my directions."

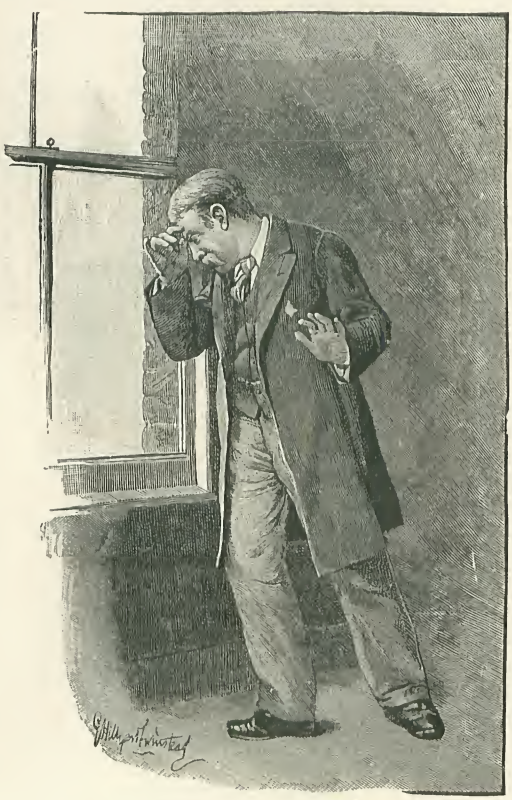
"I will, I will," he cried excitedly. "I won't touch another drop. Now, then, quick; what will you give me?"

"Your chance!" something seemed to whisper to me. "Digestion ruined, nerves shattered, hopeless unless you set him right. The very man for your experiment."

It was a terrible temptation, but I fought against it.

"No," I said to myself, "it would be a cowardly breach of confidence, with an untried medicine; keep to your manly, honest plan."

"Well," he continued, passing his tongue over his dry lips, with the peculiar noise made by a thirsty man, "don't be so long thinking, doctor. I want you to begin. Give me something to make me sleep in peace without jumping up in the dark, bathed in perspiration, with *him* there. I mean, fancying things, you understand. What will you give me? Ah! there it is again!"



"I RAN TO THE WINDOW."

He uttered a wild cry, and started from his seat to creep cowering into a corner as a rushing, tearing noise came down the street, accompanied by cries; and as I ran to the window, a cart drawn by a frightened horse tore by, to be followed a few seconds later by a crash, and then the rattle of hoofs as the horse, evidently freed from the cart, galloped on.

"A bad accident," I said. "Come and see."

It was unprofessional, of course, but for the moment I could think of nothing but the poor creatures who had been in the cart, and who were probably now lying almost close to my door, waiting for surgical help.

My wife, looking white as the proverbial sheet, was already in the passage, speechless, and pointing to the door; and directly after I was superintending the removal of four poor fellows suffering from broken bones, cuts, and contusions, and so busy was I for the next hour with a colleague, that I forgot all about my patient in my consulting room.

"How stupid!" I said, as I went back. "The poor fellow will be gone."

My wife was at the door waiting, and I answered her eager questions by another.

"That gentleman I left, is he still in the consulting-room?"

"Gentleman?" she faltered; "I don't know."

I hurried into the room to find him sitting back in one of the easy-chairs, looking quite calm and contented.

"Ah! doctor," he said; "the accident—anybody much hurt?"

"Yes, poor fellows! two, badly," I replied. "Really, my dear sir, I owe you a thousand apologies, but in such an emergency——"

"Don't name it, doctor; don't name it," he said, smiling. "I know you'll excuse me not coming to help. My nerves are so shattered that I should have been useless. You saw how it startled me; but I'm a little better now. Will you give me a prescription?"

I looked at him curiously.

"Yes," I said, "you seem calmer now; but there is a reason for it. Look here, sir, a patient must have no secrets from his medical man. There is a cause, sir, for this apparent calmness," and I fixed his eye. "You wish me to cure you?"

"Yes, yes, doctor," he said, shiftily.

"Then you must keep faith with me," I cried, firmly, "and obey me, or else go to some other medical man."

"No, no, doctor, don't say that," he half whimpered. "I believe in you. I know you are clever. Don't throw me over. I will obey you implicitly."

"Then give me that brandy-flask you have in your pocket."

"No, no, doctor," he cried, "I haven't one—indeed!"

"It is not true, sir. You have partaken of brandy since I left this room."

"YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN SO MAD AS TO DRINK THE CONTENTS OF THAT?"

"Brandy? brandy?" he stammered. "How—how did you know?"

"How did I know, sir?" I cried, angrily. "Do you think a medical man is a child? By the effect it has had upon you; by the odour. Why, good heavens!" I roared, as my eyes lit upon the little decanter I had left upon the table, "you have never been so mad as to drink the contents of that?"

"D—don't be angry with me, doctor," he faltered, as I stood pointing at the decanter. "I was so unhinged—by that accident—I—I was obliged. I—I wanted a glass of water—anything, but I dared not meddle with any of your bottles—'fraid of poisoning myself. But," he continued, with a peculiar little laugh, "I saw the gazogene there, and the brandy. Couldn't be any mistake about them. Capital drop of brandy, doctor, and it did pull me round so well, just as you see."

I sank back in a chair, staring at him wildly.

"He has taken it, after all," I thought. "It must be fate."

I could feel a curious sensation as if bells were ringing in my ears, while I sat blankly looking at him now, wondering what the effect of my experiment would be, till he spoke again apologetically:

"It was the last drop I'll ever take, doctor."

"The truth, may be!" I said to myself; and I began to think of inquests, loss of professional reputation, a dozen troubles of the future which were coined in my busy brain.

What should I do? Give him an antidote at once? Let the drug work its way? Which?

I started up, rang the bell, and hurried to the door, ready to open it as soon as I heard steps, and then, with it held ajar, I said hastily:

"I am out to everybody, and am not to be interrupted on any pretence until I ring."

Then, closing and bolting the door, I hurried back to my seat.

"What—what's the matter, doctor?" said my patient with a startled look. "What are you going to do?"

"Study your case, sir," I said huskily, as I caught hold of his wrist, and then gazed full in his slightly dilated eyes.

"Ah! yes," he said, sinking back drowsily; "do, doctor, do. I'll never touch a drop again, but you'll give me something to take instead. Capital brandy, that. Different to any I get. So soothing."

"Shall I give him something to counter-

act the effect," I said to myself again, "or let the potion work?"

I sat thinking over the way in which I had studied, and of how confident I had grown in my remedy, even to having been ready to test it on myself, and I could not help resigning myself to the position.

"It is in the cause of science," I thought, "and I can watch the action in another better than I could in my own person. It is an accident. No: it is fate."

It would be impossible to describe my feelings then as I sat watching the wretched object before me. Try and picture them for yourselves. A medical man's position is always painful when he is in doubt as to the result of his remedies in a critical case; but then he is fortified by the feeling that he has done everything in accordance with the precedents set by the wisest of his profession. Then I was face to face with the knowledge that I was trying a desperate experiment, and my patient might be dying before my eyes; in fact, as he sank back with his eyes staring, I felt that he was dying, and I started up to try and get some remedy, but he checked me by his words.

"Ah, it's you!" he said feebly. "I thought *he* had come again. He haunts me; he haunts me. All these years now, and no rest."

Then his face grew very calm; and in a fit of wild desperation I determined to let matters take their course.

For what better opportunity could fate have thrown in my way than bringing me into connection with this miserable creature, half demented by *delirium tremens*, and whose life was not worth a twelve months' purchase?

"It is in the cause of science," I muttered; "and even if his wretched life is sacrificed, it may be for the benefit of thousands. I cannot stop now. I must go on."

It was as if my muttered words had roused him, for he suddenly caught my hand in his.

"Don't be hard on me, doctor; I was obliged to drink. I've fought against it till I've been nearly mad. You people talk, but you don't know—you don't know. I'm going to take your stuff now, though; and it will make me right, doctor?"

"Yes."

He looked round wildly, and with a strange air of apprehension.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" he whispered.

"Never," I said, for I was obliged to speak.

"I have—hundreds of times. He haunts me. It has been for years now, till I could bear it no longer. That's why I've come. If a man's in sound health he doesn't see ghosts, eh?"

"No," I said; "they are the offspring of a diseased imagination."

"Yes; diseased imagination, that's it. Shouldn't see him if I was well, eh?"

"No; it is all fancy."

"Yes, doctor, but it's so horribly real. He comes to me, and goes over it all again and again; and as he talks to me the whole scene in the gully comes back, with our fight."

"HE SANK BACK AS IF EXHAUSTED."

He sank back as if exhausted, but I was soon able to convince myself that he was only sleeping calmly, and a gentle perspira-

tion broke out on his brow, while his hands felt temperate and moist.

That was hopeful, and I felt more confident as I sat there watching him hour after hour, wondering whether success would attend my remedy, and whether this was the laying of the first stone of a new temple of health. Then as the time went on I grew despondent, and ready to rouse him from the lethargy into which he had fallen, and which might after all be only the prelude to a deeper sleep.

I heard steps come and go, and knew that my poor little wife must be full of anxiety about me.

"But what is her anxiety to mine?" I muttered; and I still kept watch, noting every change. Now I was buoyed up by hope, and saw triumph—the pinnacle of the mount toward which I tried to climb; now I was sinking in despair, feeling that through my carelessness I was slowly watching a man glide toward the dark gate through which he could never return.

It must have been about seven o'clock, and it was fast growing dusk in my room. I was thinking about the man's wanderings and confused talk about being haunted, and trying to piece together his verbal fragments into a whole, when he suddenly opened his eyes again, and began to talk hurriedly, taking up his theme just where he had left off, and as if in utter ignorance of the fact that he had been silent for hours, during which I had passed through a period of agony such as turns men's hair white.

"Yes, doctor," he said, "no secrets from your medical man. You will not betray me; and it was a fair fight. He brought it on, I swear to that. He made me mad so that I hit out—hardly knowing what I did, and it was not until he had half killed me that I threw him, and he went over the edge, down, down with a horrible crash into the gully. I could see him lying there dead. But it was not murder, eh? It was not murder, doctor?"

"Are these wanderings of a diseased imagination?" I asked myself; and he looked up as sharply as if I had spoken aloud.

"It's all true, doctor," he said. "I threw him down, and he fell, and then I turned and fled, for I knew they would hang me, if I was taken. Doctor," he cried, fiercely, "I wish they had, for I have suffered ten thousand times more agony in these wretched years. Yes: he has always been with me, always. Haunting me day and night, leering at me, and showing me the whole scene again, till I have drunk, and drunk, and drunk to drown *it all*—gone on drinking till I am the miserable wretch you see. But you'll cure me now, for it was all fancy. People who are dead don't haunt folks, eh?"

"No, sir," I said, as I watched the strange play on the man's countenance, and began trying to connect his words with a half-forgotten story of outrage in Western Australia years before.

"No," he said, excitedly, "and you'll cure me now. It has all been fancy."

"That you killed—murdered a man in Western Australia?"

"Killed, not murdered," he cried, excitedly; "no, that was no fancy. I mean this constant horror of seeing him night and day."

I forgot my anxiety respecting the action of the drug for some minutes, as I said—my recollection of some such event coming vividly back—

"You don't mean the outrage in the Blue Gum Gully?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared at me wonderingly.

"What—what do you know about the Blue Gum Gully?" he stammered at last.

"I remember hearing about the case."

"Did—did they find him?" he whispered with a ghastly look in his face.

"No: I believe he crawled to a shepherd's hut, and the man fetched a doctor from thirty miles away."

"Too late—too late."

"No: I remember now," I said. "Another surgeon was fetched as well, and they put a silver patch in the man's fractured skull."

"What?" cried my patient. "No; you are telling me that for reasons of your own."

"I am telling you because it is the truth. I saw the man, and the injured head."

"No, no, not the same," he cried. "Who was he? What was his name?"

"Johnson—Brown—Thomson—Smith," I muttered, and he started a little at the last word.

"Yes. I remember now," I cried. "Robert Danesmith."

My patient literally leaped at me, and caught me by the breast, with his eyes starting, his lips quivering, and the veins about his temples standing out.

"Tell me again," he panted. "Swear that it is true."

"There is no need," I said. "How could I have known?"

"No," he said, calming down; "there is

no need," and his hands dropped to his side. "Great heavens! And here have I been living this life of torture, hiding away like a criminal, cursed by the horror of the crime, doubly accursed by the drink I have taken to drown my thoughts of being haunted by that man."

"And all imagination."

"Yes, and all imagination. Doctor, I have done my penance. Something must have brought me here to-day. I don't know what; but I felt that you would cure me."

"More imagination, man," I said.

"No, sir, you are wrong there, for you—have—cured——"

He reeled, and would have fallen, had not I guided him on to the sofa, where he lay insensible for a few minutes while I bathed his face, my own agony of mind returning respecting the action of the potent drug.

At last he opened his eyes, and looked wonderingly about him. Then recollection seemed to return, and he caught my hand in his.

"God bless you, doctor!" he cried, and the tears stood in his eyes. Then, after a pause, during which I watched him keenly, "I'm weak and faint. Give me a glass of something."

"Brandy?" I said bitterly.

He shuddered.

"Never again," he said fervently. "You doctors have something else."

I mixed a little stimulating medicine, which he drank with avidity, and then rose.

"Thank you, doctor," he said, with a faint smile. "You've laid the ghost. There: I think I'll go."

"No," I said, "be still for an hour or two. I want to watch your case a little longer."

"I am your patient, doctor," he replied, with his whole manner changed; and he lay there till quite late before he left, shaking my hand warmly, and saying that he would come again.

But I could not rest without seeing him to his lodgings, where I stayed till midnight, and then went home more anxious than I can tell.

"A very serious case, darling," I said to my wife, in answer to her queries. "Don't talk to me; I am worn out."

But, weary at heart, I could not sleep for thinking of the preparation this man had taken. I was worried and troubled as to the effect it had produced, and, sooth to say, sanguine as I had been over my discovery, I could trace none. Of course I did not expect to work a cure as by a miracle, still I did expect to have discovered some action on the part of the drug.

"A VERY SERIOUS CASE, DARLING," I SAID.

The next morning I was with him early, and still I could see nothing consequent upon the swallowing of the involuntary draught. But he was better, far better, and he welcomed me with eagerness.

"Doctor," he said, as I was going away, "no disrespect to you, but there's more in mind than in medicine; you've worked a marvellous cure."

I had; for in a month he was quite another man.

As to my new discovery, I went no farther, and maturer study and greater experience have taught me that I was over sanguine, and by no means so clever as I thought.

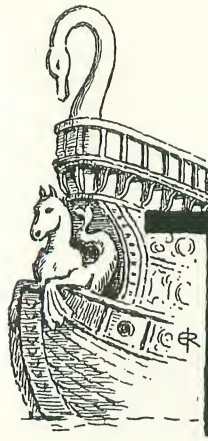


Figure-heads.

THE FIGURE-HEAD which decorates the prow of a ship is, as that personification of universal knowledge invented by Macaulay, "every schoolboy," knows, an institution of the greatest antiquity, and dates back to the time when men first began to "go down to the sea" and "do business in great waters."

The aforesaid schoolboy, who in the present day is an archæologist of no mean capacity, is familiar with the aspect of the Greek and Roman war-galleys as represented in marble and bronze remains of ancient times, and he can discourse learnedly about the prora, the rostrum, the gubernaculum, the cheniscus, and other details of the vessels of classic days. But it is with the more modern period that I propose to deal in the following notes.

All visitors to the Naval Exhibition have been struck with admiration at the wonderful display of ships' models which have been collected together at Chelsea. From the magnificent half-model of the *Victoria* in the Armstrong Gallery, more than 30 ft. long, down to the little *Seahorse*, on board of which Nelson served as midshipman in 1771-2, they all give evidence of the gradual development of our navy, and as far as the wooden ships are concerned, to the artistic skill lavished on the decorations of bow, stern and quarters. But with the substitution of iron for wood the figure-head gradually lost its importance, and in Her Majesty's ships may now be pronounced almost extinct, the prevailing fashion being to ornament the two sides of the bow in a flat treatment, and to have no projection beyond the cutwater, as in the sketch of the ironclad *Neptune*.

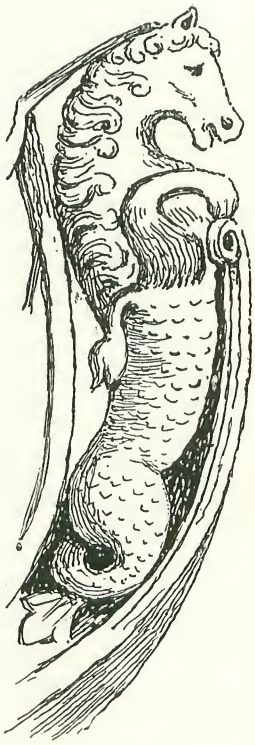


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "SEAHORSE," IN WHICH NELSON SERVED AS MIDSHIPMAN.

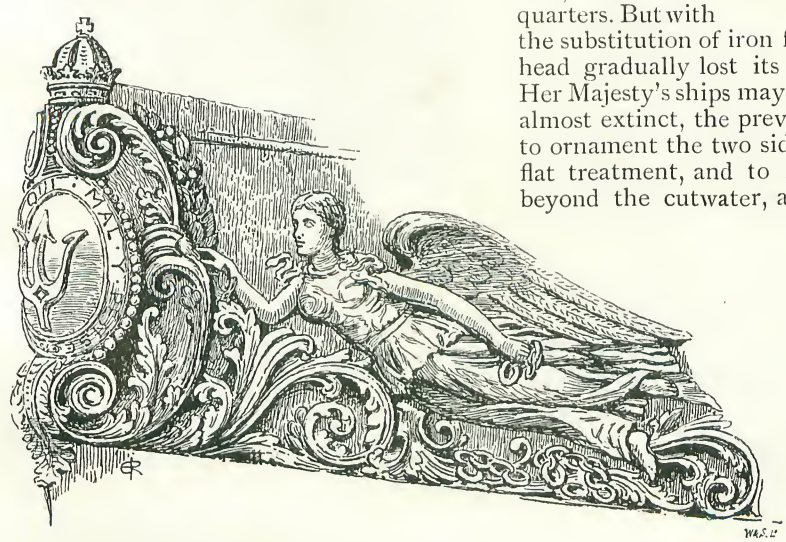


FIGURE-HEAD OF MODERN IRONCLAD. (FROM H.M.S. "NEPTUNE.")

Mr. Clark Russell says, with reference to the decay of figure-heads, "Whatever the new fashions may be termed, the old ones are yielding to them, and the figurehead proper survives chiefly

FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "EDINBURGH."

—I will not say only—in ships of a type not likely to be replaced when they go to the bottom, or are sold for ice or coal hulks."

The affection entertained by the old salt for the figure-head of his ship, and which the modern scroll-work, like the *Neptune's*, can scarcely inspire, is well illustrated in the following letter, which my friend Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., has kindly allowed me to make public. Mr. Marks was at Lewes in 1879, the year in which he painted his picture of "Old Friends"—now in the National Gallery of Sydney, the subject being two old Greenwich pensioners in their quaint costume (now, alas! like the figure-heads, a thing of the past)—standing in a ship-breaker's yard, gazing at the effigy which had formerly adorned the stem of their old ship. While at Lewes, Mr. Marks met an old man-of-war's man, and, in the course of conversation, happened to describe his picture, and mentioned that one of the heads introduced was a Highlander. The old man thought the

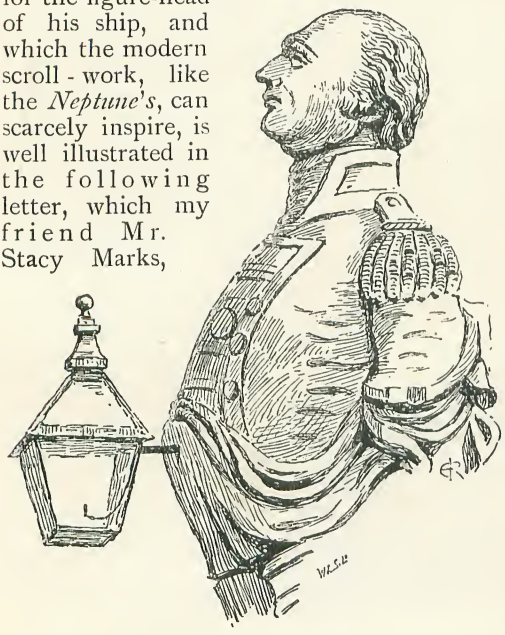


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "COLLINGWOOD."

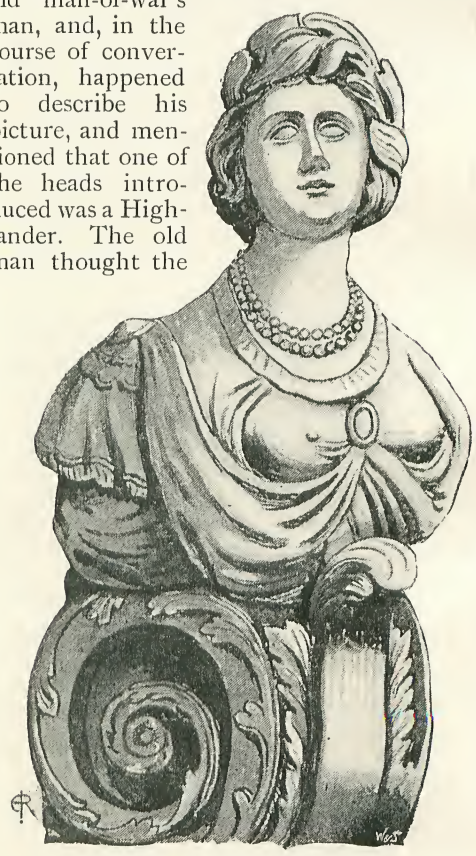


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "SHANNON."

Highlander was from his own ship, the *Edinburgh*, and Mr. Marks, on his return home, sent him a copy of a photograph of the painting. The letter was in acknowledgment of the gift:—

Lewes Castle, Oct. 11/79.

Sir,—I am much obliged for sending me the figure-head of my old ship, the *Edinburgh*. Sir i am confident its her head the more i look at it the more i reconise it. She was built in 1812 and i believe she fell into the hands of the ship breaker to break

her up in the Liberal Goverment's reign. (Childers to wit)

I am Sir
Your humble servant
JAMES MORGAN.

Sir i will have it framed and keep in rememberance of you and the old ship.—J. M.

The sketch represents the figure-head as it now stands in Messrs. Castle's yard in the Vauxhall Bridge-road, and it has for neighbours the *Leander* and the *Collingwood*; the latter, it will be noticed, continues his career of usefulness by carrying a gas lamp in an extremely painful position. These vessels were broken up about the year 1866.

One of the most interesting figure-heads in the Naval Exhibition is that of the *Shannon*, whose encounter with the *Chesapeake* off Boston on June 1, 1813, will always be a glorious page in the history of England's Navy. Captain Broke, her commander, who had had his eye on the *Chesapeake* for some time, addressed to Captain Lawrence, of the latter vessel, a letter of challenge, which (to use the words of James's Naval History) "for candour, manly spirit, and gentlemanly style, stands unparalleled." This is one of the passages in the letter:—"As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags." How the fight ended, and how the Bostonians were disappointed in their expectations of seeing the Britisher whipped, is a thrice-told tale, and need not be repeated here. A prophetic bard of the period sang:—

"And as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon;
The first to do it will be Broke
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*."

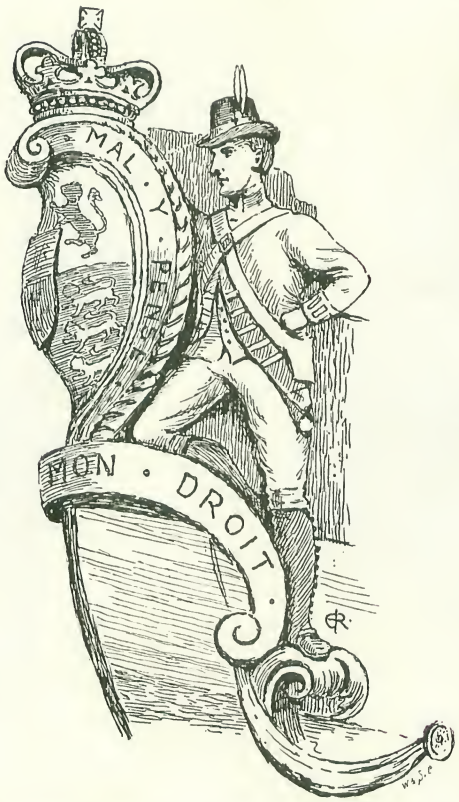


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "VICTORY" AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "BLACK PRINCE."

FIGURE-HEAD OF H M.S. "AJAX."

Mr. Robert C. Leslie, in his interesting book "Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words in the Days of Oak and Hemp," tells us that, "owing to neglect, and still more, perhaps, to the material—mostly English elm — used by ship carvers, very old figure-heads are not common;" and from my own investigation of the subject, I should say they are practically extinct. There is also great difficulty in locating those that have survived, and this arises partly from the fashion of continuing the names of ships after the original owners of the names have passed away, and also from some of the old ships having several figure-heads, which were changed according to the fancy of the captain or first lieutenant. Nelson's *Victory* had, in fact, four figure-heads at different periods of her glorious career, and it is believed that it was the third, a shield with a crown over and supported by a sailor on the starboard and a marine on the port side, which she carried at the Battle of Trafalgar. At the present

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "BRITANNIA."

day the old ship still has the shield and crown, but the supporters are two gigantic cherubs, and these Turner, with characteristic contempt for accuracy, has represented in his picture of the battle which belongs to Greenwich Hospital, but is now to be seen at the Naval Exhibition.

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CANOPUS."

There is a good collection of figure-heads in Devonport Dockyard, of which the sketches here given are typical examples. The *Black Prince* belonged to the ship of that name, which is now in commission; the *Ajax* recalls the fate of her commander, Captain Boyd, R.N., who was drowned at Kingstown on the 9th February, 1861, while gallantly striving to save life when fourteen vessels were lost in the harbour in a

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "GRIMALDI."

terrible gale from the N.E. Other heads here given are from the *Canopus*, a ship taken from the French, and considered in her day the fastest sailer in the squadron; and the *Britannia*, now the training-ship for Naval cadets.

The sketches of the *Grimaldi* and *Eliza Jane* are examples of the figureheads met with in small coasting vessels.

The *Eliza Jane* is, I believe, still afloat.

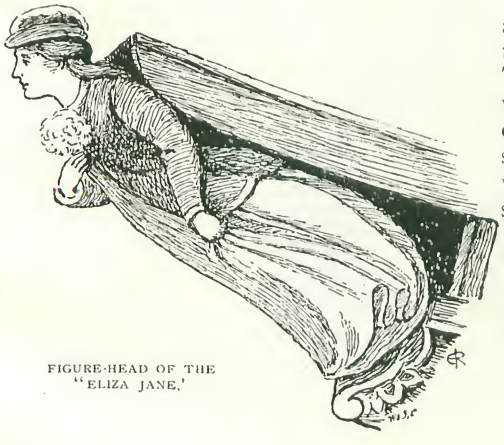


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "ELIZA JANE."

She is a schooner of about 150 tons, and, judging from the costume, was built in the year 1855. It was amusing to watch, as I did in a West country harbour, the artist of the ship painting *Eliza Jane* with the brightest colours which his palette could furnish. The bouquet of flowers took him about a day to work up, and the amount of vermilion exhausted on the lips was prodigious.

In the same West country harbour I came across the old *Grimaldi*, a collier brig, a "Geordie," in fact—see Mr. Clark Russell for a description of this kind of craft. The local seamen told me the *Grimaldi* was ninety years old, and as sound as a bell, and as Grimaldi was born in 1779, the age of the brig was, perhaps, not exaggerated. The figure was very comical, and there were distinct traces of a goose hanging out of the clown's starboard pocket. I heard with sorrow that the poor old *Grimaldi* was lost with all hands a few months after I had sketched her.

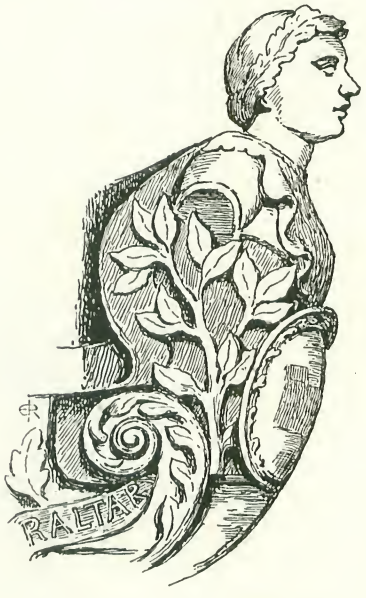


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CALEDONIA."

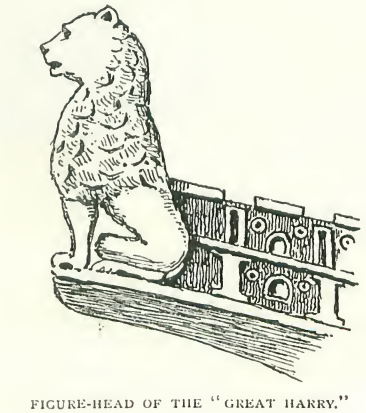


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "GREAT HARRY."

The *Caledonia* is a picturesque figure. The figure-head of the *Great Harry*, Henry the Eighth's enormous vessel, represented the accompanying quaint image of the British Lion.

Lord Dufferin, in his charming book, "Letters from High Latitudes," pays great honour to the figure-head of his yacht *Foam*. "I remained on board to superintend the fixing of our sacred figure-head—executed in bronze by Marochetti, and brought along with me by rail still warm from the furnace." His Lordship apostrophises the effigy in some graceful verses, from which I quote the following stanzas :—

"Our progress was your triumph duly hailed
By Ocean's inmates ; herald dolphins played
Before our stem, tall ships that sunward sailed
With stately curtseys due obeisance paid.

What marvel, then, if when our wearied hull
In some lone haven found a brief repose,
Rude hands, by love made delicate, would cull
A grateful garland for your goddess brows?"

We cannot give a more fitting conclusion to these slight notes than the figure-head of the old *Nile*, a remarkably realistic portrait bust of Lord Nelson, after he had lost his eye.

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "NILE."

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE IV.—THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MYSTERY.

By A. Conan Doyle.

WE were seated at breakfast one morning, my wife and I, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Sherlock Holmes, and ran in this way:

"Have you a couple of days to spare? Have just been wired for from the West of England in connection with Boscombe Valley tragedy. Shall be glad if you will come with me. Air and scenery perfect. Leave Paddington by the 11.15."

"What do you say, dear?" said my wife, looking across at me. "Will you go?"

"I really don't know what to say. I have a fairly long list at present."

"Oh, Anstruther would do your work for you. You have been looking a little pale lately. I think that the change would do you good, and you are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes' cases."

"I should be ungrateful if I were not, seeing what I gained through one of them," I answered. "But if I am to go I must pack at once, for I have only half an hour."

My experience of camp life in Afghanistan had at least had the effect of making me a prompt and ready traveller. My wants were few and simple, so that in less than the time stated I was in a cab with my valise, rattling away to Paddington Station. Sherlock Holmes was pacing up and down the platform, his tall, gaunt figure made even gaunter and taller by his long grey travelling cloak, and close-fitting cloth cap.

"It is really very good of you to come, Watson," said he. "It makes a considerable difference to me, having someone with me on whom I can thoroughly rely. Local aid is always either worthless or else biassed. If you will keep the two corner seats I shall get the tickets."

We had the carriage to ourselves save for an immense litter of papers which Holmes had brought with him. Among these he rummaged and read, with intervals of note-taking and of meditation, until we were past Reading. Then he suddenly rolled them all into a gigantic ball, and tossed them up on to the rack.

"Have you heard anything of the case?" he asked.

"Not a word. I have not seen a paper for some days."

"The London press has not had very full accounts. I have just been looking through all the recent papers in order to master the particulars. It seems, from what I gather, to be one of those simple cases which are so extremely difficult."

"WE HAD THE CARRIAGE TO OURSELVES."

"That sounds a little paradoxical."

"But it is profoundly true. Singularity is almost invariably a clue. The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult is it to bring it home. In this case, however, they have established a very serious case against the son of the murdered man."

"It is a murder, then?"

"Well, it is conjectured to be so. I shall take nothing for granted until I have the opportunity of looking personally into it. I will explain the state of things to you, as far as I have been able to understand it, in a very few words.

"Boscombe Valley is a country district not very far from Ross, in Herefordshire. The largest landed proprietor in that part is a Mr. John Turner, who made his money in Australia, and returned some years ago to the old country. One of the farms which he held, that of Hatherley, was let to Mr. Charles McCarthy, who was also an ex-Australian. The men had known each other in the Colonies, so that it was not unnatural that when they came to settle down they should do so as near each other as possible. Turner was apparently the richer man, so McCarthy became his tenant, but still remained, it seems, upon terms of perfect equality, as they were frequently together. McCarthy had one son, a lad of eighteen, and Turner had an only daughter of the same age, but neither of them had wives living. They appear to have avoided the society of the neighbouring English families, and to have led retired lives, though both the McCarthys were fond of sport, and were frequently seen at the race meetings of the neighbourhood. McCarthy kept two servants—a man and a girl. Turner had a considerable household, some half-dozen at the least. That is as much as I have been able to gather about the families. Now for the facts.

"On June 3, that is, on Monday last, McCarthy left his house at Hatherley about three in the afternoon, and walked down to the Boscombe Pool, which is a small lake formed by the spreading out of the stream which runs down the Boscombe Valley. He had been out with his serving-man in the morning at Ross, and he had told the man that he must hurry, as he had an appointment of importance to keep at three. From that appointment he never came back alive.

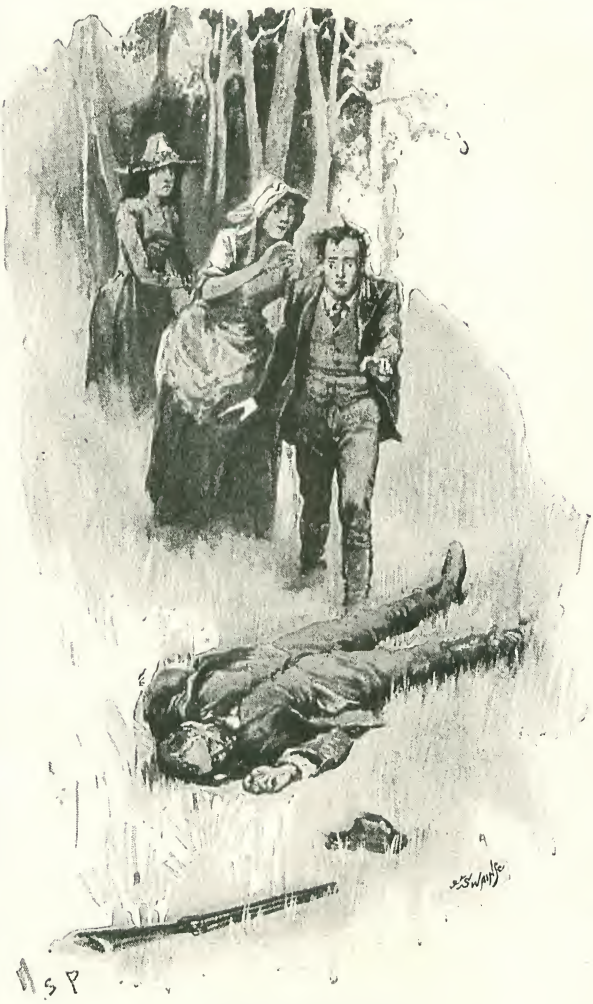
"From Hatherley Farmhouse to the Boscombe Pool is a quarter of a mile, and two people saw him as he passed over this ground. One was an old woman, whose name is not mentioned, and the other was William Crowder, a gamekeeper in the employ of Mr. Turner. Both these witnesses depose that Mr. McCarthy was walking alone. The gamekeeper adds that within a few minutes of his seeing Mr. McCarthy pass he had seen his son, Mr. James McCarthy, going the same way with a gun under his arm. To the best of his belief, the father was actually in sight at the time, and the son was following him. He thought no more of the matter until he heard in the evening of the tragedy that had occurred.

"The two McCarthys were seen after the time when William Crowder, the gamekeeper, lost sight of them. The Boscombe Pool is thickly wooded round, with just a fringe of grass and of reeds round the edge. A girl of fourteen, Patience Moran, who is the daughter of the lodge-keeper of the Boscombe Valley Estate, was in one of the woods picking flowers. She states that while she was there she saw, at the border of the wood and close by the lake, Mr. McCarthy and his son, and that they appeared to be having a violent quarrel. She heard Mr. McCarthy the elder using very strong language to his son, and she saw the latter raise up his hand as if to strike his father. She was so frightened by their violence that she ran away, and told her mother when she reached home that she had left the two McCarthys quarrelling near Boscombe Pool, and that she was afraid that they were going to fight. She had hardly said the words when young Mr. McCarthy came running up to the lodge to say that he had found his father dead in the wood, and to ask for the help of the lodge-keeper. He was much excited, without either his gun or his hat, and his right hand and sleeve were observed to be stained with fresh blood. On following him they found the dead body stretched out upon the grass beside the Pool. The head had been beaten in by repeated blows of some heavy and blunt weapon. The injuries were such as might very well have been inflicted by the butt-end of his son's gun, which was found lying on the grass within a few paces of the body. Under these circumstances the young man was instantly arrested, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' having been returned at the inquest on Tuesday, he was on Wednesday brought before the magistrates at Ross,

who have referred the case to the next assizes. Those are the main facts of the case as they came out before the coroner and at the police-court."

"I could hardly imagine a more damning case," I remarked. "If ever circumstantial evidence pointed to a criminal it does so here."

"Circumstantial evidence is a very tricky thing," answered Holmes, thoughtfully. "It may seem to point very straight to one thing, but if you shift your own point of view a little, you may find it pointing in an equally uncompromising manner to something entirely different. It must be confessed, however, that the case looks exceedingly grave against the young man, and it is very possible that he is indeed the culprit. There are several people in the neighbourhood, however, and among them Miss Turner, the daughter of the neighbouring landowner, who believe in his innocence, and who have retained Lestrade, whom you may recollect in connection with the Study in Scarlet, to work out the case in his interest. Lestrade, being rather puzzled, has referred the case to me, and hence it is that two middle-aged gentlemen are flying westward at fifty miles an hour, instead of quietly digesting their breakfasts at home."



"THEY FOUND THE BODY."

"I am afraid," said I, "that the facts are so obvious that you will find little credit to be gained out of this case."

"There is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact," he answered, laughing. "Besides, we may chance to hit upon some other obvious facts which may have been by no means obvious to Mr. Lestrade. You know me too well to think that I am boasting when I say that I shall either confirm or destroy his theory by means which he is quite incapable of employing, or even of understanding. To take the first example to hand, I very clearly perceive that in your bedroom the window is upon the right-hand side, and yet I question whether Mr. Lestrade would have noted even so self-evident a thing as that."

"How on earth——!"

"My dear fellow, I know you well. I know the military neatness which characterises you. You shave every morning, and in this season you shave by the sunlight, but since your shaving is less and less complete as we get further back on the left side, until it becomes positively slovenly as we get round the angle of the jaw, it is surely very clear that that side is less well illuminated than the other. I could not imagine a man of your habits looking at himself in an equal light, and being satisfied with such a result. I only quote this as a trivial example of observation and inference. Therein lies my *métier*, and it is just possible that it may be of some service in the investigation which lies before us. There are one or two minor points which were brought out in the inquest, and which are worth considering."

"What are they?"

"It appears that his arrest did not take place at once, but after the return to Hatherley Farm. On the inspector of constabulary informing him that he was a prisoner, he remarked that he was not surprised to hear it, and that it was no more than his deserts. This observation of his had the natural effect of removing any traces of doubt which might have remained in the minds of the coroner's jury."

"It was a confession," I ejaculated.

"No, for it was followed by a protestation of innocence."

"Coming on the top of such a damning series of events, it was at least a most suspicious remark."

"On the contrary," said Holmes, "it is the brightest rift which I can at present see in the clouds. However innocent he might be, he could not be such an absolute imbecile as not to see that the circumstances were very black against him. Had he appeared surprised at his own arrest, or feigned indignation at it, I should have looked upon it as highly suspicious, because such surprise or anger would not be natural under the circumstances, and yet might appear to be the best policy to a scheming man. His frank acceptance of the situation marks him as either an innocent man, or else as a man of considerable self-restraint and firmness. As to his remark about his deserts, it was also not unnatural if you consider that he stood beside the dead body of his father, and that there is no doubt that he had that very day so far forgotten his filial duty as to bandy words with him, and even, according to the little girl whose evidence is so important, to raise his hand as if to strike him. The self-reproach and contrition which are displayed in his remark appear to me to be the signs of a healthy mind, rather than of a guilty one."

I shook my head. "Many men have been hanged on far slighter evidence," I remarked.

"So they have. And many men have been wrongfully hanged."

"What is the young man's own account of the matter?"

"It is, I am afraid, not very encouraging to his supporters, though there are one or two points in it which are suggestive. You will find it here, and may read it for yourself."

He picked out from his bundle a copy of the local Herefordshire paper, and having turned down the sheet, he pointed out the paragraph in which the unfortunate young man had given his own statement of what had occurred. I settled myself down in the corner of the carriage, and read it very carefully. It ran in this way:—

"Mr. James McCarthy, the only son of the deceased, was then called, and gave evidence as follows:—'I had been away from home for three days at Bristol, and had only just returned upon the morning of last Monday, the 3rd. My father was absent from home at the time of my arrival, and I was informed by the maid that he had driven over to Ross with John Cobb, the groom. Shortly after my return I heard the wheels of his trap in the yard, and, looking out of my window, I saw him get out and walk rapidly out of the yard, though I was not aware in which direction he was going. I then took my gun, and strolled out in the direction of the Boscombe Pool, with the intention of visiting the rabbit warren which is upon the other side. On my way I saw William Crowder, the gamekeeper, as he has stated in his evidence; but he is mistaken in thinking that I was following my father. I had no idea that he was in front of me. When about a hundred yards from the Pool I heard a cry of "Cooee!" which was a usual signal between my father and myself. I then hurried forward, and found him standing by the Pool. He appeared to be much surprised at seeing me, and asked me rather roughly what I was doing there. A conversation ensued, which led to high words, and almost to blows, for my father was a man of a very violent temper. Seeing that his passion was becoming ungovernable, I left him, and returned towards Hatherley Farm. I had not gone more than one hundred and fifty yards, however, when I heard a hideous outcry behind me, which caused me to run back again. I found my father expiring upon the ground, with his head terribly injured. I dropped my gun, and held him in my arms, but he almost instantly expired. I knelt besides him for some minutes, and then made my way to Mr. Turner's lodge-keeper, his house being the nearest, to ask for assistance. I saw no one near my father when I returned, and I have no idea how he came by his injuries. He was not a popular man, being somewhat cold and forbidding in his manners; but he had, as far as I know, no active enemies. I know nothing further of the matter.'"

"The Coroner: Did your father make any statement to you before he died?

"I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS."

"Witness: He mumbled a few words, but I could only catch some allusion to a rat.

"The Coroner: What did you understand by that?

"Witness: It conveyed no meaning to me. I thought that he was delirious.

"The Coroner: What was the point upon which you and your father had this final quarrel?

"Witness: I should prefer not to answer.

"The Coroner: I am afraid that I must press it.

"Witness: It is really impossible for me to tell you. I can assure you that it has nothing to do with the sad tragedy which followed.

"The Coroner: That is for the Court to decide. I need not point out to you that your refusal to answer will prejudice your case considerably in any future proceedings which may arise.

"Witness: I must still refuse.

"The Coroner: I understand that the cry of 'Cooee' was a common signal between you and your father?

"Witness: It was.

"The Coroner: How was it, then, that he uttered it before he saw you, and before he even knew that you had returned from Bristol?

"Witness (with considerable confusion): I do not know.

"A Juryman: Did you see nothing which aroused your suspicions when you returned on hearing the cry, and found your father fatally injured?

"Witness: Nothing definite.

"The Coroner: What do you mean?

"Witness: I was so disturbed and excited as I rushed out into the open, that I could think of nothing except of my father. Yet I have a vague impression that as I ran forward something lay upon the ground to the left of me. It seemed to me to be something grey in colour, a coat of some sort, or a plaid perhaps. When I rose from my father I looked round for it, but it was gone.

"'Do you mean that it disappeared before you went for help?'

"'Yes, it was gone.'

"'You cannot say what it was?'

"'No, I had a feeling something was there.'

"'How far from the body?'

"'A dozen yards or so.'

"'And how far from the edge of the wood?'

"'About the same.'

"'Then if it was removed it was while you were within a dozen yards of it?'

"'Yes, but with my back towards it.'

"This concluded the examination of the witness."

"I see," said I, as I glanced down the column, "that the coroner in his concluding remarks was rather severe upon young McCarthy. He calls attention, and with reason, to the discrepancy about his father having signalled to him before seeing him, also to his refusal to give details of his conversation with his father, and his singular account of his father's dying words. They are all, as he remarks, very much against the son."

Holmes laughed softly to himself, and stretched himself out upon the cushioned seat. "Both you and the coroner have been at some pains," said he, "to single out the very strongest points in the young man's favour. Don't you see that you alternately give him credit for having too much imagination and too little? Too little, if he could not invent a cause of quarrel which would give him the sympathy of the jury; too much, if he evolved from his own inner consciousness anything so *outré* as a dying reference to a rat, and the incident of the vanishing cloth. No, sir, I shall approach this case from the point of view that what this young man says is true, and we shall see whither that hypothesis will lead us. And now here is my pocket Petrarch, and not another word shall I say of this case until we are on the scene of action. We lunch at Swindon, and I see that we shall be there in twenty minutes."

It was nearly four o'clock when we at last, after passing through the beautiful Stroud Valley, and over the broad gleaming Severn, found ourselves at the pretty little country town of Ross. A lean, ferret-like man, furtive and sly-looking, was waiting for us upon the platform. In spite of the light brown dustcoat and leather leggings which he wore in deference to his rustic surroundings, I had no difficulty in recognising Lestrade, of Scotland Yard. With him we drove to the "Hereford Arms," where a room had already been engaged for us.

"I have ordered a carriage," said Lestrade, as we sat over a cup of tea. "I knew your energetic nature, and that you would not be happy until you had been on the scene of the crime."

"It was very nice and complimentary of you," Holmes answered. "It is entirely a question of barometric pressure."

Lestrade looked startled. "I do not quite follow," he said.

"How is the glass? Twenty-nine, I see. No wind, and not a cloud in the sky. I have a caseful of cigarettes here which need smoking, and the sofa is very much superior to the usual country hotel abomination. I do not think that it is probable that I shall use the carriage to-night."

Lestrade laughed indulgently. "You have, no doubt, already formed your conclusions from the newspapers," he said. "The case is as plain as a pikestaff, and the more one goes into it the plainer it becomes. Still, of course, one can't refuse a lady, and such a very positive one, too. She had heard of you, and would have your opinion, though I repeatedly told her that there was nothing which you could do which I had not already done. Why, bless my soul! here is her carriage at the door."

He had hardly spoken before there rushed into the room one of the most lovely young women that I have ever seen in my life. Her violet eyes shining, her lips parted, a pink flush upon her cheeks, all thought of her natural reserve lost in her overpowering excitement and concern.

"Oh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" she cried, glancing from one to the other of us, and finally, with a woman's quick intuition, fastening upon my companion, "I am so glad that you have come. I have driven down to tell you so. I know that James didn't do it. I know it, and I want you to start upon your work knowing it, too. Never let yourself doubt upon that point. We have know each other since we were little children, and I know his faults as no one else does; but he is too tender-hearted to hurt a fly. Such a charge is absurd to anyone who really knows him."

"I hope we may clear him, Miss Turner," said Sherlock Holmes. "You may rely upon my doing all that I can."

"But you have read the evidence. You have formed some conclusion? Do you not see some loophole, some flaw? Do you not yourself think that he is innocent?"

"I think that it is very probable."

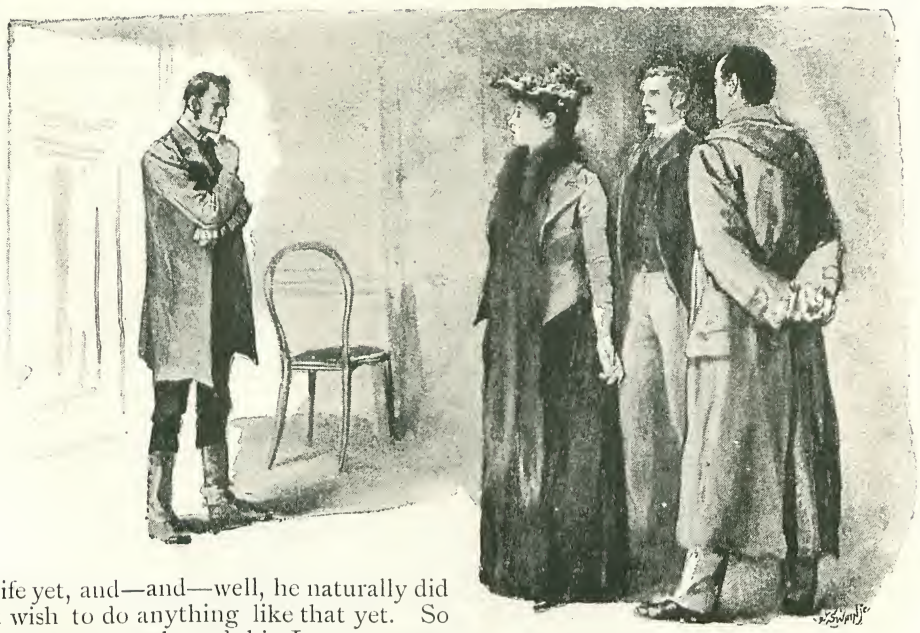
"There now!" she cried, throwing back her head, and looking defiantly at Lestrade. "You hear! He gives me hopes."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid that my colleague has been a little quick in forming his conclusions," he said.

"But he is right. Oh! I know that he is right. James never did it. And about his quarrel with his father, I am sure that the reason why he would not speak about it to the coroner was because I was concerned in it."

"In what way?" asked Holmes.

"It is no time for me to hide anything. James and his father had many disagreements about me. Mr. McCarthy was very anxious that there should be a marriage between us. James and I have always loved each other as brother and sister, but of course he is young, and has seen very little



"LESTRADE SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS."

of life yet, and—and—well, he naturally did not wish to do anything like that yet. So there were quarrels, and this, I am sure, was one of them."

"And your father?" asked Holmes. "Was he in favour of such a union?"

"No, he was averse to it also. No one but Mr. McCarthy was in favour of it." A quick blush passed over her fresh young face as Holmes shot one of his keen, questioning glances at her.

"Thank you for this information," said he. "May I see your father if I call to-morrow?"

"I am afraid the doctor won't allow it."

"The doctor?"

"Yes, have you not heard? Poor father has never been strong for years back, but this has broken him down completely. He has taken to his bed, and Dr. Willows says that he is a wreck, and that his nervous system is shattered. Mr. McCarthy was the only man alive who had known dad in the old days in Victoria."

"Ha! In Victoria! That is important."

"Yes, at the mines."

"Quite so; at the gold mines, where, as I understand, Mr. Turner made his money."

"Yes, certainly."

"Thank you, Miss Turner. You have been of material assistance to me."

"You will tell me if you have any news to-morrow. No doubt you will go to the prison to see James. Oh, if you do, Mr. Holmes, do tell him that I know him to be innocent."

"I will, Miss Turner."

"I must go home now, for dad is very ill, and he misses me so if I leave him. Good-bye, and God help you in your undertaking." She hurried from the room as impulsively as she had entered, and we heard the wheels of her carriage rattle off down the street.

"I am ashamed of you, Holmes," said Lestrade with dignity, after a few minutes' silence. "Why should you raise up hopes which you are bound to disappoint? I am not over tender of heart, but I call it cruel."

"I think that I see my way to clearing James McCarthy," said Holmes. "Have you an order to see him in prison."

"Yes, but only for you and me."

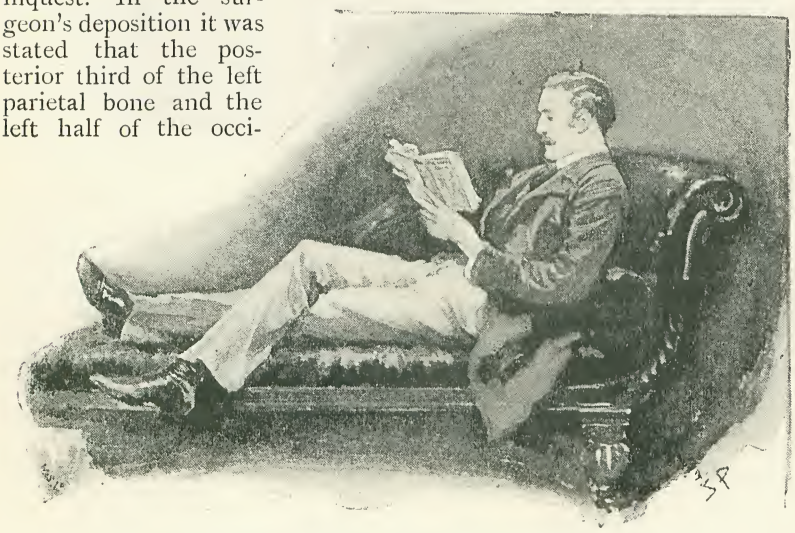
"Then I shall reconsider my resolution about going out. We have still time to take a train to Hereford and see him to-night?"

"Ample."

"Then let us do so. Watson, I fear that you will find it very slow, but I shall only be away a couple of hours."

I walked down to the station with them, and then wandered through the streets of the little town, finally returning to the hotel, where I lay upon the sofa and tried to interest myself in a yellow-backed novel. The puny plot of the story was so thin, however, when compared to the deep

mystery through which we were groping, and I found my attention wander so continually from the fiction to the fact, that I at last flung it across the room, and gave myself up entirely to a consideration of the events of the day. Supposing that this unhappy young man's story was absolutely true, then what hellish thing, what absolutely unforeseen and extraordinary calamity could have occurred between the time when he parted from his father, and the moment when, drawn back by his screams, he rushed into the glade? It was something terrible and deadly. What could it be? Might not the nature of the injuries reveal something to my medical instincts? I rang the bell, and called for the weekly county paper, which contained a verbatim account of the inquest. In the surgeon's deposition it was stated that the posterior third of the left parietal bone and the left half of the occipital bone had been shattered by a heavy blow from a blunt weapon. I marked the spot upon my own head. Clearly such a blow must have been struck from behind. That was to some extent in favour of the accused, as when seen quarrelling he was face to face with his father. Still, it did not go for very much, for the older man might have turned his back before the blow fell. Still, it might be worth while to call Holmes' attention to it. Then there was the peculiar dying reference to a rat. What could that mean? It could not be delirium. A man dying from a sudden blow does not commonly become delirious. No, it was more likely to be an attempt to explain how he met his fate. But what could it indicate? I cudgelled my brains to find some possible explanation. And then the incident of the grey cloth, seen by young McCarthy. If that were true, the murderer must have dropped some part of his dress, presumably his overcoat, in his flight, and must have had the hardihood to return and to carry it away at the instant when the son was kneeling with his back turned not a dozen paces off. What a tissue of mysteries and improbabilities the whole thing was! I did not wonder at Lestrade's opinion, and yet I had so much faith in Sherlock Holmes' insight that I could not lose hope as long as every fresh fact seemed to strengthen his conviction of young McCarthy's innocence.



"I TRIED TO INTEREST MYSELF IN A YELLOW-BACKED NOVEL."

It was late before Sherlock Holmes returned. He came back alone, for Lestrade was staying in lodgings in the town.

"The glass still keeps very high," he remarked, as he sat down. "It is of importance that it should not rain before we are able to go over the ground. On the other hand, a man should be at his very best and keenest for such nice work as that, and I did not wish to do it when fagged by a long journey. I have seen young McCarthy."

"And what did you learn from him?"

"Nothing."

"Could he throw no light?"

"None at all. I was inclined to think at one time that he knew who had done it, and was screening him or her, but I am convinced now that he is as puzzled as everyone else. He is not a very quick-witted youth, though comely to look at, and, I should think, sound at heart."

"I cannot admire his taste," I remarked, "if it is indeed a fact that he was averse to a marriage with so charming a young lady as this Miss Turner."

"Ah, thereby hangs a rather painful tale. This fellow is madly, insanely in love with her, but some two years ago, when he was

only a lad, and before he really knew her, for she had been away five years at a boarding-school, what does the idiot do but get into the clutches of a barmaid in Bristol, and marry her at a registry office? No one knows a word of the matter, but you can imagine how maddening it must be to him to be upbraided for not doing what he would give his very eyes to do, but what he knows to be absolutely impossible. It was sheer frenzy of this sort which made him throw his hands up into the air when his father, at their last interview, was goading him on to propose to Miss Turner. On the other hand, he had no means of supporting himself, and his father, who was by all accounts a very hard man, would have thrown him over utterly had he known the truth. It was with his barmaid wife that he had spent the last three days in Bristol, and his father did not know where he was. Mark that point. It is of importance. Good has come out of evil, however, for the barmaid, finding from the papers that he is in serious trouble, and likely to be hanged, has thrown him over utterly, and has written to him to say that she has a husband already in the Bermuda Dockyard, so that there is really no tie between them. I think that that bit of news has consoled young McCarthy for all that he has suffered."

"But if he is innocent, who has done it?"

"Ah! who? I would call your attention very particularly to two points. One is that the murdered man had an appointment with someone at the Pool, and that the someone could not have been his son, for his son was away, and he did not know when he would return. The second is that the murdered man was heard to cry, 'Cooee!' before he knew that his son had returned. Those are the crucial points upon which the case depends. And now let us talk about George Meredith, if you please, and we shall leave all minor matters until to-morrow."

There was no rain, as Holmes had foretold, and the morning broke bright and cloudless. At nine o'clock Lestrade called for us with the carriage, and we set off for Hatherley Farm and the Boscombe Pool.

"There is serious news this morning," Lestrade observed. "It is said that Mr. Turner, of the Hall, is so ill that his life is despaired of."

"An elderly man, I presume?" said Holmes.

"About sixty; but his constitution has been shattered by his life abroad, and he has been in failing health for some time. This business has had a very bad effect upon him. He was an old friend of McCarthy's, and, I may add, a great benefactor to him, for I have learned that he gave him Hatherley Farm rent free."

"Indeed! That is interesting," said Holmes.

"Oh, yes! In a hundred other ways he has helped him. Everybody about here speaks of his kindness to him."

"Really! Does it not strike you as a little singular that this McCarthy, who appears to have had little of his own, and to have been under such obligations to Turner, should still talk of marrying his son to Turner's daughter, who is, presumably, heiress to the estate, and that in such a very cocksure manner, as if it were merely a case of a proposal and all else would follow? It is the more strange, since we know that Turner himself was averse to the idea. The daughter told us as much. Do you not deduce something from that?"

"We have got to the deductions and the inferences," said Lestrade, winking at me. "I find it hard enough to tackle facts, Holmes, without flying away after theories and fancies."

"You are right," said Holmes, demurely; "you do find it very hard to tackle the facts."

"Anyhow, I have grasped one fact which you seem to find it difficult to get hold of," replied Lestrade, with some warmth.

"And that is?"

"That McCarthy, senior, met his death from McCarthy, junior, and that all theories to the contrary are the merest moonshine."

"Well, moonshine is a brighter thing than fog," said Holmes, laughing. "But I am very much mistaken if this is not Hatherley Farm upon the left."

"Yes, that is it." It was a widespread, comfortable-looking building, two-storied slate roofed, with great yellow blotches of lichen upon the grey walls. The drawn blinds and the smokeless chimneys, however, gave it a stricken look, as though the weight of this horror still lay heavy upon it. We called at the door, when the maid at Holmes' request, showed us the boots which her master wore at the time of his death, and also a pair of the son's, though not the pair which he had then had. Hav-

"THE MAID SHOWED US THE BOOTS."

ing measured these very carefully from seven or eight different points, Holmes desired to be led to the courtyard, from which we all followed the winding track which led to Boscombe Pool.

Sherlock Holmes was transformed when he was hot upon such a scent as this. Men who had only known the quiet thinker and logician of Baker-street would have failed to recognise him. His face flushed and darkened. His brows were drawn into two hard, black lines, while his eyes shone out from beneath them with a steely glitter. His face was bent downwards, his shoulders bowed, his lips compressed, and the veins stood out like whipcord in his long, sinewy neck. His nostrils seemed to dilate with a purely animal lust for the chase, and his mind was so absolutely concentrated upon the matter before him, that a question or remark fell unheeded upon his ears, or at the most, only provoked a quick, impatient snarl in reply. Swiftly and silently he made his way along the track which ran through the meadows, and so by way of the woods to the Boscombe Pool. It was damp, marshy ground, as is all that district, and there were marks of many feet, both upon the path, and amid the short grass which bounded it on either side. Sometimes Holmes would hurry on, sometimes stop dead, and once he made quite a little *détour* into the meadow. Lestrade and I walked behind him, the detective indifferent and contemptuous, while I watched my friend with the interest which sprang from the conviction that every one of his actions was directed towards a definite end.

The Boscombe Pool, which is a little reed-girt sheet of water some fifty yards across, is situated at the boundary between the Hatherley Farm and the private park of the wealthy Mr. Turner. Above the woods which lined it upon the further side we could see the red jutting pinnacles which marked the site of the rich landowner's dwelling. On the Hatherley side of the Pool the woods grew very thick, and there was a narrow belt of sodden grass twenty paces across between the edge of the trees and the reeds which lined the lake. Lestrade showed us the exact spot at which the body had been found, and, indeed, so moist was the ground, that I could plainly see the traces which had been left by the fall of the stricken man. To Holmes, as I could see by his eager face and peering eyes, very many other things were to be read upon the trampled grass. He ran round, like a dog who is picking up a scent, and then turned upon my companion.

"What did you go into the Pool for?" he asked.

"I fished about with a rake. I thought there might be some weapon or other trace. But how on earth——?"

"Oh, tut, tut! I have no time! That left foot of yours with its inward twist is all over the place. A mole could trace it, and there it vanishes among the reeds. Oh, how simple it would all have been had I been here before they came like a herd of

buffalo, and wallowed all over it. Here is where the party with the lodge-keeper came, and they have covered all tracks for six or eight feet round the body. But here are three separate tracks of the same feet." He drew out a lens, and lay down upon his waterproof to have a better view, talking all the time rather to himself than to us. "These are young McCarthy's feet. Twice he was walking, and once he ran swiftly so that the soles are deeply marked, and the heels hardly visible. That bears out his story. He ran when he saw his father on the ground. Then here are the father's feet as he paced up and down. What is this, then? It is the butt-end of the gun as the son stood listening. And this? Ha, ha! What have we here? Tip-toes! tip-toes! Square, too, quite unusual boots! They come, they go, they come again—of course that was for the cloak. Now where did they come from?" He ran up and down, sometimes losing, sometimes finding the track until we were well within the edge of the wood, and under the shadow of a great beech, the largest tree in the neighbourhood. Holmes traced his way to the further side of this, and lay down once more upon his face with a little cry of satisfaction. For a long time he remained there, turning over the leaves and dried sticks, gathering up what seemed to me to be dust into an envelope, and examining with his lens not only the ground, but even the bark of the tree as far as he could reach. A jagged stone was lying among the moss, and this also he carefully examined and retained. Then he followed a pathway through the wood until he came to the high road, where all traces were lost.

"FOR A LONG TIME HE REMAINED THERE."

"It has been a case of considerable interest," he remarked, returning to his natural manner. "I fancy that this grey house on the right must be the lodge. I think that I will go in and have a word with Moran, and perhaps write a little note. Having done that, we may drive back to our luncheon. You may walk to the cab, and I shall be with you presently."

It was about ten minutes before we regained our cab, and drove back into Ross, Holmes still carrying with him the stone which he had picked up in the wood.

"This may interest you, Lestrade," he remarked, holding it out. "The murder was done with it."

"I see no marks."

"There are none."

"How do you know, then?"

"The grass was growing under it. It had only lain there a few days. There was no sign of a place whence it had been taken. It corresponds with the injuries. There is no sign of any other weapon."

"And the murderer?"

"Is a tall man, left-handed, limps with the right leg, wears thick-soled shooting boots and a grey cloak, smokes Indian cigars, uses a cigar-holder, and carries a blunt penknife in his pocket. There are several other indications, but these may be enough to aid us in our search."

Lestrade laughed. "I am afraid that I am still a sceptic," he said. "Theories are all very well, but we have to deal with a hard-headed British jury."

"*Nous verrons*," answered Holmes, calmly. "You work your own method, and I shall work mine. I shall be busy this afternoon, and shall probably return to London by the evening train."

"And leave your case unfinished?"

"No, finished."

"But the mystery?"

"It is solved."

"Who was the criminal, then?"

"The gentleman I describe."

"But who is he?"

"Surely it would not be difficult to find out. This is not such a populous neighbourhood."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am a practical man," he said, "and I really cannot undertake to go about the country looking for a left-handed gentleman with a game leg. I should become the laughing-stock of Scotland Yard."

"All right," said Holmes, quietly. "I have given you the chance. Here are your lodgings. Good-bye. I shall drop you a line before I leave."

Having left Lestrade at his rooms we drove to our hotel, where we found lunch upon the table. Holmes was silent and buried in thought with a pained expression upon his face, as one who finds himself in a perplexing position.

"Look here, Watson," he said, when the cloth was cleared; "just sit down in this chair and let me preach to you for a little. I don't quite know what to do, and I should value your advice. Light a cigar, and let me expound."

"Pray do so."

"Well, now, in considering this case there are two points about young McCarthy's narrative which struck us both instantly, although they impressed me in his favour and you against him. One was the fact that his father should, according to his account, cry 'Cooee!' before seeing him. The other was his singular dying reference to a rat. He mumbled several words, you understand, but that was all that caught the son's ear. Now from this double point our research must commence, and we will begin it by presuming that what the lad says is absolutely true."

"What of this 'Cooee!' then?"

"Well, obviously it could not have been meant for the son. The son, as far as he knew, was in Bristol. It was mere chance that he was within earshot. The 'Cooee!' was meant to attract the attention of whoever it was that he had the appointment with. But 'Cooee' is a distinctly Australian cry, and one which is used between Australians. There is a strong presumption that the person whom McCarthy expected to meet him at Boscombe Pool was someone who had been in Australia."

"HE HAD STOOD BEHIND THAT TREE."

"What of the rat, then?"

Sherlock Holmes took a folded paper from his pocket and flattened it out on the table. "This is a map of the Colony of Victoria," he said. "I wired to Bristol for it last night." He put

his hand over part of the map. "What do you read?" he asked.

"ARAT," I read.

"And now?" He raised his hand.

"BALLARAT."

"Quite so. That was the word the man uttered, and of which his son only caught the last two syllables. He was trying to utter the name of his murderer. So-and-so, of Ballarat."

"It is wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"It is obvious. And now, you see, I had narrowed the field down considerably. The possession of a grey garment was a third point which, granting the son's statement to be correct, was a certainty. We have come now out of mere vagueness to the definite conception of an Australian from Ballarat with a grey cloak."

"Certainly."

"And one who was at home in the district, for the Pool can only be approached by the farm or by the estate, where strangers could hardly wander."

"Quite so."

"Then comes our expedition of to-day. By an examination of the ground I gained the trifling details which I gave to that imbecile Lestrade, as to the personality of the criminal."

"But how did you gain them?"

"You know my method. It is founded upon the observance of trifles."

"His height I know that you might roughly judge from the length of his stride. His boots, too, might be told from their traces."

"Yes, they were peculiar boots."

"But his lameness?"

"The impression of his right foot was always less distinct than his left. He put less weight upon it. Why? Because he limped—he was lame."

"But his left-handedness."

"You were yourself struck by the nature of the injury as recorded by the surgeon at the inquest. The blow was struck from immediately behind, and yet was upon the left side. Now, how can that be unless it were by a left-handed man? He had stood behind that tree during the interview between the father and son. He had even smoked there. I found the ash of a cigar, which my special knowledge of tobacco ashes enabled me to pronounce as an Indian cigar. I have, as you know, devoted some attention to this, and written a little monograph on the ashes of 140 different varieties of pipe, cigar, and cigarette tobacco. Having found the ash, I then looked round and discovered the stump among the moss where he had tossed it. It was an Indian cigar, of the variety which are rolled in Rotterdam."

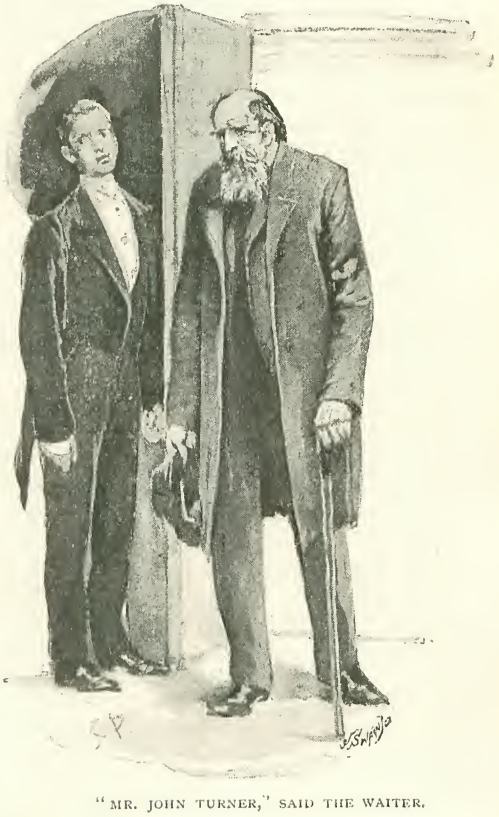
"And the cigar-holder?"

"I could see that the end had not been in his mouth. Therefore he used a holder. The tip had been cut off, not bitten off, but the cut was not a clean one, so I deduced a blunt penknife."

"Holmes," I said, "you have drawn a net round this man from which he cannot escape, and you have saved an innocent human life as truly as if you had cut the cord which was hanging him. I see the direction in which all this points. The culprit is——"

"Mr. John Turner," cried the hotel waiter, opening the door of our sitting-room, and ushering in a visitor.

The man who entered was a strange and impressive figure. His slow, limping step and bowed shoulders gave the appearance of decrepitude, and yet his hard, deep-lined, craggy features, and his enormous limbs showed that he was possessed of unusual



"MR. JOHN TURNER," SAID THE WAITER.

strength of body and of character. His tangled beard, grizzled hair, and outstanding, drooping eyebrows combined to give an air of dignity and power to his appearance, but his face was of an ashen white, while his lips and the corners of his nostrils were tinged with a shade of blue. It was clear to me at a glance that he was in the grip of some deadly and chronic disease.

"Pray sit down on the sofa," said Holmes, gently. "You had my note?"

"Yes, the lodge-keeper brought it up. You said that you wished to see me here to avoid scandal."

"I thought people would talk if I went to the Hall."

"And why did you wish to see me?" He looked across at my companion with despair in his weary eyes, as though his question were already answered.

"Yes," said Holmes, answering the look rather than the words. "It is so. I know all about McCarthy."

The old man sank his face in his hands. "God help me!" he cried. "But I would not have let the young man come to harm. I give you my word that I would have spoken out if it went against him at the Assizes."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Holmes, gravely.

"I would have spoken now had it not been for my dear girl. It would break her heart—it will break her heart when she hears that I am arrested."

"It may not come to that," said Holmes.

"What!"

"I am no official agent. I understand that it was your daughter who required my presence here, and I am acting in her interests. Young McCarthy must be got off, however."

"I am a dying man," said old Turner. "I have had diabetes for years. My doctor says it is a question whether I shall live a month. Yet I would rather die under my own roof than in a gaol."

Holmes rose and sat down at the table with his pen in his hand and a bundle of paper before him. "Just tell us the truth," he said. "I shall jot down the facts. You will sign it, and Watson here can witness it. Then I could produce your confession at the last extremity to save young McCarthy. I promise you that I shall not use it unless it is absolutely needed."

"It's as well," said the old man; "it's a question whether I shall live to the Assizes, so it matters little to me, but I should wish to spare Alice the shock. And now I will make the thing clear to you; it has been a long time in the acting, but will not take me long to tell.

"You didn't know this dead man, McCarthy. He was a devil incarnate. I tell you that. God keep you out of the clutches of such a man as he. His grip has been upon me these twenty years, and he has blasted my life. I'll tell you first how I came to be in his power.

"It was in the early sixties at the diggings. I was a young chap then, hot-blooded and reckless, ready to turn my hand to anything; I got among bad companions, took to drink, had no luck with my claim, took to the bush, and in a word became what you would call over here a highway robber. There were six of us, and we had a wild, free life of it, sticking up a station from time to time, or stopping the waggons on the road to the diggings. Black Jack of Ballarat was the name I went under, and our party is still remembered in the colony as the Ballarat Gang.

"One day a gold convoy came down from Ballarat to Melbourne, and we lay in wait for it and attacked it. There were six troopers and six of us, so it was a close thing, but we emptied four of their saddles at the first volley. Three of our boys were killed, however, before we got the swag. I put my pistol to the head of the waggon-driver, who was this very man McCarthy. I wish to the Lord that I had shot him then, but I spared him, though I saw his wicked little eyes fixed on my face, as though to remember every feature. We got away with the gold, became wealthy men, and made our way over to England without being suspected. There I parted from my old pals, and determined to settle down to a quiet and respectable life. I bought this estate which chanced to be in the market, and I set myself to do a little good with my money, to make up for the way in which I had earned it. I married, too, and though my wife died young, she left me my dear little Alice. Even when she was just a baby her wee hand seemed to lead me down the right path as nothing else had ever done. In a word, I turned over a new leaf, and did my best to make up for the past. All was going well when McCarthy laid his grip upon me.

"I had gone up to town about an investment, and I met him in Regent-street with

hardly a coat to his back or a boot to his foot.

"'Here we are, Jack,' says he, touching me on the arm; 'we'll be as good as a family to you. There's two of us, me and my son, and you can have the keeping of us. If you don't—it's a fine, law-abiding country is England, and there's always a policeman within hail.'

"Well, down they came to the West country, there was no shaking them off, and there they have lived rent free on my best land ever since. There was no rest for me, no peace, no forgetfulness; turn where I would, there was his cunning, grinning face at my elbow. It grew worse as Alice grew up, for he soon saw I was more afraid of her knowing my past than of the police. Whatever he wanted he must have, and whatever it was I gave him without question, land, money, houses, until at last he asked a thing which I could not give. He asked for Alice.

"His son, you see, had grown up, and so had my girl, and as I was known to be in weak health, it seemed a fine stroke to him that his lad should step into the whole property. But there I was firm. I would not have his cursed stock mixed with mine; not that I had any dislike to the lad, but his blood was in him, and that was enough. I stood firm. McCarthy threatened. I braved him to do his worst. We were to meet at the Pool midway between our houses to talk it over.

"When I went down there I found him talking with his son, so I smoked a cigar, and waited behind a tree until he should be alone. But as I listened to his talk all that was black and bitter in me seemed to come uppermost. He was urging his son to marry my daughter with as little regard for what she might think as if she were a slut from off the streets. It drove me mad to think that I and all that I held most dear should be in the power of such a man as this. Could I not snap the bond? I was already a dying and a desperate man. Though clear of mind and fairly strong of limb, I knew that my own fate was sealed. But my memory and my girl! Both could be saved, if I could but silence that foul tongue. I did it, Mr. Holmes. I would do it again. Deeply as I have sinned, I have led a life of martyrdom to atone for it. But that my girl should be entangled in the same meshes which held me was more than I could suffer. I struck him down with no more compunction than if he had been some foul and venomous beast. His cry brought back his son; but I had gained the cover of the wood, though I was forced to go back to fetch the cloak which I had dropped in my flight. That is the true story, gentlemen, of all that occurred."

"Well, it is not for me to judge you," said Holmes, as the old man signed the statement which had been drawn out. "I pray that we may never be exposed to such a temptation."

"I pray not, sir. And what do you intend to do?"

"In view of your health, nothing. You are yourself aware that you will soon have to answer for your deed at a higher Court than the assizes. I will keep your confession, and, if McCarthy is condemned, I shall be forced to use it. If not, it shall never be seen by mortal eye; and your secret, whether you be alive or dead, shall be safe with us."

"Farewell! then," said the old man, solemnly. "Your own death-beds, when they come, will be the easier for the thought of the peace which

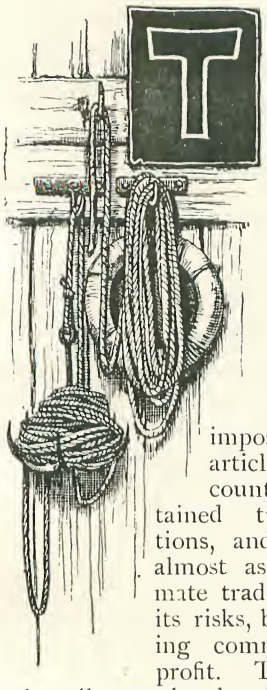
"'FAREWELL, THEN,' SAID THE OLD MAN."

you have given to mine." Tottering and shaking in all his giant frame, he stumbled slowly from the room.

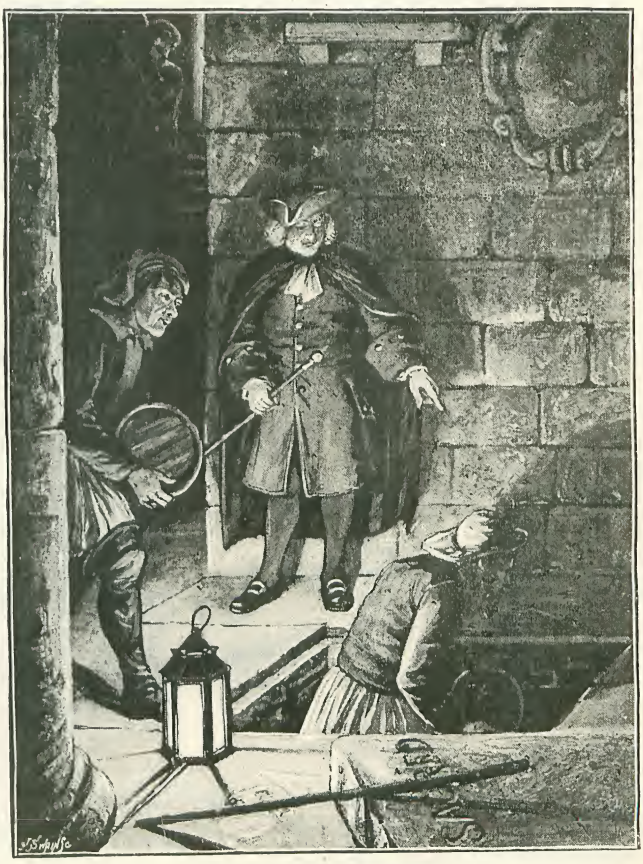
"God help us!" said Holmes. after a long silence. "Why does fate play such tricks with poor helpless worms? I never hear of such a case as this that I do not think of Baxter's words, and say, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Sherlock Holmes.'"

James McCarthy was acquitted at the assizes, on the strength of a number of objections which had been drawn out by Holmes, and submitted to the defending counsel. Old Turner lived for seven months after our interview, but he is now dead; and there is every prospect that the son and daughter may come to live happily together, in ignorance of the black cloud which rests upon their past.

Smugglers' Devices.



THE evasion of the customs duties has, since customs duties were first collected by Government, been in this country almost a national vice—or crime, as many will consider it. Not that no smuggling goes on, or has gone on in other countries; but with the very large duties which in old times were imposed on almost every article imported to this country the practice attained tremendous proportions, and was looked upon almost as a legitimate trade, having its risks, but bringing commensurate profit. The facts that all contraband articles came from across the water, and that the country possessed a very long coast line difficult to watch everywhere, and providing numberless convenient landing-places, also tended to make the trade general and lucrative. The last century witnessed the most flourishing days of the industry, and indeed it was not till many years of the present century had expired that smuggling of the old-fashioned sort fell into unprofitableness and evil repute. The Sussex smugglers were at this time a most active and popular body of ruffians, whose misdeeds the whole population facilitated and screened as far as possible. Indeed, many a worthy parson thought it no shame to allow the vaults and belfry of his church to be used as warehouses for contraband merchandise, and received consideration for his assistance in many a keg of good Nantz. Dangerous ruffians, too, were the Sussex smugglers, and, indeed, those all round the coast; and the criminal records contain many horrible stories of savagely murdered customs officers, whose lives went in the execution of their duty. Of course, often a stand-up fight took place, in which men of both sides died fighting man to man; but the tales of brutal murder of solitary and defenceless officers and suspected informers are numerous and unpleasant. The bold smuggler in actual life was not, any more than the bold highwayman, a very heroic person, although the excessive duties in his time levied on almost every article of daily use and the consequent general high prices gained him many friends and apologists. Even a great moralist like Adam Smith felt justified in describing him as "a person who, though, no doubt, highly blamable for violating the laws of his country, is frequently incapable of violating those of



"CONTRABAND MERCHANDISE."

natural justice, and would have been in every respect an excellent citizen had not the laws of his country made that a crime which nature never meant to be so."

There can be no doubt that the best measures of repression against smuggling are a simplification of the customs laws and a reduction of the duties until the profits of the fraud are too small to pay for the risk and trouble. Since the old protective days, when the smuggler of the old school, with his fast vessels, his boldness and his pistols, waxed fat and prospered, customs laws have been simplified and duties have been wonderfully reduced; consequently, smuggling is no longer a trade, and such smuggling as still goes on, the effect of the old taint in the national blood, is mean, small, and petty by comparison. Boldness has given way to peddling individual cunning, and for the cargoes of brandy and lace once "run" by popular ruffians, miserable pocketfuls of tobacco are secreted by very ordinary and unheroic persons who very probably, in many cases, would shrink from an action involving anything like intrepidity, and would resent the imputation of dishonesty with much indignation. Nevertheless quaint and curious are the devices they employ to baffle the Queen's officers, and, as often as not, extremely ingenious. Such smuggling as now goes on is almost entirely confined, as might be guessed, to tobacco, although spirits or eau de Cologne in small quantities sometimes successfully tempt.

The ingenious and horny-handed docker is responsible for more than one quaint artifice, and, as the secretion of tobacco or spirits on his part may at times involve an accusation of theft as well as of smuggling, a sharp look-out is kept for him. Let us imagine ourselves at the dock gates as a dock-labourer approaches to leave, and observe proceedings.

To ordinary observation he is a plain and innocent docker, with the customary amount of hard wear in his clothes and the customary amount of dirt upon his face. But, as he approaches the gates there becomes apparent upon that same face an unusual expression of blank blamelessness which at once attracts attention. He looks much too innocent altogether, and has, besides, a slight limp; so the constable stops him. Now we should never notice, unless our attention were first directed to it, that the docker wears very large boots. The constable has observed it, however, and makes a pointed allusion to the fact. The blameless docker murmurs something indefinite about corns, and, being at once offered a seat, is, much against his will, induced to ease his feet by taking the large boots off.

Dear, dear!—no wonder the poor fellow was limping. The fact is, he has been

"NO WONDER THE POOR FELLOW WAS LIMPING."

making anti-damp socks, like cork soles, for himself, but has made them much too thick. Besides, they are made of tobacco cake, which is no doubt a capital thing for the purpose, but looks very suspicious. So the gentle docker is kept for awhile to explain, and he probably finds the explanation a difficult one.

The tobacco sole dodge is a very common one, and quite "blown upon"; but as it is impossible to examine everybody's boots, no doubt some such things get through still, from time to time. Sailors and others employ it, as well as dockers.

Here comes another blameless docker. He looks neither to the right nor the left, but gazes straight ahead through the gates with an expression which may mean thoughts of his happy boyhood, or bloater for tea, or indeed anything but smuggled smokes and drinks. Still he is stopped, and the constable's hand falls upon his arm. Something about the arm takes the constable's fancy, so he slips his hand under the sleeve, and draws forth an odd article—an article at which the docker gazes with intense astonishment, as though he couldn't think how it came there. And, indeed, how could it have come there? For it is a piece of bamboo, nearly a foot long, with one end open, and a piece of small rubber or leather tubing attached to the other end. Now there is nothing contraband in a piece of bamboo, with an indiarubber tube attached, but somehow about half a pint of rum has contrived to get into this particular piece of bamboo, and docker No. 2 goes to join his persecuted colleague.

Now this docker was a man of sagacity. When he took that bit of bamboo and dropped it, open end downward, into a barrel of rum, it immediately filled up with the spirit, because the air escaped through the india-rubber tube. Then this scientific person pinched the sides of the tube close together, near the bamboo, so that no air could re-enter to allow the rum to fall out, and carefully lifted the machine out of the bung-hole. Having turned it open-end up, and dexterously manipulated the rubber tube so that no rum might escape thereby, nothing remained but to slip the whole instrument up his sleeve, march to the dock gates and—be caught.

The bamboo dipper is not an uncommon dodge, and its success varies. It is a much more artistic trick than the generality of those adopted by men employed about the docks, whose genius does not often rise above tobacco in a coat-lining, or "sucking the monkey." But honest Jack Tar is perhaps a greater smuggler than the docker—honest Jack Tar nowadays being often a Lascar. 'Baccy is Jack's chief weakness, of course. Dive down into the lowermost internals of some sailing vessel in the London Dock—down where the smell of pitch hangs solid in the air, and where the dirty lantern rarely saves the explorer's head and shins from grievous bangs. Here are coils of rope, not by ones, or tens, but by hundreds, all tarry, all smelly, all in confusion alike. There is no difference, one might say, between any of them, excepting, perhaps, in size. But if somebody connected with the ship were confiding enough, and foolish enough, to come and pick out for us the right coil of rope, and hold it close against our noses, we might, even in that pitch-laden atmosphere, just detect the familiar smell of—twist. There it is, one fraudulent coil among a hundred innocent ones, simply several pounds of twist tobacco. The Custom-house officers know this dodge, but it is not surprising that it has at times eluded them after they did know it.

If the vessel is a Dutch-trading one, or one trading to other ports where the 'baccy temptation is especially great, we may perhaps discover something else—a trick which, we believe, is not very generally known among the customs men, and which we hereby reveal for their information. Lying about the deck will be a number of "fenders"—shapeless conglomerations of fibrous rope, which are hung over the side coming into dock to ease the scraping of the ship's side against the quay or against other ships' sides. Now an honourable fender is filled up inside with scraps of oakum, old rope, waste yarn, and things of that sort; but, sad to say, all fenders are not honourable. Tobacco makes a good stuffing, and doesn't smoke much the worse for having been squeezed a bit against a ship's timbers.

Logs and billets of wood lie about promiscuously on deck and below. It is not a difficult thing for a handy man to hollow out a billet of wood and provide it with so neatly fitting a lid or end that it looks as solid a log as ever was chopped. But then its lightness and hollow sound would betray its ingenuity of construction, so that it becomes necessary to fill it with something to make it feel and sound solid. Again tobacco is found to be a most valuable material for the purpose, and stuffed full it accordingly is. Melancholy to relate,

this artifice no longer deceives the officers, who have discovered it again and again, so that it is really safer to leave the log solid and uninteresting.

A variation on the log trick was invented by a stoker, who hollowed out a long cavity from the end of a beam and slid into it a tin drawer, the end of which was faced with wood corresponding in grain to the beam. Unavailing all, however, for the stoker and his tin box and his "hard cake" made a simultaneous appearance at the police-court.

Jack has always been a musical person, and among the many instruments which he affects the concertina and the accordion occupy honoured places. There are many persons whose ears are not attuned to appreciate any superiority of either of these instruments over the other, and, indeed, whose sole preference would be for the abolition of both. Jack, however, usually prefers the accordion—because it holds more cigars. It is not long since a guileless son of Neptune had to bid a long farewell to his accordion—an unusually large one—in consequence of its being found to enclose 300 and odd cigars and two pounds of cake tobacco. These things did not improve the tone, but they made the instrument much more valuable.

There has been a sad falling off in the consumption of snuff of late years, and the article is really scarcely worth smuggling. Still a seizure is made now and again, but never a very large one. When the sale was larger, conscientious merchants were wont to import snuff compressed to the shape and general appearance of oil-cakes, such as are used to feed cattle. These cakes of snuff were mixed with genuine oil-cakes, and the only way in which to distinguish them was by smell. A Custom-house officer's nose is a most useful professional implement.

"A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER'S NOSE."

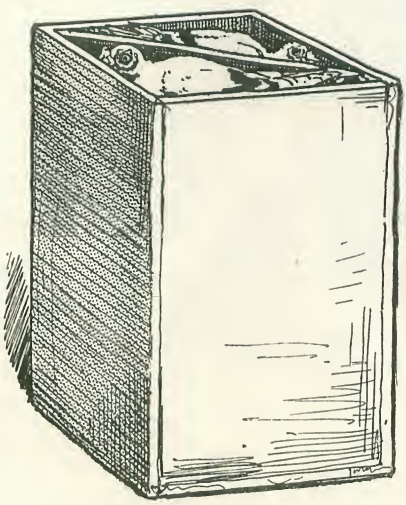
Not unlike the hollow log device in idea, but perhaps superior as an artistic conception, was the coal stratagem. A large lump of coal would be chosen—a lump with a smooth, straight grain which splits easily. A nice flat slice would be chopped off this, and then, on the surface thus exposed, the persevering mineralogist would make laborious excavations till the lump of coal became a hollow shell; and, as it would have been rather a pity to have this careful piece of work crushed in by accident from the outside, the interior was suitably supported by a tight and hard packing of the proper kind of tobacco, or sometimes even with snuff. Then, when the slice first removed had been carefully replaced over the hole and neatly fastened down with pitch, that piece of coal became an object of loving solicitude to its proprietor. And very proper, too; for, just as the Venus of Milo is not a mere

"THE ACCORDION."

lump of stone, so this was no longer a mere dull piece of coal—it had been invested with artistic merit, and some pounds of superior plug. We regret to say that this triumph of art met with early destruction at the hands of a clumsy Philistine with a crow-bar—a customs man. Wherefore the coal-box strata-

gem has fallen into disfavour, and is fast becoming a lost art.

Did the gentle reader never inspect a pigeon-box? A pigeon-box is a tall, oblong affair, in several storeys, each divided by a diagonal partition. In each of the compartments thus provided a pigeon is placed, the broad end of the triangle accommodating the bird's head and shoulders, and the tapering tail just fitting in the sharper apex. Now, if a searcher omit to lift out the upper storeys, it is plain he will not see any pigeons in the storeys below—nor, indeed, any tobacco or brandy. At some far-off, guileless, Arcadian time, it would seem that the searchers did not look into the lower storeys, and the result of this carelessness may be imagined. Once, however, somebody *did* look, and saw something that certainly wasn't pigeons. After this other expedients had to be adopted. The bottoms of the boxes were made double, and tobacco and cigars found their way into these happy realms between these double bottoms. Then this little game was spoiled by a meddlesome person who measured the depth of the whole concern inside and compared it with the height outside; and then arose the final triumph of smuggling art as applied to pigeon-boxes. The boxes became stout and clumsy; the walls were thick, the bottoms were thick—they were thick altogether. No sliding bottoms here, no storeys full of "jack," all solid, sound, and thick—until you whittled some of the wood away with a knife. Then it became evident that all this stout, clumsy wood was hollow, built of fine match-boarding, and—so full is the heart of man with deceit and desperately wicked—very fully and completely packed with tobacco. After this discovery pigeon-boxes from Antwerp were abandoned as vehicles of the surreptitious weed. It was felt that ingenuity could go no further than hollow planks, and attention was turned to other gear. Still false backs and bottoms to boxes and drawers continue in favour, from the many opportunities for their use which a ship's furniture gives. It is not long since a monkey of much activity and intelligence was brought ashore in a sort of exaggerated parrot cage. Something led to an examination of the tin bottom of this cage, when it was found to be as hollow as the woodpecker's beech-tree—a tin canister, in fact, full of canaster.

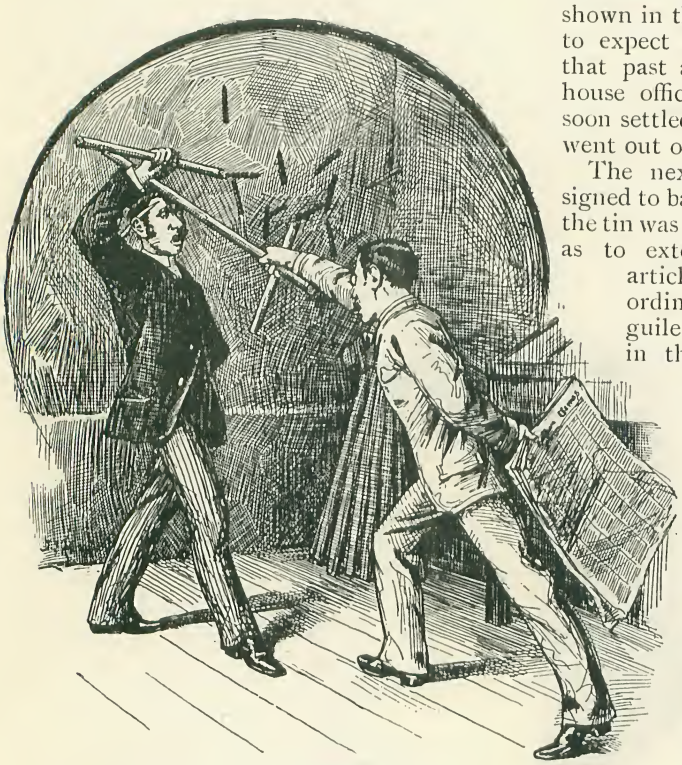


"A PIGEON BOX."

Hollowness is a great characteristic of things manipulated to carry contraband goods; indeed, to a fairly successful Custom-house officer the world must appear a very hollow thing altogether. It is a fairly good number of years ago now, as a man's life lasts, since what had probably been a most successful hollow fraud was discovered at the Custom-house. Broomsticks were imported into this country in very large numbers, and one importer was very regular with his consignments.

One fine day, however, the consignment arrived, but nobody appeared to claim it. Several fine days passed—several weeks and months, fine and otherwise, but still nobody came. The broomsticks were put away in an odd corner in a spare room of the Custom-house, and became dusty. The winter arrived, and upon a cold morning two Custom-house clerks found they had nothing to do. This is not an alarming state of affairs for two Government clerks—it has occurred at other times. But the morning was really too cold to permit of much comfort being extracted from gentle exercise with *The Times* newspaper, and the eyes of the two clerks fell upon the heap of broomsticks. Single-stick was obviously the pursuit most suited to the occasion, and here were the sticks to hand—rather long, of course, but that was a detail. So single-stick they began, with energy. At the first sharp cut and guard off snapped eighteen inches from the end of one broomstick, followed by a flying tail of cigars. The combat ceased on the spot, and an examination of the sticks revealed the fact that they were simply wooden tubes, neatly stopped with wooden plugs at the ends, and filled up as to the remainder of their length with cigars and hard

tobacco. The man never came for his broomsticks, so that the story is deprived of what might have been an interesting sequel. An adaptation of the broomstick machination has also been employed with lead pencils containing bank-notes of doubtful manufacture, rolled up small. A man with a pocket-knife took it into his



"SINGLESTICK.

head to sharpen one of these, and so this well laid scheme went agley.

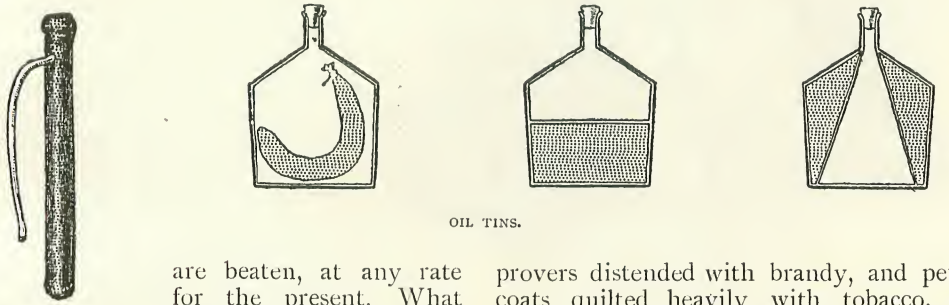
In the matter of the smuggling of spirits in fairly large quantities, a continual war of wits has been waged between the smugglers and the customs authorities—a war in which a chief feature has been the battle of the oil-drums. So far the authorities have won pretty handsomely. To begin with, the ordinary oil-drum of commerce was put into requisition. This carried just so much oil that when a long bladder full of spirits was introduced through the bung-hole, or before the drum was headed, it would quite fill up; then the official inquisitors might smell the oil or pour a little out, and be none the wiser. But the inquisitors developed an awkward habit of poking about down into the oil-can with sticks, and soon the fond illusion burst, and so did a good many of the bladders.

The bladders having been placed beyond the region of practical politics, refuge was taken in the time-honoured dodge of the double bottom. Very probably this served for a time until the smugglers' greediness exceeded reasonable bounds, and the grog-chamber became of the proportions shown in the diagram. It was not wise to expect to get many such things as that past a moderately smart Custom-house officer, and a dip with a stick soon settled matters. The pattern early went out of fashion.

The next attack was especially designed to baffle the poking stick. Again the tin was perfectly innocent and normal as to external appearances—all such articles are so, of course. An ordinary oil tin, from the outside, guile and cunning lurked within in the shape of a perpendicular oil chamber, of parallel diameter down to an inch or two from the mouth of the vessel, and thence gradually enlarging, cone fashion, to a base of eight inches. Now, this bottom diameter of eight inches was so carefully proportioned to the width and length of the parallel entrance above that the exploratory stick might, while reaching the very bottom, twist and wag about in any direction without touching a side of the chamber, and, of course, always dived into nothing but oil. In the extensive region round about this cone, however, and occupying much the greater part of the whole interior, the liquid was not oil, but brandy. This was pretty ingenious, and perhaps for a time fairly successful, but the customs men were equal to the occasion, and the cone chamber is no longer an effective dodge.

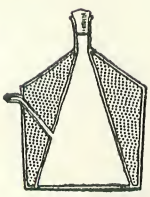
It would seem difficult to devise an improvement on it, but still it was done. The can was made with just the same guiltless exterior, though still with the unholy conical oil chamber inside. But its honest and straightforward character was still further testified by a small spout in the top of the vessel, near the very edge, right away from any possible central chamber, and out of which the contents, or a little of them,

might conveniently be poured. What could possibly be more above-board and open than that? You might put your stick down from the top to the bottom, and waggle it in all directions; you might pour out of the top a little of the contents—oil; you might pour more out of the more convenient side spout—the same oil; you might even poke a stick or wire as far as you pleased down the little spout, and still it was all oil. But the smuggler's ways are dark. There was a tube leading from the little spout to the conical oil chamber in the middle—just as the diagram shows—and all round about was just about the same quantity of just about the same brandy! Truly, it would seem impossible to detect fraud in this. But the fraud was detected, and every customs officer knows of it. The smugglers



OIL TINS.

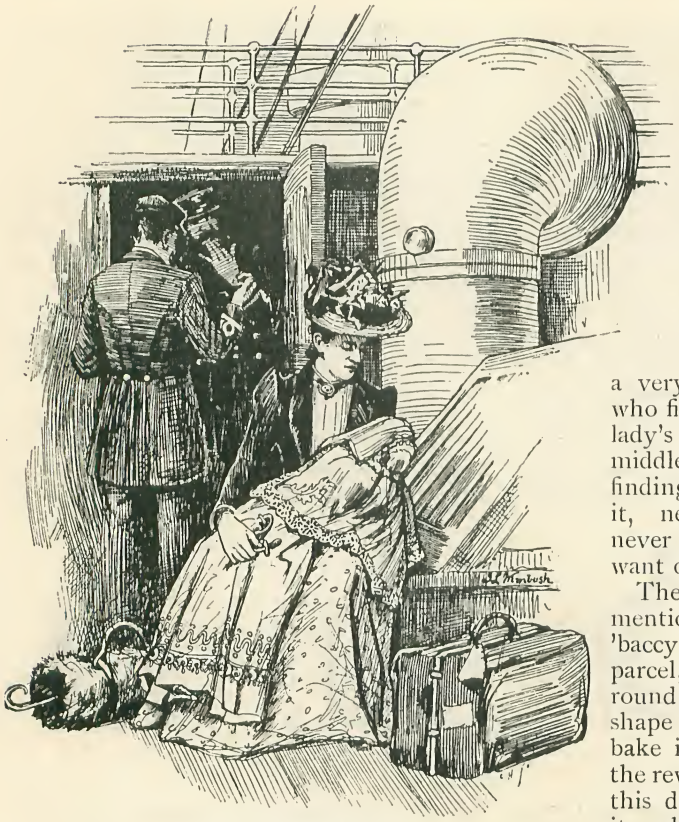
are beaten, at any rate for the present. What more, though, can they possibly do with the oil tin?



Brandy has been smuggled in bladders, otherwise than in oil tins. More than once these bladders have been found among a woman's underclothing. Many of the hauls have been made at Dover, the smugglers landing from the Calais packet. The bladders are, as a rule, pretty trustworthy, though they have been known to leak with disastrous results. This was what brought a very elaborately dressed lady to grief a little time ago at Dover. She had kept very much to herself on the run over, and was thought to be rather unwell. Her only luggage, a small bag, was examined and passed, and she started off—rather hurriedly. This was nothing extraordinary, perhaps, in itself, but her gait was an odd one—she wobbled. Now many people wobble when they leave the Calais boat, and even this might have passed unheeded were it not for a very strong smell of brandy—something more than the smell of a mere flask—and a small liquid trail which marked the wobbling lady's path. Somebody went after that hapless lady, and she was, with a great deal of difficulty, prevailed upon—the trickling stream expatiating into a goodly puddle the while—to submit herself to the investigations of a female searcher. Then the cause of the seclusion, the haste, the wobble, the smell, and the puddle became obvious. Somewhere about twenty long bladders full of strong Cognac had been used to trim one of the unfortunate lady's petticoats, and one of these bladders had sprung a leak.

Women have often found their skirts and bodices useful aids to smuggling, and the reign of crinoline or dress improver is their opportunity. Indiarubber dress improvers distended with brandy, and petticoats quilted heavily with tobacco, are well-known plans for defeating the revenue officers. Again and again smugglers, male and female, are betrayed by attempting too much; and many a skirt full of cigars has been detected through the obvious weight of the burden, the different "set" it gave to the clothes, and the check it constituted to an easy gait.

The story of the Calais-Dover baby is pretty well known. It was always so unwell, poor little dear! and its face had to be kept heavily veiled from the cold wind. Notwithstanding this, it was always being carried back and forth between England and France by the interesting young mother: never cried, and never, somehow, grew out of long clothes. The Custom-house officers—married men themselves—didn't understand it. So that, next time, the most married man among them ventured to insist on being introduced to the interesting little creature. He had a difficulty in convincing the lady of his amiable intentions, and, indeed, had to use a little force before discovering that the baby was an entirely artificial sort of infant, chiefly tobacco, but largely lace. This sort of baby



"THE CALAIS-DOVER BABY."

was much quieter and less troublesome than the ordinary kind, and worth more money—lace being dutiable at that time, as well as tobacco. Still there is reason to believe that the lady afterwards gave up that class of baby.

Clocks and watches are not dutiable under English customs laws, but they are so in France. This is what led to the sad disaster to a French lady who had bought a charming drawing-room clock in Switzerland, and essayed to cross the frontier with her bargain worn as a dress-improver. It was a capital idea, and would have succeeded admirably were it not that, while the lady was assuring the *douanier* that there was nothing dutiable about her, the virtuous clock solemnly struck twelve.

Watches were once dutiable in England, however, and a very highly approved way of smuggling them was in a book. The book was opened, and a good bunch of the middle pages punched through with circular holes, just large enough to admit the watches. Then, the punctured leaves having been glued together and the watches inserted in the holes, two or three whole leaves on either side next the glued ones were pasted down to conceal the contraband articles, and the leaves still remaining loose at either end of the book were still available for mental improvement. He must have been a very rude Custom-house officer who first insisted on taking away a lady's or gentleman's book in the middle of her or his perusal, and finding watches in it. But he did it, nevertheless, and, doubtless, never felt the least sorrow for his want of courtesy.

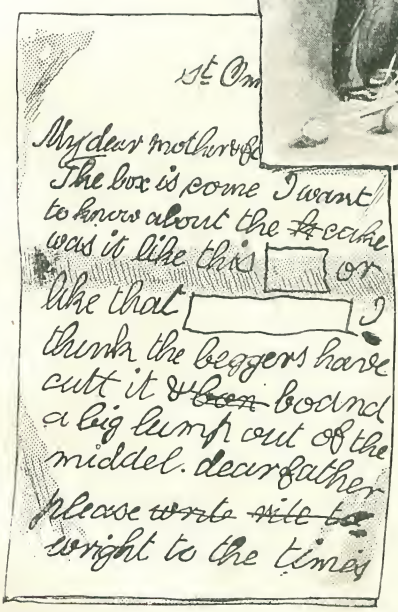
The bread manœuvre is worth mentioning. You make up your 'baccy or cigars into a firm paper parcel, and, having plastered it round with dough in the correct shape of a half-quartern loaf, you bake it, and there you are. When the revenue men can penetrate even this disguise—and they have done it—what hope is there for a poor smuggler? The French understand this plan, and if any English boy at a French school has cakes sent from home, they always arrive cut into wedges by the *douanier*, and sad are the misgivings in that school that the *douanier* may have poached a wedge for himself.

Sixty years ago or more, when the country was ravaged by small-pox, many

"WATCHES."

nailed-down coffins arrived in London with the words "small-pox" painted thereon in red letters. It may be readily understood that nobody was anxious to interfere with the contents, which proved very profitable, being principally brandy, and, now and again, rum. The "stuff" had been landed on the Sussex coast, and a coffin was found to be a handy thing in which to send it to market.

Attempts are, of course, still sometimes made to smuggle on a large scale, and perhaps a case, ostensibly of cottons or other Manchester goods, will be found to contain something dutiable. The biggest attempt of recent times, and an attempt that had no doubt been many times successful before its final detection, came to light a few years ago. An immense boiler was sent over from the Continent, and travelled to and fro more than once —for repairs. Somebody who had some special information about this boiler imparted it to a cus-



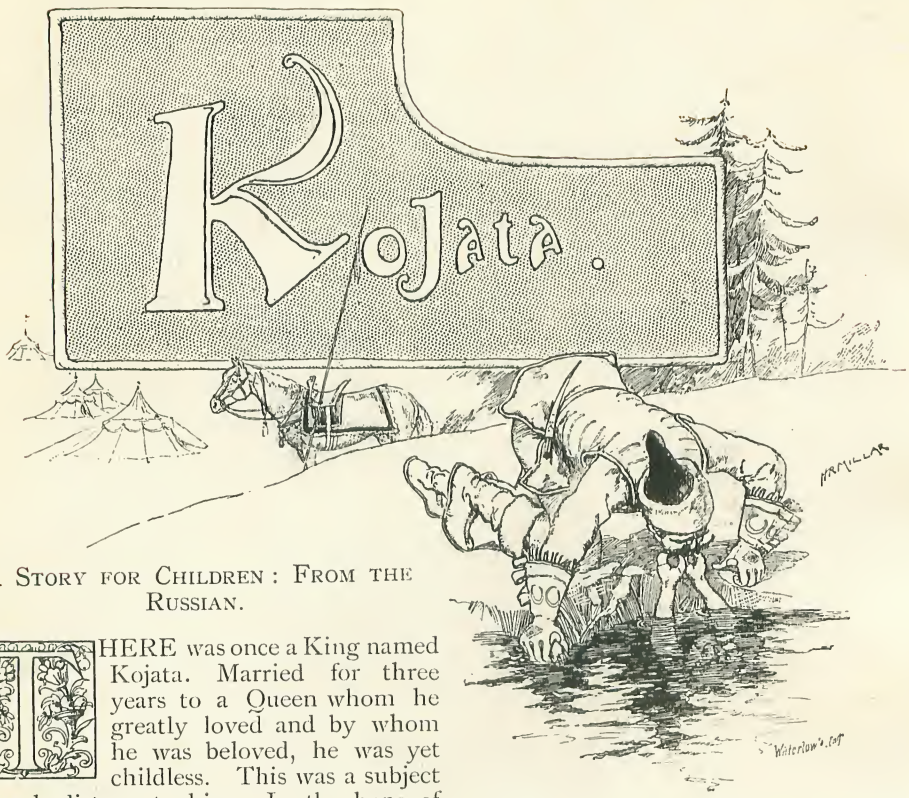
"THE ENGLISH BOY AT A FRENCH SCHOOL."

toms man. Consequently, as that immense boiler was slowly proceeding along an East-end street on a lorry drawn by half a dozen horses, it was stopped, and found to be packed full from end to end with tobacco. This was an immense haul, and no doubt marked the stoppage of a leak in the customs defences which had existed for some time. Those who may feel at any time disposed to assist other persons in matters of smuggling, may be interested to learn that the whole turn-out—lorry, horses, harness, and all—was confiscated, as the law provides, although the carman knew nothing of the hidden tobacco.

A very simple smuggling device, and a well-known one, is to pack whatever articles it is desired to conceal in tin cases and sink them in the water, with small cork or wood floats to denote their whereabouts, till the ship has been searched. Life-buoys and belts, too, are not always made of cork. Tobacco has been found good for the purpose, and, before the duty was abolished, silk. There is an ingenious gentleman in Jersey who has a powerful little hydraulic press with which it is possible to compress a pound or so of tobacco to the size of a couple of ounces. Now the Customs people are not vexatiously strict, and will not stop a man for carrying a few cigars or a little tobacco for his personal use, although they would be quite within their rights in doing so. So when the passenger from Jersey freely shows an ordinary two-ounce packet it is allowed to pass, although the actual quantity may be something above a pound. Let the customs men, therefore, judge weight by the hand and not by the eye.

As long as human nature is what it is, and as long as customs duties exist, smuggling of some small sort will go on. The abolition of a duty of course stops smuggling altogether, and its reduction to low figures renders the smuggling petty and insignificant. Double-lined clothes to carry tea and lace are now useless, but for bringing in tobacco, spirits, and perfumery there still exist the devices we have described, and possibly others.

Kojata.



A Story for Children : From the Russian.

THERE was once a King named Kojata. Married for three years to a Queen whom he greatly loved and by whom he was beloved, he was yet childless. This was a subject of much distress to him. In the hope of diverting his mind from the contemplation of this source of regret, he set off on a visit to the divers provinces of his kingdom. After travelling for several months, he turned towards his capital.

One day, fatigued by the heat, he had his tent set up in the open country, intending to await there the coolness of the coming evening. He was thirsty, and not finding any water near him, he mounted his horse to go in search of it. At a short distance from his encampment he discovered a limpid spring, on the surface of which a gold cup was floating.

He hurried towards the attractive water and tried to seize the cup, but it escaped his grasp. He made new attempts, now with the right hand, now with the left ; the cup, however, defeated all his efforts to grasp it.

"Wait a bit," he said ; "I shall be able to get hold of it presently."

And, seeing the water calm, and the cup floating motionless upon its surface, he stretched forth both hands to seize it ; whereupon the cup vanished from his sight.

"The plaguey thing !" exclaimed Kojata ; "I'll give it up, and do without it."

Saying this, he knelt upon the ground and began to drink by dipping his lips in the water. But when his thirst was assuaged, and he tried to rise, he felt himself held by the chin, and vainly endeavoured to release himself.

"Who is it ? who is holding me in this way ?" he cried.

Nobody answered ; but before him, in the crystal of the spring, he beheld a frightful face, two great eyes as green as emeralds, a large mouth grinning in a strange fashion, and two claws clutching his chin like a pair of iron pincers, from the grip of which he found it impossible to free himself. At length, from the depths of this enchanted spring, an invisible being cried to him :

"All your efforts are useless ; you can only recover your liberty on one condition ; it is that you will give me the thing about which you know nothing, and which you will find on arriving at your house."

"With pleasure," replied Kojata, think-

ing that he knew quite well all that his house contained.

"Remember your promise," said the voice of the invisible being, "or you will repent of it."

At these words the claws relaxed their hold. The King remounted his horse, and continued his journey. When he arrived near to his capital, all the people hurried forward to meet him, and made the air ring with their shouts and cries of delight. On the threshold of the palace was the Queen, and near her was a Minister holding in his arms a cradle in which there was a baby, a rosy and superb boy.

The King gave a start on seeing it.

"That," he said, "is the thing about which I knew nothing, and with which I must part!"

And great tears ran down his cheeks. Without revealing to anyone the cause of his cruel emotion, he carried the child to his chamber. Afterwards he tried to continue his customary mode of life, and the pleasant and peaceful course of his reign: a vain endeavour—ceaselessly he was haunted by the memory of the fatal promise he had given. At every instant, day and night, he trembled lest someone should come and carry off from him his peerless treasure, his only and so-long-desired son.

Little by little, however, the recollection became less tormenting, his fears less acute. His son grew up, and everybody admired his grace and strength; he was loved, too, and universally called "Handsome Milan."

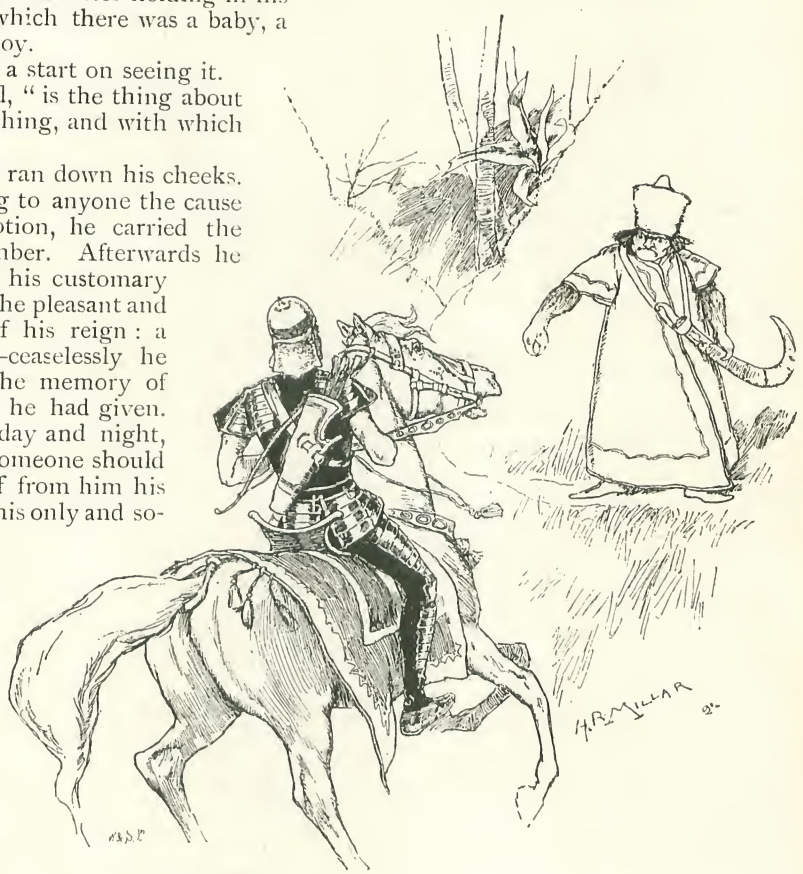
One day, while hunting, he allowed himself to be drawn far away from his companions, in pursuit of a wild animal, and presently found himself alone in the midst of a dense forest, where neither path nor sign of human life was visible. In a sort of clearing, surrounded by pine trees, stood a tall lime tree thickly leaved. Suddenly the foliage of this tree became agitated, and from the bole came forth a strange old man, with green eyes and a round chin. He advanced towards the young huntsman, and said:

"Good-day, Prince Milan. I have for a long time been hoping to see you."

"Who are you?" asked the Prince.

"You shall know that later. For the present, go back to your father, and tell him to make haste to pay his debt. Good-bye, till we meet again."

The old man disappeared. The Prince returned to the palace, and hastened to relate his adventure to the King.



"FROM THE BOLE CAME FORTH A STRANGE OLD MAN."

"Oh!" cried the King, pale and trembling. "What a misfortune! My dear son, we must part!"

And, weeping, he told him the terrible promise he had given.

"Do not weep, good father!" replied Milan. "The evil, I am sure, is not irremediable. Have a horse got ready for me, and I will set off—to return speedily, I hope. Tell nobody our secret, least of all my mother, whom it would greatly distress.

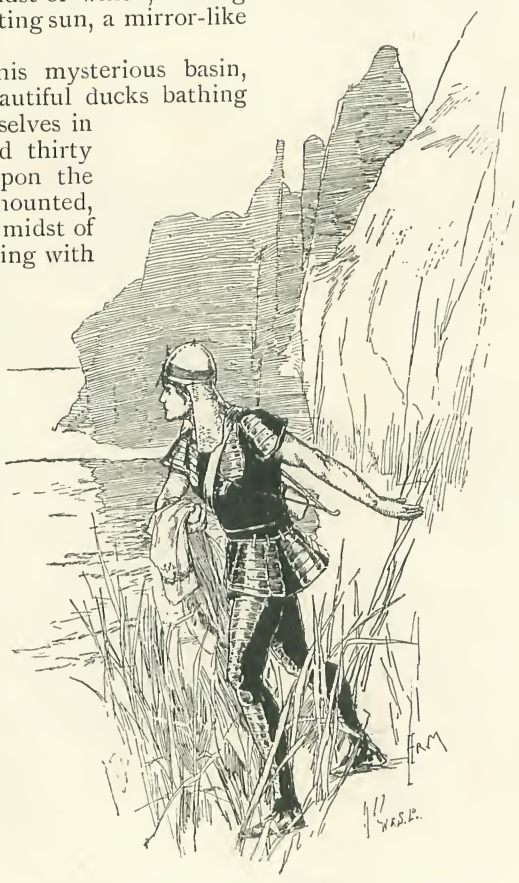
If in the course of a year you do not see me again, it will be because I shall be dead."

Kojata, giving way to his wishes, gave him a fine horse, with golden stirrups, and a good sword. The Queen sobbingly gave him her blessing, and he rode away from the palace.

For three days he rode forward without knowing whither he was going. On the evening of the fourth day he stopped at the foot of a mountain on a silent and desert plain, in the midst of which, shining in the light of the setting sun, a mirror-like lake lay spread.

He approached this mysterious basin, and beheld thirty beautiful ducks bathing and disporting themselves in its liquid waves, and thirty white robes lying upon the shore. The Prince dismounted, and slipped into the midst of a cluster of reeds, taking with him one of the snowy garments spread upon the ground.

A few minutes later, the ducks, having sufficiently enjoyed their bath, returned to the shore to retake possession of their clothes, and immediately transformed themselves. In place of twenty-nine web-footed ducklings appeared nine-and-twenty beautiful young girls, who rapidly dressed themselves and hurried away. The thirtieth, unable to find her white robe, remained in the water, turning from one side to the other, scared, bewildered, weeping and sobbing.



"THE PRINCE SLIPPED INTO THE MIDST OF A CLUSTER OF REEDS."

The Prince took pity on her. He put aside the reeds and rose. The poor terrified duck saw him and cried to him:

"Prince Milan, give me my robe. For that good act you shall be rewarded."

The Prince obeyed. He put down the fairy linen on the shore of the lake and then discreetly retired from the spot.

In a moment the metamorphosis was completed; he saw before him, dressed in a white robe, a young girl of matchless beauty. She held her hand out to him, and, lowering her eyes and blushing, said to him, in a gentle tone of voice:

"I thank you for having done what I asked of you. You could not have done anything better for yourself, and I hope that you will be content with me. My name is Wellena. The young girls you saw bathing with me are my sisters. Our father is the enchanter Czernuch, who governs the subterranean world. He is possessed of rich treasures and a large number of castles. For a long while he has been waiting for you and is very angry at not seeing you arrive; but have no fear, and follow my advice punctually. When you come in face of this powerful sovereign, cast yourself upon the ground and approach him crawling on your hands and knees. If he stamps his foot with rage, if he threatens you, go still nearer to him. I do not know what he will order you to do, but whatever it may be, I shall be near to assist you. Now let us part."

Giving the ground a tap with her little foot, the earth opened, and the beautiful Wellena and the Prince descended into the subterranean region and entered the palace of Czernuch, a palace constructed entirely of carbuncles, and shining like the sun. Czernuch was seated on his throne. His eyes were as green as the leaves on the trees, and his hands were claws.

Following the instructions of his protectress, Prince Milan threw himself down with his face towards the ground. The

terrible magician was in a state of rage. His eyes darted flames, and he gave utterance to such horrible cries that the roof of his palace trembled as if it were going to collapse. The Prince crawled humbly towards him. At length Czernuch burst into a fit of laughter, and cried :

"'Tis well ; I shall not be your enemy. But, nevertheless, you must be punished for not having come sooner. To-morrow you shall know my will."

Two servants politely conducted the Prince to the chamber which had been reserved for him ; and, being fatigued, he immediately went to sleep.

Next day the enchanter sent for him, and said :

"I want to ascertain what you can do. This evening you must set to work, and during the night you must build me a palace, the roof and walls of marble, and the windows of crystal. Around this palace there must be a large garden, waterfall, and a lake with fish in it. If this work is well executed, I shall be good-natured towards you ; if not, you will have your head chopped off."

"Accursed magician!" the Prince said to himself, on returning to his chamber ; "he condemns me to death, and laughs at me while doing it."

He sat with his head between his hands all day, absorbed in the thought of his cruel destiny.

At last evening came, and with its coming a little bee tapped at his window, and said to him :

"Let me in."

He opened the window. The bee transformed itself: Wellena stood before him.

"Good evening," she said ; "why are you so downcast ?"

"Do you not know that your father has condemned me to death ?"

"And what are you going to do ?"

"Submit to my fate."

"What an idea ! Don't let yourself be so easily conquered. Go to bed, and sleep in peace. To-morrow morning rise early ; your palace shall be built ; go round it, a hammer in your hand, as if you had just finished constructing it."

The next morning, on rising, Prince Milan beheld the palace completely built. Czernuch examined it minutely, and was astonished by it.

"Ah," he said to the young Prince, "you are a skilful artist. I must now try the penetration of your mind. I have thirty daughters. To-morrow they shall be drawn up before you ; you shall look at them once, twice, and, the third time, you shall tell me which is the youngest, or you shall have your head chopped off."

"Very good," said the Prince to himself ; "that's an agreeable task. Why, at the first glance, I shall recognise Wellena ! Nothing could be easier to do."

"It's not so easy as you think," said the little bee. "My sisters and I are so much alike, that my father himself can hardly tell which of us is the oldest and which the youngest. But, so that you may not make any mistake, I will, on your third examination, wear a patch on my right cheek."

The next day the magician's thirty daughters were ranged in a single line. The Prince looked at them attentively, and could not distinguish which of them he loved. He examined them again, without lessening his embarrassment. Finally, at the third trial, he perceived on a white cheek a tiny rose-coloured patch, and turned towards Czernuch :

"This," he said, "is the youngest of your daughters, the Princess Wellena."

"He's protected by Satan himself!" muttered the magician, grinding his teeth in fury at the defeat he had sustained. "I admit your ability," he said to Prince Milan ; "but I must try you once more, and in a different fashion. Come back to me at the end of three hours. I will then set fire to a match, and, before it is burnt out, you must make me a pair of boots reaching to my knees. Go and get ready for this new piece of work, and return to me at the time I have named."

The Prince retired dispirited. The little bee flew to him.

"How melancholy you appear!" she said.

"Alas ! I shall never be able to do what your father demands, and shall have to die."

"No. I love you ; I am your affianced bride ; we must live or die together. And, now, we must fly."

Saying these words she licked the window, the moisture instantly congealing there. Then she took her lover by the hand and led him to the spot where they had descended together into the subterranean region, thence to the margin of the lake where she had first met him. There the Prince found his horse awaiting him. The animal neighed with delight on recognising his master. The two fugitives seated them-

selves on his back, and the gallant steed galloped away with the speed of an arrow.

At the hour appointed the enchanter waited for Prince Milan, and, not seeing him arrive, sent a footman in search of him. The door of his chamber was locked, and Wellena had thrown away the key. The servant knocked and delivered the message he was sent to give ; the moisture on the window replied, in the tones of Prince Milan's voice : "I'm coming presently." Three times, at intervals of several minutes, the footman repeated the summons, and always received the same answer : "I'm coming presently." At last Czernuch cried furiously :

CZERNUCH AND THE HERMIT.

"The wretch is making game of me ! Let his door be burst open, and let him be seized, gagged, and brought here to me ! "

The door of the Prince's chamber was burst open : nobody was in the room.

"Ah, the scoundrel ! " cried the magician, foaming with rage. "He has taken flight. *I'll* go and arrest the deserters."

A moment afterwards, the Princess said : "I hear the beat of a horse's hoofs."

"We are pursued, and someone is quite near to us," said Prince Milan.

"Woe to us ! " exclaimed the young girl, "it is my father. But his power expires at the first church which stands beside his road ; he cannot pass that barrier."

A moment later, Czernuch, perceiving a hermit, said to him :

"Reverend father, have you seen a man and a woman go by on horseback ? "

"Yes, Prince Milan and the Princess Wellena. They have dismounted to pray in this church."

"Oh ! why cannot I wring their necks? " cried the magician, furiously.

He went back to his subterranean kingdom growling, and, to satisfy his anger, had his servants flogged all round.

The two lovers continued their way peaceably, and came to a beautiful city. Prince Milan wished to enter it.

"I beg of you not to stop there," said the young girl. "I have a fatal presentiment as to that city."

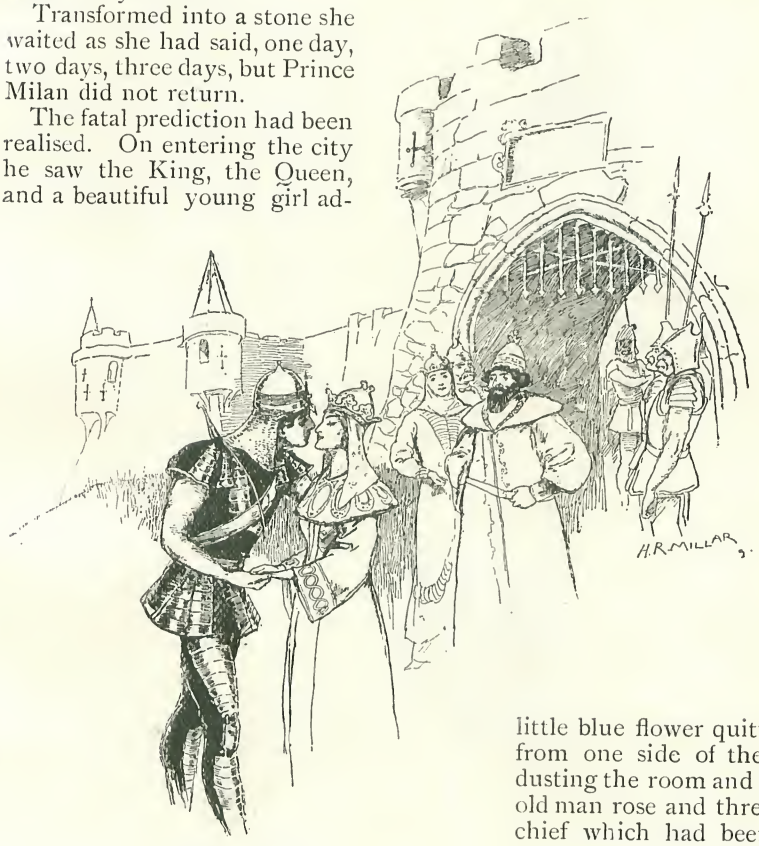
"I only want to see it, and then we will continue our journey," replied the Prince.

"Alas ! it is easy to enter, but difficult to leave it. But go, since it is your wish.

I will wait for you here, changed into a white stone by the wayside. Pray be prudent. The King of this city and the Queen will come forth to meet you—and with them a charming girl. Take care! if you kiss her, you will immediately forget all that has passed between us; and then I shall die of grief. Go; I will wait for you here three days. If, at the end of those three days, you do not return—— But go, since it is your wish."

Transformed into a stone she waited as she had said, one day, two days, three days, but Prince Milan did not return.

The fatal prediction had been realised. On entering the city he saw the King, the Queen, and a beautiful young girl advance to meet him. Dazzled by the look, by the smile, by the perfect beauty of this young girl, he kissed her on the cheek; and the memory of his dear Wellena instantly fled from his mind.



"HE KISSED HER."

"Alas!" cried the poor girl, "he has deserted me. I have nothing more to hope for in the world, and have but to die. I will change myself into a little field-flower; I will stay by the wayside, and some passer by will crush me under his foot."

In a moment the transformation was accomplished.

Along the road plodded an old man who paused to look at the flower, on which a tear glistened like a dew-drop. The flower pleased him. He carefully detached it from the ground, and planted it in a pot, and took delight in tending it, without in the least suspecting the return it would make him. From the day it entered his rustic dwelling-place everything in it was each morning punctually set in order. At meal-times, by an invisible hand, his table was spread with a spotless white cloth, and the nicest food was set before him. He enjoyed all these marvels; but he wished to know to whom he owed them, and how they were brought about. He therefore sought an old sorcerer, who said to him:

"Be awake to-morrow before cock-crow, before the break of day. Look carefully around you, and, wherever you see an object moving, throw a handkerchief over it quickly."

Next morning, on the first ray of sun appearing, the little blue flower quitted her pot and flitted from one side of the room to the other, dusting the room and lighting the fire. The old man rose and threw over her a handkerchief which had been given him by the sorcerer, and in place of the little flower, a beautiful young girl appeared before him.

"Why have you recalled me to life?" she cried. "Prince Milan was to have been my husband, and he has completely forgotten me."

"Prince Milan," replied the old man, "is on the eve of being married; from all parts people are flocking to assist at his wedding."

The faithful Wellena wept bitterly, then, with sudden resolution, dried her eyes, and, in the dress of a peasant girl, went to the city. Entering the palace kitchen and modestly accosting one of the head cooks, she said to him in a gentle tone:

"Will you allow me to make a wedding-cake for Prince Milan?"

The proud and self-sufficient cook was not in the least disposed to accept such a proposal; but when he saw how pretty and graceful this young peasant girl was, he replied to her politely:

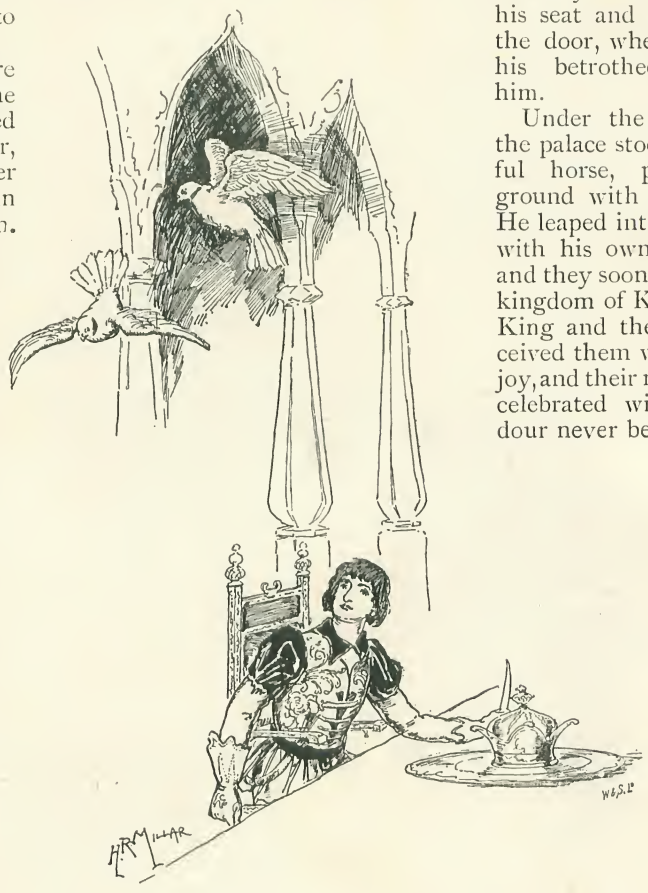
"Yes, my pretty one, you wish it: make a wedding-cake. I'll present it myself to the Prince."

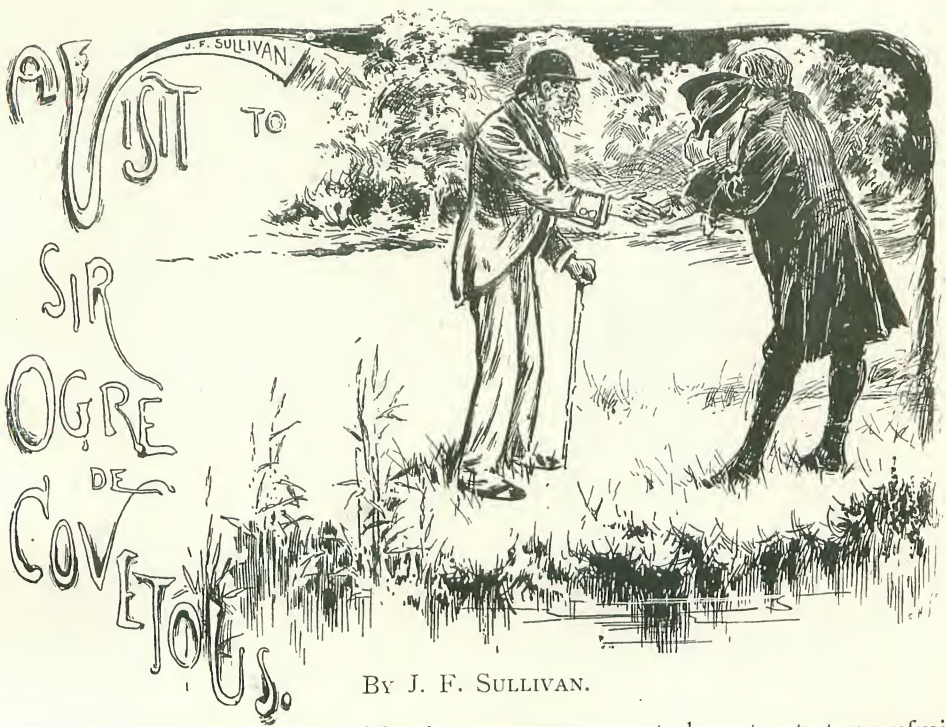
All the guests were seated at table. The head cook advanced with a solemn air, bearing upon a silver dish a cake made in the form of a crown. Everybody admired this piece of pastry, its elegant form, and its golden crust. The Prince, before whom the cook had placed it, cut off a piece, and, from the opening, flew out a pair of turtle-doves, which wheeled in flight about the table, the female dove crying to her companion:

"Don't leave me! don't leave me! or you will forget me, as Prince Milan has forgotten his Wellena!"

At those words the Prince recovered his memory. He rose from his seat and hastened to the door, where he found his betrothed awaiting him.

Under the balcony of the palace stood his faithful horse, pawing the ground with impatience. He leaped into the saddle with his own true bride, and they soon reached the kingdom of Kojata. The King and the Queen received them with tears of joy, and their marriage was celebrated with a splendour never before seen.





By J. F. Sullivan.

I WAS, on a certain Morning lately, filled with most pleasing Reflexions, seeing that I was to pass away a Day or two on a Visit to a most worthy Friend of mine, Sir Ogre de Covetous, that had a fine Estate upon the River Thames. This gave me the more Satisfaction because my Friend, besides being a Man of no small Parts in the Preservation of his Rights, had made himself of no inconsiderable Repute among the surrounding humbler Inhabitants of the Locality, and even among such of the Public as chanced to pass by his Estates upon the River.

I came upon my old Friend, as genial as ever, he having been engaged in a rough Discourse with a Cottager that lived hard by his Estates, and scowling hugely.

"You are to know," said the good old Man, turning to me, "that yonder is a most ill-grained and complaining Fellow, for the only Road to his Cottage is one that passes between some Fields of mine; and he has the Effrontery not only to beg that I shall permit his Supply of Coals to pass that Way (which, indeed, would cause me no Inconvenience whatever), but is positively so perverse as to be put out at my refusing, vowing that he must needs quit his Cottage, being unable to live without Firing! As if this were any Concern of mine!" And at this the good old Man fell to fuming and to stamping his Foot; and, perceiving that such Subjects gave him no small Disquietude, I encouraged him to speak upon them at more Length; and with so great Success that he presently addressed to me the following Discourse:—

"The People about here," said he, "are, I warrant you, of a very ill Grain, and very hardly to be brought to Reason, being most mightily discontented with all I do; and you must learn that the Public are no better, being not polite enough to understand how a wise Providence has only created the Poor and the Public that they may minister to the Pleasures of Men of an Estate, particularly of an Estate upon the River; a rightful Understanding of which Fact, Sir, would surely induce a more pleasing Intercourse between myself and those around me. I myself am a Man of a most worthy Disposition, and devote my whole Thoughts to the safeguarding and furtherance of my own Interests.

"For one Instance, Sir, we now stand upon

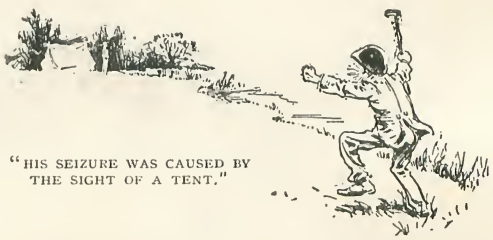
the Tow-path, which the Thames Conservancy pay me a yearly Hire for the Use of, 'for the purpose of towing Boats'; and I am of so amiable a Temperament that, I would have you know, I stand constantly at one of my Windows with a Telescope to spy if any should walk along this Path without towing a Boat, in which Case I presently send a Man to warn them off; and this, Sir, is one of my chiefest Occupations and Delights."

"I SEND A MAN TO WARN THEM OFF."

And here I could not but observe how a certain Fellow that passed us in a Boat scowled most lustily (yet not without a certain fear) at my good friend the Riverside Proprietor; and I was about speculating upon this Occurrence, when the good old Man continued:—

"There goes, Sir, a Villain of a most froward Temper; for he is by Trade a Waterman; and although I have forbidden him to ferry anybody over to my side of the River, or to fix his Punt in the Stream (for the Bed of the River is my property), and have, indeed, done all in my Power to prevent his gaining a Subsistence; yet I can in no way please him, but he regards me with a most huge disfavour! and, Sir, 'tis the same with the rest of the Watermen here."

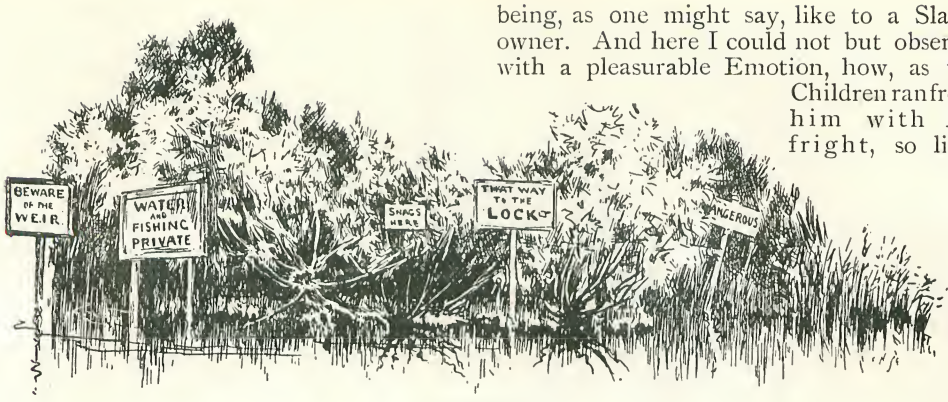
It was with difficulty, at this part of the Discourse, that I could refrain from a Tear upon reflecting how so good a Proprietor should be thus maltreated by all around him; and indeed I could well have cried out upon them all for monstrous, ungrateful Varlets. And observing at this time that my good old Friend was taken with a Fit of the Jumps, so that he called out most vociferously, stamping his Foot the while, I then perceived that his Seizure was occasioned by the Sight of a Tent, which some impertinent Fellow had set up upon his Bank of the Flood; and I learned that such a sight would always bring about in him such a Taking on.



"HIS SEIZURE WAS CAUSED BY THE SIGHT OF A TENT."

And now my Attention was diverted to a great Number of Notice Boards that were fixed here and there in the River; and on one would be painted "Water and Fishing Private," and on another "DANGEROUS," and on still others "THAT WAY TO THE LOCK," and "Beware of the Weir," and many others; and I perceived that these Notices moved my Friend to a vast and most consuming Enjoyment of himself, in such wise that he fell to chuckling, until I feared he might be in Danger of another Seizure, but, perceiving my Alarm, he whispered me

"THERE GOES, SIR, A VILLAIN."



"DANGEROUS."

in the Ear: "'Tis I that have set up these Notices, and you are to know that this Piece of Water in which they are placed is by no means mine, for the which Reason seeing I may hardly venture to set down the Words 'Private Water,' lest some busy Fellow would be challenging the Claim; yet when I say 'Water and Fishing Private,' I do but state the Fact that it *is* Water, and the Fishing is private, for I have hired it (for no consideration) of the Public, who rightfully own the Water but are too besotted to enforce their Claim. Next Year," continued the worthy old Gentleman, "I propose to stretch a Wire across this Water, and thereafter a stout Chain; so in the Course of Years the Water shall become of right my private Property. In like wise the Words 'Dangerous,' and 'That Way to the Lock,' and 'Beware of the Weir,' are cunningly designed to hinder the vulgar from entering upon that Piece of Water; for you should know that, as there is no Danger, nor any Weir, so, also, either Way conducts to the Lock."

Delighting me with such pleasing Converse, as to which I was at a Loss, whether the more to admire the ingenious Wisdom, or the Christianlike Kindliness of so worthy a Man, the Proprietor led the Way to the Village of which he appeared to be the Owner—or, I would be saying, rather the Owner of the Villagers; being, as one might say, like to a Slave-owner. And here I could not but observe, with a pleasurable Emotion, how, as the Children ran from him with Affright, so likewise the Dogs snarled at his Approach and hid themselves within Doors.

"THE CHILDREN RAN FROM HIM WITH AFFRIGHT."

The good old Man made diligent Inquiries touching a Rumouring that had come to his Ear, how a certain Widow, being poor, had let her Room to a Visitor from London who was for spending a Holiday in the Place: and, finding this Rumouring to be true, presently notified her that she should quit her Cottage on the following Week; and also roundly rated a Grocer that would be supplying Provisions to the Intruder, and warned the other Villagers against trafficking with that Grocer on Penalty of great Disfavour.

"For," said the good Man, "I am most keenly set against any Man coming to take Pleasure upon my Scenery, or upon the River by it; insomuch so that I will none of him;" and with that my Friend fell to kicking certain Children that

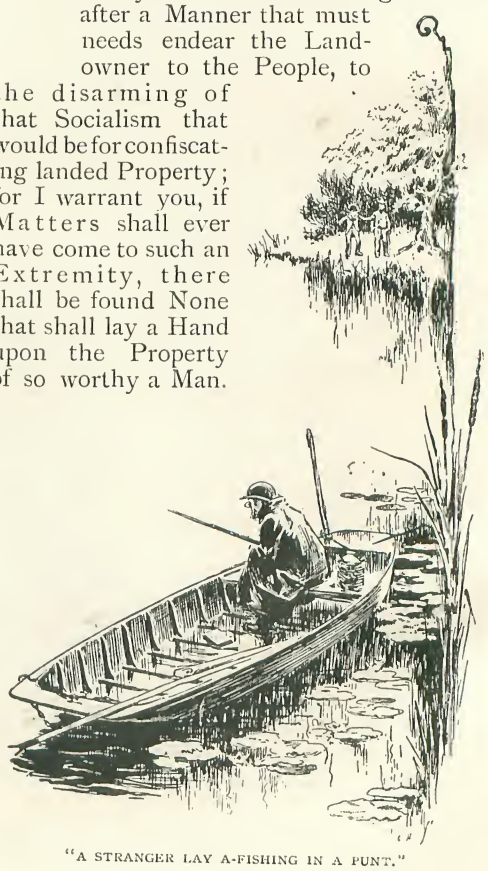
"HE ROUNDLY RATED A GROCER."

he suspected would be grimacing upon him.

Seeing my Friend salute with more than his usual Cordiality a Farmer that came by in a Gig, I was interested to hear that this Man was the only being in that Part after the Proprietor's own Heart; and this for the Reason that he would ever be putting some Despite upon his Neighbours (and that particularly such of them as were unable to retort upon him), and had lately invented a very quaint Conceit of driving quickly here and there in the midst of any Neighbour's fowls that he might come upon in his rough Meadows, and this for pure good Humour.

"And in short," said the Riverside Proprietor, "I do in this Thing greatly value myself, that (although this Part is among the most beautiful on the Thames), there come but few hither to take their Pleasure of the Scenery, nor to fish, nor camp, for Fear of me; for, being of more Substance than them that would be for doing so, I will always be frightening them from any maintaining of their Right by threatening to put upon them the Costs of a Suit at Law, which they can ill afford." And with this Sir Ogre made off at great Speed to point out to his Man how a certain Stranger lay a-fishing in a Punt over his River Bed.

No sooner had I taken leave of my good Friend than I fell into profound Speculation on the Blessing that our River enjoys in the having upon its Banks such a gentle Soul; and after so wonderful a Manner is the River dotted with Notice-boards, that I am come to an Opinion that there must be many Landowners almost as worthy as he; though, indeed, they do speak of a certain Landowner, not far from my Friend, that has devoted an Island for the Enjoyment of such as pass by, providing not only a Summer-house, and Tables, and a Landing Platform, but also a Hammock and, for that matter, great rustic Vases, which he causes his Gardener to tend, for the Good of others; which Thing must be a Cause of huge Diversion and Pleasantry to my Friend. I cannot conclude this Speculation without giving great Praise to the Wisdom of my old Friend in bearing himself after a Manner that must needs endear the Landowner to the People, to the disarming of that Socialism that would be for confiscating landed Property; for I warrant you, if Matters shall ever have come to such an Extremity, there shall be found None that shall lay a Hand upon the Property of so worthy a Man.



"A STRANGER LAY A-FISHING IN A PUNT."

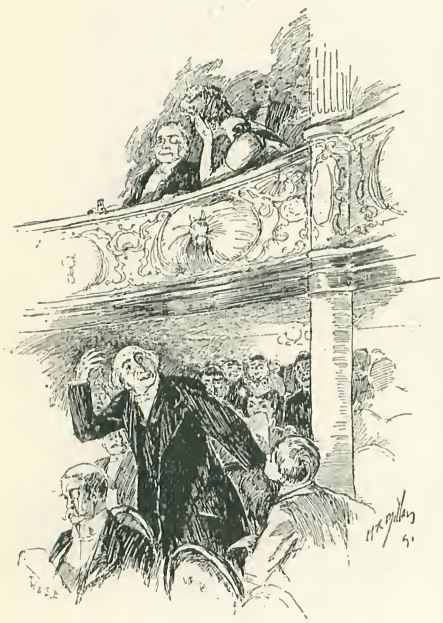
PORTRAIT-SIGNATURES.

VARIETIES OF ALPINE-CLIMBING.

(1) TO THE ECHOES—"THIS WAY." (2) SOME LUGGAGE. (3) "CARRY UP MILADY? CERTAINLY! BUT WHERE SHALL I BEGIN?" (4) A LIGHT JOB. (5) VERY WARM WORK.

VARIETIES OF ALPINE-CLIMBING.

(1) A GOOD VIEW. (2) A HOIST UP. (3) TAKING UP A LADY—THE START. (4) A LITTLE TIRED—CHANGING POSITION. (5) VERY TIRED—ANOTHER CHANGE. (6) A LAST RESOURCE. (7) WELL-EARNED REFRESHMENT. (8) A SUNDAY RIDER. (9) AN OBSTINATE COUPLE.



A PATHETIC SCENE.

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMAN IN PIT (TO LADY IN DRESS CIRCLE): "MADAME, I RESPECT YOUR EMOTION, BUT YOU ARE WEEPING ON MY HEAD."

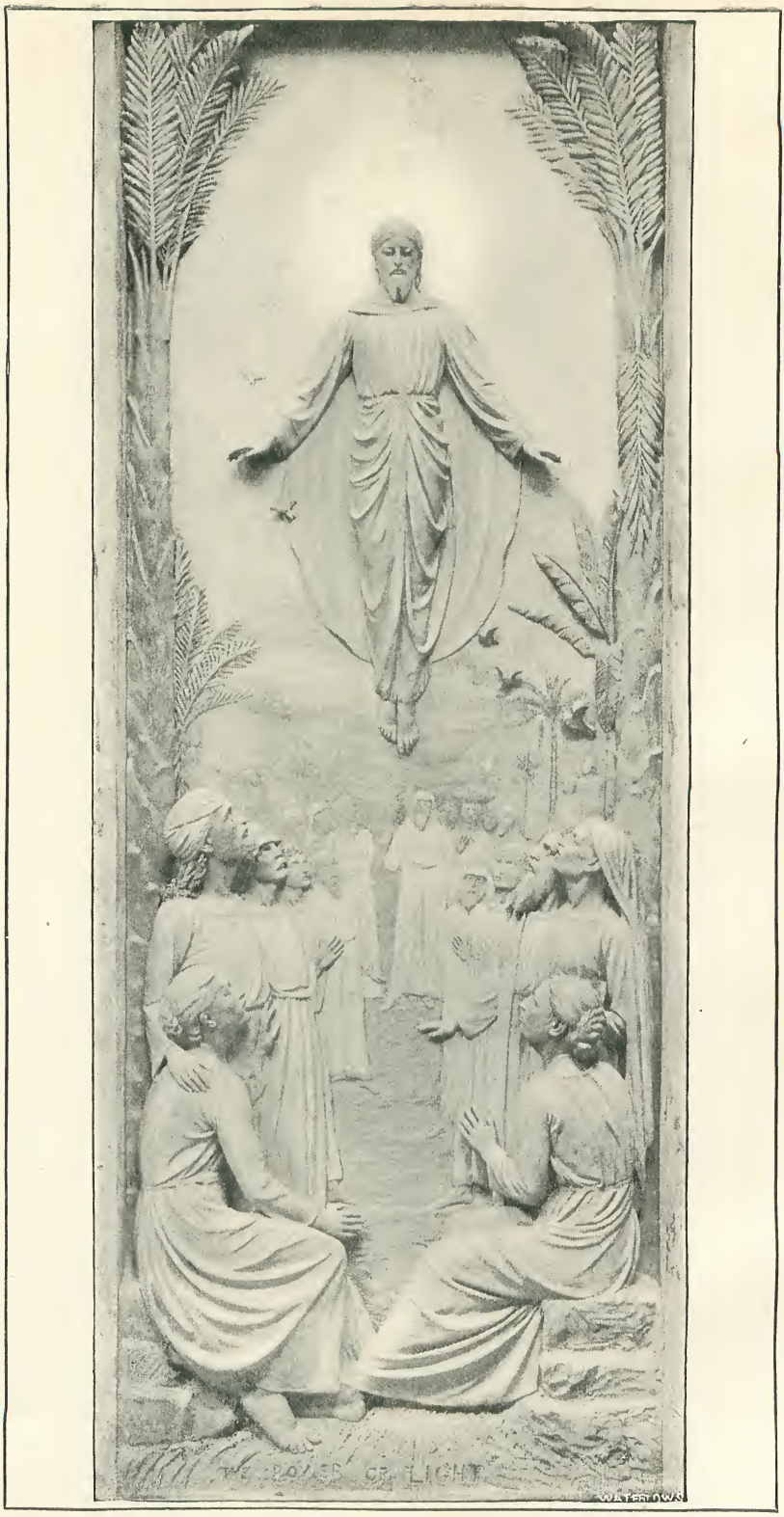
AN EXPLANATION.

STRANGER (TO SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL): "IS THIS A FUNERAL?"
SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL: "NO, IT'S A WEDDING."
STRANGER: "OH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MOURNER."
SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL: "NO, I AM THE SON-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE'S MOTHER."

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

CLARA: "I AM GOING TO SEE BELLA SIMPSON. SHALL I TAKE ANY MESSAGE?"
DORA: "WHAT, THAT HORRID GIRL! GIVE HER MY LOVE."

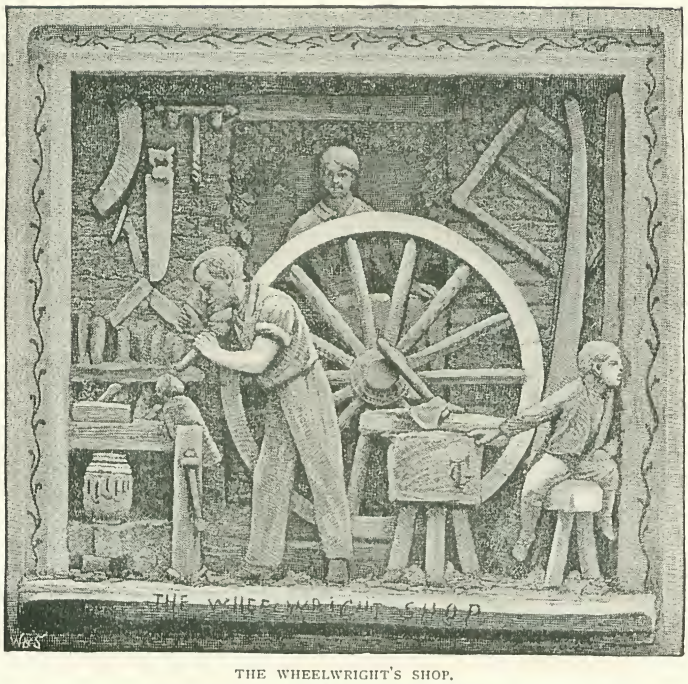
1ST TRAVELLER (ENTERING): "THAT'S MY CORNER."
2ND DITTO: "THERE WAS NOTHING HERE TO KEEP THE SEAT."
1ST DITTO: "THAT'S MY HAT-BOX UP THERE."
2ND DITTO: "THEN SIT UP THERE ON YOUR HAT-BOX."



THE POWER OF LIGHT.

George Tinworth and his Work.

By Edward Salmon.



THE WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP.
(*With Portrait of Mr. Tinworth when a boy.*)

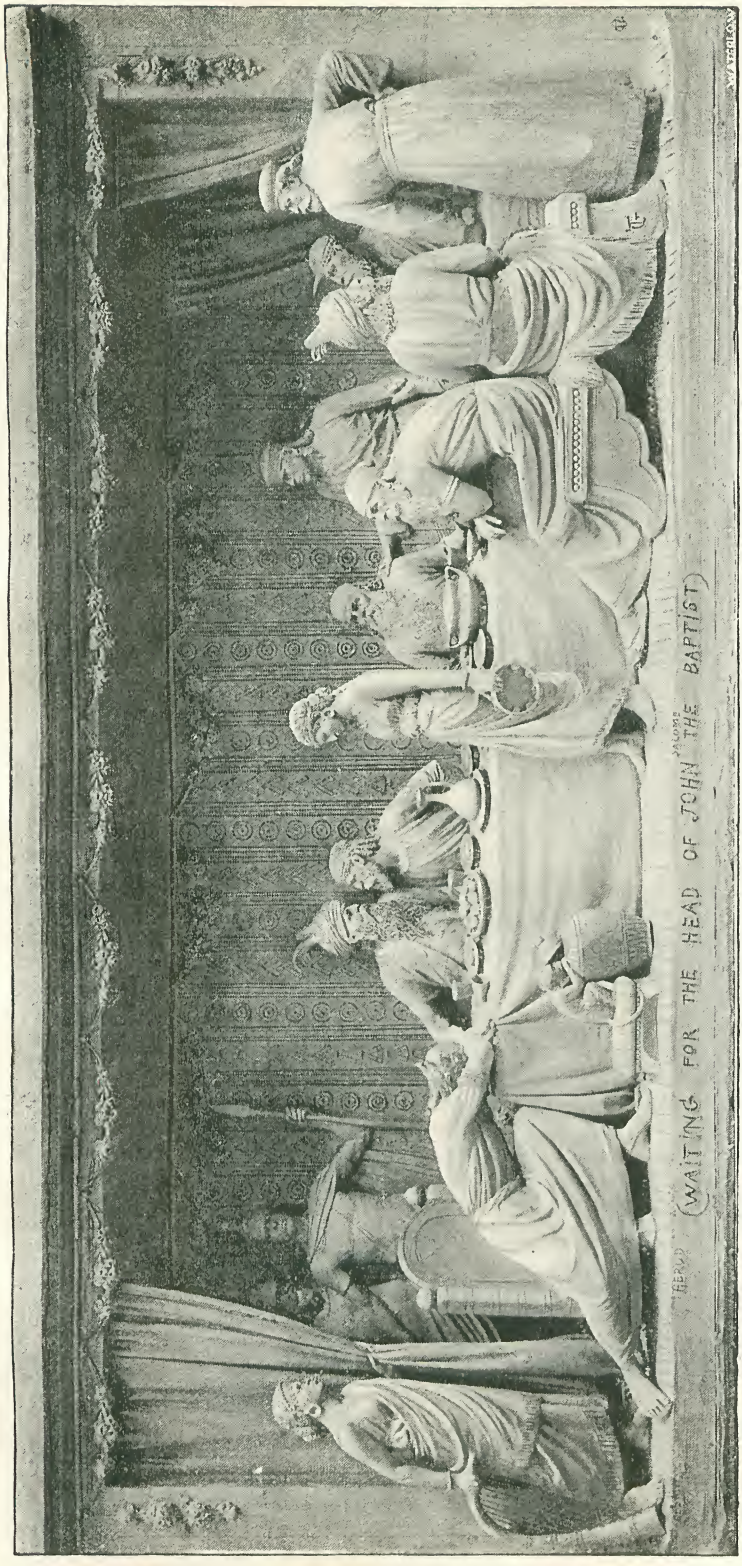
ALEXANDER POPE has recorded of himself that he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. That is to say, he wrote poetry because he could not help it. In the same way, the subject of this sketch, Mr. George Tinworth, whose work in terra-cotta is now, we may safely say, world famous, is an artist because he came into existence one. Like the poet, the true artist must be born; he cannot be made. Being born, his genius will not fail to assert itself against time and all obstacles. A better instance of this truism could not be found than Mr. Tinworth. If his becoming an artist had depended on his early education, he would never have been what he is to-day. Born in a poor neighbourhood, of poor parents, without a relative or friend of artistic sympathy or inclination, it is, we think, one of the most extraordinary facts in Nature, and one of the most remarkable proofs forthcoming of the superiority of spirit over matter, of mind over body, that he should from the first have been a sculptor. There was no external inducement to him to become an artist; there was, indeed, every inducement to him to become anything but an artist. But art was part of his nature; it was irrepressible, irresistible; and, like a beautiful flower in a weed-grown garden, a veritable product of mother earth, absolutely untended by man, it sprung into existence, until one day the gardener had it brought before him, and fostered it with a loving care due to a perfect perception of the treasure he had found.

One glance at the pictures which accompany this paper will convey to those of our readers who may never have had an opportunity of examining Mr. Tinworth's work some notion of its excellence from whatever point of view we may look at it. It is almost incredible that Mr. Tinworth is

an absolutely self-educated and self-made man. There is that indefinable something about his work—a blend of culture, genius, assimilation of ideas—which suggests that he must have been born into an art atmosphere, must have inherited artistic faculties, and have received constant encouragement from his friends in his attempts to body forth the forms of things. Precisely the opposite is the truth. George Tinworth first saw the light on the 5th of November, 1843, having been born near Camberwell Gate, Walworth. His father was a wheelwright, doing indifferent business in that busy, overcrowded, uninviting, and then, even more than now, dreary part of the great metropolis. George Tinworth was intended by his parents for the calling in which his father did little good for himself, and in the uncongenial surroundings of the wheelwright's shop he spent his early days. It would be interesting, if it were possible to trace it, to know what created the feverish desire which as a small boy he exhibited to become a sculptor. The first things he ever succeeded in cutting out—without, be it remembered, any sort of hint as to the technique of the subject—were some wooden butter stamps. He also carved small wooden figures. Mr. Tinworth's reminiscences of his boyhood are naturally deeply interesting. One incident in it is illustrated in a picture which Mr. Tinworth has himself modelled, and which is reproduced at the head of this article. It shows the wheelwright's shop, and the lad standing at a vice, carving a figure out of a block of wood with hammer and chisel. At the window a small boy keeps watch for the return of Mr. Tinworth, senior, who may be back at any minute. Directly the signal is given, the figure is hidden out of sight and the work of the shop is resumed. On occasions the small boy turned traitor, and failed to report the father's approach, in which case the aspirant sculptor would get into serious trouble. "In the eyes of the elder Mr. Tinworth," says Mr. Edmund Gosse, with unusual accuracy, "such trifling as this was mere wicked waste of time that ought to be better spent in tinkering up a costermonger's broken cart." Once young Tinworth commenced carving a head with a nail and stone, for the amusement of himself and some other boys, on a poor woman's doorstep. He set to work on the hard stone, and had made considerable progress with the head when the woman appeared. The boys all bolted, and though the good soul, who perhaps recognised the lad's ability, called out to him to come back and finish it, he refused to be persuaded that his doorstep decoration was sufficiently appreciated to save him from a wigging.

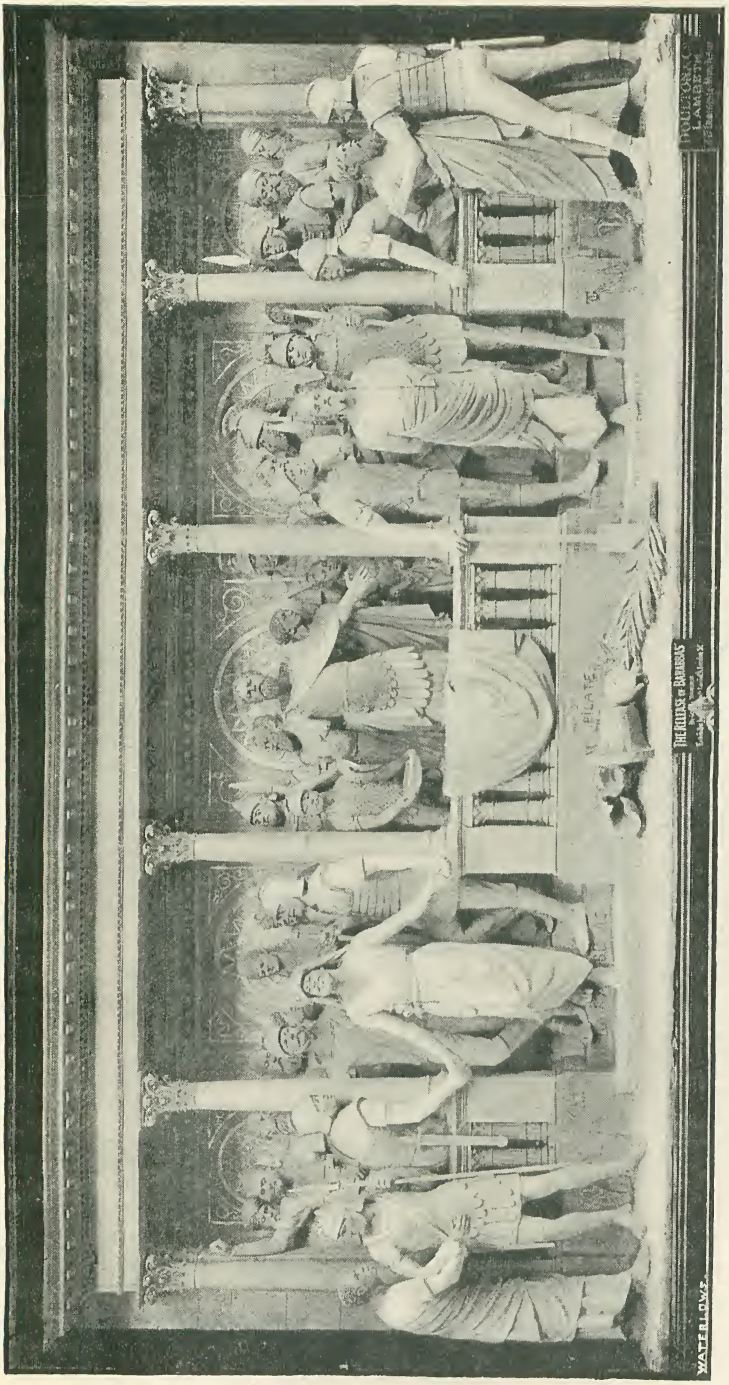
In 1861, when Mr. Tinworth was eighteen, he heard of a school of fine art in Lambeth, and immediately turned his thoughts to becoming a pupil. The school was then under the direction of Mr. J. Sparkes, one of the ablest art instructors, probably, who ever lived. Attracted to the school as by a magnet, young Tinworth used to go with a friend to have a look at the place. He found it difficult to muster up courage to enter, but one night luck favoured him. He carried with him a small head of Handel, and met Mr. Sparkes at the door. One can imagine the trembling hand which held out the little figure, carved with a hammer and chisel from a piece of sandstone, for the great man to examine. Mr. Sparkes recognised the subject. "Oh, Handel," he said. The boy was delighted, and only later remembered that he had scratched Handel's name on it, which Mr. Sparkes had noticed. The lad was invited in, and Mr. Sparkes was quick to detect the stuff of which he was made. For some years Tinworth was a pupil at the Lambeth Schools, his progress being very rapid. Mr. Gosse has credited him with working all night sometimes, but this, he assures us, he never did. In 1864 he was admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy, a model of "Hercules," executed under the direction of Mr. Sparkes, having paved the way. The next year he won a silver medal, and was congratulated by Sir William Boxall for a life study. In 1867 he secured the first silver medal in the Life School. Meanwhile he had become an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. In 1866 he sent in a group of figures called "Peace and Wrath in Low Life." It depicted a scene common enough in slum life. Two street arabs were engaged in a stiff fight; two little girls were interfering, and a dog barked in huge delight at the battle.

The bare record of Mr. Tinworth's work might leave the impression that life at this period had begun to grow brighter for him. So far, however, his studies had been a luxury pure and simple. No sort of opening occurred in which he could utilise his peculiar talents. He had mastered his art, and he had broken down the opposi-



WAITING FOR THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

tion of his father; but he was still a wheelwright. About this time his father died, and the young doctor of broken-down vehicles, as we may call him, in order to support his mother had to work still harder at a trade which grew more and more distasteful. He made a bare thirty shillings a week, and modest as were his requirements it would have been strange if more congenial employment could not be found to yield him as much. Mr. Sparkes, ever his good friend, kept a sharp look-out for an opportunity of enabling him to change his vocation. The opportunity came at last in the revival of art manufactures, which took place in England as the result of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Amongst those who profited most by the revival was Mr. (now Sir) Henry Doulton. To send his pottery forth to the world as something more than mere earthenware was his object, and Mr. Sparkes rightly concluded that the man to assist Mr. Doulton was his young pupil. Mr. Doulton gladly gave him thirty shillings a week to start with. After touching up pottery moulds for a time, *Tinworth* was allowed to exercise his powers of



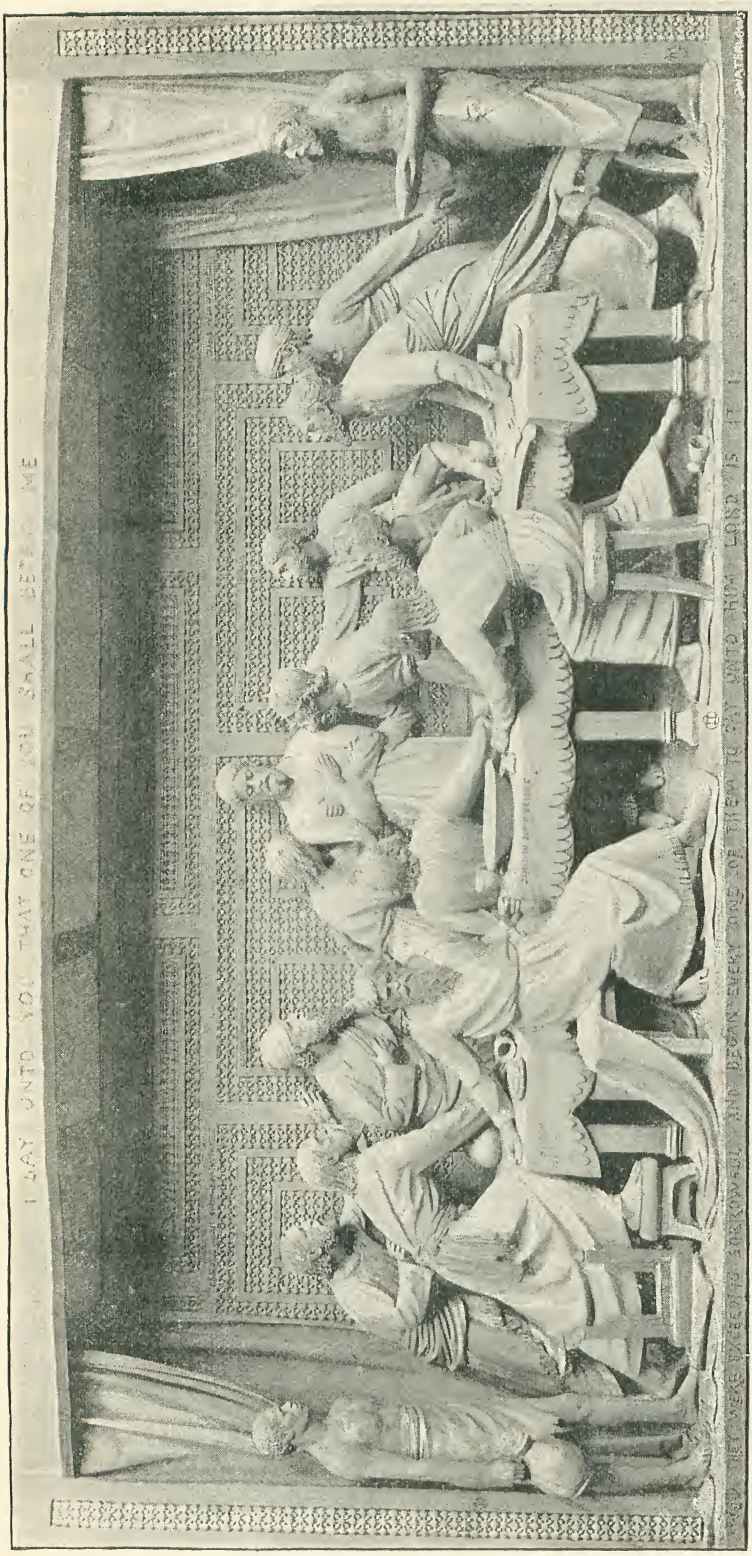
THE RELEASE OF BARABBAS.

invention by modelling filters. He also copied some ancient Greek and Sicilian coins, executing them in terra cotta many times their original size. It was some of these medallions which first attracted the notice of Mr. Ruskin, who has been among Tinworth's warmest admirers. In 1869 Mr. Tinworth completed the fountain designed by his master, which visitors to Kennington Park will know; a little later he executed the Amazon Vase, now in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia; and in 1871 he planned a handsome salt-cellar for Mr. Doulton, on the sides of which were pictured four scenes from the last hours of Christ.

It would be tedious, if it were not well-nigh impossible, to give anything like a detailed account of the many hundreds of admirable scenes which Mr. Tinworth has executed in terra-cotta, sometimes wholly, sometimes partly in relief, sometimes inches in depth and width, sometimes feet. The work by which he has become famous has been nearly all Biblical. His sculpture in the Academy in 1874-5-6 was sufficiently remarkable in treatment to make people anxious to secure specimens of his genius. In particular, Mr. Ruskin became as strongly convinced of his genius as he is of Turner's, and whilst Mr. Ruskin was not slow to tell the world what he thought of Mr. Tinworth, the late Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., the architect of the Strand Law Courts, determined if possible to utilise his peculiar powers. Mr. Street was engaged upon York Minster and the Military Chapel in Birdcage-walk, and

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

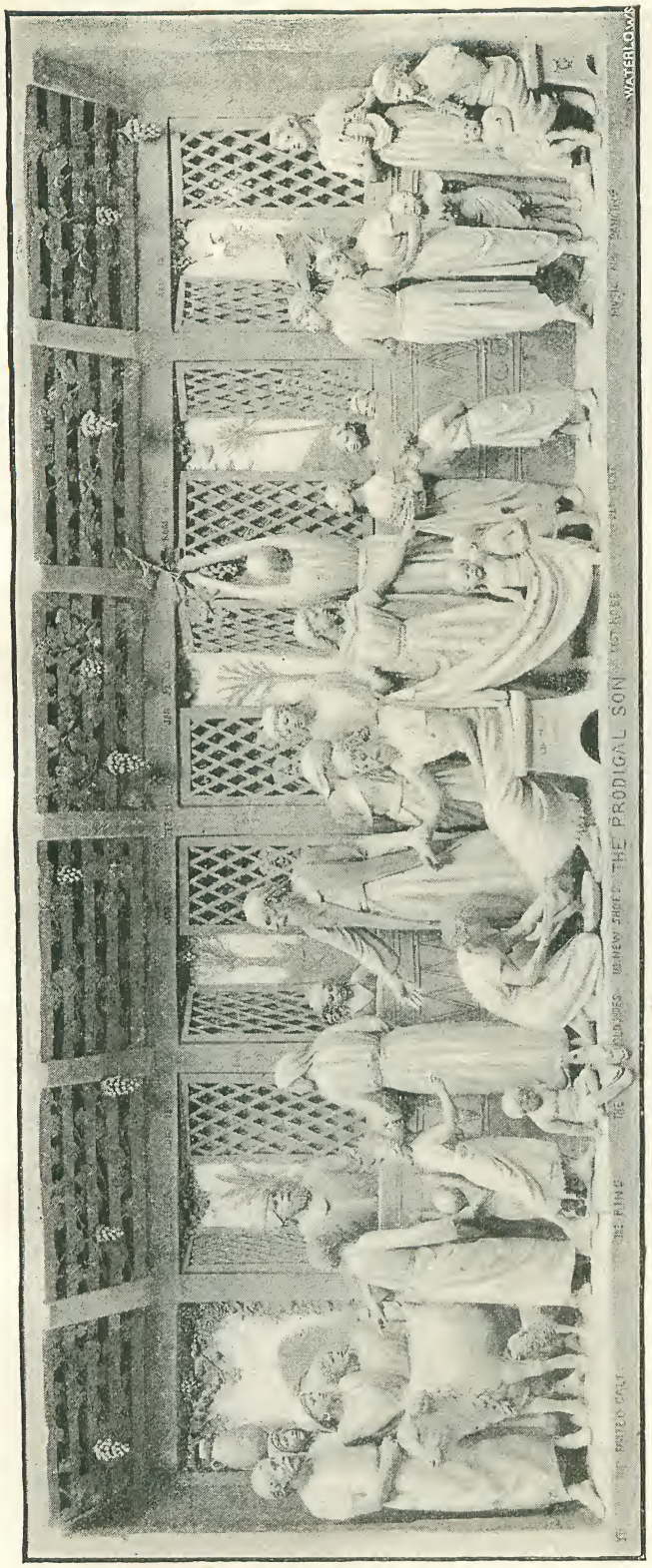
having secured from Messrs. Doulton a terra-cotta of a tint to suit his purpose, Mr. Street gave, or got, Mr. Tinworth commissions to execute a reredos for York Minster, and twenty-eight semicircular terra-cotta panels which anyone may see in the Military Chapel. This was some fifteen years ago, and may be regarded as confirming Mr. Tinworth in the line of art he has since exploited to such advantage. Where his work has all gone he does not know himself. It is scattered over the face of the globe. In addition to those panels just mentioned, "Gethsemane," "The Foot of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross" are to be found in the Edinburgh Museum; "The Brazen Serpent" and a second panel of "The Descent from the Cross" are in Sandringham Church; "The Last Supper" is in Walthamle-Willows Church; "Touch Me Not" is in Tisbury Church, near Salisbury; "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" is in Bengeo Church, Hertford; "Christ Before Herod," a panel some 20 ft. by 10 ft., worth travelling far to see, is in Messrs. Doulton's show room at Lambeth; "The Ascension" is in St. Mary Magdalene's at Upper Tooting; whilst panels for the reredos and font of the English Church, built by Sir A.W. Blomfield at Copenhagen; panels of "Temptation," "Faith," "Darkness," and "Light" forming the memorial to the late Mr. Bromley-Davenport at Capesthorne, Cheshire; a portrait panel of Lord Shaftesbury in the Shaftesbury Institute, and another of Mr. Samuel Morley in the Morley



THE LAST SUPPER.

Memorial College, are all evidence of the wide demand which in recent years has been made on Mr. Tinworth's ability. A mere list of the names and homes of his works would fill many pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. It is gratifying to know that they are as highly appreciated abroad as at home. He was given bronze medals in Vienna in 1873 and in America in 1876, a silver medal and decoration in Paris in 1878, and a gold medal at Nice in 1884. Also decorated by the French Government for his exhibit in the 1878 Exhibition.

Mr. Tinworth's panels constitute what has been aptly called "The Bible in Sculpture." From the plucking of the apple by Eve right away through the sacred volume to the last days of Jesus on earth, few important incidents have escaped his hand. The story he has to tell is that of Holy Writ. His religious predilection, unlike his artistic, is easy to account for. His mother belonged to a strict Nonconformist sect, and taught her boy his Bible almost as she taught him to speak. He knew every chapter thoroughly, long before he contemplated attempting to



THE PRODIGAL SON.

convey to others his conception of what it was all about. Tinworth's success with the Bible justifies a wonder and, perhaps, even a regret that he has not tried his hand at, say, some of the scenes in Shakespeare. He has, we believe, only once essayed a subject of importance not Biblical, namely, "The Sons of Cydippe," suggested by a poem of Mr. Gosse's. The artist seems to have little sympathy with scenes outside Scripture, and no doubt Mr. Gosse is correct when he says that, as Mrs. Tinworth trained her son to look upon all other literature as dross, so "to this day the Bible remains the only book which he reads without indifference."

If we might make a choice where all are so admirable, we should be inclined to pronounce Mr. Tinworth's treatment of subjects from the New Testament as pre-eminently his triumph. He does in sculpture for the story of Christ what is done every ten years on the boards in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. Mr. Tinworth is an evangelist in art. Just as the Passion Play is intended to point the moral of the wondrous narrative of the Saviour's sojourn on earth, so Mr. Tinworth freely admits that he forgets his art in his regard for the story he has to tell. The highest compliment we can pay him in all sincerity is to confess that he makes most of us forget it also.

Let us take the half-dozen panels which we reproduce. They are like pictures of living beings. "Waiting for the Head of John the Baptist" is a presentment of a tragic instance of woman's unrighteous influence such as few men could give us. On the left of the picture stands Herodias, cruel, hard, revengeful, who

TUG OF WAR.

has just bidden her daughter ask for the head of John the Baptist. Herod had taken an oath to give her whatever she demands, little expecting that it would be this, and

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

we see him plunged in an agony of grief, his face buried in his arms on the table. Around are guests, whose countenances —handsome, lifelike—are full of anxious curiosity. One needs only to note their expression to realise that the moment is one of pain and shame. Again, a very indifferent acquaintance with the circumstances of the judgment of Pilate is necessary to enable us to grasp the full significance of "The Release of Barabbas." In the centre stands Pilate, who has appealed to the multitude to make a choice between Barabbas and Christ. The scoffer to-day describes the event as the first popular election, and in the selection of the Son of God for punishment, and the release of the sinner, finds one of his texts for arguments against universal suffrage. Contemplation of this picture is enough to induce one to believe the scoffer is right. The smile of triumph on the face of Barabbas, and the beautiful resignation of Christ—note the head thrown slightly back in noble dignity, the eyes slightly closed in pained consciousness of a great misjudgment—are realism itself. If that populace had reversed their verdict, and Christ had been freed, whilst Barabbas had been led forth captive and condemned, there would have been no calm acceptance of the judgment on the one hand, nor sinister smile of triumph on the other. If any among us fails to understand the character of the God-Man doomed to die to save souls, let him look into the face presented to us in "The Good Shepherd,"

"G. T.—HIS MUG."

and in the central figure of "The Power of Light." Mr. Tinworth makes the ideal so real for us, that what has been, perhaps, mostly a tradition, becomes entirely a living fact. Whether it is Christ mocked at before Herod, or present at the Last Supper, declaring that one of the Apostles shall betray Him, or blessing the little children, Mr. Tinworth's conception of Him is, as we have said, so perfect in its art, that it never occurs to us to inquire whether he is right in this technical detail or that: we think only of the beautiful and pathetic story. "The Prodigal Son" illustrates one of the most striking parables by which Christ enforced His teaching.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

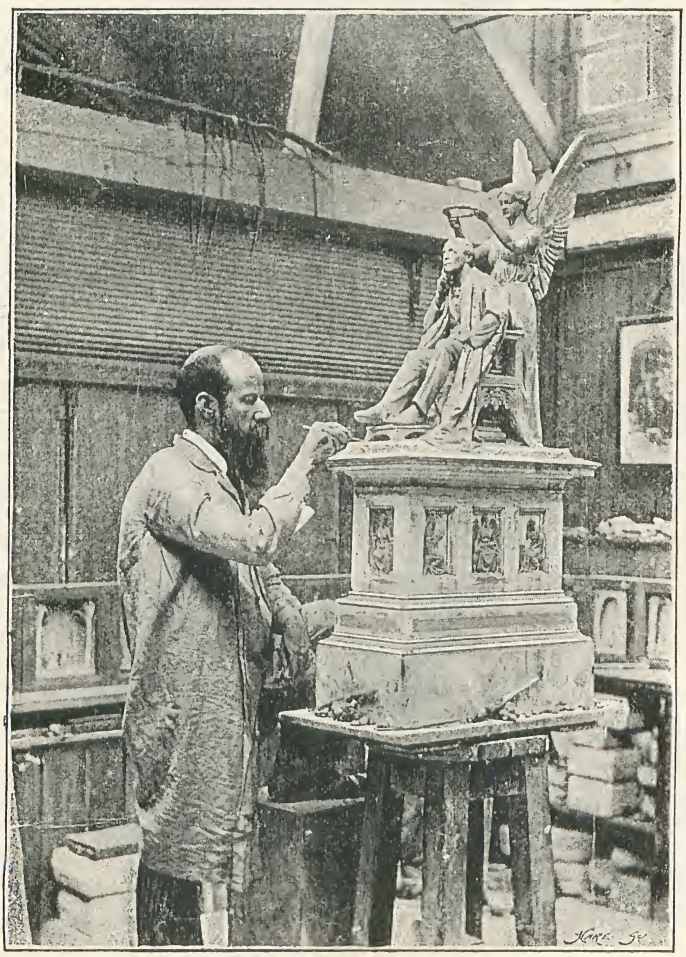
Like most geniuses, Mr. Tinworth allows himself moments of relaxation. He possesses a vein of humour not less pronounced at times than his power of treating the grandest subjects. He seems very conscious of the truth of the adage that the ridiculous and the sublime are never far apart, and even in so pathetic a picture as "Waiting for the Head of John the Baptist," it will be seen he has introduced a monkey, whose action forms a relief to the sombre features of the picture. In a panel of "Daniel in the Lions' Den" a young lion stands on his hind legs to read something on the wall. It is Psalm xci. which says, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." The young lion's concern is explicable immediately, and even Daniel's peril for the moment cannot prevent a smile from the spectator. As a rule, however, Mr. Tinworth's humour has found vent in the devising of small ornaments. He has shown considerable partiality for mice and frogs. In a characteristic piece, "The Tug of War," which we illustrate, the mice and frogs are striving hard for the mastery. No doubt a good many of our readers have in their homes a little boatload of mice in Doulton ware, called "Cockneys at Brighton," in which some half-dozen mice are indulging in the favourite pastime of the Cockney at the seaside. One plays a concertina in the stern of the boat, and another in the bows hangs his head over the side in a dreadfully bilious manner. It is unpleasant to have to record that the mice have exhibited an utter want of gratitude for the immortality conferred upon them. Some of them recently ate away a portion of Mr. Tinworth's nether garments, and having declared war not only against the frogs but against the man who was equally fond of both, Mr. Tinworth has felt himself compelled to buy a mouse-trap, in which many of them play the parts of criminals instead of holiday-makers. A mug in Doulton ware contains a profile of Mr. Tinworth, which he facetiously describes as "G. T., his mug." In Henry VIII. he modelled in miniature, "A man who found marriage a failure, and liked it to be so." "Cupid Sharpening his Arrows" is a characteristic little piece. Mr. Pickwick has also taken Mr. Tinworth's fancy, and a complete set of Æsop's Fables is among his less pretentious work.

CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROWS.

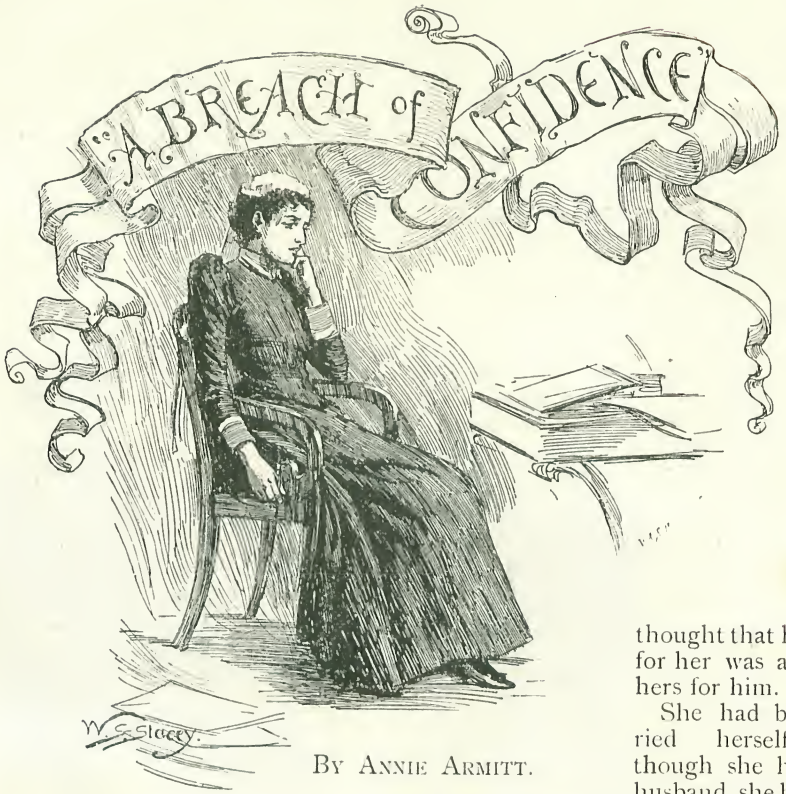
Incomplete as this account of Mr. Tinworth's work must necessarily be, enough

has been said to explain why it is that he has won the praise of, and made friends among, the greatest of artists and art commentators and critics. Mr. Ruskin puts the matter with his usual brilliancy and force when he says: "After all the labours of past art on the life of Christ, here is an English workman fastening, with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews and their rulers, in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released and the man condemned clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of universal suffrage." Working away in the studio which Messrs. Doulton have provided for him at the top of their premises in Lambeth,—where he is shown in our illustration engaged on a sketch model of the late Professor Fawcett,—he gets many an inspiration. Ever since Christ disappeared from the world, artists with palette and brush, or mallet and chisel, or moist clay, have sought to embody the events of the age in which He lived. To none has it been given to present pictures of the actors and actresses of that momentous time more living and vivid than those of Mr. Tinworth; whilst the elucidation of the story of Holy Writ in its fulness is certainly assisted by a study of Mr. Tinworth's work.

The photographs from which our illustrations are reduced are by Mr. F. W. Edwards, 87, Bellenden-road, Peckham Rye, London, whose copyright they are, and from whom the very fine originals are to be obtained.



MR. TINWORTH IN HIS STUDIO.



By Annie Armitt.

I.

She sat with her pen in her hand, but she could not write. Her heart was full of a story that she had heard recently and could not forget; the story of a woman who had been happier than herself, and yet more miserable. She stared at the blank paper before her instead of writing, and she said to herself: "Why are all the chances in life given to those who are not fit to use them? If such a love had been mine once I would never have let it go. There is no price that I would not have paid to keep it; and she—she threw it away for vanity!"

The story was very real to her, because she loved the man who had told it, and yet she had taken the telling of it to mean that the true history of his life was over, and that he had no love left to give again. The confidence he had reposed in her had been a compliment to her friendship, but a destruction of all her hopes of happiness. Before that confidence was made she had thought that his feeling for her was as deep as hers for him.

She had been married herself; but, though she had had a husband, she had never known a true love. Her marriage had been a sacrifice, made when she was very young, and when she acted almost entirely under the influence of a selfish mother. Her husband proved selfish, too, and—which was worse in her mother's eyes—not so prosperous as had been imagined. Eleanor's life had been a hard one always, and now she was left alone in the world, except for the little two years' old baby. It was an ailing creature, fretful, and not pretty; but it was something to hold in her arms, if not enough to fill her heart. She loved it the more passionately perhaps for its infirmities; but sometimes the loneliness of her life overpowered her like a flood of bitter waters; she wanted some mind to speak to, some heart to answer hers, some tenderness to lean upon and trust. She was yet but very young, only twenty-two years old, and all the currents of life beat strongly within her; all the imperative demands for love, for praise, for happiness, which make so large a part of our youth, were still alive in her heart, and would not easily be silenced.

Her income was insufficient for herself

and her delicate child ; she added to it in many little ways, as the opportunity was offered to her. She had written a few short stories for a particular magazine which could not afford to number famous authors among its contributors, and she had been paid for them. An accidental meeting with another occasional contributor had given her a friend ; and Ralph Webster was at that time, perhaps, the only person with whom she was on terms of familiar friendship, and to whom she could talk on a moral and intellectual level. His sympathies and aspirations were not unlike her own ; they always understood one another at least, even when they did not agree. To talk to him was, therefore, the opening of a new experience to her. Language had before—at least, spoken language—been only a vehicle for the management of affairs, the expression of desires, the receipt of information. Now it served to exchange thought, to bring two lives into close mental relation with one another, to console, to suggest, to sustain. And she had thought he loved her. He was a little more prosperous in the world than herself, and he did not guess that she was so very poor ; but he was not rich enough to make her feel that she would take much more than she gave if she became his wife. They would work together, as they lived together, and loved together. She had thought, with others,

> "Our work shall still be better for our love,
> And still our love be sweeter for our work,
> And both commended, for the sake of each,
> By all true workers and true lovers born."

And then he had received an appointment to travel as special correspondent to a great paper, and he had come to say good-bye to her, and before saying good-bye had told her this story. She had taken it for a final farewell. Since his going, three days before, she had thought of nothing else. She had work to do, but she could not do it. How could she throw herself into dream-loves and dream-troubles with this pain of loss and loneliness at her heart? And yet the work was necessary, and she dared not delay it longer than that night.

She had, the day before, received back from her editor a story which she had hoped he would accept, with the intimation that if she would write him one half as long, to be ready in two days, he would almost certainly take it, as he wished to fill up a corresponding gap in the next number of his magazine.

"HE TOLD HER THIS STORY."

She urgently needed the money. Her baby, little Lorna, was paler and thinner even than usual ; the doctor whom she consulted said that the child needed country air. She had hoped to earn enough money to take it away for some weeks to a farmhouse, when she sent that story to the editor of the magazine. She must not lose the opportunity which he had offered in its place. She had thought of a plot—a foolish little commonplace affair—but she could not breathe any life into it. When she forced her thoughts into the necessary channel they flowed back again to another story. She saw Ralph Webster standing

before her ; she heard his voice again, telling her the simple tragedy of his life. How graphically he had told it, though not with many words ! She could fill in the details for herself. It was a story of true and patient love, and of shameful faithlessness and falsehood ; a story in which the wrong-doer pitied herself and fancied herself a victim, while she accepted her husband's sacrifice and spoilt his life. She had been cruel to him with the cruelty which demands everything, and gives less than nothing in return.

"And yet," said Ralph, when he told the story—he had never repeated it to any before—"I never ceased to love her while she lived ; and when she died the world seemed empty to me. I suppose it was only this, that I could never take back what I had once given."

There was not much in the story itself, but it held Eleanor's thoughts fast, and would not let them go ; because the love that had been so scorned and wasted would have made the happiness of her life. She must write her tale, but how ? She could not cast into its foolish incidents the burning thoughts that possessed her ; these were all woven about another thread. And while she still thought, her child cried, and she had to leave her work to soothe it. She lay down on the bed beside it, and fell asleep. She awoke in the dead of the night. The anxious thought which watches ever beside the pillow of the unhappy leaped at once to its place in her mind, giving her no respite. "You must write your story," it said. She got up with the resolution of despair, and went back to the table. "I will write *this*," she said, "and have done with it."

There was no difficulty now. The facts in her mind ranged themselves instantly into dramatic shape ; living words, words that throbbed with her own love, and pain, and regret, and longing, shaped themselves into eager thought.

"When vain desire at last and vain regret,
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain."

That was the burden of the writing, and it was a very old one ; but it seemed new now, because she wrote it with all her heart. When dawn broke she had eased herself of the phantom that had haunted her, and was free. How strange it is, this relief that comes to some of us after we have put into words the thoughts that torment us ! She was free now, and she wrote the other story—her tale for the magazine ; but she knew that it was a miserable affair.

Lorna was worse that morning. Her mother took her into her arms and looked into her suffering face. "If I keep her here she will leave me too," she said to herself. "I shall have nothing left."

She wrapped up her manuscript and took it herself to the editor. She wanted to bring his answer back. He was, in fact, waiting for the story to go on printing, and he was willing to look at it at once. She sat and watched him as he did so, with very little hope in her face. He read it carefully at first, then he turned over the pages rapidly, and finally put the manuscript down.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but it won't do. It isn't up to your usual level. I would make it do if I could, but—it isn't possible."

"I knew," she said, "it wouldn't."

He looked at her in surprise, for she was unfolding another roll of manuscript.

"THIS CAN GO TO PRESS AT ONCE."

"If you will look at this," she said, "you won't say the same."

He took the paper and began to read casually; then he became interested. He read to the end without speaking; when he had finished he rang the bell and gave the manuscript to the young man who answered his summons. "This can go to press at once," he said; "you have had the necessary directions already."

Eleanor half rose to her feet, and then sat down again. She did not utter a word.

"You have never done anything so good," said the editor; "it is an unpleasant subject, but you have treated it cleverly, very cleverly."

"I shall never do anything so good again," was her strange answer. "I knew you would take it. Would you mind paying me for it *now*? For I must go into the country to-morrow."

He gave her the cheque she asked for, and she took Lorna away next day.

A month after she saw Ralph Webster again. He had returned unexpectedly, and he sought her out at Southsea, where she was living with her baby. But they did not meet as friends; she saw him with a shock of surprise, and he looked at her as she had never seen him look before.

"Mrs. Wakefield," he said, "I have no right to follow you here, but I came to ask you a single question."

She understood the situation at once, and was ready. "I will answer any question that you like to ask," she said.

He had a magazine in his fingers, and he opened it at a page that she well knew. Were not the title letters of it, the whole aspect of it, burnt into her brain? They were part of the crime that she felt she had committed.

"There is a story here," he said, "that occupies a very prominent place. It is called 'Hand in Hand to Death.' I think that you wrote it."

"Yes," said Eleanor, in a low voice; "I wrote it."

"There is no one in the world, except you and myself, that knows the whole of that story. I told it to you because I intended, the next time I saw you, to ask you to be my wife. I wanted you to have time to think of it first. You might not have liked me so well after knowing it."

She folded her child closer in her arms, and bent over it, that he might not see her face.

"I need not speak to you of such a subject now. I know how much you value my esteem—my confidence. You have *sold* my trouble to the world. I suppose you sold it?"

"YES," SAID ELEANOR, IN A LOW VOICE, "I WROTE IT."

"Yes," said Eleanor, in a still, strange voice; "I was paid eight pounds for it." She was remembering that she had changed the first sovereign to purchase her railway ticket, and that she had calculated how many weeks it would keep her in the country.

"I knew that a woman I loved might despise me," said Ralph; "but I could not guess that a woman I trusted would betray me—for money."

She did not answer him anything. There was that in his tone which made her not care to defend herself. She had injured him in a deadly and cruel manner. Let him say to her what he would. But he said no more; he lifted his hat and went.

II.

A year after that found Ralph Webster a successful man. He had written a novel that hit the public taste; it was full of bitterness and scoffing; but the public liked such bitterness and scoffing, and bought the book.

He wondered sometimes what had become of Eleanor Wakefield. There was no trace of her in her old lodgings, and the editor told him that she had sent him no more contributions. She had seemed to Ralph a noble woman, a woman whom he might love on an equal footing, with all trust and reverence, without pity or forbearance. And she had failed him strangely and meanly, so that the sting of her offence had not yet left him entirely; but it troubled him a little to remember that she had made no defence. This had put him in the wrong, and made him wonder what her defence could be.

It was in the dusk of evening that he stepped into a railway carriage, which had only one occupant. It was a third-class carriage, for he had not yet adopted the ways of a prosperous man. The lady who was seated at the farther end did not move at his entrance, and it was only when he had been in his place some minutes that something in her intense stillness attracted his attention. She had desired him to forget her presence, or not to notice it, but the effort defeated itself, and his first half-curious, half-unconscious glance at her made him rise and cross to her side.

"Mrs. Wakefield!" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "it is Mrs. Wakefield." Then she added, quietly, "I should like, if I may, to congratulate you on your great success."

"You may spare me your congratulations. My success is built on my great unhappiness. None should know that better than you."

"Is it not so with many people?" she asked, gently, ignoring his last remark. "But some are unhappy without success."

He looked at her more attentively. She was in mourning, and she was much changed. The passive attitude of her hands on her lap told him this, as well as the tone of her voice.

"You never followed up *your* success," he remarked. "Mr. Blakely told me that he expected great things of you."

She answered him nothing.

"Mrs. Wakefield," he went on, vaguely hurt by her silence, which tormented him with an impression of his own cruelty, "I want to apologise to you for what I said when we last met. It was too much."

"It was not too much. I have said more to myself before and since. And yet," she said, turning her eyes full upon him, "I do not ask you to forgive me, because I do not repent. I would do it again, if the past came back to me. It is right that you should know how evil I am. I do not repent. I would do it again. Yet I hate myself for doing it. Besides,' she added, in a lower tone, which she could hardly have meant him to hear, "it spoilt my happiness as well as yours."

"I do not understand," he said.

"Why should you understand?" she answered. "It does not matter."

The train was whirling on in the darkness. The noise of its rush, the flashing of lights in the city they were leaving, seemed to increase the solitude of these two, who were so near, yet so far apart; so much akin in spirit, and so hopelessly estranged.

"If it had been for fame," he said, "I could have understood the temptation better. It would have been a higher sort of temptation. But you did not even sign the story, and you have not republished it."

"I hoped," she said, "that it would be little read and soon forgotten. You had gone away for a long time. I thought that you would never see it. And no one else could ever guess where I got it from."

"You made it very clever," he replied. "I wonder, having gone so far, that you go no further."

"I shall never write again," she answered. "I have no motive. And what I did write has cost me too much."

He did not understand her; he had not known of her past poverty, nor of her recent loss. But he went on to say, "When I look at you it seems impossible to believe that you did such a thing without a reason. It may have seemed a little thing to you, but it was so much to me."

"I knew how much," she answered; "I knew all the meanness of what I did, the treachery of it, and that it would hurt you if you knew, but I thought that you would never know."

"And you did not love me," he added; but he was watching her keenly as he spoke.

Her eyes flashed upon him for a moment. "Oh," she said, "it was *because* I loved you that I could not help doing it. If I could have escaped from the memory of what you told me, and have thought of other things instead, it would never have been written. If only I could have forgotten you!"

He was startled and astonished. He caught her hands and then let them go again.

"I wish I could believe you," he said.

"You need not. Why should you?" she answered. "I have nothing left to give you. What is a love worth that helped me to betray you?"

"And are you still *glad* you did it?" He had taken her hands firmly now, that he might look into her eyes. There was no tenderness there, only a desperate heart-broken defiance.

"Am I glad of anything? Can I ever be glad of anything any more? It is only that I would do it again for the same reason. And yet I did not get the thing for which I paid such a heavy price."

"Will you tell me what the thing was?"

"It was only," she answered, "that I thought that treachery the price of my baby's life—and now my baby is dead."

She drew her hands away from his as she spoke. There had come into her eyes a grief that awed and restrained him. He could see that it had nothing to do with himself. Her tone was very quiet. It seemed to leave him at a great distance from her. For a moment he felt that he had got his answer, and could speak of love to her no more in the presence of such a sorrow. Then his courage came back, and with it resolution. If he was sure enough of his own love for her he could not fail in the end to drive away both her sorrow and her remorse.

"I have been cruel to you," he said; "can you forgive me?"

"I?" she answered, tremulously; "how can *I* forgive *you*?"

"Because I have been a fool, and quarrelled with my own happiness." And then he added, speaking slowly, "The story was a part of your own life. You had a right to do what you wished with it. At least, you can make it a part of your life if you will be more generous to me than I was to you."

She let him take her hands again. She looked into his eyes searchingly. What she saw there seemed to satisfy her, for she answered irrelevantly, "Oh, I have been so lonely. To live in the world with nothing but myself and your contempt! You cannot guess what it was like."

"Will you live in the world with me and my love, and see if you like it better?"

She had been too long without happiness to fight against it now, and her answer ended his trouble and hers.

Lady Dufferin and the Women of India.

THE National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India owes its origin to a wish on the part of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress to ameliorate the condition of the native women of India; and when Her Excellency, the Countess of Dufferin and Ava, before her departure for India, took leave of Her Majesty, the matter was discussed and left in Lady Dufferin's hands. To better hands it could not have been entrusted, and this noble lady adopted every means of ascertaining in what direction, and by what means, the wishes of Her Majesty could most effectually be carried out.

The universal want of skilled medical aid for native women, whom male physicians are not permitted to attend, presented itself as the desired avenue. The ablest statesman would have been appalled, and the most ardent philanthropist would have hesitated, before an undertaking so vast as one that had for its object the providing for the physical well-being of 100,000,000 women. Where was the wherewithal to come from, and how were the ignorance, superstition, and the prejudices of caste to be overcome? The "Where" and the "How" were carefully considered, formidable obstacles overcome, and the experiment made: how well it has succeeded I will try to show.

From a Photo. by Bourne] LADY DUFFERIN. *[& Shepherd, Calcutta.*

The National Association for Supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India was founded in 1885. Her Majesty the Queen-Empress was its patron, the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors were vice-patrons. Life councillors, life members, and ordinary members were to be enrolled according to the amount of their donations. The general affairs of the Association were to be managed by a central committee, and efforts were to be made to establish branches throughout the country. The money subscribed to the National Association was to be called the "Countess of Dufferin's Fund."

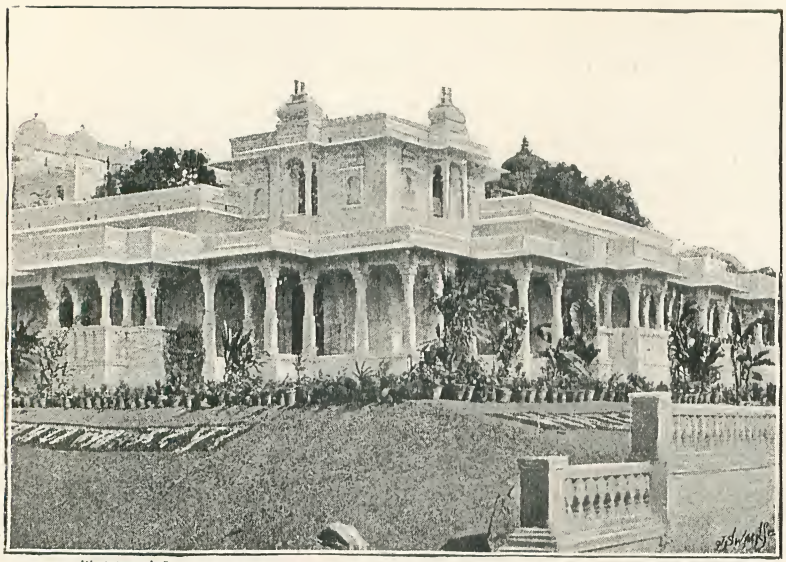
Early in the year five and a half lakhs of rupees were invested as an endowment fund, and the society was registered. By permission of the Home Department of the Government of India, the Surgeon-General aids the society in the selection of the most suitable women for medical services, and they are grouped as follows:—

(1) Lady doctors registered under the Medical Acts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or possessing such certificates as would entitle them to such registration.

(2) Female assistant surgeons.

(3) Female hospital assistants.

The women, receiving a little more pay than men, in the same grades in the Government Medical Services, because they will have no pension, nor a regularly increasing salary. The lady doctors who are brought from England receive, in addition to their passage and an allowance for outfit, Rs. 300



From a Phototype by] [*R. Hotz, Calcutta.*

THE WALTER HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, OODEYPORE.

per month, with quarters, and they are allowed to have a private practice as well. The Association was to be unsectarian, catholic, and universal. Its aim was—

Firstly.—To provide medical tuition for native female students.

Secondly.—Medical relief, by establishing female hospitals and dispensaries, and the placing of lady doctors in different towns or districts.

Thirdly.—Supplying trained nurses and *accoucheuses* for women and children in hospitals and private houses.

How nobly—in spite of opposition and jealousy—the Association is steadily advancing will be seen from the following :—

There are thirteen lady doctors, twenty-seven assistant surgeons and female medical practitioners, now working in connection with the fund, and 204 pupils studying at the medical colleges, and schools, in India. Boarding houses have also been established for the students, where, under a lady, they can be trained in habits of self-respect, gentleness, and dignity, and where they can be safely protected on their entrance into a comparatively public life, from one of convent-like seclusion. That the female medical students are doing well is conclusively proved by the reports. At Hyderabad, Dr. Lawrie says : "Two of the lady students beat the whole of the male students, and secured the first places in their class at the half-yearly competitive examination."

The Nizam's Government is sending these two young ladies — one of whom is a Parsee —to England to complete their medical education.

Over twelve lakhs of rupees have been spent in the erection of buildings especially adapted for affording medical relief to native women. The number of women who received medical aid during the year 1890 were 411,000. The princes and chiefs of India from the first, fully recognised the value of Lady Dufferin's noble work, and have warmly supported it. Among the most munificent donors are the Maharaja of Jeypore, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Maharaja of Ulwar. In 1886 the Begum of Bhopal opened a female dispensary and school, and the Nizam of Hyderabad founded six scholarships and started female medical classes in his State.

In 1888 the Dufferin Hospital at Nagpur was opened, having cost Rs. 30,000, all subscribed by Indian nobles ; there is also the Walter Hospital at Oodeypore, the Lady Lyall boarding-house for students attending the Lahore Medical College, towards which the Maharaja of Kashmir gave Rs. 50,000 ; the Victoria Hospital at Kotah, the Lady Dufferin Hospital at Patiala, the Maternity Hospital at Agra, the Ishwari Hospital at Benares, and the Lady Dufferin Zenana Hospital at Calcutta.

It is impossible for Englishwomen to realise the condition and sufferings of their unhappy sisters in India before Lady Dufferin started her grand crusade on their behalf ; the thousands of lives yearly sacrificed, the wholesale murder of infants, and the lifelong injuries inflicted on the mothers —who are little more than infants themselves—through the ignorance and the inhuman practices of the dhais (*accoucheuses*).

Lady Dufferin, when giving me a brief account of her work, was anxious that I should mention the earlier efforts of the

From a Phototype by] [*R. Hotz, Calcutta.*

STUDENTS AT THE CAMPBELL MEDICAL HALL, CALCUTTA.

Zenana Mission, which, she said, "paved the way for the National Association." Instead of weakening and opposing existing charities and societies, the Association has been instrumental in assisting and stimulating them, and supplying a common centre of reference and communication.

Lady Reay, during her residence in Bombay, rendered valuable aid in promoting the means of giving female medical aid to the native women; her sympathy and philanthropic activity were unceasing, and productive of good results. The marvellous increase of special hospitals for women, of women's and of children's wards, is mostly due to native liberality. Lady Reay in 1890 laid the foundation-stone of the "Awabai Bhownaggree Home for Nurses." This institution — the first of its kind in India — was intended as a home where native nurses could receive instruction in their duties. It was erected from a joint fund set apart by Government and Mr. M. M. Bhownaggree, C.I.E., in memory of his sister, Miss Awabai Bhownaggree, a beautiful and accomplished Parsee lady, greatly esteemed and much beloved in the highest and most select circles in Europe, as well as in her own country. Her sudden death at the age of nineteen was regarded as a national loss. Her charming vivacity and high intellectual gifts made her a universal favourite. During her last visit to England, in 1866, she was received by Her Majesty the Queen. The Home, which cost Rs. 30,000, half of which was contributed by Mr. M. M. Bhownaggree, was formally opened by His Excellency Lord Harris, on February 17, 1891, and contains accommodation for twenty nurses. The sanitation and ventilation are perfect; sepa-

From a Phototype by] [*R. Hotz, Calcutta.*

CLASS OF KAREN PUPILS AT THE DUFFERIN MATERNITY HOSPITAL, RANGOON.

rate quarters are provided for Parsees, Hindoos, and Mahomedans. The building is faced with blue stone, with dressings and carvings in Porebunder stone. The entrance portico is supported by massive pillars with carved capitals ; the rooms open out of a spacious corridor. It will ever remain as a touching tribute from a sorrowing and affectionate brother to the memory of a deeply loved and only sister. No more fitting memorial could have been thought of, for Miss Awabai Bhownaggree's short life had been one of indefatigable labour in promoting works of public charity. Thus has Lady Dufferin's Association given an impetus to native efforts, and opened out a great field for the future.

In spite of the deep-rooted prejudice against Western medical and surgical methods, the number of women who daily seek aid and relief in the hospitals, and from lady doctors, prove how sorely such aid was needed, and the need is growing ; more hospitals, more efficient doctors and nurses are required, consequently the Fund at the disposal of the Association must be correspondingly increased by annual subscriptions and donations.

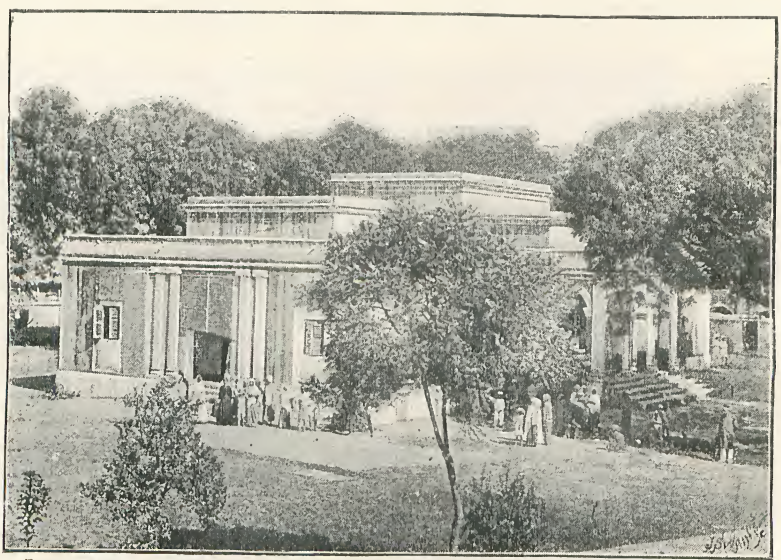
Lady Dufferin, in her interesting book, "A Record of Three Years' Work," mentions that a mahant (a Hindu high priest) gave a handsome donation to the Fund, and also offered two scholarships for hospital assistants, two gold medals and two scholarships for *accoucheuses*. In addition to this he promised to pay half the salary, and to provide hospital accommodation, for an apothecary or hospital assistant, if one could be found to go to his native town.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." This great work deserves national aid ; at least every *woman* in England should consider it a privilege to help in such a cause, and to contribute voluntarily some sum, however small, towards advocating "Women's Rights," not in the modern sense of the term, but in its holiest and purest meaning.

> "The right—ah, best and sweetest !—
> To stand all undismayed,
> Whenever sorrow, want, or sin,
> Call for a woman's aid."

The cries of suffering womanhood in India are loud enough to reach the hearts of their English sisters. Shall they remain unheeded ?

To Lady Dufferin and her co-workers India owes an infinite debt of gratitude, and an everlasting memorial is raised to them in the hearts of those they have benefited, as well as those who honour and appreciate their unceasing efforts.



From a Phototype by] [*R. Hotz, Calcutta.*

DUFFERIN HOSPITAL (MAIN BUILDING), BAREILLY (N.W. PROVINCES).

Told in the Studios.

By Rita.

STORY THE SECOND.—"CIGARETTE."

"CIGARETTE."

"IT is your turn next," said Denis O'Hara, turning to a grey-bearded, middle-aged man, who was smoking his brierwood with serene and placid content; "and this," handing him a sketch from the heap on the table, "this is your subject."

The artist took it, and for some moments gazed quietly down at the subject it presented.

Only a girl, perched in a half-defiant, half-coquettish attitude on a wooden table, a cigarette in her hand, just as if taken from the pretty, petulant lips, which blew a cloud of smoke into the laughing face of a young man bending over her.

"It looks more French than English," said Denis, musingly; "and the name—Cigarette, isn't that it, Druce?"

"That is the name," said Norman Druce. A smile, humorous and tender, played round his mouth, as he took out the big pipe and quietly filled it. "Yes," he said again, as he resumed his seat, "there is something un-English and unconventional about that sketch, but for all that the girl was English; and, stranger still, the daughter of a country clergyman."

"That," said Jasper Trenoweth, some-

what cynically, "might account for a good deal. The bow that is too tightly strung is always the one to rebound most fiercely."

"She was a character in her way," said Norman Druce, musingly. "Wild, wayward, impetuous, passionate; as lovely as a dream, as wilful as—well, as a woman; mischievous, coquettish; yet withal so generous and tender-hearted! Poor Cigarette!"

"She looks very young here," said Denis.

"She was only sixteen." He glanced at the sketch. "Just such a scene," he said, "only supplement it by some half-dozen young fellows in their workshop. I—I was one of them. We were young then, and poor, and sharing a joint studio in a quiet little country place in Devon, studying landscape-painting. I had been the last to join them. Two were personal friends; the others I only knew by name. I arrived one summer evening; and, leaving my traps at the inn, walked over to the studio, as arranged. It was a long, wooden building, lighted by two large windows, and had been built on to a little, rustic cottage, originally tenanted by an artist. I knocked at the door, but the noise of voices and laughter within made my diffident announcement inaudible. I therefore opened the door, and stood for a moment unobserved, looking on at the scene presented. I never look at this sketch but it all comes back. A crash of chords, a medley of sounds, the ringing, audacious notes of a voice clear and sweet as a nightingale's, a puff of smoke blown saucily from rosy lips, the mutinous flash of brown eyes, a figure shabbily and poorly clad, yet perfect in its youth and grace, and careless ease of movement—that was Cigarette, as I first saw her."

"It sounds delightful," said Denis O'Hara. "Was she a model?"

"A model! I told you she was a clergyman's daughter," said Norman Druce indignantly.

"And sang buffo songs; smoked cigarettes in the company of a lot of young fellows, puffing smoke from rosy lips into their faces—well, you must allow it sounds a little—incompatible."

"Oh," said Norman Druce laughing, "she did many worse things than that. All the same we adored her. She was the veriest incarnation of coquetry and mischief that ever wore the garb of woman—a sprite, a will-o'-the wisp, a something untamable and untrained, and most certainly the plague of my life and of many of the others for those six months during which we rented the studio. She had always been allowed to run wild. She had no mother, or brothers, or sisters. Her father bore a not very excellent character, and seemed to let her do just what she pleased. That, apparently, consisted in haunting the studio, coquetting with the artists, and spoiling canvas, and wasting colour in an attempt to produce what she termed 'novel effects'—they *were* novel, by Jove!—playing all sorts of practical jokes on us, and amusing, interesting, tormenting each and all of us just as the fancy took her. She was like a wild young colt. She respected nothing and no one. She would parody songs till we had to hold our sides for laughing, mimic her father and his sermons; dance, play, sing; in fact, her talents were as versatile as herself. One of our number, Val Beresford, alone seemed to dislike the girl. He was a wonderfully clever artist, out and out the best among us, excessively handsome, very ambitious, and very fastidious. He made no secret that he disliked Cigarette, though he laughed and teased her like the rest of us, as if she were some pet kitten, with claws as yet half sheathed and harmless. But Cigarette seemed to guess his dislike, and I noticed that in his presence she was always wilder, bolder, more fantastic and petulant than we ever knew her. If he admired a song, it was the signal for some audacious parody that turned it into ridicule; if he praised art, she abused it; if he spoke of the refinement and delicacy of womanhood, she would tear its idealised graces into shreds and tatters, and paint them with a scathing and bitter contempt that quite startled us. On no subject could they or would they agree; strangely enough, too, she would sit for any of us with most untiring patience, but nothing would ever induce her to do so for Val. One day he told her laughingly that, with or without her will, he intended to make a picture of her, and send it to the French Exhibition. 'You are too vivid and dangerous for English tastes,' he said teasingly. He did not notice, as he spoke, how white that lovely rich-hued face of hers became; how swift and fierce a flash shot from the dark brown eyes; so sudden, so tempestuous was the change that I felt almost frightened, though I knew her temper, and how variable were her moods. But, sudden as was that change, it was checked as suddenly. For once Cigarette did not

"THAT DELIGHTFUL SONG."

storm in anger, or lash him with her sharp unsparing tongue. She only turned away, saying very low, 'I would sooner kill you than let you paint me for—for exhibition.'

"Val only laughed, and at this time no more was said on the subject. I think five minutes afterwards the little fury was sitting at the piano, and giving us what she called 'the sense' of that delightful song to Anthea, which Val used to sing so splendidly. I believe I can remember the words still:—

> 'Bid me to paint, and I will paint
> A moon, or sun, or sea,
> Or dirty boys, or village joys,
> For the Acad-a-mee;
> Or do what all have done before
> (For so doth art decree),
> That fruit and flower may have the power
> To give the lie to me!
> Bid me to use of oil a cruse
> (Whatever that may be),
> That nature's tints I may abuse,
> For critics all to see!
> And I will do what all will do,
> To all eterni-tee—
> And mock the praise I cannot raise
> From that Acad-a-mee.
> It is the hope of every heart
> That honours its decree;
> But genius dwells afar apart,
> Nor there would wish to be!'"

A round of laughter followed this declamation, as Norman Druce paused to re-light his pipe.

"By Jove!" cried Denis O'Hara, "I should like to have known that girl. She must have been a caution! But go on, old chap. It's getting interesting. Of course, he did paint her?"

"You know the sketch," said Norman, quietly; "I don't know how long he was doing it, or when he managed to get the likeness: it is lifelike. We none of us knew what he was about, Cigarette least of all. They quarrelled as much as ever, and she seemed as saucily defiant—as mischievous and uncertain in her moods as we had always known her. But sometimes I thought I detected a change in the girl. She had fits of quietude, almost of sadness; she seemed to take more pains with her personal appearance, to be less random of speech, less bold of tongue. I was older and graver and steadier than the others, and in some vague way she seemed to trust me more, and be more natural with me than with them. I met her sometimes taking long, aimless walks, book in hand—she who used to declare she hated books, and would ridicule and parody the most sublime poem that ever was written. But among us all, and specially when Val Beresford was present, she was the same wild, laughing, mutinous creature we had grown to know so well. Time passed on; our tenancy was almost over. We had painted and sketched our fill, and were already half-regretful that we must give up those pleasant quarters and our lazy Bohemian life. One night we were all sitting together before the fire; it was close on Christmas, and the weather was cold and damp. Cigarette had not appeared for two or three days. We were wondering at her absence, and speculating as to her probable appearance to-night.

"'I hope she will come,' said Val, 'for I want to show you all my picture, and I should like her to be present.'

L L

"'You don't care much for her opinion, surely?' I said.

"'Her opinion? Oh, no!' he said, with a somewhat odd smile, 'I only want to give her a surprise.'

"As he spoke, the door opened, and Cigarette appeared. She had thrown a scarlet cloak round her; the hood was drawn over her head. Her great dark eyes and flushed cheeks looked out from that glowing frame with rare and piquant beauty. Val looked at her critically, as he had a way of looking, and I saw her colour deepen as she met his eyes.

"'Will you have me for a model?' she asked.

"'Thanks, no,' he said coolly, 'I've a good memory.'

"With no further word he went to a corner of the studio, and, opening a cabinet there, took out a small square of canvas. This he placed on his easel, and turned it round so as to face us all. The full light of the swinging lamp above fell on it. There was a cry of wonder from us; of rage and passionate indignation from the girl. She looked back at *herself*. Herself—to the life, with her petulant grace, and her flashing eyes, and her mutinous, lovely, *riante* face, and she sat there in the colour and life of the picture as she sits in that sketch, puffing a cloud of smoke into the face bent down to hers. It was very simple, but it was very lifelike and true, and the title, 'A Challenge,' said all that was needful. We burst into a chorus of praise and admiration. None of us had had the faintest idea of what Val had been doing, only—somehow, I looked not at the picture but at the original; and I was startled to see the life and colour die slowly out of the girl's face, till it grew cold, white, stern, as never had I dreamt it could look. She stood there—her breast heaving, her eyes veiled by their long lashes, the colour coming and going in her face. Val seemed somewhat uneasy. 'Come, Cigarette,' he said, 'don't look so angry. The others have painted you so often, why shouldn't I?'

"She only looked at him. I—well, I've often wondered how he felt. How does a deer look wounded to death, turning its eyes on its hunters? How might a child look torn from arms it loves, and seeing only terror and darkness around it? So she looked in that brief moment between his question and her reply. Swift as thought she seized a brush lying near her. One fierce gesture; one rapid sweep of the small, firm hand, and the face on the canvas was disfigured beyond all recognition! None of us spoke or moved. We were too astonished. 'There,' she cried, throwing the brush at Val's feet, 'there is your "challenge" answered.'

"'And rightly answered,' he said very quietly. 'Thank you, Cigarette, I deserve your rebuke; I had no right to do it without your permission.'

"He went up to the picture, and turned its face to the easel.

"The girl stood there, silent and trembling, every vestige of colour gone from her face, as every trace of that moment's fiery passion had vanished in the shame and remorse that had followed its outbreak. Then, without a word, she drew the hood closely round her head, and turned to the door. She paused there for a moment and looked back at us. 'I came here to-night,' she said, 'to wish you all good-bye. I—I am going away to a school in London. I shall never see any of you again.' We sprang up and crowded round her. Val alone remained seated in the chair, smoking. One would have thought he had not heard her. She broke away from us with a sob—Cigarette, who never cried, who mocked at tears as something more than childish. Then she was gone, leaving us to wonder or comment as we might. How curiously silent Val was; how impossible we found it to draw anything from him that night. I remembered that afterwards.

"It happened that the next morning he and I were the first to enter the studio. We had to collect our sketches and implements, and pack our pictures. As we entered I saw that his picture had been turned again to its original position. 'Why, Val,' I said, 'someone has been here—look!' For on the edge of the easel lay a bunch of flowers, tied together by a long, soft tress of brown hair. He came forward and took them from my hand. A smile, half sad half tender, played around his lips.

"'What a child she is,' he said, 'and with all her wilfulness and passion, what a tender heart.'

"'I am glad,' I said, 'that you do her justice at last. It always seemed to me that you have been too hard on her.'

"He did not answer, and his lips still wore that musing tender smile, as he thrust the little bunch of flowers into the breast pocket of his coat.

* * * * *

"Surely that is not all," exclaimed Denis O'Hara as Norman Druce leant back in his chair and puffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Well," answered Druce, with an odd little smile, "I think there is a sequel, if you care to hear it." He rose as he spoke, and took down from the mantel-shelf a box of cigarettes, which he handed to Denis.

"Three or four, are there not?" he said; "that's the sequel."

"But—but I don't understand," exclaimed Denis, looking somewhat bewildered.

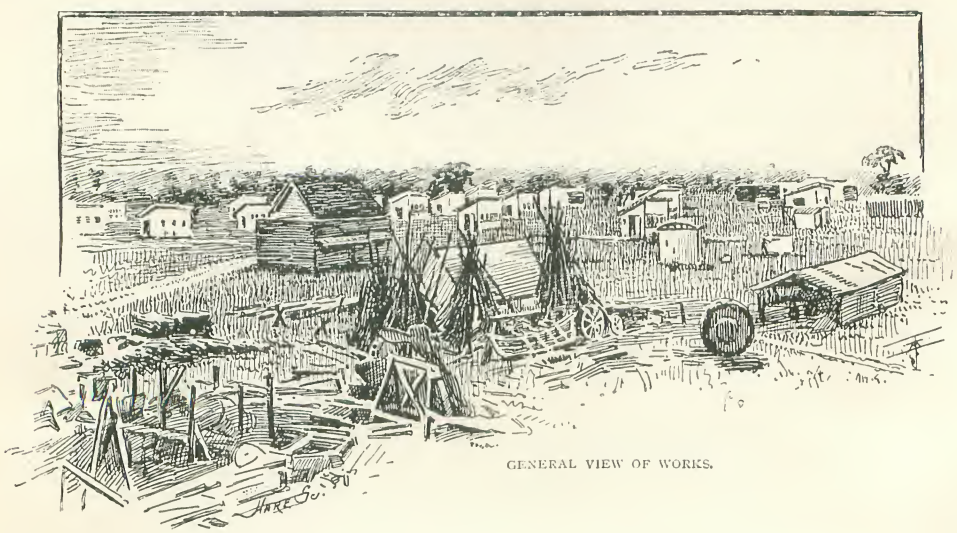
"Don't you?" said Druce, puffing another cloud of smoke from the brierwood; "oh, it's very simple. He married her—after she left that school in London."

"ONE SWEEP OF THE HAND, AND THE FACE WAS DISFIGURED."

THE manufacture of fireworks has really become a fine art, and to spend a day at a factory throws considerable light as to how preparations are made in order to keep green the memory of a certain enterprising individual whose name is inseparable from the 5th of November. Imagine a great green field of fifty acres, with a hundred small outhouses dotted about here and there, and countless tram lines in miniature, over which firework trucks run—such is the first idea of Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co.'s factory at South Norwood, the largest in the world.

It will be as well to take shed by shed, and follow the making of the squib, cracker, Catherine-wheel, or set piece from start to finish. The paper is the first consideration. Here is the store. There are thirty tons inside now, and a season's manufacture involves the using of some 300 tons. It costs from £7 a ton for the brown to £50 a ton for the best white, and this little load helps to make twelve million farthing, halfpenny, and penny goods a year. The wet rolling shed is a square building with two great stoves in the centre, which are connected with huge racks above containing 50,000 cases. In the winter months the fires are lit, and the cases go through a process of drying. Just at the present moment some 10,000 rocket cases are suspended from the roof, intended for Trinity House work.

It is interesting to watch the men at



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS.

work. A good hand can roll a gross of cases a day—a boy industriously pasting the paper, which at the same time he energetically rolls. Here, too, the shells are made—great explosive balls which vary in diameter from three and a half inches to twenty-five inches. These are used for large Government displays and State occasions. The biggest of these will turn the scale at two and a quarter hundredweights, and when it bursts its *débris* covers a radius of a quarter of a mile from the bursting point. It costs £50 left for the fuse, and then the two separate pieces are joined into the round with glue. Look in at the dry rolling shed, where a little army of young women are busy making coloured lights. They sit at slate tables, with paste-pot and brush handy, and piles of paper in front of them cut to a square about the size sufficient to hold half-an-ounce of tobacco. The thin rolls of paper are shaped with a steel rod, and are used for the great set pieces. A girl can roll twenty gross of cases for coloured lights in a day. In a corner of

WET ROLLING SHED.

to fire one. Such a huge shell, however, has only been exploded on two occasions, both of which were at Lisbon—the first in 1886, when the Crown Prince of Portugal was married, and again on the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden to the Portuguese capital in 1888. The 1886 display cost £3,500, and the fireworks were let off on the River Tagus, when thirteen men-of-war, troopships, and hulks were called into service. The second display cost £5,000, and these are the two most expensive on record.

Shells are made in a mould of plaster of Paris or metal. The two halves are manufactured separately, with forty or fifty layers of brown paper for a medium-sized shell, securely pasted together. A hole is

this room is a good lady who has made fire balloons for the last twenty years. She can turn out three a day, and when it is remembered that a fire-balloon stands 14 ft. high, has a capacity for holding 400 ft. of gas, and that no fewer than 112 pieces of paper take part in its construction, we are inclined to single her out as a very champion of balloon-makers.

The store-rooms of the Japanese lanterns form an interesting building. Fifty thousand lanterns are imported from Japan every year, at prices ranging from a farthing to ten shillings each. At the present moment 25,000 are stored away in immense bins—total darkness is necessary so as to retain the colour—and we are assured by our guide that every one

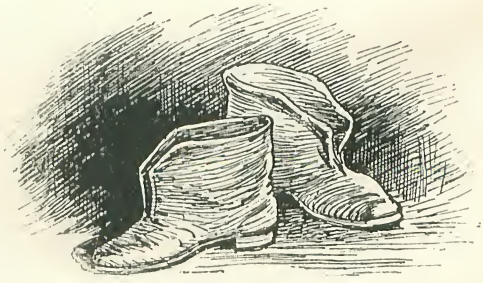
DRY ROLLING SHED.

of the 25,000 is of a distinctly different pattern!

The iron house which holds the charcoal must not be forgotten. The charcoal is stowed away in sacks very much resembling soot bags, and fifty tons are used every year. Charcoal, indeed, is one of the principal ingredients of the common firework—the farthing and halfpenny goods. The cheap squib or cracker, which the youth of the town delight to let off at our heels, is principally composed of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. Only about twenty tons of gunpowder is necessary for a year's manufacture, and this is only needed to lift shells or to make a noise. The better class of fireworks, known in the trade as coloured fireworks, are for the most part made of chlorate of potash, shellac, and a proportion of mineral salts to give the requisite colour.

As we hasten across the field to the secluded houses where the filling takes place we do not fail to take note of a huge cauldron near an immense boiler. The cauldron in question is the paste-mixing pot, and it will take a sack of flour to fill it. The water is poured in and then steam is turned on at something like 30 lb. pressure. You could count in another building 150,000 fairy lamps of every colour of the rainbow—violet, blue, white, green, yellow, plum, and ruby. The ruby glass—the most expensive—is made in Bohemia, and the other colours in France. When they return from giving a fairy-like appearance to the trees and paths, they are washed in pans capable of holding 150 at a time. Alas! many of these *fairy lights* which leave the place are destined never to return. 5,000 have been broken at a single display, and at a recent flower show at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when everything was swept away, some 6,000 little lamps were carried away by the windy weather. Just a little arithmetical calculation in the carpenters' shop, where the strips of wood are cut from the great planks which lie scattered about the place, for rockets, reveals the fact that close upon a million strips are here, and 300 ropes of nine feet length, used for putting up set pieces.

We have now reached the little houses where the firework cases are filled, and for the first time we realise the great precau-



SAFETY BOOTS.

tions taken in order to ensure perfect safety to the workers. All persons working in the factory are searched on entering. They must also wear woollen jackets from which the pockets are cut out and sewn up. They then go to their respective sheds, and put on a pair of huge over-all safety boots of brown leather of quite a fashionable colour, without any nails.

The houses in which they work have much that is interesting about them. They are wooden buildings about 16 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, and of a proportionate height. Small gas jets are placed outside the windows to provide light when working in the winter.

The floor is covered with linoleum or lead, and the interiors are scrupulously clean. When it is mentioned that a Government inspector has fined the firework manufacturer for allowing a cobweb to be seen in one of these little houses, it will be understood how clean these places are, and how totally free from grit or dust. All girls who make fireworks, and who are responsible for the cleanliness of their dwellings, should make capital housewives. Every one of these sheds is licensed for the different operations which are carried on inside.

The number of people and the amount of explosive matter allowed in the building during the operation of filling are set forth on little black boards placed outside near the door. We quote the contents of one of these boards in order that it may be more readily understood.

A. Filling and charging. Fireworks 50 lbs.

Composition 25 lbs.

Number of persons, 4.

Or—

B. Finishing. Fireworks 100 lbs.

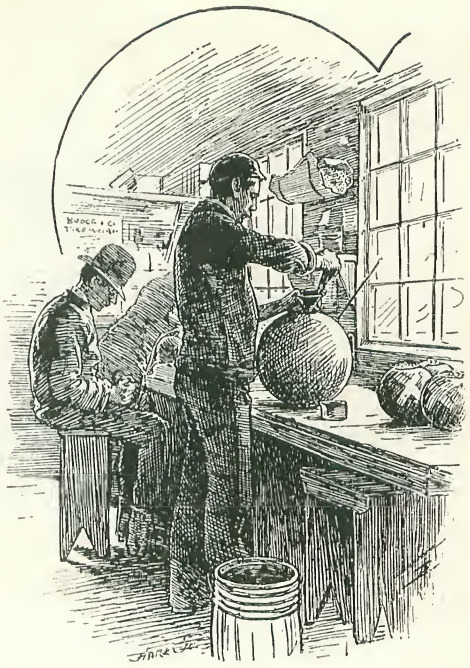
Composition 5 lbs.

Number of persons, 6.

Or—

C. Packing. Fireworks manufactured or completed 1,000 lbs.

Number of persons, 4.



CHARGING SHELLS.

Of course, these rules vary in some of the sheds, according to the character of work which is carried on within.

In one particular instance the work has to be so minutely done that only 30 lbs. of composition for fireworks is allowed in at one time, and only one person permitted to be inside.

At the door of these buildings pails filled to the brim with water are placed in a handy position, and the working sheds are 25 yards apart, and the magazines from 25 to 75 yards apart.

We now peep into some of these firework houses; having put on our boots in order that we may abide by the rules, we enter and watch their tenants at work.

In one shed they are charging rock-

CHARGING HEAVY ROCKETS.

MAKING CRACKERS.

ets, in another heavy Government shells. The composition with which the firework is charged is first mixed in one shed, and brought along in a barrel carefully covered up.

The workers sit before three small receptacles containing the different coloured compositions needed. One man has a small block, on which is placed the case to be filled. He rams the composition into a case with a heavy wooden rod, and then gives it a strong tap with a box-wood mallet to make the ingredients tight. It is then placed on one side ready to have the finishing touch put to it.

The services of young girls are mostly called into requisition for the making of crackers and Catherine wheels. In the trade the manufacture of a cracker is considered the most simple of any class of fireworks. Little paper cylinders about the same size as the stem of a tobacco pipe are filled with fine-grain gunpowder, which is then run through a press. A girl then bends the flattened paper cylinder in a zigzag fashion, it is passed on to another worker who ties it together, and finally a little piece of blue paper is placed on the tip, and the cracker is completed.

Here they are making the halfpenny Catherine wheels. This, too, is a very simple process. The paper is taken in hand, in the top of which is placed a funnel. The composition is poured in, and, as fast as they are filled, away they go to another shed to be wound round a wooden disc and fastened by sealing-wax. A blue paper band pasted round the article brings about its completion.

The manufacture of a Roman candle is, perhaps, a trifle more elaborate. Those glorious coloured stars which suddenly burst out upon us are little square pieces of composition. When a worker has taken a Roman candle case in hand he first puts a layer of powder in, then a coloured ball, or rather, square, followed by a fuse for slow burning until another layer of powder comes, and another ball, and so on to the end. The requisite amount of powder needed to throw these balls many feet into the air is infinitesimally small—just a tiny

MAKING CATHERINE WHEELS.

scoop full, or as much as would cover a threepenny-piece.

You can look into another shed, where they are filling the shells, many of which have thirty different colours and effects in them. Turning away from the sheds and the workers therein, we return to a huge house where the set pieces are made. Those who have seen the great display at the Crystal Palace and other places of entertainment, cannot fail to be interested in knowing something of the process by which these immense set pieces are made. We hear some startling statistics as to the cost of a Crystal Palace display, which is about £10 a minute. Such a display as that given when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi cost £3,000.

The furthest spot which Messrs. Brock & Co. have visited for the purpose of letting off fireworks was to India, in 1875, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when hundreds of tons of fireworks accompanied him for the displays there.

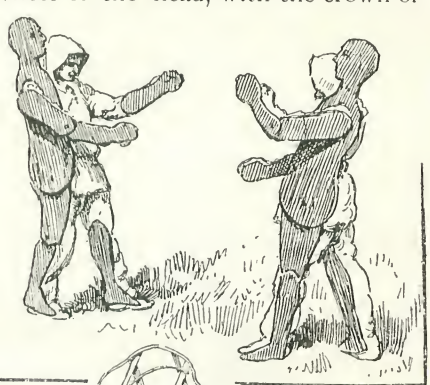
No fewer than ten displays were given, at costs ranging from £1,000 to £2,500 each. During the recent Jubilee £250,000 was spent in fireworks, and it is estimated hat the amount of money spent on fireworks every 5th of November falls little short of £100,000. To make a set piece depicting "The Battle of the Nile," which is over an eighth of a mile long, takes 400 gross of little coloured lights and 7 miles of quick-

LIVING FIREWORKS.

match, to say nothing of half a hundredweight of pins to fasten the various parts together.

One learns, too, that the biggest Catherine wheel ever made was 100 ft. in diameter, and the biggest display of rockets at one time in this country was 5,000, though on the Continent they think nothing of providing a display of 10,000 as a bouquet of rockets. This is always considered the most important feature of a display.

Supposing one wanted to make a set piece—a portrait of the Queen, for instance. The first thing to do would be to make an outline drawing. This is then divided off into small squares to a set scale. A huge frame of laths is then needed, which is divided up into convenient squares, some 10 ft. by 5 ft., to work on. The whole thing is then laid down on a level floor. The worker takes the drawing and follows out over the frame the features, &c., in chalk, so as to ensure getting a true design. Then a small gang of lads come along with canes for curves and thin laths for the straight parts. The whole of the head, with the crown of Her



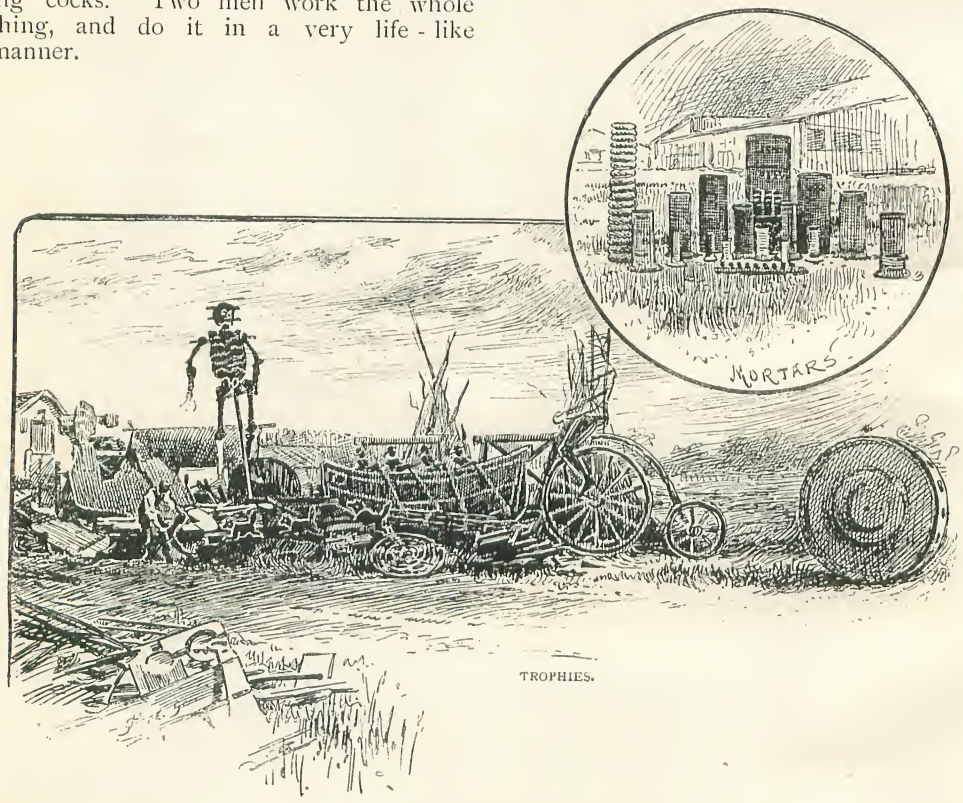
Majesty, is now ready to be pegged—that is, little pegs are driven in at intervals of three inches along the design, and this having been done it is carried away to the place of exhibition. A body of men repair to the spot where Her Majesty is to be seen in fireworks, taking with them sufficient lances or coloured lights to illumine the head. These are put on, and at the right moment the whole thing is lit up.

Perhaps the greatest curiosity of recent years in the way of firework displays, has

been centred round the living fireworks. The "fighting cocks" greatly amused the Shah when he was over here, and the "boxing men" caused unbounded delight to the Emperor of Germany. However, whilst we were going over the premises the whole secret as to how they were worked leaked out. They are indeed living fireworks. Take the boxers, for instance. They are really two men clothed with an "asbestos" suit, and entirely protected from danger, who have fastened to one side of them a framework of fireworks, depicting a man in fighting attitude. The whole thing is lit up, and the brilliancy of it prevents the man behind being seen. He boxes away with his opponent, raising his hand, and dodging his head, and as he does so the frame on which the fireworks are fizzing necessarily does the same.

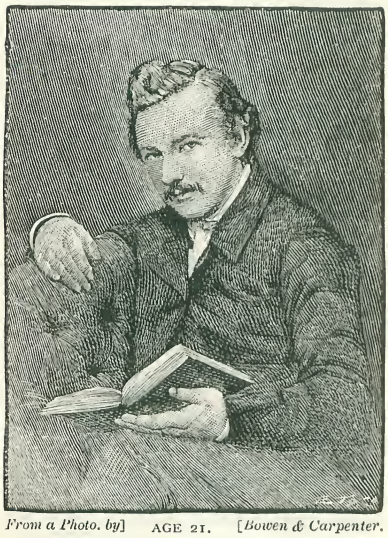
It is precisely the same with the "fighting cocks." Two men work the whole thing, and do it in a very life-like manner.

There are numerous bygone trophies of fireworks to be seen about the place. Here is a skeleton out of which every spark of life has vanished, the remains of a giant. Alas! but a sorry sight of what his immense statue once must have been. Only a few strips of charred wood remain. Here are broken bicycles, shattered boats and sledges, and here in a corner are the original mortars used in Hyde-park in the great display which took place to celebrate the triumphant conclusion of the Crimean War. Mortars marked "Calcutta," "Bombay," "Delhi," reminiscences of the Prince of Wales' visit to the Empire, and just close at hand is a curious Japanese mortar made of bamboo, riveted together with wood, and wound round with cane rope.



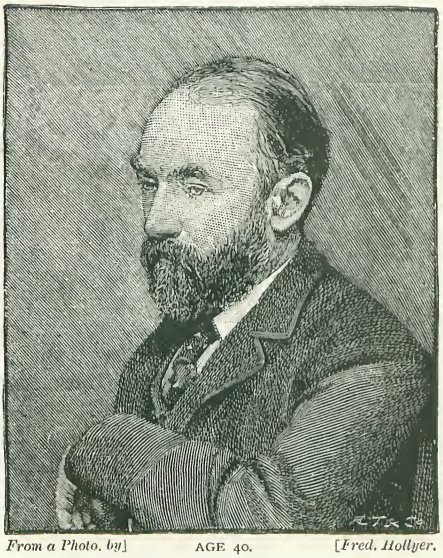
TROPHIES.

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

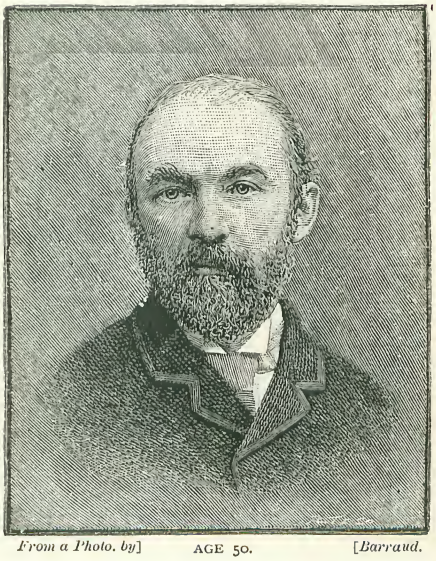


From a Photo. by] AGE 21. *[Bowen & Carpenter.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 32. *[Stereoscopic Co.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Fred. Hollyer.*



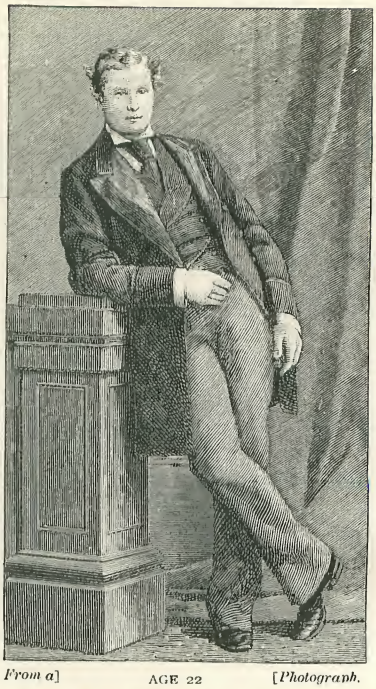
From a Photo. by] AGE 50. *[Barraud.*

THOMAS HARDY.

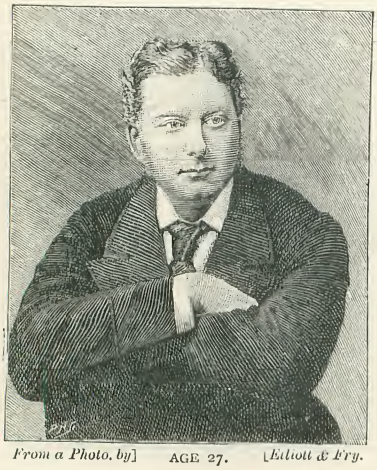
BORN 1840.

THOMAS HARDY, who was born at a Dorsetshire village, was educated as an architect in his native place, at the same time giving much attention to literary studies. At twenty-one he came to London, where he continued to study design under Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., and modern languages at King's College. At twenty-two he gained several prizes and medals for designs, and also wrote much poetry which he never published. At thirty-one he wrote his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," and at thirty-four "Far from the Madding Crowd," his masterpiece, in which the humours and pathos of agricultural life are displayed in a manner which has had no equal.

From a] AGE 17. *[Photograph.*



From a] AGE 22 *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Painting by] PRESENT DAY. *[Leslie Ward.*

CORNEY GRAIN.

"WHERE I asked to give a short, true, and succinct account of my life," says Mr. Corney Grain in his entertaining "Reminiscences," "I should do it in the following manner:—

Surname	Grain.
Christian Name...	Richard Corney.
Condition	Bachelor.
Born	October 26, 1844.
Education	Average Middle Class.
Profession	{ Barrister, April 30, 1866. Entertainer, May 16, 1870."

At the ages of our first two portraits Mr. Corney Grain was reading for the bar, and doing a little amateur acting and entertaining. At the age of the third, he had recently joined the German Reed's entertainment, with which his name has ever since been so pleasantly associated.

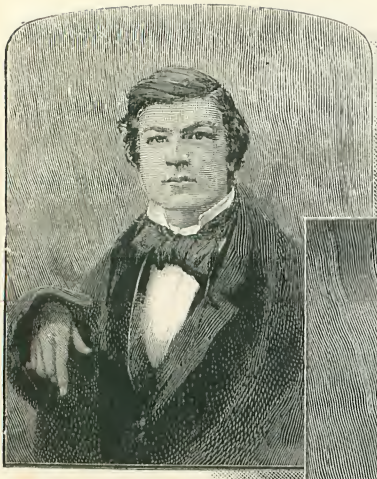
From a] AGE 16. *[Painting.*

From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 84. *[Messrs. Elliott & Fry*

MRS. KEELEY.

MRS. KEELEY was born in Ipswich in 1806, and although she is now in her 85th year, has a fund of animal spirits and vivacity which the young might envy. Time was when she was the idol of the theatrical public, as she is now the idol of her numerous circle of private friends. As far back as 1825 she was playing *Rosina* at the Lyceum. At the Adelphi, in 1838, she created a sensation by her performance of *Smike;* but the success she achieved in that character was eclipsed by her subsequent triumph as *Jack Sheppard.* All London went to see it, and she was the talk of the town. Her brilliant subsequent career, too long for this brief memoir, included *Betty Martin*, which stands perhaps as the most remarkable example. The old lady enjoys the best of health, and her face is as merry and her eyes as bright as in the days of her youth.



From a] AGE 16. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 3. *[Dunmore.*

AGE 35.
[From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young.]

HENRY NEVILLE.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE, the son of a successful actor, appeared on the stage at the early age of four, in the part of an infant laid alone to sleep on a mossy bank, but greatly amazed and delighted the spectators by getting up and dancing a hornpipe on his own account. In course of time, though his father desired him to join the army, he threw in his lot with a strolling company, and for some time learnt his art in the hard but excellent school of the provincial theatres. At length, at twenty-three, he appeared at the Lyceum as *Percy Ardent* in "The Irish Heiress"—a part in which the spirit and vigour of his acting instantly attracted notice. He then removed to the Olympic, where his appearance as *Bob Brierley* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" went far to restore the fortunes of a hitherto unlucky house. At thirty-six, he became manager of this theatre—the scene of his chief London successes—where his impersonations in "Clancarty," "The Two Orphans," and "Buckingham," showed him as an actor of great pathos as well as vigorous action. In comedy, and especially as a stage lover, Mr. Neville shines above all rivals, and the hearty and genuine character of his acting makes him an ideal heroic soldier. For some years his school of dramatic art has turned out a succession of promising young actors.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Conley, Boston.*

From a Drawing by] AGE 21. *[W. B. Richmond.*

From a] AGE 35. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 40. *[Photograph.*

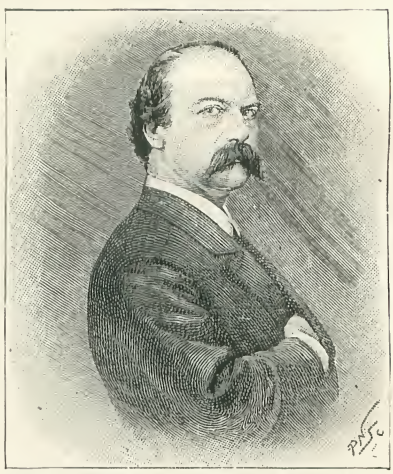
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

AT the age of twenty-one, Miss Yonge had already written "Abbeychurch," the first of the long series of novels which have made her name familiar to innumerable readers. Miss Yonge's books have done good, not only by their healthy moral teaching, but by the generous use which she has made of the proceeds of their sale. The profits of "The Heir of Redclyffe," which was written at the age of thirty, she devoted chiefly to the fitting-out of the missionary schooner, *The Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn; and the sum of £2,000, which resulted from the sale of "The Daisy Chain," to the erection of a missionary college at Auckland. Miss Yonge is at present editor of *The Monthly Packet*.

From a] AGE 27. [*Photograph*

From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [*Lock & Whitfield, Brighton.*

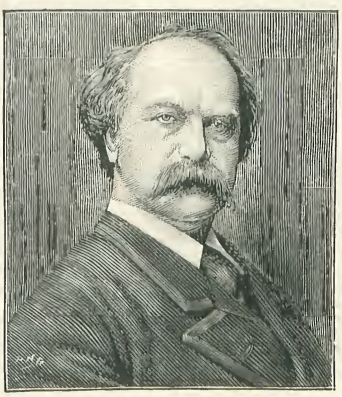


From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [*Alinari, Florence.*

TOMMASO SALVINI.

BORN 1830.

TOMMASO SALVINI, who belonged to a family of actors, had gained renown as a child-actor before he was fourteen; and soon after, in Madame Ristori's company, he became recognised as the greatest of living tragedians. At nineteen he fought in the War of Independence, and was taken prisoner at the same time as his friend Garibaldi. Just before the age of our first portrait he appeared as *Othello*, with an effect which no one who has seen that wonderful impersonation will ever forget. Our second portrait, as *Othello*, is the only portrait of Salvini ever taken in character.



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. [*Luckhardt, Vienna.*

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE V.—THE FIVE ORANGE PIPS.

By A. Conan Doyle.

WHEN I glance over my notes and records of the Sherlock Holmes cases between the years '82 and '90, I am faced by so many which present strange and interesting features, that it is no easy matter to know which to choose and which to leave. Some, however, have already gained publicity through the papers, and others have not offered a field for those peculiar qualities which my friend possessed in so high a degree, and which it is the object of these papers to illustrate. Some, too, have baffled his analytical skill, and would be, as narratives, beginnings without an ending, while others have been but partially cleared up, and have their explanations founded rather upon conjecture and surmise than on that absolute logical proof which was so dear to him. There is, however, one of these last which was so remarkable in its details and so startling in its results, that I am tempted to give some account of it, in spite of the fact that there are points in connection with it which never have been, and probably never will be, entirely cleared up.

The year '87 furnished us with a long series of cases of greater or less interest, of which I retain the records. Among my headings under this one twelve months, I find an account of the adventure of the Paradol Chamber, of the Amateur Mendicant Society, who held a luxurious club in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse, of the facts connected with the loss of the British barque *Sophy Anderson*, of the singular adventures of the Grice Patersons in the island of Uffa, and finally of the Camberwell poisoning case. In the latter, as may be remembered, Sherlock Holmes was able, by winding up the dead man's watch, to prove that it had been wound up two hours ago, and that therefore the deceased had gone to bed within that time—a deduction which was of the greatest importance in clearing up the case. All these I may sketch out at some future date, but none of them present such singular features as the strange train of circumstances which I have now taken up my pen to describe.

It was in the latter days of September, and the equinoctial gales had set in with exceptional violence. All day the wind had screamed and the rain had beaten against the windows, so that even here in the heart of great, hand-made London we were forced to raise our minds for the instant from the routine of life, and to recognise the presence of those great elemental forces which shriek at mankind through the bars of his civilisation, like untamed beasts in a cage. As evening drew in the storm grew higher and louder, and the wind cried and sobbed like a child in the chimney. Sherlock Holmes sat moodily at one side of the fireplace cross-indexing his records of crime, whilst I at the other was deep in one of Clark Russell's fine sea-stories, until the howl of the gale from without seemed to blend with the text, and the splash of the rain to lengthen out into the long swash of the sea waves. My wife was on a visit to her mother's, and for a few days I was a dweller once more in my old quarters at Baker-street.

"Why," said I, glancing up at my companion, "that was surely the bell. Who could come to-night? Some friend of yours, perhaps?"

"Except yourself I have none," he answered. "I do not encourage visitors."

"A client, then?"

"If so, it is a serious case. Nothing less would bring a man out on such a day, and at such an hour. But I take it that it is more likely to be some crony of the landlady's."

Sherlock Holmes was wrong in his conjecture, however, for there came a step in the passage, and a tapping at the door. He stretched out his long arm to turn the lamp away from himself and towards the vacant chair upon which a new-comer must sit. "Come in!" said he.

The man who entered was young, some two-and-twenty at the outside, well groomed and trimly clad, with something of refinement and delicacy in his bearing. The streaming umbrella which he held in his

hand, and his long shining waterproof told of the fierce weather through which he had come. He looked about him anxiously in the glare of the lamp, and I could see that his face was pale and his eyes heavy, like those of a man who is weighed down with some great anxiety.

"I owe you an apology," he said, raising his golden *pince-nez* to his eyes. "I trust that I am not intruding. I fear that I have brought some traces of the storm and the rain into your snug chamber."

"Give me your coat and umbrella," said Holmes. "They may rest here on the hook, and will be dry presently. You have come up from the south-west, I see."

"Yes, from Horsham."

"That clay and chalk mixture which I see upon your toe-caps is quite distinctive."

"I have come for advice."

"That is easily got."

"And help."

"That is not always so easy."

"HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM ANXIOUSLY.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes. I heard from Major Prendergast how you saved him in the Tankerville Club Scandal."

"Ah, of course. He was wrongfully accused of cheating at cards."

"He said that you could solve anything."

"He said too much."

"That you are never beaten."

"I have been beaten four times—three times by men, and once by a woman."

"But what is that compared with the number of your successes?"

"It is true that I have been generally successful."

"Then you may be so with me."

"I beg that you will draw your chair up to the fire, and favour me with some details as to your case."

"It is no ordinary one."

"None of those which come to me are. I am the last court of appeal."

"And yet I question, sir, whether, in all your experience, you have ever listened to a more mysterious and inexplicable chain of events than those which have happened in my own family."

"You fill me with interest," said Holmes. "Pray give us the essential facts from the commencement, and I can afterwards question you as to those details which seem to me to be most important."

The young man pulled his chair up, and pushed his wet feet out towards the blaze.

"My name," said he, "is John Openshaw, but my own affairs have, as far as I can understand it, little to do with this awful business. It is a hereditary matter, so in order to give you an idea of the facts, I must go back to the commencement of the affair.

"You must know that my grandfather had two sons—my uncle Elias and my father Joseph. My father had a small factory at Coventry, which he enlarged at the time of the invention of bicycling. He was the patentee of the Openshaw unbreakable tire, and his business met with such success that he was able to sell it, and to retire upon a handsome competence.

"My uncle Elias emigrated to America when he was a young man, and became a planter in Florida, where he was reported to have done very well. At the time of the war he fought in Jackson's army, and afterwards under Hood, where he rose to be a colonel. When Lee laid down his arms my uncle returned to his plantation, where he remained for three or four years. About 1869 or 1870 he came back to Europe, and took a small estate in Sussex, near Horsham. He had made a very considerable fortune in the States, and his reason for leaving them was his aversion to the negroes, and his dislike of the Republican policy in extending the franchise to them. He was a singular man, fierce and quick-tem-

pered, very foul-mouthed when he was angry, and of a most retiring disposition. During all the years that he lived at Horsham I doubt if ever he set foot in the town. He had a garden and two or three fields round his house, and there he would take his exercise, though very often for weeks on end he would never leave his room. He drank a great deal of brandy, and smoked very heavily, but he would see no society, and did not want any friends, not even his own brother.

"He didn't mind me, in fact he took a fancy to me, for at the time when he saw me first I was a youngster of twelve or so. That would be in the year 1878, after he had been eight or nine years in England. He begged my father to let me live with him, and he was very kind to me in his way. When he was sober he used to be fond of playing backgammon and draughts with me, and he would make me his representative both with the servants and with the tradespeople, so that by the time that I was sixteen I was quite master of the house. I kept all the keys, and could go where I liked and do what I liked, so long as I did not disturb him in his privacy. There was one singular exception, however, for he had a single room, a lumber room up among the attics, which was invariably locked, and which he would never permit either me or anyone else to enter. With a boy's curiosity I have peeped through the keyhole, but I was never able to see more than such a collection of old trunks and bundles as would be expected in such a room.

"One day—it was in March, 1883—a letter with a foreign stamp lay upon the table in front of the Colonel's plate. It was not a common thing for him to receive letters, for his bills were all paid in ready money, and he had no friends of any sort. 'From India!' said he, as he took it up, 'Pondicherry postmark! What can this be?' Opening it hurriedly, out there jumped five little dried orange pips, which pattered down upon his plate. I began to laugh at this, but the laugh was struck from my lips at the sight of his face. His lip had fallen, his eyes were protruding, his skin the colour of putty, and he glared at the envelope which he still held in his trembling hand. 'K. K. K.' he shrieked, and then, 'My God, my God, my sins have overtaken me.'

"'What is it, uncle?' I cried.

"'Death,' said he, and rising from the table he retired to his room, leaving me palpitating with horror. I took up the envelope, and saw scrawled in red ink upon the inner flap, just above the gum, the letter K three times repeated. There was nothing else save the five dried pips. What could be the reason of his overpowering terror? I left the breakfast table, and as I ascended the stair I met him coming down with an old rusty key, which must have belonged to the attic, in one hand, and a small brass box, like a cash box, in the other.

"'They may do what they like, but I'll checkmate them still,' said he, with an oath. 'Tell Mary that I shall want a fire in my room to-day, and send down to Fordham, the Horsham lawyer.'

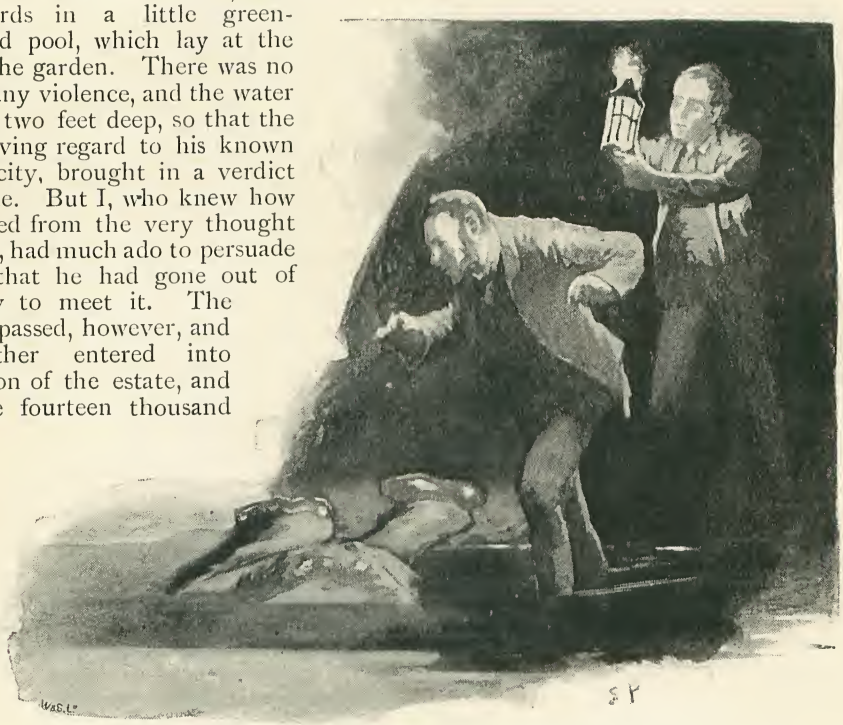
"I did as he ordered, and when the lawyer arrived I was asked to step up to the room. The fire was burning brightly, and in the grate there was a mass of black, fluffy ashes, as of burned paper, while the brass box stood open and empty beside it. As I glanced at the box I noticed, with a start, that upon the lid were printed the treble K which I had read in the morning upon the envelope.

"'I wish you, John,' said my uncle, 'to witness my will. I leave my estate, with all its advantages and all its disadvantages to my brother, your father, whence it will, no doubt, descend to you. If you can enjoy it in peace, well and good! If you find you cannot, take my advice, my boy, and leave it to your deadliest enemy. I am sorry to give you such a two-edged thing, but I can't say what turn things are going to take. Kindly sign the paper where Mr. Fordham shows you.'

"I signed the paper as directed, and the lawyer took it away with him. The singular incident made, as you may think, the deepest impression upon me, and I pondered over it, and turned it every way in my mind without being able to make anything of it. Yet I could not shake off the vague feeling of dread which it left behind it, though the sensation grew less keen as the weeks passed, and nothing happened to disturb the usual routine of our lives. I could see a change in my uncle, however. He drank more than ever, and he was less inclined for any sort of society. Most of his time he would spend in his room, with the door locked upon the inside, but sometimes he would emerge in a sort of drunken frenzy, and would burst out of the house and tear about the garden with a revolver in his hand, screaming out that he was afraid of no man, and that he was

not to be cooped up, like a sheep in a pen, by man or devil. When these hot fits were over, however, he would rush tumultuously in at the door, and lock and bar it behind him, like a man who can brazen it out no longer against the terror which lies at the roots of his soul. At such times I have seen his face, even on a cold day, glisten with moisture as though it were new raised from a basin.

"Well, to come to an end of the matter, Mr. Holmes, and not to abuse your patience, there came a night when he made one of those drunken sallies from which he never came back. We found him, when we went to search for him, face downwards in a little green-scummed pool, which lay at the foot of the garden. There was no sign of any violence, and the water was but two feet deep, so that the jury, having regard to his known eccentricity, brought in a verdict of suicide. But I, who knew how he winced from the very thought of death, had much ado to persuade myself that he had gone out of his way to meet it. The matter passed, however, and my father entered into possession of the estate, and of some fourteen thousand pounds, which lay to his credit at the bank."



"WE FOUND HIM FACE DOWNWARDS IN A LITTLE GREEN SCUMMED POOL."

"One moment," Holmes interposed. "Your statement is, I foresee, one of the most remarkable to which I have ever listened. Let me have the date of the reception by your uncle of the letter, and the date of his supposed suicide."

"The latter arrived on March the tenth, 1883. His death was seven weeks later, upon the night of the second of May."

"Thank you. Pray proceed."

"When my father took over the Horsham property, he, at my request, made a careful examination of the attic, which had been always locked up. We found the brass box there, although its contents had been destroyed. On the inside of the cover was a paper label, with the initials K. K. K. repeated upon it, and 'Letters, memoranda, receipts, and a register' written beneath. These, we presume, indicated the nature of the papers which had been destroyed by Colonel Openshaw. For the rest, there was nothing of much importance in the attic, save a great many scattered papers and notebooks bearing upon my uncle's life in America. Some of them were of the war time, and showed that he had done his duty well, and had borne the repute of being a brave soldier. Others were of a date during the reconstruction of the Southern States, and were mostly concerned with politics, for he had evidently taken a strong part in opposing the carpet-bag politicians who had been sent down from the North.

"Well, it was the beginning of '84 when my father came to live at Horsham, and all went as well as possible with us until the January of '85. On the fourth day

after the New Year I heard my father give a sharp cry of surprise as we sat together at the breakfast table. There he was, sitting with a newly-opened envelope in one hand and five dried orange-pips in the outstretched palm of the other one. He had always laughed at what he called my cock-and-a-bull story about the Colonel, but he looked very scared and puzzled now that the same thing had come upon himself.

"'Why, what on earth does this mean, John?' he stammered.

"My heart had turned to lead. 'It is K. K. K.' said I.

"He looked inside the envelope. 'So it is,' he cried. 'Here are the very letters. But what is this written above them?'

"'Put the papers on the sun-dial,' I read, peeping over his shoulder.

"'What papers? What sun-dial?' he asked.

"'The sun-dial in the garden. There is no other,' said I; 'but the papers must be those that are destroyed.'

"'Pooh!' said he, gripping hard at his courage. 'We are in a civilised land here, and we can't have tomfoolery of this kind. Where does the thing come from?'

"'From Dundee,' I answered, glancing at the postmark.

"'Some preposterous practical joke,' said he. 'What have I to do with sun-dials and papers? I shall take no notice of such nonsense.'

"'I should certainly speak to the police,' I said.

"'And be laughed at for my pains. Nothing of the sort.'

"'Then let me do so?'

"'No, I forbid you. I won't have a fuss made about such nonsense.'

"It was in vain to argue with him, for he was a very obstinate man. I went about, however, with a heart which was full of forebodings.

"On the third day after the coming of the letter my father went from home to visit an old friend of his, Major Freebody, who is in command of one of the forts upon Portsdown Hill. I was glad that he should go, for it seemed to me that he was further from danger when he was away from home. In that, however, I was in error. Upon the second day of his absence I received a telegram from the Major, imploring me to come at once. My father had fallen over one of the deep chalk-pits which abound in the neighbourhood, and was lying senseless, with a shattered skull. I hurried to him, but he passed away without having ever recovered his consciousness. He had, as it appears, been returning from Fareham in the twilight, and as the country was unknown to him, and the chalk-pit unfenced, the jury had no hesitation in bringing in a verdict of 'Death from accidental causes.' Carefully as I examined every fact connected with his death, I was unable to find

'WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?"

anything which could suggest the idea of murder. There were no signs of violence, no footmarks, no robbery, no record or strangers having been seen upon the roads. And yet I need not tell you that my mind was far from at ease, and that I was well-nigh certain that some foul plot had been woven round him.

"In this sinister way I came into my inheritance. You will ask me why I did not dispose of it? I answer because I was well convinced that our troubles were in some way dependent upon an incident in my uncle's life, and that the danger would be as pressing in one house as in another.

"It was in January, '85, that my poor father met his end, and two years and eight

months have elapsed since then. During that time I have lived happily at Horsham, and I had begun to hope that this curse had passed away from the family, and that it had ended with the last generation. I had begun to take comfort too soon, however; yesterday morning the blow fell in the very shape in which it had come upon my father."

The young man took from his waistcoat a crumpled envelope, and, turning to the table, he shook out upon it five little dried orange pips.

"This is the envelope," he continued. "The postmark is London—eastern division. Within are the very words which were upon my father's last message. 'K. K. K.'; and then 'Put the papers on the sun-dial.'"

"What have you done?" asked Holmes.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"To tell the truth"—he sank his face into his thin, white hands—"I have felt helpless. I have felt like one of those poor rabbits when the snake is writhing towards it. I seem to be in the grasp of some resistless, inexorable evil, which no foresight and no precautions can guard against."

"Tut! Tut!" cried Sherlock Holmes. "You must act, man, or you are lost. Nothing but energy can save you. This is no time for despair."

"I have seen the police."

"Ah?"

"But they listened to my story with a smile. I am convinced that the inspector has formed the opinion that the letters are all practical jokes, and that the deaths of my relations were really accidents, as the jury stated, and were not to be connected with the warnings."

Holmes shook his clenched hands in the air. "Incredible imbecility!" he cried.

"They have, however, allowed me a policeman, who may remain in the house with me."

"Has he come with you to-night?"

"No. His orders were to stay in the house.

Again Holmes raved in the air.

"Why did you come to me?" he said; "and, above all, why did you not come at once?"

"I did not know. It was only to-day that I spoke to Major Prendergast about my troubles, and was advised by him to come to you."

"It is really two days since you had the letter. We should have acted before this. You have no further evidence, I suppose, than that which you have placed before us—no suggestive detail which might help us?"

"There is one thing," said John Openshaw. He rummaged in his coat pocket, and, drawing out a piece of discoloured, blue-tinted paper, he laid it out upon the table. "I have some remembrance," said

"SHOOK OUT FIVE LITTLE DRIED ORANGE PIPS."

he, "that on the day when my uncle burned the papers I observed that the small, unburned margins which lay amid the ashes were of this particular colour. I found this single sheet upon the floor of his room, and I am inclined to think that it may be one of the papers which has, perhaps, fluttered out from among the others, and in that way have escaped destruction. Beyond the mention of pips, I do not see that it helps us much. I think myself that it is a page from some private diary. The writing is undoubtedly my uncle's."

Holmes moved the lamp, and we both bent over the sheet of paper, which showed by its ragged edge that it had indeed been torn from a book. It was headed, "March,

1869," and beneath were the following enigmatical notices :—

"4th. Hudson came. Same old platform.

"7th. Set the pips on McCauley, Paramore, and John Swain of St. Augustine.

"9th. McCauley cleared.

"10th. John Swain cleared.

"12th. Visited Paramore. All well."

"Thank you!" said Holmes, folding up the paper, and returning it to our visitor. "And now you must on no account lose another instant. We cannot spare time even to discuss what you have told me. You must get home instantly, and act."

"What shall I do?"

"There is but one thing to do. It must be done at once. You must put this piece of paper which you have shown us into the brass box which you have described. You must also put in a note to say that all the other papers were burned by your uncle, and that this is the only one which remains. You must assert that in such words as will carry conviction with them. Having done this, you must at once put the box out upon the sun-dial, as directed. Do you understand?"

"Entirely."

"Do not think of revenge, or anything of the sort, at present. I think that we may gain that by means of the law; but we have our web to weave, while theirs is already woven. The first consideration is to remove the pressing danger which threatens you. The second is to clear up the mystery, and to punish the guilty parties."

"I thank you," said the young man, rising, and pulling on his overcoat. "You have given me fresh life and hope. I shall certainly do as you advise."

"Do not lose an instant. And, above all, take care of yourself in the meanwhile, for I do not think that there can be a doubt that you are threatened by a very real and imminent danger. How do you go back?"

"By train from Waterloo."

"It is not yet nine. The streets will be crowded, so I trust that you may be in safety. And yet you cannot guard yourself too closely."

"I am armed."

"That is well. To-morrow I shall set to work upon your case."

"I shall see you at Horsham, then?"

"No, your secret lies in London. It is there that I shall seek it."

"Then I shall call upon you in a day, or in two days, with news as to the box and the papers. I shall take your advice in every particular." He shook hands with us, and took his leave. Outside the wind still screamed, and the rain splashed and pattered against the windows. This strange, wild story seemed to have come to us from amid the mad elements—blown in upon us like a sheet of sea-weed in a gale—and now to have been reabsorbed by them once more.

Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence with his head sunk forward, and his eyes bent upon the red glow of the fire. Then he lit his pipe, and leaning back in his chair he watched the blue smoke rings as they chased each other up to the ceiling.

"I think, Watson," he remarked at last, "that of all our cases we have had none more fantastic than this."

"Save, perhaps, the Sign of Four."

"Well, yes. Save, perhaps, that. And yet this John Openshaw seems to me to be walking amid even greater perils than did the Sholtos."

"But have you," I asked, "formed any definite conception as to what these perils are?"

"There can be no question as to their nature," he answered.

"Then what are they? Who is this K. K. K., and why does he pursue this unhappy family?"

Sherlock Holmes closed his eyes, and placed his elbows upon the arms of his chair, with his finger-tips together. "The ideal reasoner," he remarked, "would, when he has once been shown a single fact in all its bearings, deduce from it not only all the chain of events which led up to it, but also all the results which would follow from it. As Cuvier could correctly describe a whole animal by the contemplation of a single bone, so the observer who has thoroughly understood one link in a series of incidents, should be able to accurately state all the other ones, both before and after. We have not yet grasped the results which the reason alone can attain to. Problems may be solved in the study which have baffled all those who have sought a solution by the aid of their senses. To carry the art, however, to its highest pitch, it is necessary that the reasoner should be able to utilise all the facts which have come to his knowledge, and this in itself implies, as you will readily see, a possession of all knowledge, which, even in these days of

"HIS EYES BENT UPON THE GLOW OF THE FIRE."

free education and encyclopædias, is a somewhat rare accomplishment. It is not so impossible, however, that a man should possess all knowledge which is likely to be useful to him in his work, and this I have endeavoured in my case to do. If I remember rightly, you on one occasion, in the early days of our friendship, defined my limits in a very precise fashion."

"Yes," I answered, laughing. "It was a singular document. Philosophy, Astronomy, and Politics were marked at zero, I remember. Botany variable, Geology profound as regards the mud-stains from any region within fifty miles of town, chemistry eccentric, anatomy unsystematic, sensational literature and crime records unique, violin player, boxer, swordsman, lawyer, and self-poisoner by cucaine and tobacco. Those, I think, were the main points of my analysis."

Holmes grinned at the last item. "Well," he said, "I say now, as I said then, that a man should keep his little brain attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it. Now, for such a case as the one which has been submitted to us to-night, we need certainly to muster all our resources. Kindly hand me down the letter K of the American Encyclopædia which stands upon the shelf beside you. Thank you. Now let us consider the situation, and see what may be deduced from it. In the first place, we may start with a strong presumption that Colonel Openshaw had some very strong reason for leaving America. Men at his time of life do not change all their habits, and exchange willingly the charming climate of Florida for the lonely life of an English provincial town. His extreme love of solitude in England suggests the idea that he was in fear of someone or something, so we may assume as a working hypothesis that it was fear of someone or something which drove him from America. As to what it was he feared, we can only deduce that by considering the formidable letters which were received by himself and his successors. Did you remark the postmarks of those letters?"

"The first was from Pondicherry, the second from Dundee, and the third from London."

"From East London. What do you deduce from that?"

"They are all sea ports. That the writer was on board of a ship."

"Excellent. We have already a clue. There can be no doubt that the probability—the strong probability—is that the writer was on board of a ship. And now let us consider another point. In the case of Pondicherry seven weeks elapsed between the threat and its fulfilment, in Dundee it was only some three or four days. Does that suggest anything?

"A greater distance to travel."

"But the letter had also a greater distance to come."

"Then I do not see the point."

"There is at least a presumption that the vessel in which the man or men are is a sailing ship. It looks as if they always sent their singular warning or token before them when starting upon their mission. You see how quickly the deed followed the sign when it came from Dundee. If they had come from Pondicherry in a steamer they would have arrived almost as soon as their letter. But as a matter of fact seven weeks elapsed. I think that those seven weeks represented the difference between the mail boat which

brought the letter, and the sailing vessel which brought the writer."

"It is possible."

"More than that. It is probable. And now you see the deadly urgency of this new case, and why I urged young Openshaw to caution. The blow has always fallen at the end of the time which it would take the senders to travel the distance. But this one comes from London, and therefore we cannot count upon delay."

"Good God!" I cried. "What can it mean, this relentless persecution?"

"The papers which Openshaw carried are obviously of vital importance to the person or persons in the sailing ship. I think that it is quite clear that there must be more than one of them. A single man could not have carried out two deaths in such a way as to deceive a coroner's jury. There must have been several in it, and they must have been men of resource and determination. Their papers they mean to have, be the holder of them who it may. In this way you see K. K. K. ceases to be the initials of an individual, and becomes the badge of a society."

"But of what society?"

"Have you never—" said Sherlock Holmes, bending forward and sinking his voice—"have you never heard of the Ku Klux Klan?"

"I never have."

Holmes turned over the leaves of the book upon his knee. "Here it is," said he, presently, "Ku Klux Klan. A name derived from a fanciful resemblance to the sound produced by cocking a rifle. This terrible secret society was formed by some ex-Confederate soldiers in the Southern States after the Civil War, and it rapidly formed local branches in different parts of the country, notably in Tennessee, Louisiana, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida. Its power was used for political purposes, principally for the terrorising of the negro voters, and the murdering or driving from the country of those who were opposed to its views. Its outrages were usually preceded by a warning sent to the marked man in some fantastic but generally recognised shape—a sprig of oak-leaves in some parts, melon seeds or orange pips in others. On receiving this the victim might either openly abjure his former ways, or might fly from the country. If he braved the matter out, death would unfailingly come upon him, and usually in some strange and unforeseen manner. So perfect was the organisation of the society, and so systematic its methods, that there is hardly a case upon record where any man succeeded in braving it with impunity, or in which any of its outrages were traced home to the perpetrators. For some years the organisation flourished, in spite of the efforts of the United States Government, and of the better classes of the community in the South. Eventually, in the year 1869, the movement rather suddenly collapsed, although there have been sporadic outbreaks of the same sort since that date."

"You will observe," said Holmes, laying down the volume, "that the sudden breaking up of the society was coincident with the disappearance of Openshaw from America with their papers. It may well have been cause and effect. It is no wonder that he and his family have some of the more implacable spirits upon their track. You can understand that this register and diary may implicate some of the first men in the South, and that there may be many who will not sleep easy at night until it is recovered."

"Then the page which we have seen—"

"Is such as we might expect. It ran, if I remember right, 'sent the pips to A, B, and C,'—that is, sent the society's warning to them. Then there are successive entries that A and B cleared, or left the country, and finally that C was visited, with, I fear, a sinister result for C. Well, I think, Doctor, that we may let some light into this dark place, and I believe that the only chance young Openshaw has in the meantime is to do what I have told him. There is nothing more to be said or to be done to-night, so hand me over my violin and let us try to forget for half an hour the miserable weather, and the still more miserable ways of our fellow men."

It had cleared in the morning, and the sun was shining with a subdued brightness through the dim veil which hangs over the great city. Sherlock Holmes was already at breakfast when I came down.

"You will excuse me for not waiting for you," said he; "I have, I foresee, a very busy day before me in looking into this case of young Openshaw's."

"What steps will you take?" I asked.

"It will very much depend upon the results of my first inquiries. I may have to go down to Horsham after all."

"You will not go there first?"

"No, I shall commence with the City.

"HOLMES," I CRIED, "YOU ARE TOO LATE."

Just ring the bell and the maid will bring up your coffee."

As I waited, I lifted the unopened newspaper from the table and glanced my eye over it. It rested upon a heading which sent a chill to my heart.

"Holmes," I cried, "you are too late."

"Ah!" said he, laying down his cup, "I feared as much. How was it done?" He spoke calmly, but I could see that he was deeply moved.

"My eye caught the name of Openshaw, and the heading 'Tragedy near Waterloo Bridge.' Here is the account: 'Between nine and ten last night Police-constable Cooke, of the H Division, on duty near Waterloo Bridge, heard a cry for help and a splash in the water. The night, however, was extremely dark and stormy, so that, in spite of the help of several passers-by, it was quite impossible to effect a rescue. The alarm, however, was given, and, by the aid of the water police, the body was eventually recovered. It proved to be that of a young gentleman whose name, as it appears from an envelope which was found in his pocket, was John Openshaw, and whose residence is near Horsham. It is conjectured that he may have been hurrying down to catch the last train from Waterloo Station, and that in his haste and the extreme darkness, he missed his path, and walked over the edge of one of the small landing-places for river steamboats. The body exhibited no traces of violence, and there can be no doubt that the deceased had been the victim of an unfortunate accident, which should have the effect of calling the attention of the authorities to the condition of the riverside landing stages."

We sat in silence for some minutes, Holmes more depressed and shaken than I had ever seen him.

"That hurts my pride, Watson," he said at last. "It is a petty feeling, no doubt, but it hurts my pride. It becomes a personal matter with me now, and, if God sends me health, I shall set my hand upon this gang. That he should come to me for help, and that I should send him away to his death——!" He sprang from his chair, and paced about the room in uncontrollable agitation, with a flush upon his sallow cheeks, and a nervous clasping and unclasping of his long, thin hands.

"They must be cunning devils," he exclaimed, at last. "How could they have decoyed him down there? The Embankment is not on the direct line to the station.

The bridge, no doubt, was too crowded, even on such a night, for their purpose. Well, Watson, we shall see who will win in the long run. I am going out now!"

"To the police?"

"No; I shall be my own police. When I have spun the web they may take the flies, but not before."

All day I was engaged in my professional work, and it was late in the evening before I returned to Baker-street. Sherlock Holmes had not come back yet. It was nearly ten o'clock before he entered, looking pale and worn. He walked up to the sideboard, and, tearing a piece from the loaf, he devoured it voraciously, washing it down with a long draught of water.

"You are hungry," I remarked.

"Starving. It had escaped my memory. I have had nothing since breakfast."

"Nothing?"

"Not a bite. I had no time to think of it."

"And how have you succeeded?"

"Well."

"You have a clue?"

"I have them in the hollow of my hand. Young Openshaw shall not long remain unavenged. Why, Watson, let us put their own devilish trade-mark upon them. It is well thought of!"

"What do you mean?"

He took an orange from the cupboard, and, tearing it to pieces, he squeezed out the pips upon the table. Of these he took five, and thrust them into an envelope. On the inside of the flap he wrote "S. H. for J. O." Then he sealed it and addressed it to "Captain James Calhoun, Barque *Lone Star*, Savannah, Georgia."

"That will await him when he enters port," said he, chuckling. "It may give him a sleepless night. He will find it as sure a precursor of his fate as Openshaw did before him."

"And who is this Captain Calhoun?"

"The leader of the gang. I shall have the others, but he first."

"How did you trace it, then?"

He took a large sheet of paper from his pocket, all covered with dates and names.

"I have spent the whole day," said he, "over Lloyd's registers and the files of the old papers, following the future career of every vessel which touched at Pondicherry in January and February in '83. There were thirty-six ships of fair tonnage which were reported there during those months. Of these, one, the *Lone Star*, instantly attracted my attention, since, although it was reported as having cleared from London, the name is that which is given to one of the States of the Union."

"Texas, I think."

"I was not and am not sure which; but I knew that the ship must have an American origin."

"What then?"

"I searched the Dundee records, and when I found that the barque *Lone Star* was there in January, '85, my suspicion became a certainty. I then inquired as to the vessels which lay at present in the port of London."

"Yes?"

"The *Lone Star* had arrived here last week. I went down to the Albert Dock, and found that she had been taken down the river by the early tide this morning, homeward bound to Savannah. I wired to Gravesend, and learned that she had passed some time ago, and as the wind is easterly, I have no doubt that she is now past the Goodwins, and not very far from the Isle of Wight."

"What will you do, then?"

"Oh, I have my hand upon him. He and the two mates are, as I learn, the only native born Americans in the ship. The others are Finns and Germans. I know also that they were all three away from the ship last night. I had it from the stevedore who has been loading their cargo. By the time that their sailing ship reaches Savannah the mail-boat will have carried this letter, and the cable will have informed the police of Savannah that these three gentlemen are badly wanted here upon a charge of murder."

There is ever a flaw, however, in the best laid of human plans, and the murderers of John Openshaw were never to receive the orange pips which would show them that another, as cunning and as resolute as themselves, was upon their track. Very long and very severe were the equinoctial gales that year. We waited long for news of the *Lone Star* of Savannah, but none ever reached us. We did at last hear that somewhere far out in the Atlantic, a shattered sternpost of a boat was seen swinging in the trough of a wave, with the letters "L. S." carved upon it, and that is all which we shall ever know of the fate of the *Lone Star*.

London from Aloft.

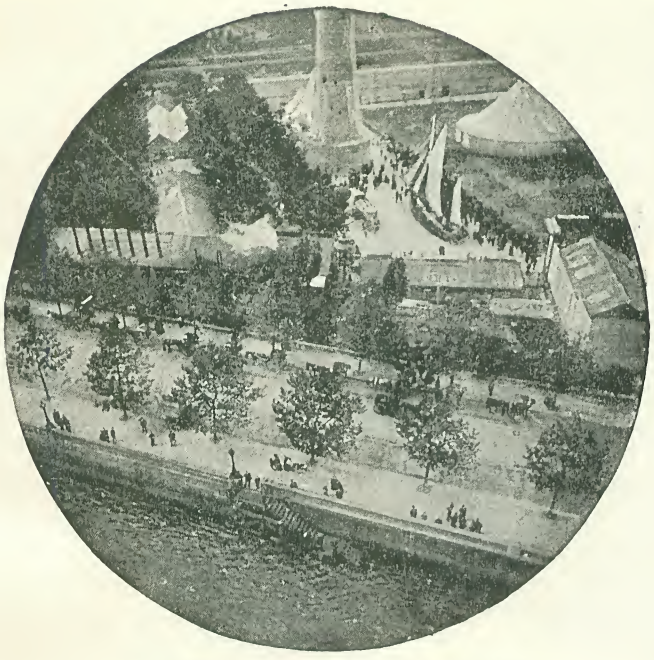
"UP in a balloon, boys!" gaily snorts the band; "Yah, ber-loon!" howls the street-boy; and every man cricks his neck till his hat falls off behind when a balloon starts from a public ground; and, long after the aëronauts are floating in the silent softness above, and the bandsmen have begun another tune, the cricking of necks still goes on, and for miles below the track of the big silk bag people rush out of door and pop heads out of window, and stare till the diminishing brown ball vanishes in the clouds or becomes hidden behind tall buildings; whereupon necks are straightened, and things proceed as usual. Probably no single man, woman, or child who thus has stared at a balloon within the hundred years or so in which balloons have existed, but has longed to experience, at any rate for a little while, the sensation of riding on the air and gazing at the great world below; but most haven't made the experiment, because balloons are wayward birds, and leave no man a will of his own as to the route—not to speak of dropping into the sea and bursting at an awkward moment. These are the reflections of those below, who let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," but those who know much of the matter know that the proportion of accidents to ascents is a very small one indeed, and little to be regarded in considering an ordinary trip on a fine day—such a trip, for instance, as has been again and again performed of late in Mr. Percival Spencer's balloon, "City of York," starting from the grounds of the Naval Exhibition.

All this notwithstanding, there still remain those who will not easily be persuaded to practical "balloonacy"—as somebody calls it—and for the benefit of such we proceed to make an ascent in Mr. Spencer's balloon, carrying, in deputy for their eyes, an instantaneous "Kodak" camera.

Slowly and tediously, in the eyes of the impatient passengers, the gas swells the great silk bag, which sways and wobbles the more as it fills. When at last the proper degree of rotundity is arrived at, the ring is fixed in its proper place, and the car is connected to the ring. We have half a ton of ballast in bags of fifty pounds each, and a basket full of lighter ballast—no mere uninteresting, wasteful sand with which to sprinkle eyes and heads below, but neat little circulars, conveying information about a particular kind of whisky to thirsty souls who stare upward. We have also a long rope with a grapnel of great spikiness, with which to claw hold of the sinful world at such time as it may seem desirable to alight upon it.

These things being satisfactory, we get into the car with as much dignity as possible, in view of the popular admiration which surrounds us. Mr. Spencer, however, climbs up on to the ring, and this proceeding attracting to him more than his due share of public notice, we feel resentful, until we reflect that, after all, the car seats are a good deal the safer places. Then a rope is slipped, and—the grounds of the

"OUR FIRST PICTURE": THE NAVAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



THE EMBANKMENT AND EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

Naval Exhibition, with all the people thereupon, begin to sink away from under us. We look down upon a thousand upturned faces and open mouths, and we press the button of the detective camera. Snap! We have our first picture. But now that we look again at all those fast-receding people, it becomes plain that they cannot be people at all; they are black cribbage pegs, stuck carelessly into holes, and leaning in all kinds of impossible directions. Perhaps, however, since they move, they are people after all, in which case the yellow ground near the trawler must be a skating-rink, and they must all be in the act of curling about on the outside edge, at angles portending numberless "howlers." For such is the appearance of a crowd from a rising balloon.

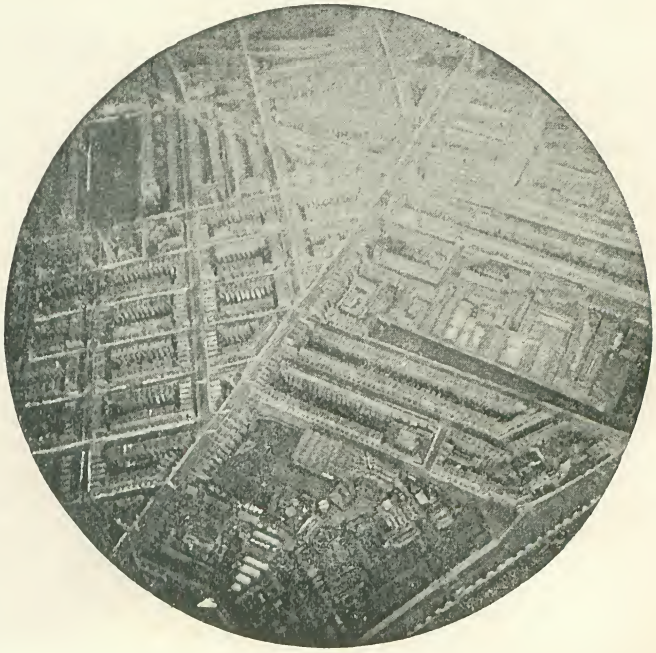
Now the people become neither skaters nor cribbage pegs, but a larger kind of ant, and the Exhibition grounds and buildings seem an architect's coloured plan on a small scale. We find ourselves in a current of air which carries us slowly over the Embankment and the river. We have snapped the shutter of our camera northward, over Embankment and grounds; and now, at a greater elevation, we turn to the other side, and take our third picture—of the river, Victoria Pier and two bridges, the dark railway bridge contrasting well with Chelsea bridge, glorious in white, yellow, and gold. But here stretches before us a picture which neither camera nor pen may do justice to, for London is all below, lying away for miles in every direction. From Richmond to the docks, from the Crystal Palace to the northern hills, the eye may sweep by the mere turn of the head; and still we rise and rise. Away through the centre of the mighty panorama lies the Thames, like an inlay of shining steel, crossed by bridge after bridge, each growing narrower and blacker away toward the docks, where the ship-masts stand like fields

VICTORIA PIER AND CHELSEA BRIDGE.

BATTERSEA PARK.

of hop-poles. We have crossed the river, and below us is a large green plan, traversed by geometrical white lines. It is Battersea Park. Again we reach for the camera, and have another picture, taking in the park and the river beyond, and as much as possible of the town beyond that, slightly obscured by light wreaths of smoke. And now our direction changes. The lower currents of air have been variable, and we have been travelling in a different direction to that taken by the clouds overhead. Now, however, all winds seem to join from the south-west, and we recross the river. Far, far away below us are myriad roofs—it is Pimlico—and of these we take a photograph, as we hang somewhere over Grosvenor Station, just before the throwing out of certain ballast, which causes a rapid ascent. The streets may well be recognised in the photograph. Stretching right across in an oblique direction, almost through the middle of the picture is Lupus-street. Crossing it may be seen Denbigh-street and Claverton-street, while, on the left, lying parallel, and joining Lupus-street at a different angle to Denbigh-street, are St. George's-road, Cambridge-street, with its church, Alderney-street and Winchester-street. Ranelagh-road and Rutland-street may be seen on the right.

Now we rise, and the little white streaks, which are streets, grow narrower still. Travelling still toward the north-east, we attain a height of 5,000 feet—just about a mile. Below us are Vincent-square, and the great Millbank Prison. Here we expose our sixth plate. In the picture the strange-looking hexagonal star, built up of pentagons, is Millbank Prison; Vincent-square is the dark patch to the left. The small round white things, near the prison, which look like iced birthday-cakes, are great gasometers; to the right of the picture the river is seen, with Lambeth, Westminster, Charing Cross, and Waterloo Bridges; the darker patch up the picture, on the left, where the smoke and mist begin to obscure



PIMLICO.

detail, is St. James's Park ; on the south side of the river, St. Thomas's Hospital may be discerned, by the foot of Westminster Bridge ; and by the other end of the same bridge are the Houses of Parliament.

We are now in the midst of such a silence as exists nowhere on earth. In the most solitary parts of the land the air is always filled with unnoticed sounds —the running, working, and flying of insects ; the rustle of leaves or grass ; or the trickle and splash of water. Here there is nothing—absolutely nothing—for minutes together. One talks in order to make some sound and put an end to the odd feeling of soundlessness ; and the voice makes the surrounding stillness the more intense. Then, perhaps, comes faintly from below the toot of a steam-tug's signal, or the muffled shriek of a locomotive engine ; and all seems stiller than before.

The streets are mere alternating lines of black and white, and it takes a keen eye and a long sight to detect, even on the largest buildings, of which some sort of a side view is possible, the specks that mean doors and windows.

MILLBANK AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The balloon has turned half round since starting, so that he on the seat first looking south now looks north, and *vice versâ*. This motion, like all other motion in this wonderful machine which carries us where the wind wills, is quite imperceptible. We are in a perfect stillness, while clouds above and the earth below move this way or that, as may be the case. The air is not the air of London, but that of the Lake Country on a clear day—bright, clean, and fresh. And so we pass on, over the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace.

Presently all below us grows just a little indistinct, as with a thin mist. At the same time the air grows cooler, and moist to the face. Above there is no blue sky—beyond the edge of the great gas bag it is white ; below it is foggier. Then all is densely white around, above, and below. We are in a cloud.

Suddenly we bound above the cloud, and all is warm sunshine. Below, the thick, glistening, down-white clouds stretch away right and left in heavy folds ; and on this great white surface lies, twenty or thirty yards off, the clear, sharp-cut shadow of our balloon, perfect in every part. Above, the sky is deep and blue, flecked in a place or two with tiny streaks of cloud, which, Mr. Spencer tells us, must be 20,000 feet from the earth. We ourselves have not quite reached 8,000 feet.

Here we float in the great solitude, a little planet all by ourselves, with the blue sky and the sun above, and below the rolling clouds, which, in their season, bless and afflict the world far away lower still, with rain, hail, thunder, and lightning. It is a wrench to the mind at such a time as this to bring the thoughts back to so prosaic an article as a warranted detective camera with all the newest improvements, but it has to be done. For are not the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE waiting to see what clouds are like from above ?

We know that a photograph will not do justice to the splendour before us, but we touch the button ; and we have our seventh picture, shadow and all complete.

There is a smell of gas, which is a sign that the balloon has attained the utmost height consistent with the weight it has to carry. Up through the opening we can see into the balloon above, and through this

CLOUDS AND BALLOON SHADOW.

opening hangs the cord communicating with the valve at top. All seen through this hole is a transparent yellow, where the bright sun shines through the silk.

Our shadow on the clouds, which had been growing gradually smaller, now enlarges again as we fall. Soon it is nearly of full size, and then it becomes dim. The blue sky and the sun above look hazy, and round about we see and feel the cold mist. The shadow has vanished and we are in the white, moist cloud again. Down, down, down, although we feel it not, till the fog thins, becomes a mist, then a haze, and then vanishes, and we see mother earth below us again, and a white instead of a blue sky above.

But where is London? Where are the streets and the great buildings like pill-boxes, the shining river, and the bridges? Gone. All below is a vast patchwork quilt of varying colours and texture, green and yellow predominating, with no two patches of the same size or shape. It is the open country away in the north-west part of Essex, and what we see is a smiling English landscape of fertile fields. That glorious golden yellow is corn, and in those fields where it reddens we can point to the more forward of the crops. The hedges we only see as a join, and not a thick nor clumsy join either. The white streaks with the easy curves are roads and lanes, and the dark, heavily piled velvet is a wood.

We are away from under all clouds, and the sun shines gloriously over everything. Look below and a little forward in the direction of our course. A dark spot flies fast over the bright patchwork, clearer in the yellow and pale green, less distinguishable in the heavy brown and the deep pile of the woods. It keeps exact pace with us, being always a little in front and to the right. It is the balloon's shadow again, now lying on the earth 4,000 feet below.

It is a magnificent map which lies below us; but to the untrained eye all is as flat as in any other map, but the experienced Mr. Spencer can point out hills and high grounds. There is the Great Eastern Railway line. Follow the gravelly streak with the eye, and a little ahead you will find it looks broader. That is a cutting, consequently the ground rises there. Look a little further, and the line seems to end abruptly, beginning again a short distance further on. That is a tunnel, and we know that the rising ground has become a hill, and the space which breaks the line is the summit. Mr. Spencer can even judge pretty accurately, from the curves in the roads, where land rises and falls, and tells us that it is generally safe in these parts to assume that a long strip of uncultivated land marks the side of a hill.

For some time we follow the railway—a beautifully clean-cut line, with here and there a graceful, sweeping curve. By its side winds the river Stort, flowing to join the Lea a few miles behind us. There is also a canal, and both canal and river are mere tiny trickling threads of quicksilver. Away to the left lies a buff-coloured road following the same direction as the railway, the canal, and the river, and all four lie like a loose little bunch of coloured cords. Now we recognise the locality. We have lately passed Harlow, and the two or three little roofs which we are leaving away on the left are Sawbridgeworth. On we go above specks of villages till we pass over Bishop's Stortford—a mere little group of match boxes.

On and still on, with the railway line always in sight ; and now we begin to fall faster, for a cold air-current has caused the gas to contract. As we come within nearer range we prepare to make another photograph. We are about to pass over a private house, with conservatories, stabling, and other outbuildings, close by where several roads converge. Another snap and we have photograph number eight.

Now, as we near Saffron Walden, we fall very low indeed. That is to say, we get to an elevation of 500 feet, which Mr. Spencer calls very low, but which strikes us as quite long enough a fall to satisfy anybody. Then we get lower still, and we can see an intelligent peasantry dropping whatever they hold and starting off towards us at the double from all directions. Our trail-rope is 200 ft. long, and presently it touches. Then, with the relief from its weight, we descend slower and slower, then the car touches, and we rise with a bounce, only to settle down again in a minute or so. And so we swing merrily along at about twenty miles an hour 150 ft. off the ground, with 50 ft. of trail-rope behind us, which, at its pace, eludes every effort of many sons of the soil to grab it. With many a joyous gibe at the top of our voices for those below we sail along, and wonder whether they understand our airy chaff or mistake it for cries of distress.

At last an agricultural gentleman in a suit of corduroy and clay manages to intercept the rope and catch it, with a yell of triumph. Mr. Spencer shouts to him to let go, but he hangs on valiantly till the rope goes taut, and then—— well, there is a hedge in the way, and for a single second we get a view of the soles of the agricultural gentleman's very large boots, and then he is sitting in a cabbage-field at the other side of the hedge, and wondering what that earthquake has done with his hat, while the rope drags away in the next field.

Now we cut off a corner of Suffolk with our trailing rope, and pull it into Cambridgeshire. The wind quiets down, and we go at something under fifteen miles an hour, as the sun sinks away in the west, and the blue of the sky in the east deepens and deepens. All this time Mr. Spencer has regulated our height by a judicious expenditure of ballast, and now we are low enough to hear the voices of the enthusiastic populace, as they rush out of door with cries of " Balloon ! Balloon ! "

Soon we go very slowly indeed, and can talk to the people almost as easily as from the top of an omnibus. One fine old farmer in brown gaiters attracts Mr. Spencer's attention, and we think to take a rise out of the old gentleman by asking the way to Newmarket. With an innocence which almost reconciles us to returning to the deceitful world again, he tells us that we must turn to the left ; whereupon Mr. Spencer—mad wag, that Mr. Spencer—swarms up into the ring, and, seizing the neck of the balloon, whirls it round with great energy, and asks our friend if that is enough. No ; just a little more, he thinks. One more whirl, and then, " All right, cap'en, now you're right ! " What a delightful old gentleman !

But now the wind shifts, and we find, after all, that Newmarket is like to be our destination. It is about ten miles ahead, and as we make towards it we are confident that the good old farmer standing

NORTH-EAST ESSEX—OVER THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

below will never allow any man to tell him that he never saw a steering balloon.

Near Newmarket we examine the ground, but it is woody, and unfavourable for a descent; so up we go again, brushing tree-tops on our way over Lord Rutland's park. Clear of this, we open the valve and fall once more. At fifty feet high out goes the grapnel, and is immediately surrounded by a score of men. And so down we come, fair and softly, after nearly eighty miles of air travelling. Mr. Spencer proceeds to deflate the balloon, and in this operation we catch him with our camera, and so take our very last picture of this memorable day—this time, however, with a full three-seconds exposure, for the light is not what it was. Then, the balloon having been most marvellously packed into the basket, we scale a cart and trot off, with many jolts and joggles, for Newmarket station, and with little love for road travelling after nearly four hours in the "City of York" balloon. And so home, as our old friend Pepys might have said, with much pretty discourse, and vowing that many things might be worse than an afternoon in a balloon; while in time of war, when one might snap the merry camera on the wrathsome foe below in all his dispositions and devices, and in good safety drop the joyous bombshell upon the top of his hapless head—forsooth what a fine thing must be that!

Wife or Helpmeet?

STUDY OF A WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEANNE MAIRET.

[JEANNE MAIRET (Madame Charles Bigot) was born at Paris, of American parents—her father being George P. Healy, the portrait painter—and educated partly in America and partly in France. She married a literary man, Professor Bigot, of the Military School of St. Cyr. Two of her tales—"Marca" and "La tache du petit Pierre" have been crowned by the French Academy.]

"AT last, here are the *sabots* for Madame!"

It was quite an event. The lady's maid had been on the look-out for their arrival for an hour past; even the cook had got interested in them; Madame could scarcely contain her impatience, so when her maid's cry of pleasure reached her, she rushed forward. What loves of *sabots!* Ferry, the maker of pretty shoes for pretty feet, had surpassed himself. They were good enough imitations of wooden shoes to be mistaken for the real articles, only they were coquettish and light. Tan kid, well-stretched over a dainty shape, turned up at the tips, and delicately arched for the instep, fit for the dainty feet of a Parisian *élégante*.

All the pretty "miller's wife" costume spread out on the bed would have been a total failure without the *sabots*, and Madame Karl du Boys was determined to have the prettiest costume at the ball. This peasant ball, given by Madame Demol, the fashionable portrait painter—a charming woman, beloved by everybody—was to be *the* event of the season in the world of fashion. It had been talked of for a month past. The studio of the fair artist was to be decorated in a manner to suggest country life: the supper tables groaning under a load of viands whose forms at least would have rendered them appetising to a company of peasants. That is to say, the ices were to be shaped like carrots and turnips, and the most exquisite dainties were to be disguised under rustic exteriors. The conversation of the guests was likewise to be borrowed from rural districts. All the refined circle, tired of the usual drawing-room correctness, promised itself enjoyment in this counterfeit simplicity, just as Marie Antoinette took pleasure in milking her cows.

"If Madame would try on all the costume? We cannot tell—perhaps there may be something amiss here or there!"

"SHE LOOKED A DAINTY MILLER'S WIFE."

Madame was not hard to persuade. She looked a dainty miller's wife, out of a comic opera. The bright red petticoat was very short, the woollen apron draped to look like an overskirt, tightly drawn back and gathered into a large puff below the waist; the enormous straw hat was furnished with a miniature windmill perched on the crown; a fairy's flour sack slung on the shoulder, and the *sabots*—the pretty little *sabots!* She was greatly amused to see herself thus, and while watching her reflection in the mirror, she thought of her youth, how dull it had been, and pitied it.

Jeanne Reynard was only a Parisian since her marriage; this will explain how it happened that she was now more Parisian than any body else. Her father, a merchant of Rouen, had given her a hundred thousand francs as dowry, and at twenty-two she had been married to Karl du Boys, whom she had known in her childhood, under the name of Charles Dubois, a poor neighbour.

The poor neighbour had become one of the great men of his country, and it was considered that little Jeanne had been lucky in marrying him. Jeanne was now of the same way of thinking herself. Karl du Boys had made a place apart for himself in literature. Without being a man of genius, he had much talent, of the supple kind which lends itself easily to the popular vein of the moment—novelist, journalist, critic, historian, as the occasion suited. Everything he did was easy, prettily turned, airy, and light, and amusing. He seemed to be himself the incarnation of good humour, and at an epoch when most literature was of a sad and depressing character, despairing woe forming the chief element both in romance and in verse, the good, healthy tone of Karl du Boys' writings brought something like a requisite consolation to the minds of the general public. Success flowed in on him with a rapidity sufficient to turn a head less solidly planted than Karl's, but he was wise in his intelligence; the exaggerated eulogy which would have placed him on a level with writers of real genius he treated with a protesting shrug of the shoulders. He had the rare virtue of modesty.

The marriage had been brought about, like many other marriages, by a train of circumstances rather than through any irresistible attraction between the two interested parties. Mother Dubois had always coveted little Reynard and her hundred thousand francs for her son: the ease, which had come by degrees through this son, had put her at last on a footing of equality with the Reynards; her ambition stopped there. They might talk to her as they liked about her son being able to find a more brilliant match for himself in Paris now that his name was so often in the papers. She shook her head; with a marriage like that she would have nothing to do. She wished, in marrying her son, to give him a wife of her own choosing. She made the first advances; Monsieur Reynard hesitated. The merchant, who had gained his fortune little by little, put small confidence in fame so sudden and wide as this; but when the young man had paid a visit to Rouen, and he had seen him so *fêted* and coveted by other families, he decided to consult his daughter. The young people saw each other after a long period of separation, for Jeanne had been at school, and Karl had rarely visited Rouen. She found him charming; the name which he had recast from the paternal one, and which he had rendered celebrated, did not displease her; besides, she was wearied to death of her dull existence. Her mother was dead; her two sisters married and far away; her father, absorbed in his business, took her nowhere into society: and her greatest pleasure in life was to listen to Madame Dubois singing the praises of her wonderful son.

Karl, when he paid that visit, had no intention of marrying. He was barely thirty, and his bachelor life in Paris in nowise disagreed with his tastes. However, this little neighbour, whom he had dandled on his knees; this young girl, whom he encountered in the kindly intimacy of his mother's house, set him dreaming of domestic happiness; he never knew exactly how it happened, but, when he left Rouen, he was engaged to Mademoiselle Reynard, and the wedding day was set. He was too busy to be a very ardent lover: he wrote to Jeanne every week, and received timid little replies, which gave Jeanne an infinitude of trouble—to write to a novelist frightened her. She was greatly astonished to find the letters of this novelist very simple and natural, and as far differing as possible from what she imagined should be the style of a literary man. In point of fact, they knew very little of each other when marriage threw them into each other's arms.

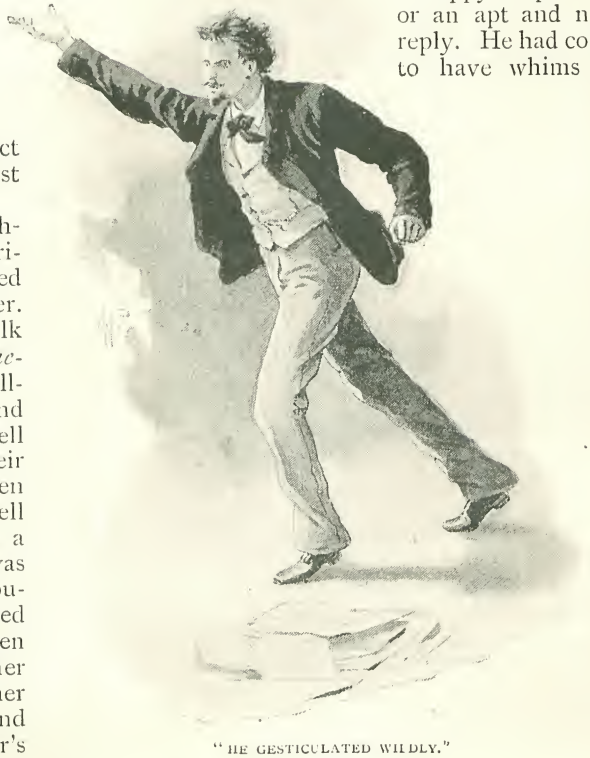
Karl soon became sincerely attached to his young wife; there was no passion in his

fondness, however ; he was absorbed in his work. The poetry in his composition was used up in the exciting scenes of his romances ; in real life, the middle-class man, fond of his ease, demanding no more than the comfort and peace of an affection which was kindly, and not too exacting, claimed the upper hand. He was affectionate, attentive, always good-humoured — the easiest man in the world to live with. Jeanne never dreamt of any cause for complaint ; she thought herself very happy, and if, now and again, a scarcely acknowledged yearning after something more came over her in her sadder moments, she quickly reproached herself with ingratitude ; she compared her life of dreary dulness, as a young girl, with her life as a woman, and concluded, like her friends at Rouen, that she had been uncommonly lucky.

On her first arrival in Paris, she felt at once that she had a great deal to learn, a great deal more to forget. She was humble and unobtrusive ; the timidity of the young bride from the provinces who felt herself strange in an unknown country excused her silence, while the vivacious intelligence in her eyes precluded the possibility of belief in her dulness. She studied and prepared herself that her husband should never have cause to blush for an awkwardness on her part, nor for an ignorance innocently displayed. Jeanne had feminine tact in a high degree, and an almost morbid fear of ridicule.

By degrees she grew hardy ; without having really any great originality, she had plenty of spirited life and gaiety natural to her. People began to notice and talk about her ; finally, she was *somebody*. With the years, too, the well-being of their house was more and more established, and they were well off. At the commencement of their married life, the du Boys had been content with a suite of rooms, well furnished, indeed; but, after all, a suite like anybody else's. Karl was making at the rate of twenty thousand francs a year, and considered himself rich, and at the time when Madame du Boys was disguising her elegant, though, perhaps, rather slender person (she was lissom and graceful, however) as the miller's wife, for a masked ball, the suite had been exchanged for a delightful little house on the Avenue de Villiers some two years since.

Jeanne, slightly dazzled, enjoyed this prosperity to the full. The six years of her married life had formed her character ; her timidity, which had become useless to her, was cast aside, like the short frocks of her girlhood. This life of movement, this life of worldly pleasure, had, by degrees, become necessary to her. Her husband had never associated her in any way with his work ; he had considered her as a child, ignorant enough, brought up in the narrowing boundary of her father's commercial surroundings, without much regard to intellectual ideas. He had noted, with pleasure, that she did not lack natural intelligence ; but of the changes which had taken place in her since her marriage he took very slight note, he was so fully taken up with his work. His study was a sacred place, even for his wife. Silence was a necessity to him, as was also complete isolation. He required a wide space to walk up and down in while he gesticulated wildly, in pursuit of a happy inspiration or an apt and neat reply. He had come to have whims as



"HE GESTICULATED WILDLY."

to his methods of working ; his paper must be cut in a certain way ; the pens placed always in the same place ; the disorder of his writing-table was to be respected : all this was necessary, and this, the most amiable man in the world, would go into a temper, like a spoilt child, over a stroke too much or too little of a housemaid's feather wand.

Thus, little by little, the lives of these two, who were fond of each other certainly, drifted apart. The worker, more and more absorbed, went his way ; the pleasure-seeker, more and more enthralled, followed hers. Karl was pleased at his wife's success ; he reposed a blind confidence in her, a husband's confidence, which, on the other hand, was entirely justified. He was content to bestow the luxury she appreciated so well ; he smiled with almost paternal indulgence at her costly toilettes, and her perfectly ruinous extravagances. He had no fear for the future : even if a child were born to them—that child, so hoped for at the first, and even yet desired, only less ardently—what of it? He was still young, and capable of even harder toil yet! He felt himself full of life and vigour, and faced the future with undaunted brow and smiling lips. The intimacy of their first years was almost at an end ; life willed it so ; but they remained good friends—comrades, rather ; lovers by fits and starts. Never did a sharp word interrupt the harmony of their existence ; they were looked upon as quite a model pair ; nevertheless——

Nevertheless, Jeanne more than half acknowledged to herself that they, unwittingly, insensibly, had taken different roads, and that, year by year, these roads had been gently but surely diverging more widely. Absence was no longer a thing to be dreaded ; they were glad to be together again, but they could do without each other and feel no discomfort ; the occupations which they had created for themselves almost completely filled up their lives. Karl went into society with his wife when he could manage it ; but, oftener, he left her in the hands of an intimate friend, an accomplished woman of the world, who had *formed* the little provincial dame. The theatre took up a good many of his evenings ; when the play promised to be amusing his wife accompanied him, but more often he went alone. She did not see the fun of being bored, merely for the pleasure of being bored in his company ; besides, she had so many engagements he thought it quite natural, and did not feel hurt.

The little "miller's wife," looking at her own reflection in the glass, while her maid altered a fold of her skirt, thought about all these things, and suddenly she asked herself what the future had in store for her ; seeing far, very far off, not without secret terror, old age, the old age of two people living together, with none of those mutual souvenirs which render old age sweet. She would have liked to rush off to her husband, to show herself to him, make him, perhaps, admire and caress her a little ; she might force him to forget his eternal papers for a minute to say that he thought her pretty, and that he loved her!

But Karl had gone out. He was writing a great novel, on whose success he counted much. For one chapter of this romance he required to describe certain details of machinery in a manufactory, and one of his acquaintances had taken him to a large establishment not far from Paris. Jeanne was annoyed ; she was afraid that he might be detained, and she had set her heart on his accompanying her to this peasant ball. It was already two o'clock in the afternoon. Oh, if he should be detained!

"Make it up out of your head ; nobody will know the difference," she had said in the easy jargon which came to her so readily.

Karl had felt somewhat hurt : he prided himself on getting his scenes as "real" as possible ; by nature and education he was romantic, but "realism" was now fashionable, and he, also, must veneer his imaginary surroundings with this "realism" so much in vogue. In this frame of mind, then, he had gone away with his friend, and his parting kiss to his wife had been bestowed with the coldness of irritation.

She remembered this ; before, she had been too much taken up with her dress to think about it, and now it took all the pleasure out of her self-admiration. Suddenly she heard a noise below, at the hall door.

"There he is!" she thought.

Relieved and joyful, she amused herself with the idea of presenting herself before him in this costume, hoping only that he might have returned alone, and that his friend had not come with him. She did not like the friend.

She sprang out on to the staircase and called him by name. Suddenly she stopped short, silent, holding on by the baluster ; her eyes starting from her head ; her face pale in an instant ; for there, at the entrance

"CARRYING SOMETHING WHICH LOOKED LIKE A HUMAN BODY."

of her house, was a mournful group of workmen carrying something which looked like a human body; the hand hanging down was white like death; the head covered over with a linen bandage smeared with blood—bright red; and Jeanne comprehended that it was her husband they were bringing home in this way.

The morning friend was there, and came hurriedly to her, taking her hands.

"A terrible explosion! He is not dead—I swear to you, he is not dead!"

She took everything upon her that was to be done. She felt as though she were giving her orders in some frightful dream. Without a cry, without a tear, she helped to undress her husband. Only once, when the handkerchief which covered his face was removed, she felt on the point of giving way. He was unrecognisable; the flesh was ploughed into furrows, with pieces hanging here and there. He had all the appearance of death, but the heart still beat. Suddenly raising her eyes, she saw herself in a mirror; pale-faced, haggard-eyed, and her carnival dress, on which were bloody spots showing here and there. Shuddering, she ran to her room, and, tearing off her festal rags, returned to the bedside of her husband.

That was a horrible night. She listened to the doctors in consultation, and gathered but one idea from them: all hope was not lost. Karl had awakened from his long faint, and seemed to be suffering frightfully. She fancied she heard him speak her own name, and then, for the first time, the tears came into her eyes, but only for a minute; she had need of all her self-control. A terrible fever had set in, and with it came delirium.

At last, after dreadful days and sleepless nights, they told her that her husband would not die. A momentary relaxation of the contracted muscles of her face was her only sign of joy. The silent concentration she displayed astonished everybody. She seemed to live only to minister to the sick man, like a machine working in some marvellous way. The doctor, who was also a friend of the family, was rather uneasy about this dumb silence in a woman usually so stirring, and lively, and prattling as Jeanne was. One day he sat down beside her; and, while talking gently to her, going into small details of things with a view to interesting her and making her talk a little, he gave her to understand that the coming back to life after such an accident was little short of a miracle. The explosion had been frightful. Three workmen had been killed on the spot, and a dozen others wounded. Several of these latter had since succumbed to their injuries. Karl had sustained no serious fracture, although his whole body had been covered with bruises. It was in the face that he had been worst attacked; it had been terribly scalded by the steam—the doctor hesitated, and looked at the young wife. She caught that look, full of pity.

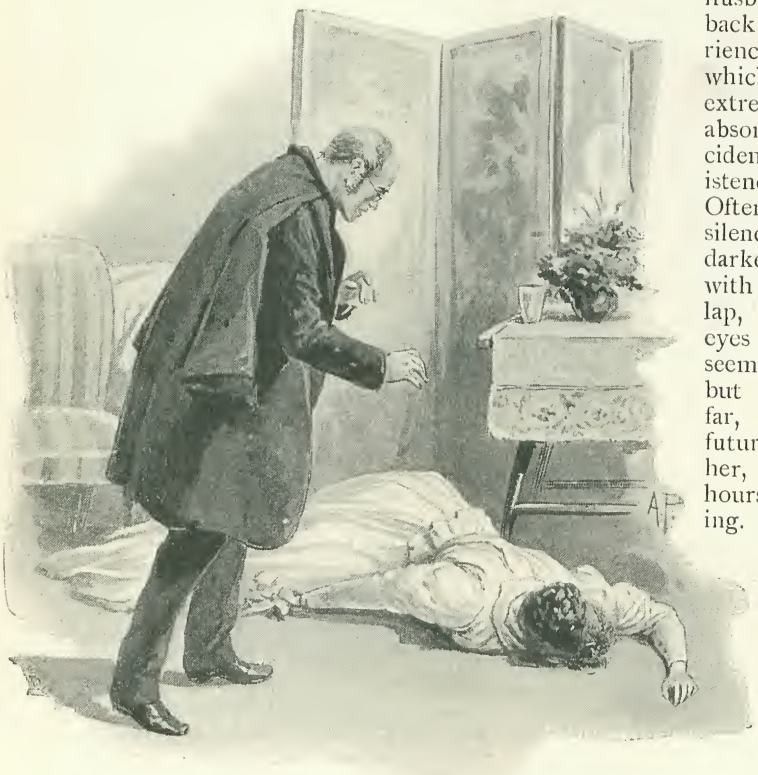
"He will be disfigured for life?" She spoke low.

"We cannot tell at present; there will certainly be deep scars; but——"

"But what, then?"

"My poor child, you will need all your courage, all your devotion. The sight is lost—at least, we fear so."

Jeanne, who had been so brave since the first day; who had excited the admiration of the doctors, whom she had done her best, so gallantly, to second in their endeavours, felt all her fine courage desert her in an instant. She rose upright, and scanned the doctor's face for one second to see whether this sentence was without appeal, then fell her full length, unconscious, on the floor.



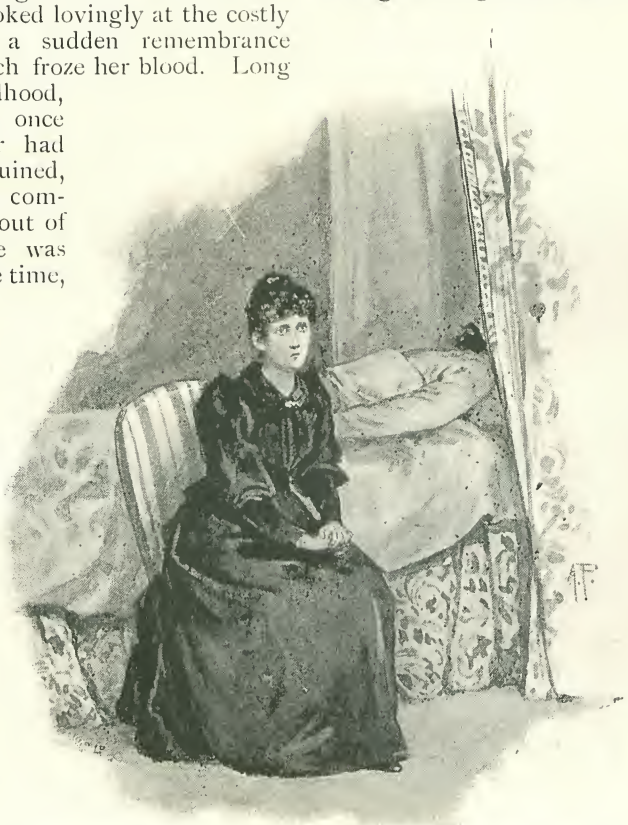
"FELL UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR."

From this time forth she seemed to undergo a slow revolution. She measured her strength, and thought of the task which was set before her, and trembled to find it insufficient. It would have taken a closer observer than were those friends who approached her most nearly, to discover the slightest change in that *petite* Madame du Boys, whose praises were in everybody's mouth. Her devotion was unlimited. The doctors were not sufficiently courageous to tell the sorrowful truth, themselves, to their patient; and the day on which the bandages were finally removed from the poor scarred face, and Karl first realised that he was blind, it was she who bore the brunt of that first terrible explosion of despair, the despair of a man struck down in full career, a man who finds himself dead to all intents and purposes, whilst in the very midst of life.

The dangerous period once past, and the long course of the malady established in all its dull monotony, the visits of the doctor became fewer and farther apart, and Jeanne was left very solitary with her sick husband. Life came slowly back to him; he experienced that languor which is the outcome of extreme weakness; that absorbing somnolence incident to beginning existence all over again. Oftenest an oppressive silence reigned in the darkened room. Jeanne, with idle hands in her lap, and wide-opened eyes seeing nothing they seemed to be looking at, but sending their gaze far, very far into that future which frightened her, would remain for hours without once moving. She repeated to herself, without altogether being able to realise it—

"Blind! and then, what?" And this "what?" showed her such dreadful possibilities, that she shivered with terror. What tormented her was not alone the thought of that frightful night into which a man of thirty-six, full of vigour, who had not yet even arrived at the full fruition of his mental strength, had been suddenly plunged; that startling arrest of activity which had become already proverbial with his colleagues. No doubt, she felt great pity for her husband; but there was mingled with it a sort of angry irritation. If he had listened to her, only for once, if he had but indulged her feminine caprice, all this would never have happened; but this man, who was so amiable in many ways,

would never take any advice but his own ; and while she pitied him, she pitied herself too, greatly. It was in some degree her husband's fault, if the artificial life she had been leading for the past few years had become necessary to her, and in that artificial life abundant means were an essential factor. Abundance was no longer possible. Several times she went all over their pretty house, quietly, moving like a shadow, as though afraid to break the silence which now reigned throughout it. She felt the soft draperies, looked lovingly at the costly nick-nacks, and a sudden remembrance came to her which froze her blood. Long ago, in her childhood, she remembered once when her father had thought himself ruined, and, all at once, comfort disappeared out of the house. She was very young at the time, but she seemed to see again the troubled face of her mother, worried with the small contrivings of a poverty which would try to conceal itself under a false appearance of well-being. The struggle to make ends meet, the miserable meals, the old dresses made over again, and, above all, the melancholy which brooded in moody silence over the house, broken only by the vexatious murmurings of small cares. The amenities of life often followed on the heels of fortune.



"SITTING BESIDE HER HUSBAND'S BED SHE MUSED ON ALL THESE THINGS."

Ruin was now at her door indeed ; if not quite ruin, at least privation. Sitting beside her husband's bed, she mused on all these things, and, having a lively imagination, she saw herself in the depths of poverty, alone, abandoned by society and her friends even ; for evermore in the close companionship of one sad, unfortunate man, whom fate compelled to idleness, and from whom, little by little, she had become detached, so to speak. She acknowledged this to herself in a whisper. In the early years of their married life she had asked nothing better than to love her husband with all her heart. She brought him her virgin heart, on whose purity no passing maiden's fancy even had ever traced a shadow, and he had not been able to estimate his prize at its full value. He had treated her like a child, a child to be indulged and gratified with toys and sweetmeats, and the gifts had gradually become more precious to her than the affection of the giver.

Karl had been brought up in a world which hardly allows women to enter really into its fold ; not from want of affection, but from the conviction that, their education being so different, they are necessarily lacking in point of intellectual contact. From whatever cause, whether a slovenly habit of thought with regard to women, or, perhaps, from a scarcely to be so called contempt, or that monstrously stupid idea that the intellectual man requires a reposeful corresponding inanity on the part of his wife, Karl had never treated Jeanne as a true helpmeet. Jeanne had accepted the place assigned to her, but not without always having indignantly resented it. Drawn irresistibly into the vortex of fashion —and she could find nothing to reproach herself for in having been so drawn ; on the contrary, she gloried in it ; it was a requisite of her highly-strung, nervous organisation—this resentment rarely ap-

peared on the surface. Now that she had all the time to do nothing but think of these things, she thought about them with a vengeance.

She refused to see anybody. Every day a small heap of cards and letters was brought to her, but the heap became smaller every day, naturally. You cannot force a door which remains obstinately shut; but she saw abandonment in the decreasing pile. She was morbidly susceptible to every fancied slight. At the time of the accident the newspapers had been full of eulogies

"SHE READ THEM JEALOUSLY."

and articles more or less resembling obituary notices of Karl du Boys; now that people were reassured about him, the papers wrote about other subjects. She read them jealously, every day, and when his name no longer appeared, she felt grieved and hurt. It seemed to her as though the silence of the tomb were round them both.

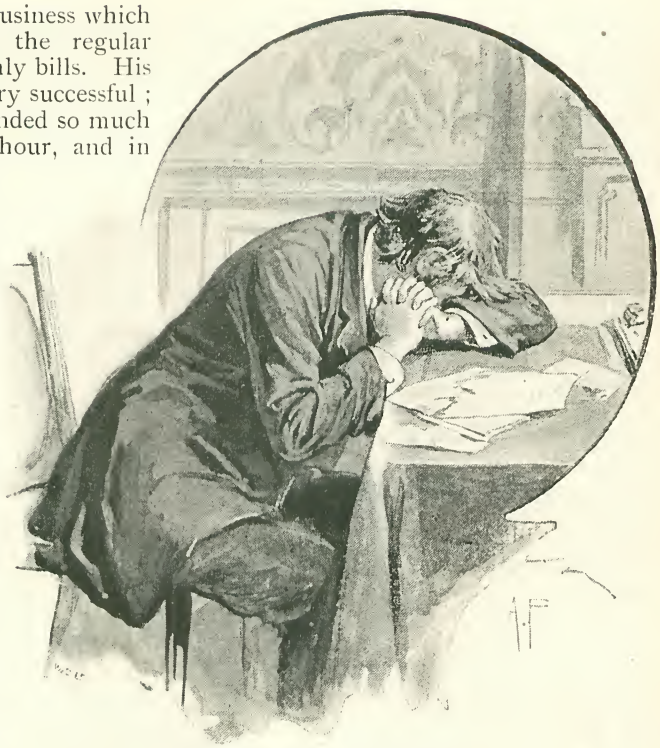
Sometimes a bill or two would crop up in her pile of letters; tradesmen demanding payment. These scented their downfall, then? Among these latter was one of fifty francs for the *sabots*—ah, the *sabots!* That day Jeanne wept.

The weeks dragged slowly by, and at length the sick man was able to get up. Life came back in him: one might almost say that the poor face, in spite of the scars, regained much of its old appearance, only the eyes were dreadful to look upon. Karl remained very depressed, and absorbed in thoughts which might easily be read in his countenance. Knowing that Jeanne was constantly near him, taking care of him, reading to him aloud when he felt well enough to listen, all gentleness and devotion, he would have liked to thank her, but did not know how to set about doing so. With a sick man's sensitiveness, he divined the change in his wife. She did her duty courageously, but still it was her *duty:* devoted and attentive as she was, there was one thing which betrayed her, and that was her voice. You may train your countenance, your words, your gestures to hide the feelings, but the voice rebels against constraint, it takes its subtle inflexions from your inmost thoughts—the sweetest of voices may have cruel cadences, and is cold and blank when the heart remains unresponsive. The blind man, whose hearing was growing extremely sensitive, was bewildered at times, trying not so much to understand the actual meaning of his wife's sentences, as striving to account for the peculiar intonations of her voice.

The financial situation, however, had to be faced. The expenses of the du Boys' housekeeping amounted to, at least, fifty thousand francs a year. Even by cutting down superfluities—the carriage from the livery stables, the man-servant, and a good many other luxuries which had become useless—Jeanne decided that there was no possible means of keeping on their house in the Avenue de Villiers. Karl was strongly opposed to this change. If he were blind, his brain remained intact. With a secretary to aid him, he could continue his work: not all, indeed—that part of it which demanded contact with active life, life out of doors, was now impossible. Jeanne tried to make him understand that it was exactly

those impossible ends of the business which supplied their daily bread, the regular income which paid the monthly bills. His stories, it is true, had been very successful ; but success of this kind depended so much on the popular taste of the hour, and in her heart, Jeanne, who judged her husband's powers with a lucidity which frightened herself, had small faith in the enduring qualities of this kind of success. Meantime, the long illness had been expensive ; all their small stock of savings had been swallowed up by it.

Jeanne took a sort of savage pleasure in despoiling herself of the luxuries which had been hitherto her everyday necessities ; her happiness had been bound up in them. She made all the arrangements ; decided for both as to their future mode of living ; and Karl, after the first resistance, let her do as she pleased. She found a suite of rooms at a modest rent, and fixed the day of their taking possession.



"WITHOUT HOPE FOR THE MORROW."

All these multifarious occupations left her little time to spend with her husband. He, nearly recovered now, consented to see some of his friends, but all the spirit had gone out of him ; this man, who had formerly been so light-hearted, stirring, and gay and active, seemed plunged in a sort of painful stupor. One eye was entirely lost, but, contrary to all expectations, the other eye retained a feeble amount of its seeing power. Karl could distinguish the general outline of objects in his immediate vicinity. He could go about by himself from one room to another, but this piece of unhoped-for good fortune did not seem to cheer him much ; so long as he found it impossible to write, everything else was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

Often he would remain for hours together, scarcely budging, refusing admittance to everybody, asking only to be left alone in his silent isolation. He was trying to recover his old powers—seeking ideas for a story, striving to depict a scene of his novel, but all his efforts were without result, the stupor had chained his brain as well as his body, and he could find nothing—nothing. The night was round about him, sad and dark, without hope for the morrow, and while he mourned his loss as an author, his heart as a man was frozen by the maddening, gentle coldness of his wife. Their intimate relationship was becoming almost embarrassing ; he no longer knew what to say to her. Quite shocked, he asked himself how they had arrived at such a point, but he could find no solution of the mystery. The future frightened him, with the tormenting dread of a nightmare.

Three months after the accident, the du Boys were installed on the fourth story of a large house on the Quai de la Tournelle. The house was cold and old, with a wide staircase, and vast, high rooms, whose ceilings were upheld by enormous joists. Red tiles replaced the glancing waxed floors they were accustomed to ; and on the whole, it was not very accommodating, but, at least, there was room for their books, which was very essential, and the rent was low, which was even more essential still.

Great catastrophes have their smaller sides. Everyday cares deduct in some measure from heroic misfortune, and prevent the victims from losing themselves altogether in the contemplation of their

own troubles; happy for us that it is so. Jeanne, obliged to plan and calculate, to exert herself, indeed, to the utmost, was too tired when she could claim a moment's repose, to realise fully all the change that had come into her life; but when all was finished, and their future arranged in all its undoubted monotony; when this wedded pair settled down to an unending companionship, what should have constituted the supreme happiness of this woman became an insupportable torment.

One day their solitude was broken in upon by a friend, the society dame under whose auspices Jeanne had made her *début* in the Parisian world. Her daughter was going to be married, and she was giving a grand party on the occasion of the signing of the contract. She insisted on having Jeanne at this great function. "The poor child was killing herself." She believed in conjugal devotion; but one might have too much of that sort of thing. A pretty benefit she was doing her husband by killing herself, all through taking too much care of him. Karl prayed Jeanne to accept the invitation. "He was very well now, and she required some recreation." She fancied he showed a kind of satisfaction in the thought of passing a whole evening without her company—one word would have held her; but he insisted, and she accepted. Karl thought she was not very difficult to persuade.

Jeanne felt out of place in the midst of this world of society, by which, however, her appearance was hailed with pleasure. She saw more curiosity than good feeling in the attitude of her old friends, who lavished their attentions upon her. Time passes quickly in Paris; there were those there who, not calculating how many months had elapsed since the accident, looked upon her almost in the light of a woman who was neglecting her duty to her sick husband. Several times she was on the point of bursting into tears when someone asked her about him.

She stole away early, tortured by remorse, tormented also by a vague feeling which was gradually becoming more definite to her. Her place was no longer with those who live only for amusement, to whom life is one long carnival. Before her rose her duty, grave, and stern, and menacing, admitting of no dividing interest claiming her.

She glided softly into her husband's chamber with a beating heart; she was ready to greet one word of tenderness with an outburst of pity, near neighbour to love. The heroic sacrifice seemed no longer an impossibility: if she could be sure of Karl's affection all would yet be well.

The room, dimly lighted by a night-lamp and the dying fire, was all silent. Karl was asleep. She came closer to the bed and gazed at him a long time; then something cruel slid into her thought. He was not really asleep; but was only pretending, so that he might not have to talk to her; the short, laboured breathing was not the regular breathing of natural slumber; the body, also, was too rigidly immovable. She retired noiselessly; but in an instant all the

"SHE GAZED AT HIM A LONG TIME."

generosity of sacrifice, vowed while her heart was full, died away. She would do her duty, certainly, for she was an honest woman ; but it appalled her—she revolted at it. What had she ever done to be singled out for misery in this way ?

Karl still intended to continue his work, but every day, whether it was that the painful memories awakened by the interrupted story impressed him still too strongly, or whether the torpidity of his faculties had not yet passed away, he always put it off till to-morrow. At length he told his wife that he expected a secretary, who had been recommended by one of his best friends. All that night he could not sleep ; nervous excitement made him feverish. He recapitulated the incidents in the chapter to be written, just as a general passes in review those troops in which he has not too much confidence on the eve of a battle.

The secretary, a young professor, who was at Paris for the purpose of attending the public debating classes, arrived at the hour mentioned. He was an intelligent young fellow, but awkward to a degree, without tact, and voluble in expressions of condolence and admiration, mingled in an exasperating manner. Karl du Boys, who was courtesy and politeness personified, tried to keep down his temper ; but every movement of this well-meaning auxiliary grated upon the quivering nerves of the excited author, who suffered torture with every ill-chosen word. Everything about him was offensive ; his manner of settling himself to write ; the scratching of the pen between his fingers ; the discreet little cough by which he signified that a sentence was finished ; all irritated the unfortunate man, and paralysed his powers. Nevertheless he persisted, in spite of all this. He could not see the slight lifting of the eyebrows which greeted his embarrassed paragraphs, his absurd tirades ; but he could divine, by the momentary hesitations which occurred occasionally, that his secretary judged him, and that he condemned him pitilessly. In his eyes he was an author doomed.

The unhappy man recalled his working hours in the beautiful studio, where he could walk up and down with long strides ; where silence was maintained with religious care ; the servants banished from that part of the house which was sacred to its master ; all prying eyes kept at a distance by his wife's watchfulness—she herself keeping out of the way, for fear of disturbing him. And now, to show up his inmost thoughts in all their nakedness before this stranger ; to display the skeleton of his work, to clothe it painfully under the gaze of those unsympathetic eyes, which he could feel were fixed in astonishment on his own sightless orbs. No, he could never do it !

Yet still he wished to go on. The tick-tack of the clock told the passing time : the sweat stood in beads on his forehead ; his nervous fingers clutched the arms of his chair convulsively ; slowly and more painfully came the words. This man who had always been so ready a writer—too ready, perhaps—went back on himself, again and again, changing, considering ; at length his strength gave way, and he stopped short.

The secretary waited, not daring to break the silence ; suffering himself at the sight of that suffering which was becoming agony.

Jeanne, who had entered the room a few minutes before, noiselessly, with her soft slippered feet, came to the rescue of her husband. She began to talk in quite a natural tone of voice, just as though she had seen nothing or divined nothing of what was going on.

" Enough work for one day, gentlemen ; I am not going to miss my daily walk, all because you are so enthusiastic."

With a motion of her hand she hastened the young professor's departure. She saw him out herself, and stopped a moment to speak with him at the door. The poor fellow thought it his fault, perhaps, that things had gone wrong so deplorably at this first trial, and begged her to tell him what he ought to do, reiterating his excuses. Jeanne, growing impatient, was obliged, almost literally, to put him out, in her anxiety to get back to her invalid.

He never heard her come back. He was frightful to look upon. The unfortunate man at last comprehended that all was now over for him. More than his eyesight had been killed in that terrible explosion ; his intellectual powers had been taken, too. This pretty talent of his was pure native of Parisian soil ; born of movement ; striking fire only on contact with modern society ; requiring the stimulus of touch with externals. He felt himself incapable of that patient study of humanity which concentrates itself more as the subject becomes more intricate. It seemed to him that his imagination, formerly so teeming with life and creative power, so full of originality, had become as if frozen

powerless. He pictured it to himself, a poor little vessel with pretty white sails, made for winging its way under sunny skies, in the clutches of polar ice and snow. He knew also that this dumb coldness which was all about him was not alone the result of his blindness; it was the loss of that love which had suddenly slipped away from out his grasp; that forced resignation of Jeanne's; her severe accomplishment of duty. He did not understand it; it had always seemed so natural for him to be beloved by his wife that the possibility of ever being at a loss for the want of it could never have occurred to him. He seemed, vaguely, to realise that he was himself the culprit; he had allowed that delicate gossamer thing of shades and fancies, which we call the love of a woman, to escape away from him. How had this calamity come to pass? His heart failed him too much to try to find out. All that he had ever counted upon seemed going out of his life at once and for ever. One day the happiest and most fortunate of mortals, to whom everything was easy, finding life pleasant; the next, a poor unfortunate, scarcely worth the name of man; now—a ruin of humanity, who was become a painful charge to be supported with exasperating patience. He felt as though he were going mad. The muscles of his scarred face contracted frightfully, his hands seemed searching for something; the dead eyeballs made a supreme effort to see; then he remained for a few moments entirely still, a gentler mood stole over him. Jeanne leant forward to catch the faint murmur which parted his lips. It was "Jeanne, my poor Jeanne!" There was such despair in the words, such love mingled with reproach, that the young wife pressed her handkerchief to her mouth to stifle a sob. She had followed all his heartrending thoughts on that face which had become an open book to her.

All at once he seemed to take a strong resolve. He rose, and, feeling his way, went to the window. He hesitated, however; his life was nothing but a life accursed—yes, but it still was life. He drew a long inspiration, as though just to feel once more his lungs swelling, and the blood circulating rapidly in his veins; then he laid his hand on the window latch—Jeanne understood.

"YOU SHALL NOT DIE! YOU SHALL NOT DIE!"

"You shall not die! You shall not die!"

She held him close in her arms, trembling; her voice broken with sobs, seeking his lips with hers.

"I am nothing but a heavy burden, too heavy for you, poor child. I should have given you happiness only, and now I have nothing but privation to offer. Without knowing it, perhaps, you resent all this in me. This is why I wished to die."

"You shall not die!" was all she could say, for the sobs which choked her.

"Ah! if you loved me truly; but, no; you pity me, that is all; you do not love me."

"I do love you! Do you not feel it, then? What must I do to make you believe? Yes, I know; I fancied I had ceased to love you. You held me aloof in our happy days; it was not your fault—you did not know—and you wished to die, poor fellow! Tell me, dearest, that you love me. Don't you see that the ugly shadow is far away? I saw you just now

suffering so much ; it broke the ice round my heart, and I love you, I love you ! What must I say to make you believe it ? "

"Ah ! I do not wish to die now ! "

He held her clasped in a tight embrace —laughing, crying, beginning sentences with words to end them in kisses. What was all else now to him ? Jeanne loved him ; his wife was his own again. Out of infinite pity, love had re-risen to give him strength to live anew. And when his wife gently chid him, asking him how it was that during all these terrible months he had never tried to re-awaken that love which was but slumbering, how it was that she had been reduced to the necessity of asking herself whether he had ever loved her, he replied :

"I MUST FIND A WAY."

"I could not—you ought to have known —I needed you so much."

Now that the ice was broken, he opened his heart to her, and told her all that he had suffered ; his horror of the life of darkness which lay before him ; how the temptation to put an end to it had grown upon him. He had reasoned it all out, only he wished his death to look like an accident, so that the idea of suicide should not trouble his widow. She might mourn him a little while, and soon be consoled.

She, pressing closely against his breast, spoke in her turn, and told him everything, interrupting herself now and then to whisper, "I love you," giving him life again out of her youth and tenderness.

Then they reviewed that morning of anguish ; his lost gifts, his frozen and paralysed talents. He asked her to read the chapter he had dictated with so much trouble. Jeanne collected the sheets and read. Karl listened to the end. He seemed to hear once more the death sentence of his hopes. He took the paper out of his wife's hand, and tore it to fragments, in a sort of rage.

"That mine ? No ! Listen, this is what I wanted to say "—and then, with feverish rapidity, he sketched the chapter which had fallen so flat and heavy before. He sped it forth with all the inspiration of his former days, and all their fire. These had been the secret of his immense success as a popular writer. He interrupted himself passionately.

"That, all that, I have yet in me. It is not dead, but it might as well be so. However, the blind have learned to write ere

this, and I will find a way—I *must* find a way!"

He was quite worn out by all these exciting emotions. His wife, in her capacity of nurse, fearing a return of the fever, ordered rest. He stretched himself on a sofa, but kept her close by him, like a sick child who must be indulged, and like a child, too, he was soon sleeping that soft, sound sleep which brings repose. When he woke, a scarcely audible but regular, scraping sound struck his quick ear. At first, in a hideous nightmare, he felt himself acting over again the torment of that morning's experience—the secretary writing to his dictation..

"Jeanne!" he called.

She was beside him in an instant, petting him gaily, almost maternally.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"I was writing; there, now!"

"What?"

"Listen."

Jeanne had the rare gift of a marvellous memory. It had often astonished Karl. She had remembered, in the most extraordinary way, the entire passage which her husband had recast an hour ago: the very turns of the phrases, even the small expressions peculiar to him as an author, were all there. He listened, holding his breath.

"Well?" said Jeanne, somewhat intimidated by his silence.

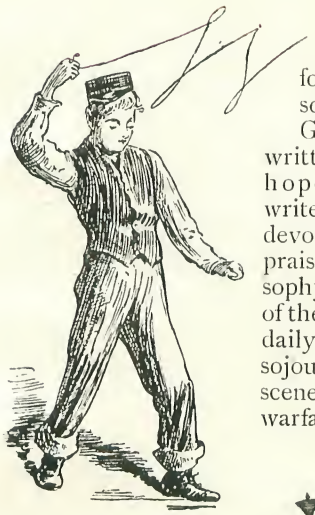
"You have saved me, my darling!" he said. "Twice over I owe my life to you."

From that day forward they worked together. At first, it was very trying, no doubt; there were any quantity of pages torn up and thrown aside. Karl had quite an apprenticeship to serve, and he felt that such an apprenticeship would have been impossible for him, had it been gained under the curious gaze of a stranger. His wife's splendid memory was his best servant, for it was only after repeated trials that he learnt to dictate: his ideas came too quickly for that; the words burst from him, and while she listened, he poured forth his story. What few notes she could snatch without observation were all he would permit, and she wrote it out from memory far away from earshot of her husband. The necessary business of revision found him more tractable; he even took pleasure in polishing up his prose, more than he had ever cared to do before. After a while he got accustomed to this method of working, and succeeded finally in subduing his artistic over-sensitiveness. He was saved. He felt that he had not indeed been mistaken in his own estimate of himself. The terrible inertness, the enforced idleness were no longer his to dread. He shuddered when he recalled the past, saying inwardly that he had surely skirted the border-land of insanity. In quiet moments, he ruminated his work; he prepared his chapter to follow. Living thus in the society of his own fictitious characters, being of necessity obliged to ponder well before his ideas could take permanent shape, he gradually corrected the faults of style which his former ease in writing had entailed. He was thus aware of a slow, but beneficial change in the character of his own composition. When, seized with remorse, he asked pardon of his wife for the burden of labour he was forced to lay upon her, or when he expressed some of the astonishment he felt at seeing her, the spoilt darling of society, settling down into a regular home-bird, and none the less gay and lovable for the change, her answer was very simple.

"I am very happy, and I love you."

The Street Games of Children.

By Frances H. Low.



WHEN the day arrives for the "Philosophy of Street Games" to be written, it is to be hoped that the writer will, at least, devote a chapter in praise of the philosophy and heroism of the persons whose daily fate it was to sojourn near the scenes of such deadly warfare as *Tipcat*, or even the milder operations of *Skipping* and *Peg-top* whipping. Fortunately for those of us who have to pass through small back streets, *Tipcat* is being rigorously regulated by the police: it ought, however, to be entirely abolished, except in parks, where, perhaps, it might be allowed to be played, as it is immensely popular amongst boys, and is in itself a highly interesting game. I have not attempted to describe all the games that are played in the streets. I have purposely omitted such well-known ones as *Leap-frog*, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, *Hop Chivvy*, and the various running games which are played on the lines of *Touch wood;* and out of the countless games of marbles and buttons I have chosen two or three of the most popular and least complicated. To get a lucid explanation of the playing is by no means an easy business, partly because, no matter how retired a spot one chooses for the demonstration, a huge crowd of errand boys, bonnetless women, and loafing men is sure to collect round within a few minutes; and partly also because it is an extremely difficult matter to get the little performers to play slowly, and make the successive steps intelligible to an uninitiated person. If you ask, "But what *is* Pegsy?" they look at you for a moment with an incredulous grin, which implies that in their opinion you are an imbecile, and answer, nodding their heads with an air of conviction, "Why, o' course, P stands for Pegsy!" and from this position they are not to be dislodged.

Exactly how the traditions concerning games are preserved I have not, in spite of a good deal of inquiry on the point, been able to learn; but that they are handed down from father to son is certain, since an elderly man—a Londoner—who happened to be a bystander in one of my crowds, told me that he, as a boy, some forty years ago, played almost precisely the same games as the boys of to-day. What is perhaps more curious is the early age at which street children are initiated into the freemasonry—if one may call it so—of the games. One of the funniest incidents I met with was in connection with the game of *Buck and Gobs*, which I shall describe in a minute, and wherein a preternaturally acute little imp of five or six years old figures. He could not possibly, owing to the age of his next brother, have been more than six at most, and I was disinclined to avail myself of his services, upon which, however, he insisted. He was a wizened, fragile little being, and his hands were so tiny and his wrists so weak, that he had the utmost difficulty in making effective play with the stones, or gobs, as they are called. After he had dropped the stones some eight or nine times, I said to some of the bigger boys who were standing round, "Perhaps you had better show me," and remarked mildly to the small performer, who was still heroically struggling with the stones: "I don't think you are a particularly good player." He looked at me steadily for a moment, spat on his small hands, and said in the most languid manner imaginable, "I'm a deb'lish good player, I am!" After this he put a dirty twig into his mouth and regarded the operation of his seniors with great contempt, every now and again hurling scornful words at them, and regarding me with a threatening eye.

One of the most popular—if not the *most* popular—of all the pavement games, both with girls and boys, is "*Buck and* Gobs." Four stones, technically called gobs, and a large, round marble comprise

"BUCK AND GOBS."

the property required for this game, the successful playing of which necessitates a large amount of dexterity and practice.

The player arranges four stones in a square on the pavement (see illustration); he then kneels down, throws up the marble, which he holds in his right hand, immediately picks up one of the gobs and catches the buck in the same hand, after it has bounded. After this process has been gone through with each of the gobs without dropping them, they are placed in twos, the player picking up the two gobs together; and after this the grouping is three together and one; and, finally, all four gobs close together, which are treated in the same manner as the single ones. If a player has got to this stage successfully, that is to say without letting a single gob drop throughout, he goes in for the final round, called "Pegsy." The gobs are again placed singly, and the player has to pick up one and drop it before seizing the second gob, meanwhile maintaining the play with the buck. No little skill is required to conduct the last operation successfully; but constant practice has made the children peculiarly expert, and it is quite usual for them to reach the final round without a single miss. Promptness of eye and hand to seize the buck swiftly, and prevent its rolling away, and to grasp the stones without dropping them is the chief requisite for success in this game, which I have found invariably played best by the girls, who are, however, a long way behind the other sex in anything involving exact aiming, such as, for instance, in any of the numerous games of *Buttons*.

This game is almost entirely confined to the boys, possibly because the little girls are not able to supply the necessary playing instruments in the shape of trouser buttons and a big piece of lead, which is melted and flattened in the fire, and called a nicker. Brass trouser buttons are articles of immense value in the eyes of street boys; they are difficult to obtain, and in the majority of cases are cut off by the boys from their own garments. My little informant, who disappeared behind a corner and returned with half a dozen in his hand, said, in answer to my somewhat anxious question as to whether his mother would not be angry:

"Oh, *she* won't know. I often rips 'em off, but I sews 'em on again. 'Tain't only them girls can sew!"

The marked and invariable contempt exhibited by the boys to the softer sex seems quite unjustifiable, as in a large number of games the girls are formidable rivals, if not actually better players.

Buttons consists of seven or eight buttons being thrown as near as possible a specific line on the pavement. The one who gets

"BUTTONS."

nearest goes in first. He stands on the curb, takes his nicker, and aims it at a button agreed upon by the rest. If he hits it, he gets the button and has another turn ; if he misses, the next boy goes in, and the one who has got the most buttons is the winner. This game is called *Nicking*. Another consists in putting all the buttons close together on a line and hitting one out of the line without touching the others. This is called *Hard Buttons*, and its successful play necessitates a very neat and steady aim. Almost all the other games of buttons, of which there are at least some seven or eight variations, are played on similar lines ; and the fact that the winner may keep all the buttons he takes no doubt accounts in a measure for their great popularity.

"HOPSCOTCH."

Both the games described above are in "season" during the summer months, as are also *Hopscotch* and *London*, whilst a few games, like marbles, may be played pretty nearly all the year round. I have not been able to obtain any precise information as to why certain games are played at certain seasons : for instance, why marbles should be countenanced all the year round and buttons only during summer ; but on the whole the theory seems to be that "hot" games, involving a certain amount of physical exertion, such as tops, tip-cat, and running games, should be played in winter and less active ones in summer ; but even this theory is incomplete, as *Release*, which involves a large amount of running, is played as much in hot weather as in cold.

Hopscotch is almost as popular with both girls and boys as *Buck and Gobs*, and is decidedly most embarrassing to the pedestrian who happens to walk unwarily across the chalk lines and bring the "hopper" to a full stop. A glance at the illustration will show how the lines are drawn, the spaces being respectively named one sie, two sie, three sie, four sie, and puddings. The exact playing varies slightly in different districts, but the usual *modus operandi* is for the player to deposit the bit of broken china —generally off a cup or saucer—which she holds in her hand, on "one sie." She then hops up to P. and back again, picking up the bit of china as she comes down again. She repeats exactly the same process until she has placed the china on "four sie," and brought it down with her. Then the real play begins with what is called "Hard Labour." The chip of china is placed on "one sie," and the player, hopping on the right foot, has to chip the china into each space. If it goes on the line, or if she chips it more than once in each space, she is out, and someone else goes in. If, however, she surmounts these difficulties and hops back to one sie, chipping the china before her, she goes in for the final heat. The bit of china is placed on her toe, and her object is to walk up to "four sie" and back without letting the china drop off, at the same time making only one step in each space. This game has the additional advantage of keeping the attention of all the other children who are not "in" employed and interested, as an artful player who is not carefully watched can easily "chip" the china "twice," or take two steps, or commit any of the other small breaches of the rules, for which the bystanders are, of course, on the alert. A bit of broken china figures in nearly all the games, and it is certainly rather a commentary on the people who are so anxious to bestow expensive toys of all kinds on poor children, that their favourite games are played with a bit of chalk, a few buttons, a scrap of broken china, and some stones out of the roadway.

London, so far as I can gather, is a completely modern game, and is more in

vogue in the north and west of London than in the east. The accompanying illustration shows the figure that is drawn in chalk on the pavement, the two side loops being for the player's marks. Should there be three or four players, the figure is made longer with an additional number of lines, and there are extra side loops; the game is, however, usually played by two persons. The bit of china is put on the bottom line and "nicked," or "spooned," along with the finger. If it rolls on, say, 2, the player draws a mark in the side loop nearest 2 from opposite corners. The other player has then a turn, each player going in alternately. The second time the player's china goes on the same number a line across the opposite corners is drawn; the third time this occurs a line is drawn across the middle of the square horizontally, and the fourth time perpendicularly. Here the real pleasure of the player begins.

"LONDON."

Her object is now to get the china again into 2, the number by which she has obtained her marks. If she does this she exclaims aloud triumphantly, "Now I've got a soldier's head!" She then draws a little round close up to her square, but on the other side of the line. She then has another turn, and, if the china again goes into 2, she cries, "Now I've got the soldier's belly!" and adds a large circle on to the one she calls the head. If it goes into four or five, and she has not previously nicked the china into these numbers, she simply makes a stroke, as before; the sixth time that the china goes into 2 the player gets the soldier's legs, and she has now got her soldier. The one who obtains most soldiers is the winner. If the china goes over any of the boundaries, or on the lines, the player is out, and has lost the game. The chief attraction of this game appears to be in the naming aloud of one portion of the soldier's anatomy; the little girls seem to have some sort of idea that the language is not quite polite, and I observed they looked at me half doubtfully, as if in expectation of finding a shocked expression on my face, which might result in jeopardising the promised pennies. Nothing of the sort, however, being visible, they proceeded with great gusto to describe another soldier, much to my amusement.

In *Duck*, which is the name given to the stone which acts as a target, a hole is scooped in the road, in front of which a stone is placed. The game consists in knocking the duck into a hole from a little distance; but, if the player is unsuccessful, he may have another turn, provided he can pick up his own stone and reach the pavement without being touched by his opponent. During this operation the boy or girl says:—

"Gully, gully, all round the hole,
One duck on."

This game, which is principally played in the road, is, however, fraught with some danger to the limbs of the players, who are too intent upon grasping their stones and eluding their pursuers to regard passing vehicles with much attention.

Of ring games, which appear to be played exclusively by girls, there is a large assortment. Many of them have appropriate singing accompaniments, and when gracefully and quietly carried out by the performers, are very pretty and picturesque. The preliminary arrangements of these round games form a fine field of observation for the student of child character. One child, scarcely ever the best-looking, or

strongest, or eldest, instinctively assumes the leadership, to which the rest of the children voluntarily bow. In my square there is a certain Mabel ——, as she is

Play and cuddle and kiss together ;
Kiss her once, kiss her twice,
Kiss her three times over ! "
(*The two in middle kiss boisterously, whilst the ring races round singing very quickly.*)

"DUCK."

usually called by her friends, who is nothing less than a born general. Amongst her squad there are girls who must be at least five or six years older than herself, and yet her generalship, so far as I can see, is never challenged. She selects her own favourite companions for the most coveted posts, orders the entire company about, administers slight corporal punishment to stupid or careless recruits, settles in the most arbitrary manner any disputes that arise—generally to her own advantage—in short, by the exercise of goodness knows what magical qualities, has some dozen children under her command every evening.

Of round games, I think *Poor Jenny is a-weeping* is by a long way the favourite. Any number of children can join in the game, which is played by a ring being formed, with one child in the centre, who personifies Jenny. The circle moves round singing :—

" Poor Jenny is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
A-weeping, a-weeping, all on a summer day !
On the carpet she shall kneel,
(*Here Jenny kneels down*)
While the grass grows in the field.
Stand up, stand up on your feet,
(*Here Jenny stands up*)
And choose the one you love so sweet ;
Choose once, choose twice, choose her three times over.
(*Here Jenny chooses another child and takes her into ring*)
Now you're married, we wish you joy,
First a girl, and then a boy,
Seven years after a son and daughter,
Play and cuddle and kiss together ;
Kiss her once, kiss her twice,
Kiss her three times over ! "
(*The two in middle kiss boisterously, whilst the ring races round singing very quickly.*)

It will be seen from the above specimen that one must not expect too much in the way of sense or grammar or refinement in these street songs ; but there is a heartiness in the singing and a zest and enjoyment in the dancing round which go far to compensate for any trifling drawback of this kind.

A rather curious round game and a very favourite one is *Bobby Bingo*. There is the usual circle, which moves round with one child in the centre, and the words run in this way :—

" There was a farmer had a boy
And his name was Bobby Bingo,
B-i-n-g-o (each letter is spelt out),
Bingo,
Bingo,
And Bingo was his name, O ! "

Then the girl in the centre points to each child in the circle with her finger, saying to herself as she goes round, B I N G O, over and over again. If she says any letter but " o " aloud she is out. This is by no means so simple a matter as appears at first sight, as can be proved by anyone who spells out the ridiculous word several times quickly, taking care to say only the last letter aloud.

There stands a Lady on the Mountain is practically the same game with different words, and the same applies to *Master, Master, where's your Gold ?*

In *The King of the Barbaree* the girls march to and fro in long lines singing a number of verses, each of which ends in

the "King of the Barbaree," and is accompanied by clapping of hands.

The *pièce de résistance* of quite a number of round games consists in flopping to the ground, a proceeding which seems to be a source of hilarious and side-splitting mirth to children. In *Ring a ring o' roses* the girls make a ring, and move round singing:

"Ring a ring o' roses,
Pocketsful o' posies,
A maiden's fairy crown,
We all fall down."

The last line finds all the little maidens seated on the pavement with gleeful and delighted faces. Precisely the same wildly exciting *finale* occurs in *Our boots are made of Spanish*, another popular game amongst small girls, who also divert themselves with skipping, which is too familiar to need any description, and a variety of games with soft balls.

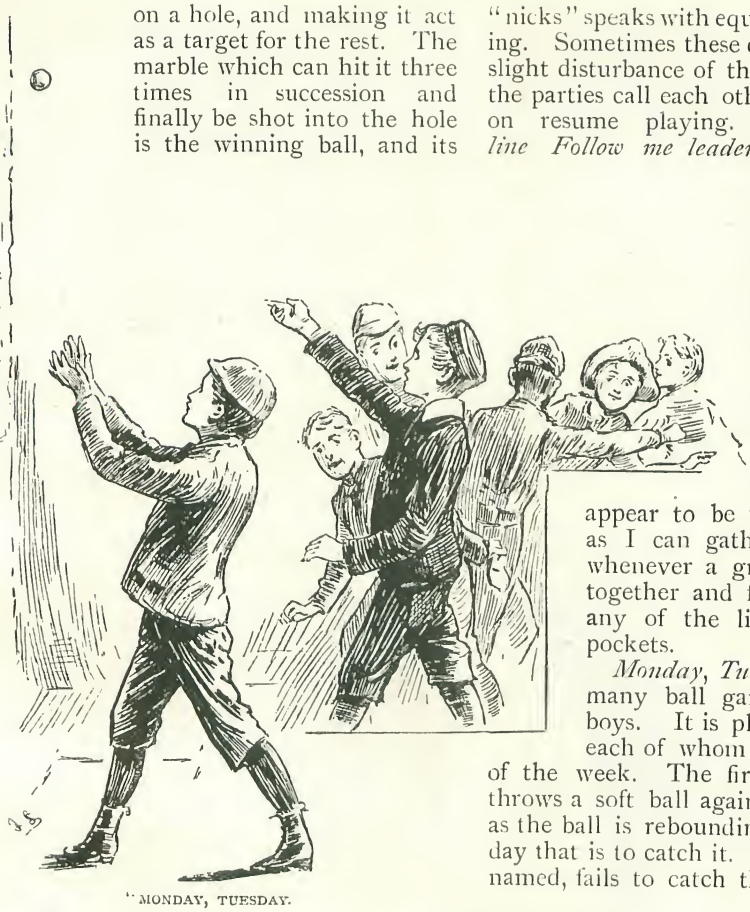
This I think pretty well exhausts girls' games and mixed games in general.

Tipcat is almost exclusively played by boys, and although it will not be in season again till next spring, it may not be *inapropos* here to warn persons of its dangerous results, in the shape of impaired eyesight and even blindness, from the eye being struck by the cat. Amongst boys the game goes by the name of *Cat and Stick*, and consists, as is perhaps superfluous to state, of a stick and a small piece of wood sharpened at each end. A variety of games can be played with these weapons, but they are all on much the same principle—that of hitting the cat when in the air, and a description of *Waggles* practically covers most of the games played under tipcat. Four boys stand at the corners of a large paving stone, two of whom are provided with sticks, whilst the other two are feeders and throw the cat. The batter acts very much in the same way as in cricket, except that he must hit the cat whilst in the air. He hits it as far away as possible, and whilst the feeder has gone to find it gets runs which count to his side. If either of the cats fall to the ground both batters go out and the feeders get their turn. The popular game of *Whacks* is played on much the same lines, and, as it has to be played near railings, usually results in the smashing of a window, which is possibly one of the reasons of its attractiveness.

It is not difficult to understand the fascination of marbles to a healthy boy, who need never be at a loss for amusement so long as he carries half a dozen of the little round balls in his pocket. The various games of marbles appear more provocative of disputes than any other street game, the reason being due probably to the greater desirableness of the prize. For, as in buttons, the winner keeps the marbles he hits or captures, and one can sympathise with the anguished feelings of Tommy when he sees his cherished coloured glass marble passing into the triumphant possession of Billy. It is at that tragic moment that Tommy is wont to bring the accusation of cheating on the tapis. *Holy Bung*, the somewhat unsavoury title given to one game, consists in plac. ıg one marble

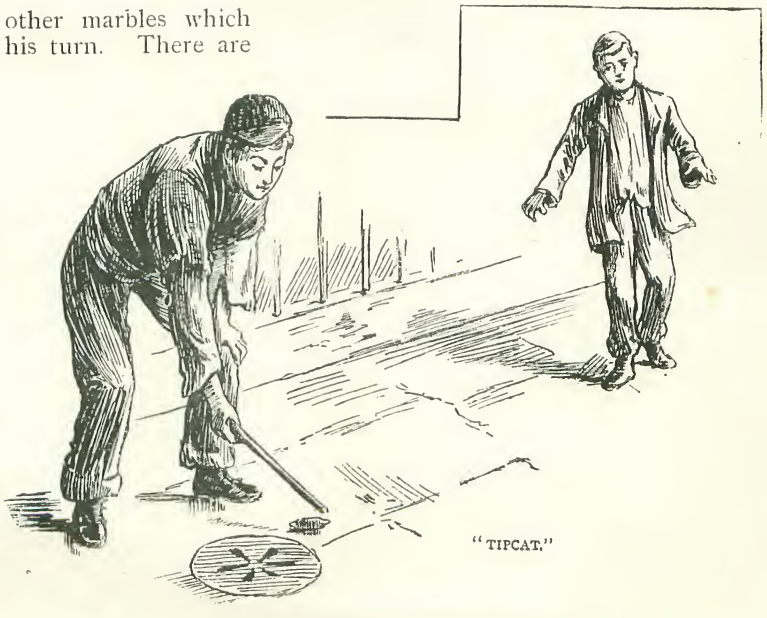
"POOR JENNY IS A-WEEPING."

on a hole, and making it act as a target for the rest. The marble which can hit it three times in succession and finally be shot into the hole is the winning ball, and its owner gets all the other marbles which have missed before his turn. There are no specific laws as to the kind of throwing that must be employed: shooting, bowling, and nicking are all countenanced, the method adopted by each boy being the one in which he is most expert. I have observed that if he patronises *bowling* he generally takes care to inform you that this form of art is a great deal more difficult than *nicking*, for instance; whilst the young gentleman who "nicks" speaks with equal contempt of bowling. Sometimes these differences lead to a slight disturbance of the peace, more often the parties call each other names, and later on resume playing. *Chipping off the line Follow me leader*, and *King of the ring*, in which six marbles in two parallel lines are placed in a chalk ring, are tolerably familiar, and consist mainly in hitting specified marbles. Marbles are properly in fashion during August, but regulations on this point appear to be very lax, and so far as I can gather they are "on" whenever a group of boys come together and find they have got any of the little balls in their pockets.



"MONDAY, TUESDAY."

Monday, Tuesday, is one of the many ball games patronised by boys. It is played by seven boys, each of whom appropriates a day of the week. The first boy goes in and throws a soft ball against the wall, saying as the ball is rebounding the name of the day that is to catch it. If Tuesday, who is named, fails to catch the ball, he picks it



"TIPCAT."

up and immediately tries to hit one of the boys, who rapidly disperse at a "miss." If he succeeds he goes in and throws the ball, whilst the boy who gets hit three times is "out," and the winner is the boy who has either not been hit at all or hit the fewest number of times.

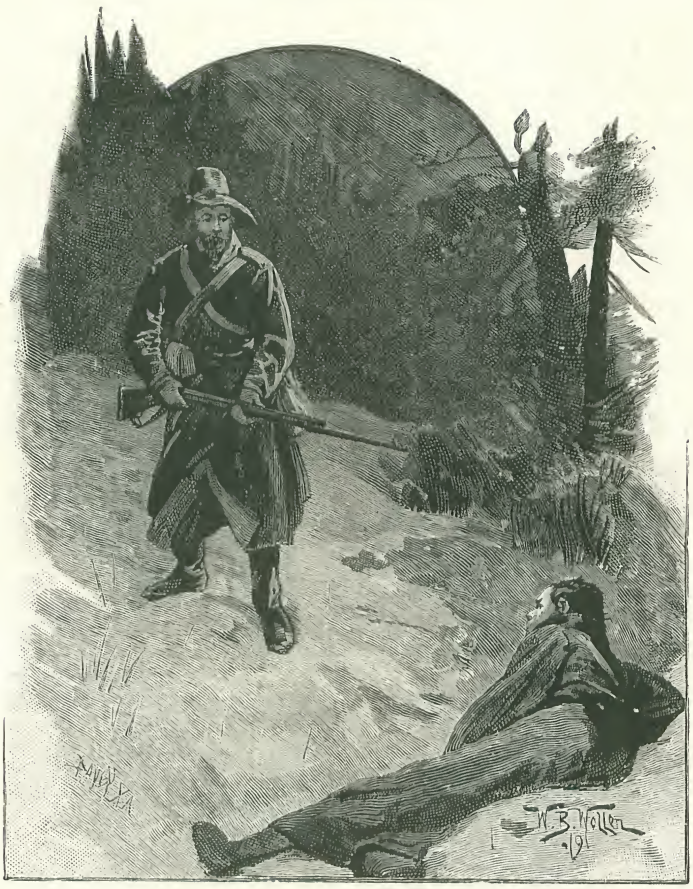
Lack of space forbids my doing anything more than naming the other running games, the principal of which, *Release*, is played in playgrounds as well as in streets; *Monkey* and *Boozalum*, which are variations of the old-fashioned *Hide and Seek*, and *Chalk Corners*, which is a form of paper chase, the trail of which is chalked on the corners of paving stones.

The subject of "Street Games" is deeply interesting, and deserves more exhaustive treatment than I have been able to give to it in a short magazine article. Not the least pleasant feature connected with them is to be found in the happy temperaments of the young players who can get enough pleasure and enjoyment out of the mere act of playing to be able to dispense with any stimulus in the way of prizes.

"KING OF THE RING.

An Episode of '63.

By Henry Murray.



"HE APPROACHED HIM CAUTIOUSLY."

NIGHT had fallen on the banks of the Chippaloga, and the fight was over. It had been hot and fierce while it lasted, and the battered remnant of Southern troops, though at last they had been forced to flight, leaving one-third their force on the field, had thinned the numbers of their conquerors. Though the smallest of the episodes of a war whose issue settled the future of the American continent and affected the history of all mankind, the battle had brought the peace of death to many a valiant heart, its bitterness to many a woman and child, who, all unaware, were praying, safe in distant cities, for the husbands and fathers whose lips would never more meet theirs. Overhead, the stars sparkled keenly in the frosty sky, but from the horizon a ridge of inky cloud spread upward to the zenith, threatening not only to quench their feeble fire, but to deepen the crisp powdery snow in which the landscape was smothered. The river ran like a long black snake between its whitened banks.

To Roland Pearse, monotonously tramping on sentry duty along the track worn by his own feet in the snow at a tantalising distance from the nearest of the small watch-fires which gleamed around the central one, where the officers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if the dawn would never come. A year's hard campaigning

had toughened him to all the accidents of war, and the coldest and longest night's watch after the hardest day's fighting or marching came to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But he had been wounded in the fight, though not seriously, yet painfully, and between the consequent loss of blood and the bitter cold was weary well nigh to death. In the dead stillness of the night the monotonous chant of the river near at hand combined with weakness and weariness to stupefy his senses, and for minutes together he shuffled along the track he had worn in the snow with a quite unconscious persistence, awakening at the end of his beat with a nerve-shattering start, and falling asleep again ere he had well turned to retrace his steps. At last, a deeper doze was terminated by his falling at full length in the snow. He gathered his stiff, cold limbs together, and limped along shivering, swearing at the snow which had penetrated different loopholes of his ragged uniform, and, slowly melted by contact with his scarce warmer skin, served at last to keep him awake. He drew from his pocket a flask containing a modicum of whisky. It was little enough—he could gratefully have drunk twice the amount ; but, with a self-denial taught by many bitter experiences, he took only a mouthful, and reserved the rest for future needs. It warmed his starven blood, and helped the melting snow, now trickling down his back in a steady stream, to keep him awake.

With a vague idea that a new beat would somewhat relieve the monotony of his watch, he struck into another track, and trudged resolutely at right angles with his former course, the two lines of footsteps making a gigantic cross upon the snow. His former lassitude was again beginning to conquer him, when it was suddenly dissipated by a voice, which rang out on the stillness with startling suddenness, instinct with anguish.

"If you have the heart of a man in your breast, for God's sake, help me!"

Twenty feet from where he stood, Roland beheld the figure of a man raised feebly on one elbow above the level of the snow. There was only just light enough to distinguish it. He approached him cautiously, with his rifle advanced, and shooting rapid glances from the prostrate figure to every clump of snow-covered herbage or inequality of ground which might afford shelter for an ambuscade.

"I am alone," the man said.

He spoke each word upon a separate sob of pain and weakness. He wore the Southern uniform, and Roland saw that one arm and one leg dragged from his body, helpless and distorted. An old sabre cut traversed his face from the cheek-bone to the temple. He looked the very genius of defeat.

"I am dying!" he panted at Roland.

The young man pulled his beard as he looked down at him, and shrugged his shoulders with a scarce perceptible gesture.

"I know," said the Southerner ; "I don't growl at that. I've let daylight into a few of your fellows in my time, and would again, if I got the chance. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to take it quiet. But I want to say something—to write something to my wife in Charlestown. Will you do that for me? It isn't much for one man to ask of another. I don't want to die and rot in this cursed wilderness without saying good-bye to her."

"You must look sharp, then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, "for I shall be called into camp in a few minutes."

He took an old letter from his pocket, and with numbed fingers began to write, at the wounded man's dictation, on its blank side.

"My darling Rose," he began.

Roland started as if stung by a snake, and bent a sudden look of questioning anger on his companion's face. The Southerner looked back at him for a moment with a look of surprise. Then his face changed.

"Jim Vickers!" said Roland.

"Roland Pearse!" cried the other ; and for a moment there was silence between them.

"Last time your name passed my lips," said Roland, slowly, "I swore to put a bullet into you on sight."

"I guess you needn't," said Vickers ; "I've got two already. Not that I'm particular to a bullet or so, only you might finish the letter first, anyhow. For God's sake, Pearse," he continued, sudden emotion conquering his dare-devil cynicism, "write the letter! It's for Rose. She won't have a cent in the world if I can't send her the news I want you to write, and she and the child will starve. I got her by a trick, I know, and a nasty trick too ; but I'd have done murder to get her. She was the only woman I ever cared a straw for, really. And she loves me, too. Shoot me, if you like ; but, for God's sake, write the letter!"

Roland bent his head over the scrap of paper again.

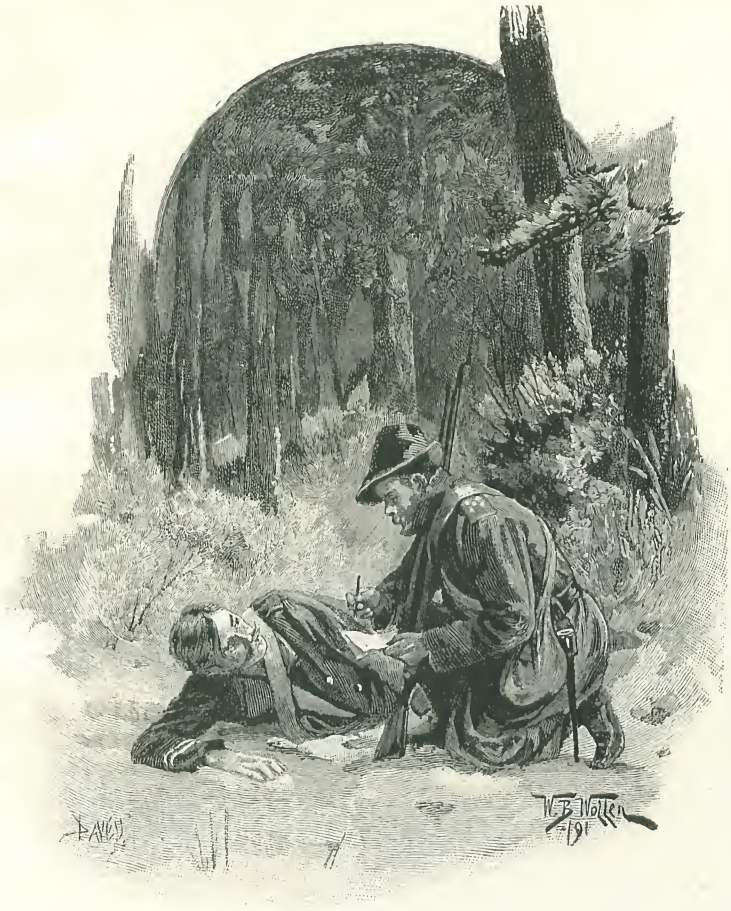
"Go on," he said hoarsely, and Vickers went on, panting out the words with an eagerness which proved the sincerity of his affection. The letter had regard to the disposition of certain sums of money for which the voucher had been destroyed by fire during the siege of Philipville two days previously. It was scarcely ended when a bugle sounded from the camp.

"That's the sentinel's recall," said Roland. "I must get in. I'll forward the letter the first chance I get."

He rose; Vickers, with a dumb agony of grateful entreaty in his face, feebly held up his left hand—the right arm was shattered. After a moment's hesitation Roland bent and took it.

"Here," he said, "take this." He dropped his flask beside him. "Keep your heart up, perhaps you ain't as bad as you *think*. I'll see if I can get help for you."

Tears started to the wounded wretch's eyes.



"GO ON," HE SAID HOARSELY.

"Rose had better have taken you, I guess," he said. Roland turned sharply away.

"I'll be back as quickly as I can," he said, and ploughed his way back into camp without a single backward glance. Coming to a large tent, the only one in the camp, roughly run up as a temporary hospital, he passed between two rows of prostrate figures, sunk in the sleep of exhaustion or tossing in agony, to where a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was bending, pipe in mouth, over the body of a patient.

"I want to speak to you when you've finished, Ned."

The surgeon nodded without raising his eyes, completed his task, ran his blood-stained fingers wearily through his hair, and turned to Roland with a yawn and a shiver.

"That's the last of 'em," he said; "I've been at it since nightfall, and I'm dead beat. Cut it short, old man; we start in an hour, and I meant to get a wink of sleep."

"I'm afraid you'll have to do without it," said Roland. "Do you remember Jim Vickers?"

"Jim Vickers?" repeated the surgeon. "Oh, yes! The man who married Rose Bishop."

Roland winced, and nodded.

"He's out there, shot in the arm and leg. Says he's dying. He didn't know me, and asked me to write a word for him to Rose—to his wife. I want you to come and have a look at him."

The surgeon shrugged, with a half yawn.

"He's a Reb, I s'pose? Haven't seen him in our crowd."

"Yes," said Roland, "but one man is pretty much the same to you as another, I reckon, and—you know Rose. You might save him."

Ned shrugged again, tossed some lint and other necessaries into a bag on the table, and they set out together. They found Vickers asleep, with the empty whisky flask lying on the snow beside him.

"He didn't recognise me," whispered Roland, "and I don't want him to."

The surgeon nodded.

There was a ruined shed at a hundred yards distance, to which they carried the wounded man, who woke and groaned as he was raised. Arrived under shelter, Ned silently betook himself to examining

"YOU MIGHT SAVE HIM."

Vickers' wounds. Arm and leg were both shattered, and three of his ribs were broken by a horse's hoof. Roland watched his friend's face, but it wore the aspect of even gravity common to the faces of men of his profession engaged at their work, and nothing was to be learned from it. His task finished, he patted his patient's shoulder, collected his tools, and left the shed. Roland followed him to the door.

"What do you think? Can he pull through?"

"He would with proper nursing and good food, not without."

"Can we take him with us?"

"No, the Colonel wouldn't hear of it. We have to join Meade at Petersburgh in two days, and we can't afford to be bothered with lame prisoners. Leave him some biscuit, and a bottle of whisky, and let him take his chance. We've done all we could."

"I *can't* leave him," said Roland.

"You've got mighty fond of him all of a sudden," said Ned, with something of a sneer.

"I'm as fond of him as I always was," answered Roland. "It's Rose."

"Well," said the other, after a moment's silence, and with the air he might have worn had he found himself forced to apply the knife to the flesh of his own child, "if you want my opinion, you shall have it. You'll do a long sight better business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And, besides, you *can't* save him. He'd take months to heal up in hospital, with every care and attention."

"Somebody might come along and give me a hand to get him to the nearest town," said Roland vaguely, but tenaciously.

"The nearest town is thirty miles away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick grey cloud. "That'll be falling in another hour. You'd be snowed up. And then—hang it all, man, I must be as mad as you are to discuss the thing at all. You don't suppose

you're going to get leave of absence to nurse a Johnny Reb."

"I might take it," said Roland.

"And be shot for desertion?"

"That's as may be. The chances are I shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must go and answer to my name, and then see if I can't drop behind."

Ned held his head in his hands as if it would else burst with the folly of his friend's idea.

"I can't stay here all day talking d—— nonsense," he said, angrily. "I'm off into camp."

He strode away, and Roland kept pace with him. He did not need his friend's assurance of the folly of the act he meditated. He quite recognised that, but it was only in the background of his thoughts, which were filled with the memory of a woman's face. How could he leave the man Rose loved, to die, while any possible effort of his might suffice to save him?

The first flakes of the coming snowstorm fell as the detachment started. It marched in very loose order, for the road was rough, the snow deep, most of the men more or less broken with wounds and fatigue, and it was known that no enemy was within sixty miles. Roland fell, little by little, to the rear, where the clumsy country waggons lumbered along full of the wounded under Ned's charge.

"YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LETTER," HE WHISPERED.

"You'll take care of the letter," he whispered, and thrust it into his friend's hand. "Good-bye; I shall fall in with the next detachment if I pull through long enough. If not——"

He nodded, and at a sudden turn of the road, here thickly surrounded by maple and hemlock, darted among the trees, and listened, with his heart in his ears, to the jingle and clatter of arms as his comrades

marched on. It died away upon the snow-laden air, and he retraced his steps to the shed with an armful of dry leaves and twigs, with which, by the sacrifice of one of his few remaining cartridges, he speedily made a blazing fire. Vickers lay quiet, watching him through half-shut lids.

"Say, Roland," he said, presently, "what sort of game is this?"

"I'm going to see if I can pull you through," said Roland, with an affectation of cheerfulness.

"You can't," said Vickers; "I heard what Ned said just now. I'm booked for the journey through, I know it. Don't you be a fool. Follow the boys, and leave me here. I'm beyond any man's help. You won't? Well, you always were a nutmeg-headed sort of creature. I never knew you have more than one idea at a time, and that one wasn't worth much, as a general thing. But this is madness, sheer, stark madness! Look at the snow! Another hour or two, and we shall be snowed up. It's just chucking a good life after a bad one. I know you ain't doing it for me. It's for Rose. Well, if it was any use, I wouldn't say no. But it isn't. I shall be a dead man in twenty-four hours at most. Nothing can save me."

"I'm just going to the wood," said Roland, taking up his gun, and speaking in a quite casual tone. "If there's any game about, this weather will drive it under cover. I'll be back presently, anyhow."

He flung some of the broken timber of the shed upon the fire, and went out.

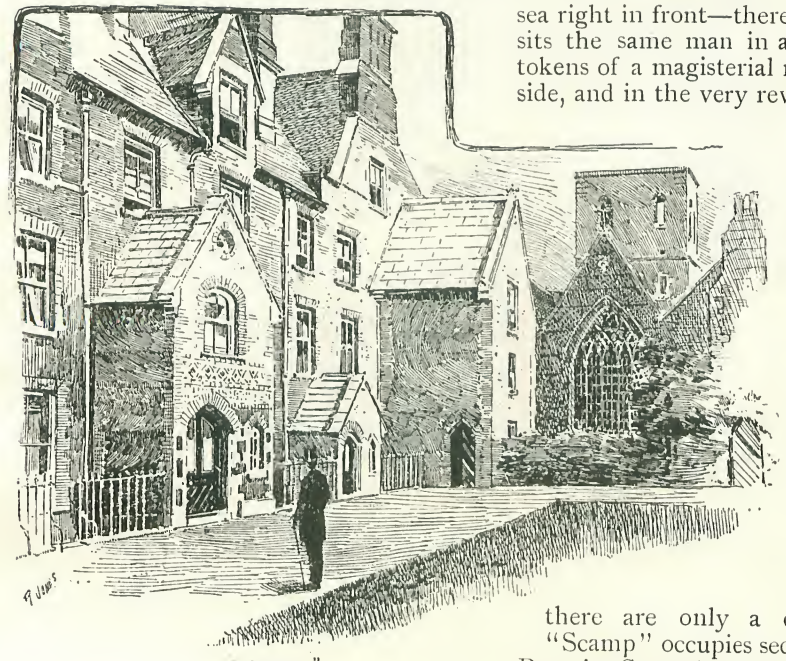
He had not taken six paces through the blinding flakes, when Vickers' voice rang out with startling loudness and suddenness, "Good-bye, Roland," and a loud report seemed to shake the crazy old hut to its foundation.

Roland ran back. Vickers was lying dead, with the firelight playing brightly on the barrel of a revolver clenched in his left hand.

Ten minutes later he was lying in a deep snow drift, and Roland was tramping through the snow on the track of his detachment.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. V.—MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C.

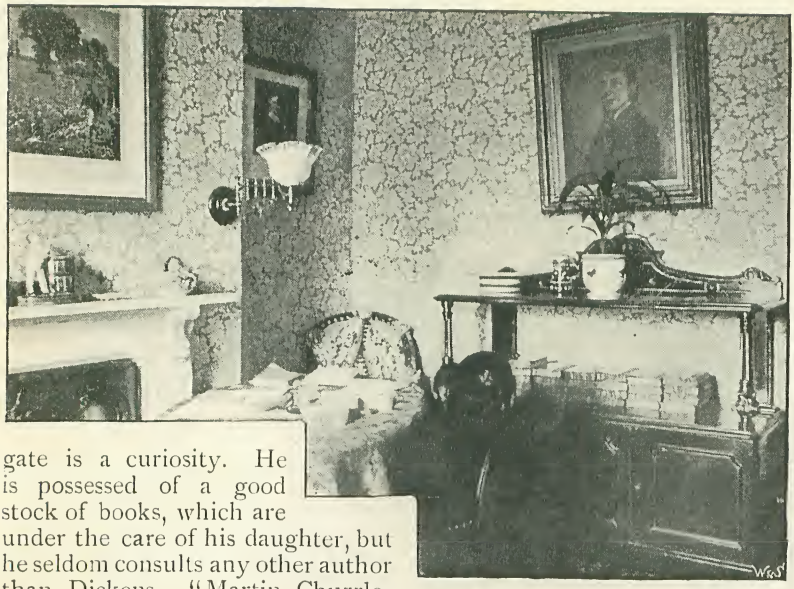


ELLERAY."

TO start the day with breakfast with Montagu Williams, and afterwards to pass every hour intervening between meals in listening to delightful anecdotes is, to say the least of it, distinctly agreeable. Such has been my recent experience. On the West Cliffs of Ramsgate stands "Elleray," the house to which probably the most popular magistrate in London is wont to run down from Saturday to Monday, after passing a busy week in the police-court. "Elleray" is situated in a far more exhilarating corner than is the armchair of Justice. In the latter, day by day, sits a frock-coated gentleman— a man who can "see through" case by case with wonderful acuteness, yet with marked kindness to those brought before him. At "Elleray" —with its great green lawn edged with countless evergreens, its blue china boxes brimming over with golden-feather, red geraniums, and tiny bluebells, with a grand bit of sea right in front—there, on a garden-seat, sits the same man in a light suit, with all tokens of a magisterial manner cast on one side, and in the very reverse frame of mind to that of "sentencing" or "fining" the individual who, with note-book in hand, occupies the other part of the seat.

Mr. Montagu Williams has his peculiarities, but they are very happy ones. For instance, he has two dogs—of the silver Skye breed. "Roy" is his favourite, and necessarily — as there are only a couple of them— "Scamp" occupies second place in favour. Roy is Scamp's uncle. Scamp's father was a beautiful creature named Tag. Poor old Tag! He was run over in Hyde Park and killed. He was buried at Richmond. It is Roy's duty to remain at Ramsgate during the week while his master is away, whilst Scamp has to do the journey to town every Monday morning, returning on the Saturday. Mr. Williams declares with emphasis that he could not live without a dog—he loves them, and they return his affection. His library at Rams-

From a Photo. by] "ROY." *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

gate is a curiosity. He is possessed of a good stock of books, which are under the care of his daughter, but he seldom consults any other author than Dickens. "Martin Chuzzlewit" is his particular fancy. Hence the library at "Elleray" consists of a complete set of the great novelist's creations, and that only. In this apartment, over "the library" shelf, is an oil painting of his wife, who died in 1877. Over the mantelpiece is an etching, Stuart Wortley's "Partridge Shooting," exhibited in the Royal Academy. It was painted under a group of trees seen in the picture, and the great turnip field is that rented from Lady Fortescue at Burnham Beeches, by Mr. Williams. In a niche is an engraving of F. Newenham's picture of John Milton at the age of twelve, a portrait group of the Harcourt Cricket Club, of which the master of "Elleray" is president, a water colour drawing of Mrs. Keeley—whose daughter Mr. Williams married—and an engraving of Cardinal Manning. Although a Protestant, Mr. Williams attended all his Eminence's receptions of thirty years ago, and was so impressed by the Cardinal's character—although the subject of religion had never been broached between them—that one day the brilliant barrister observed to the Cardinal, "Although I am not a Romanist, if the time should come when I should be in need of spiritual advice, I would send for you."

Mr. Williams is fond of racing, and when in Newmarket is a welcome visitor at Prince Soltykoff's. Hence the hat-stand in the hall takes the shape of a horse-shoe, studded with nails in the shape of brass pegs. His drawing-room has a magnificent view of the sea from the windows. The suite is upholstered in yellow satin, as are also the curtains at the windows, and the carpet on the floor harmonises. There is some grand Dresden china, and exquisite inlaid cabinets.

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

A curiosity in the way of cushions rests on the sofa. It is of black satin, with the leaves of a Virginia creeper crewelled into it—the handiwork of Mrs. Keeley. She borrowed the real leaves from Mr. Burnand's daughter, who lives near by, and during a month's visit she completed the task—a very creditable one at the age of eighty-three. Next to this room is a bedroom specially kept for Mrs. Keeley whenever she visits Ramsgate. There is not a single picture on the drawing-room walls ; just a photograph or two. Mr. Williams is much sought after as a god-father. Here are the children of his own daughter—Jessie Mary Richardson, wife of Colonel Richardson, now Colonel commanding the Nottingham Sherwood Foresters—a quartet of pretty youngsters, the little lad in Highland clothing being the magistrate's god-son. Mr. Williams also took vows at the font on behalf of little Jack Montagu, whose mother, Mrs. George Hillyard, carried off the lawn tennis championship one year, and of Cecil Montagu Ward, son of his old friend Russell, and grandson of Mrs. E. M. Ward, the celebrated artist.

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliot & Fry.*

The dining-room is agreeably comfortable. A signed "As You Like It," by Sir John Millais, and proofs before letters of Landseer's "Piper and Nut-Crackers," "Three Cubs," and "Midsummer's Night's Dream," were a present from Mr. Henry Graves, as a reminiscence of his successful prosecution in the noted case of piracy in photographing pictures. Here, too, is an extraordinary old print of Napoleon, and reproductions of the five pictures by W. P. Frith, constituting the "Race for Wealth." Mr. Williams points out in the trial scene at the Old Bailey excellent portraits of Baron Huddleston, Mr. Poland, Q.C., Sergeant Ballantine quietly reading a paper, Mr. George Lewis handing a barrister a brief, the Usher of the Court, and a striking likeness of Mr. Williams himself. Being educated at Eton, one necessarily finds on the walls T. M. Henry's trio of etchings, typical of school-life there : "Football at the Wall," "Calling Absence," and "Speeches in Upper School."

Mr. Williams is a member of the Orkney Cottage Rowing Club, some of the members of which are seen in photographs. One of their number is pointed out as Henry L. B. McCalmont, who stroked the Orkney Cottage "Four," and who, in the course of three years, comes into a fortune of between three and four millions sterling. Orkney Cottage, Taplow, is the seat of Mr. Edward Lawson. This is how Mr. Lawson got possession of this charming riverside retreat.

"About five and thirty years ago," said Mr. Williams, "I went down to Taplow with my wife, and saw the cottage—very different then—with a board up, "To let—apply to Jonathan Bond, Maidenhead Bridge." When I was at Eton during my holidays I used to play in the Maidenhead Eleven, and Jonathan Bond, a boat-builder, was a bowler in the eleven—I remember him ; he bowled 'slow lobs'—with Langton, the brewer, Dicky Lovegrove, who kept 'The Bear,' and other well-known characters. I went to Bond, and asked him about the cottage. He remembered me, and advised me not to have it, as the best of reputations did not hang over its roof. But I didn't mind, so

I bought the lease, and having no cheque-book with me, made out the cheque on a slip of paper. I returned to London with the lease in my pocket. Edward Lawson then lived in Norfolk-street, Park-lane, and on his way home called on me at Upper Brooke-street. I told him of my purchase. He immediately wanted it for his boys, thinking it would be a capital place for them to come to from Eton. I couldn't resist him, so he gave me a cheque for just what I had paid in exchange for the lease. That's how Edward Lawson became possessed of one of the prettiest places along the river."

From a Photo. by] THE SITTING-ROOM, ALDFORD STREET. *[Elliott & Fry.*

When in town Mr. Williams has a house in Aldford-street, Park-lane. The apartments are very cosy—the sitting-room a particularly inviting little corner. A pen and ink drawing by Charles Matthews is near the door. It was done whilst Mr. Williams "waited," and bears the date, July 26, 1867. Here is a picture, too, of the late Colonel Burnaby. The pair were great friends, though Mr. Williams was counsel in the Colonel's action against General Owen Williams, which, happily for the old friendship existing between them, was never tried. There are numbers of photos here—a pair of water-colours, the one of George Payne and Admiral Rous, the other of Fred Archer and Lord Falmouth. Two "Vanity Fair" sketches—one is of Douglas Straight, the present judge at Allahabad, represented with a big cigar in his mouth, the other of the magistrate himself, with a huge cigar in his hand.

My day at Ramsgate with Mr. Williams was spent for the most part in hearing hitherto unpublished anecdotes of his schoolboy days, with the noting of one or two reminiscences of his later life, and a cross-examination on a highly interesting point, which we decided, as we sat together on the garden seat, had hitherto been forgotten, namely that of how it feels to be a magistrate.

Mr. Williams is of somewhat slight build, with an eye that looks one through and through. He has a marvellous memory for dates, a wonderful faculty for telling a story, and a delightful method of doing it. He is a large-hearted man, and revels in the happy title bestowed upon him of being "the poor man's magistrate." I have watched him in Court. He is down on wife-beaters, and kindly disposed to people charged with first offences, whom he will let off if he can. The way in which he measures out justice is distinctly characteristic. He weighs the position of the delinquents in the case of a summons, and though two people may be charged with the same offence, the fine is according to their pockets. This is to be commended. I heard him fine an old lady for selling adulterated milk. He called her "a wicked old woman," and she had to pay a sovereign and costs. She had only a small trade. The next case was a similar one, but the delinquent sold twice as much milk, and forty shillings was the judgment. A man was charged with begging. He said he only wanted to get his fare to Colchester to get work there. Decision: Why should the fellow go to prison? Magistrate gave him the

fare out of own pocket, and a policeman was told off to get his railway ticket. "But if ever you come before me again—"

Mr. Williams claims Freshford, in Somersetshire, as the place of his birth, and the date thereof the 30th September, 1835. He comes of a thoroughly legal stock. He went to Eton when he was about twelve, and among his schoolfellows was Mr. F. C. Burnand. Then in a merry mood the magistrate recalls some very happy doings there.

"When I first went to Eton," he said, "I was extremely small. Whether my fellow scholars took advantage of my size or not, I cannot say, but they certainly took advantage of my hat. For some reason or other there was a kind of passion amongst the bigger boys to turn my hat into a football. No sooner had I got a new one on than it was spotted; it was off in a minute and away it went. I can assure you I have walked about the play-fields there, with my hands in my pockets, with a hat on my head—the remains of a brim and ventilated with innumerable holes—such as a tramp would despise. Whenever one wanted a new hat, you had to go to your tutor, and get an order on Devereux's. I got through scores, until at last my tutor got so sick of writing me orders, that he flatly refused to give me any more, and I am perfectly serious when I tell you that I went about Eton hatless!

"I once ventured to write my name on the time-honoured walls. The late Provost there was then master of the lower division, fifth form. Now, he had a nasty knack of pretending to be asleep, and, suddenly waking up, would catch some poor pupil doing such things as should be left undone. One day we were assembled in his little room, just off the swishing room, where Hawtrey used to administer the instrument of torture. Ah! and he had a strong arm, too. I

"A TALE OF AN ETON HAT.

thought 'Goodford' asleep. I began the inscribing of my name on the walls. But he wasn't slumbering. He woke up just as I was in the middle of it.

"'Williams,' he cried, 'write out and translate your lessons three times. Writing on the wall, eh? That will be the only way in which your name will be handed down to posterity.'

"Years passed on, and when he became Provost of Eton I met him at a cricket match between Eton and Winchester. He shook me warmly by the hand, and congratulated me on my success in life.

"'You haven't altered a bit,' he said.

"'I hope I have,' was my reply.

"'Why?' he asked. I told him his prediction of my writing on the wall. We had a good laugh, and he humorously said:

"'The fact is, Williams, I mistook your writing.'

"I shall never forget how the boys served me once. Really, the average small boy lives at a great disadvantage. It was one Sunday night, and happened during what was called 'private business.' On such occasions my tutor used to read Paley or some such work to us, and explain it. William Gifford Cooksley was my master, and he had a little country house at Farnham, some few miles away. He was late. Just behind the tutor's desk was a clock standing on top of a case some four feet from the ground, partly concealed by curtains. Now, there was just room for one small boy in that case, squeezed tight in, and some of the bigger boys had placed me there, and, to amuse themselves, were making arrows of their quill pens, my poor body being the bull's-eye. I was bearing the reception of these instruments of torture as well as possible when suddenly the tutor's step was heard in the corridor. There was no time to take me down, and the curtains were hurriedly drawn together by, I think, Whittingstall, now Major Whittingstall, very well known in coaching circles. Cooksley, the tutor, entered. There was a dead silence.

"He looked round to see if all were present.

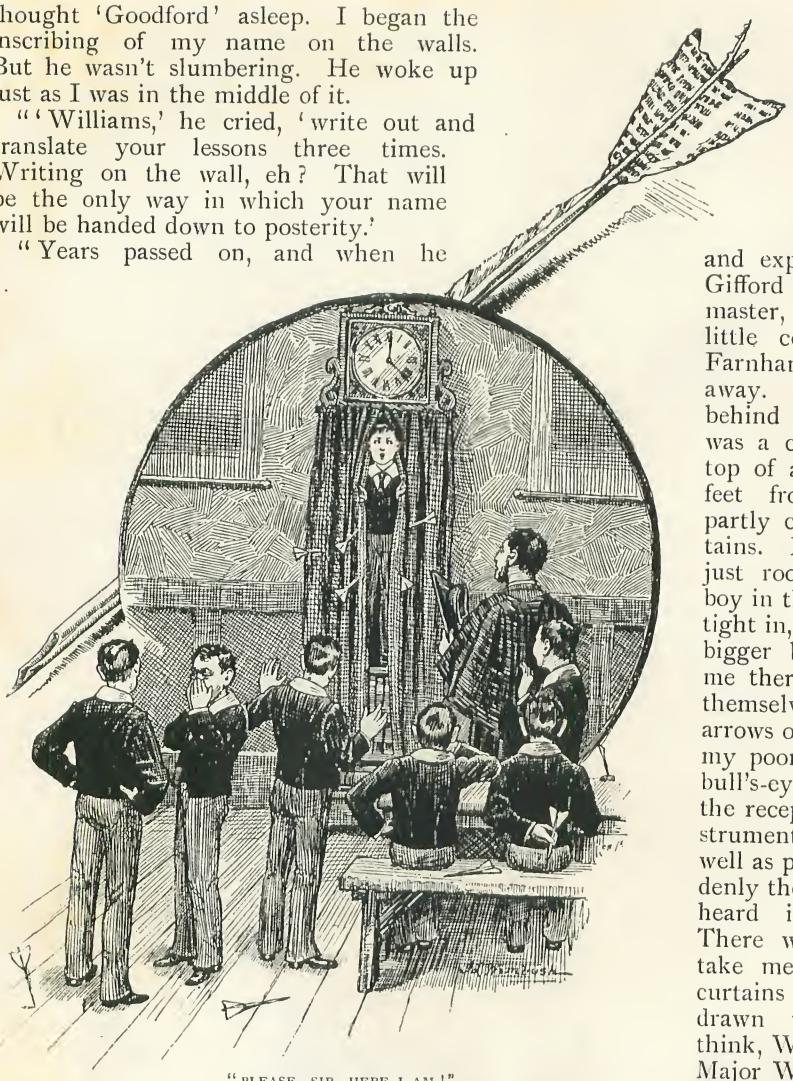
"'Where is that wretched Peccator, that miserable sinner Williams?' he thundered. Think of my feelings behind the curtains when he added, ''Pon my word, I'll have the young rascal well whipped in the morning.'

"A small voice was heard to cry, as the owner thereof drew the curtains aside:

"'Please, sir, here I am!'"

"I was lifted down, and the whole room was condemned to the ordinary punishment of a hundred lines."

From Eton Mr. Williams went as a tutor



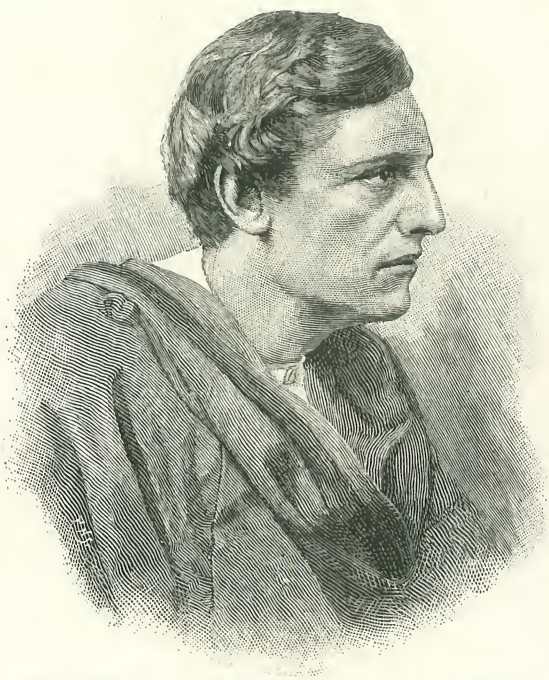
"PLEASE, SIR, HERE I AM!"

to Ipswich Grammar School, remaining there two years. Then he went into the South Lincoln Militia. At the opening of the Crimean War he got his hundred men to the line and so got a commission free in the 96th Regiment. From there he passed into the 41st Welsh Regiment, and, upon his corps being ordered to the West Indies, he resigned. "Starring" about the country as an actor was his next move, playing at Manchester, Brighton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns. It was whilst playing at Edinburgh that he met his wife—Louise Keeley, a very gifted woman. She was "starring" at Edinburgh when he arrived, and after the company had finished their week's playing she returned again. Mr. Williams had to remain behind. About ten days after seeing her he proposed, and in six weeks they were married.

"It was on the advice of Serjeant Parry that I went to the bar," he continued. "I paid my 100 guineas, and went into the chambers of Mr. Holl, a well-known barrister, and now a County Court Judge. You know how, after having been called to the bar, I turned my attention to criminal practice. I think I was successful, for in my first year I made 600 guineas. I was always considered famous at the Bar for my quickness in dealing with cases. As a magistrate to-day I have often disposed of some 70 charges at the Thames Police-court in the morning and 40 summonses in the afternoon.

"I remember once I was conducting a long firm prosecution before the Recorder. There were over a hundred witnesses to examine. I was in the midst of "polishing off" a witness, when I overheard a barrister's clerk say, 'There he goes. He's determined to finish the case to-night. He's due at Birmingham in the morning. All right! Go it! Archer up!'

"About this time I was a member of a club called 'The Kaffirs.' We used to meet every Saturday afternoon at the Café de l'Europe. Amongst the 'Kaffirs' were such men as Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, Keeley, Buckstone, Ben Webster, John Povey, Dion Boucicault and John Brougham—one of the most genial men who ever lived, and, I firmly believe, the author of 'London Assurance.' This was thirty years ago. Rejlander, a well-known photographer in those days, was a member, and it was a set rule of the club that all 'Kaffirs' should be photographed by him.



From a Photo. by] "A MODERN CATO." *[Rejlander.*

"I went to him one afternoon. He took me in several positions, when suddenly he turned to me and said, 'You've got the head of a Roman. Here, take off your collar.' I did so. Then he seized the cloth off the table and threw it round me in the form of a toga. I stood for my picture. When it was printed he handed it to me and said, 'You'll never beat that as a modern Cato!'" Mr. Williams handed me the original photograph with his permission to reproduce it in these pages.

Mr. Williams tells in his "Leaves of a Life" the sad reason why he had to retire from his labours at the bar; how that whilst in the midst of his speech on behalf of a prisoner he felt his voice going, never actually to return; how that a small piece of flesh was taken from his throat, and after analysis the decision was that he could live only two or three months. An operation alone might save him—an operation rarely successfully performed. But it was successful in his case, his life was saved, but it was questionable if ever he would regain his voice. When asked, one morning,

by Sir James Paget, to try and speak, the first words he said were, "Gentlemen of the jury." After a long rest he subsequently became a metropolitan magistrate. It was on his experience as such that we talked for a long time.

"The position of a magistrate is agreeable enough," he said, "but it is very monotonous, and has its drawbacks. If you happen to be in the East End of London, your day is generally very depressing. Let me give you a day in the life of a magistrate. You arrive at the court at about ten or half-past, and the first thing you have to do is to see lunatics—not a very inspiriting beginning to the labours of the day.

"And then commences the ordinary business of the day. The first thing you do is to hear applications, and they are certain to be upon every possible complaint under which the poor suffer. They are of a very miscellaneous character. All the home troubles and wants are poured into the magisterial ear. I conceived the notion shortly after I became a magistrate that it was very unfair that these poor people's troubles should become public property, so I arranged that they should be heard before the ordinary visitors were admitted; and instead of sitting on the seat of Justice, as my colleagues do, I have an armchair brought out into the body of the court, where I give to all the use of my attention in private.

"Some of these applications are very trivial. It was only the other morning I was addressed by an angry mother, accompanied by her little girl, who complained that a boy had assaulted her child. Whilst listening to her, a man stepped up with a boy about the same age as the girl. 'My boy has a complaint, sir. She struck him first. I want a summons.' I asked the boy who struck the first blow. He said, 'She hit me first, sir,' and on questioning the girl she admitted this. I then interrogated her as to what was the cause. She replied, 'He called me names.' 'Well, what did he call you?' I asked. 'He cried out, sir, as loud as he could, "There goes Danger on the Line."' Now I was perfectly stumped as to what was the meaning of 'Danger on the Line,' so asked the mother if she could interpret these mysterious words to me. 'Oh,' she said, 'yes, sir, all the boys say that to my little girl; she suffers very much from cold, and has a very red nose from always rubbing it.'

"I think it was very hard on the poor little girl's highly-coloured nasal organ, but I told the mother it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. They left the Court in a more Christian-like spirit, and I have no doubt that in five minutes the father of the boy and the mother of the girl were having a friendly glass in the nearest public-house. I might mention that there is always a public-house next door or near to a police-court.

"With regard to the East End of London, the people there have great respect for a magistrate, and, as a rule, go away perfectly satisfied with the way in which their case has been dealt with, knowing that though they may often have to suffer, justice has been done.

"Then, after the hearing of these varied applications, and their name is legion, the charges are heard; and at the East End on a Monday and Tuesday, at the Thames and Worship-street police-courts, they are very heavy. You seldom get fewer than thirty or forty cases of drunkenness and disorderlies, and, perhaps, a score more cases of offences arising therefrom. These statistics principally apply to Monday and Tuesday, for as the wages are spent the cases perceptibly diminish. There is no mistake about what is the cause of nearly all the crime of the East End of London. The curse of all is drink, and I must say that the wives are often worse than the husbands. The woman often makes the first start towards breaking up the home whilst the husband is away at work. She forsakes her children and domestic cares for the bar of a ginshop, to drink with a friend, generally another female. There she passes most of the day, and when the greater portion of the husband's earnings, which in most cases is given bountifully, are spent, she goes and goes again to the pawnshop, until at last, in a state of despair, the husband, at the sacrifice of all he has in the world, thinks the publichouse not such a bad place after all, and nine men out of ten go after the wife.

"The next step in this fatal downfall is the East End lodging-house, and when once an honest working-man gets there, then comes the beginning of the end.

"At the conclusion of the charges the remands are taken, and then after a brief interval for luncheon the magistrate hears the summonses for the day. These are very varied. School-board, Excise, Revenue, removals of nuisances, sanitary, assaults, threats, wages, in fact almost every subject

under the sun, and by the time these are exhausted so is the magistrate."

Mr. Montagu Williams has recently accepted the magisterial chair at the Marylebone police-court, in succession to the late Mr. Partridge. Referring to his connection with Worship-street and the Thames police-court, he said :—"I was extremely fond of the East End of London. I admire so much the heroic fortitude with which the poor bear misfortunes, and as I said the other day when leaving them, it was a great wrench for me to go. But under the present system it means one long, long grind of work, and, yielding to the solicitations of friends who take far more interest in me than I do myself, I determined to take a West End Court where the labour is so much lighter. The principal reason for this was that under the present system the leading magistrate of a district never sits out of his own Court ; in consequence, as junior magistrate of Worship-street I had to do all the out-door work, and for four months before my change I had been sitting five days, sometimes in three or four different Courts, a week.

"These Courts were situated miles from my house, and miles from one another. There was the Thames at Stepney, Worship-street at Finsbury-square, North London at Dalston, and Clerkenwell at King's-cross. So you can easily imagine the greater part of one's life was spent on the road. Another great drawback is that of one magistrate hearing one bit of a case, another a second, and a third finishing it.

"It has been said that two more magistrates are essential, and I think I can suggest a very easy way to the Treasury to bring this about. It is absurd to think that London in 1891 is the same as in 1821. Districts are changed, some have diminished, others greatly increased. What is needed is the re-carving out of the map of London. It would not involve the expense of the erection of new Courts, old Courts should do as they are. All that would be required would be somebody who thoroughly understands the district, say some magistrate who has sat at all, re-dividing up the boundaries. This seems to me a very economical and simple plan.

"I should just like to say that I take the greatest possible interest in the people of the East End of London. It has been said that the poor there have lost a friend. But such is not the case. If at any period when times are harder than they are at present, and I think that is a matter of impossibility, they are in need, I should be ready to aid and assist them, not as a magistrate but as a private friend. I intend to keep myself in touch with the missionary of the Court.

"During the three years of my life at the East End my poor-box was the largest in the metropolis, and the friends who helped me during that time will, I am perfectly certain, answer again to any appeal on behalf of the good people of the East End."

HARRY HOW.

From a Photo. by] MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Fairy Dust

A Story for Children

From the French of George Sand.

"IN MY LITTLE GARDEN."

A LONG time ago—a very long time—I was young, and often heard people complain of a troublesome little creature who made her way in by the window, after she had been driven out at the door. She was so light and so tiny that she might have been said to float rather than to walk, and my parents compared her to a little fairy. The servants detested her, and sent her flying with their dusting brushes; but they had no sooner dislodged her from one resting-place than she re-appeared at another.

She was always dressed in a slatternly trailing grey gown, and a sort of veil which the least breath of wind sent whirling about her head with its yellowish dishevelled locks.

Seeing her so persecuted made me take pity on her, and I willingly allowed her to rest herself in my little garden, though she oppressed my flowers a great deal. I talked with her, but without ever being able to draw from her a single word of common sense. She wished to touch everything, saying she was doing no harm. I got scolded for tolerating her, and when I had allowed her to come too near me, I was sent to wash myself and change my clothes, and was even threatened with being called by her name.

It was such a bad name that I dreaded it greatly. She was so dirty that some said she slept on the sweepings of the houses and streets; and that that was why she was called Fairy Dust.

"Why are you so dirty?" I asked her, one day, when she wanted to kiss me.

"You are a stupid to be afraid of me," she answered, laughingly; "you belong to me, and resemble me more than you think. But you are a child, the slave of ignorance, and I should waste my time by trying to make you understand."

"Come," I said, "you seem inclined to talk sense at last. Explain to me what you have just said."

"I can't talk to you here," she replied. "I have too much to say to you, and, as soon as I settle down in any part of your house I am brushed away with contempt; but, if you wish to know who I am, call me three times to-night as soon as you fall asleep."

That said, she hurried away, uttering a hearty laugh, and I seemed to see her dissolve into a mist of gold, reddened by the setting sun.

When I was in bed that night I thought of her just as I was going to sleep.

"I've dreamed all that," I said to myself, "or else that little old creature is a mad thing. How can I possibly call her when I am asleep?"

I fell off to sleep, and presently dreamed that I called her; I am not sure that I did not even call to her aloud, three times, "Fairy Dust! Fairy Dust! Fairy Dust!"

At the same moment I was transported into an immense garden, in the midst of which stood an enchanted palace, and on the threshold of this marvellous dwelling stood awaiting me a lady resplendent with youth and beauty, dressed in magnificent festal clothes.

THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

I flew to her, and she kissed me, saying—

"Well, do you recognise Fairy Dust!"

"No, not in the least, madame," I

answered, "and I think you must be making fun of me."

"I am not making fun of you at all," she replied, "but as you are not able to understand what I say to you, I am going to show you a sight which will appear strange, and which I will make as brief as possible. Follow me!"

She led me into the most beautiful part of her residence. It was a little limpid lake, resembling a green diamond set in a ring of flowers, in which were sporting fish of all hues of orange and cornelian, Chinese amber-coloured carp, black and white swans, exotic ducks decked in jewels, and, at the bottom, pearl and purple shells, bright-coloured aquatic salamanders; in short, a world of living wonders, gliding and plunging above a bed of silvery sand, on which were growing all sorts of water-plants, one more charming than another. Around this vast basin were ranged in several circles a colonnade of porphyry, with alabaster capitals. The entablature was made of the most precious minerals, and almost disappeared under a growth of clematis, jessamine, briony and honeysuckle, amid which a thousand birds made their nests. Roses of all tints and all scents were reflected in the water as well as the porphyry columns and the beautiful statues of Parian marble placed under the arcades. In the midst of the basin a fountain threw a thousand jets of diamonds and pearls.

The bottom of the architectural amphitheatre opened upon flower-beds shaded by giant trees, loaded to their summits with blossoms and fruit, their branches interlaced with trailing vines, forming above the porphyry colonnade a colonnade of verdure and flowers.

There the Fairy made me seat myself with her at the entrance to a grotto, whence there issued a melodious cascade, flowing over fresh moss sparkling with diamond drops of water.

"All that you see there is my work," she said to me; "all that is made of dust. It is by the shaking of my gown in the clouds that I have furnished all the materials of this paradise. My friend Fire, who threw them into the air, has taken them back to re-cook them, to crystallise or compact them, after which my servant Wind took them about with him amid the moisture and electricity of the clouds, and then cast them upon the earth; this wide plain has then arisen from my fecund substance, and rain has made sands and grass of it, after having made rocks into porphyries, marbles, and metals of all sorts."

I listened without understanding, and I thought that the Fairy was continuing to mystify me. How she could have made the earth out of dust still passes my comprehension; that she could have made marble and granites and other minerals merely by shaking the skirt of her gown, I could not believe. But I did not dare to contradict her, though I turned involuntarily towards her to see whether she was speaking seriously of such an absurdity.

What was my surprise to find she was no longer behind me! but I heard her voice, seemingly coming from under the ground, calling me. At the same time I also passed under ground without being able to resist, and found myself in a terrible place where all was fire and flame. I had heard tell of the infernal region; I thought that was it. Lights, red, blue, green, white, violet—now pale, now swelling, replaced daylight, and, if the sun penetrated to this place, the vapours which arose from the furnace made it wholly invisible.

Formidable sounds, sharp hisses, explosions, claps of thunder, filled this clouded cavern in which I felt myself enclosed. In the midst of all this I perceived little Fairy Dust, who had gone back to her dirty colourless dress. She came and went, working, pushing, piling, clutching, pouring out I know not what acids; in a word, giving herself up to an incomprehensible labour.

"Don't be afraid," she said to me, in a voice that rose above the deafening noises of this Tartarus. "You are here in my laboratory. Don't you know anything about machinery?"

"Nothing at all," I shouted, "and I don't want to learn about it in such a place as this."

"Yes, you wanted to know, and you must resign yourself to me. It is very pleasant to live on the surface of the earth, with flowers, birds, and domesticated animals, to bathe in still waters, to eat nice-tasting fruits, to walk upon carpets of greensward and daisies. You imagined that life has always existed in that way, under such blessed conditions. It is time you should learn something about the beginning of things, and of the power of Fairy Dust, your grandmother, your mother, and your nurse."

As she spoke the little creature made me roll with her into the depths of the abysm,

through devouring flames, frightful explosions, acrid black smoke, metals in fusion, lavas vomiting hideously, and all the terrors of volcanic eruption.

"These are my furnaces," she said, "the underground where my provisions elaborate themselves. You see, it is a good place for a mind disencumbered of the shell called a body. You have left yours in your bed, and your mind alone is with me. So you may touch and clutch primary matter. You are ignorant of chemistry; you do not yet know of what this matter is made, nor by what mysterious operation what appears here under the aspect of solid bodies come from a gaseous body which has shone in space, first as a nebula and later as a beaming sun. You are a child; I cannot initiate you into the great secrets of creation, and there is a long time yet to be passed before your professors themselves will know them. But I can show you the products of my culinary art. All here is somewhat confused for you. Let us mount a stage. Hold the ladder, and follow me."

"WHAT DISH ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF THAT?"

A ladder, of which I could not perceive either the bottom or the top, stood before us. I followed the Fairy, and found myself in darkness, but I then noticed that she herself was wholly luminous and radiant as a torch. I then observed enormous deposits of oozy paste, blocks of whitish crystal and immense waves of black and shining vitreous matter, which the Fairy took up and crumbled between her fingers; then she piled the crystal in little heaps, and mixed all with the moist paste, and placed the whole on what she was pleased to call a gentle fire.

"What dish are you going to make of that?" I asked.

"A dish necessary to your poor little existence," she replied. "I am making granite,—that is to say, with dust I make the hardest and most resisting of stones: it needs that to enclose Cocytus and Phlegethon. I make also various mixtures of the same elements. Here is what is shown to you under barbarous names—gneiss, the quartzes, the talcs, the micas, *et cetera*. Of all that which comes from my dust, I, later on, make other dusts with new elements, which will then be slates, sand, and gravel. I am skilful and patient; I pulverise unceasingly to reagglomerate. Is not flour the basis of all cakes? At the present time I imprison my furnaces, contriving for them some necessary vents, so that they may not burst. We will go above and see what is going on. If you are tired, you may take a nap, for it will take me a little to accomplish what I am going to do."

I lost all consciousness of time, and when the Fairy waked me:

"You have been sleeping a pretty considerable number of ages!" she said.

"How many, Madame Fairy?"

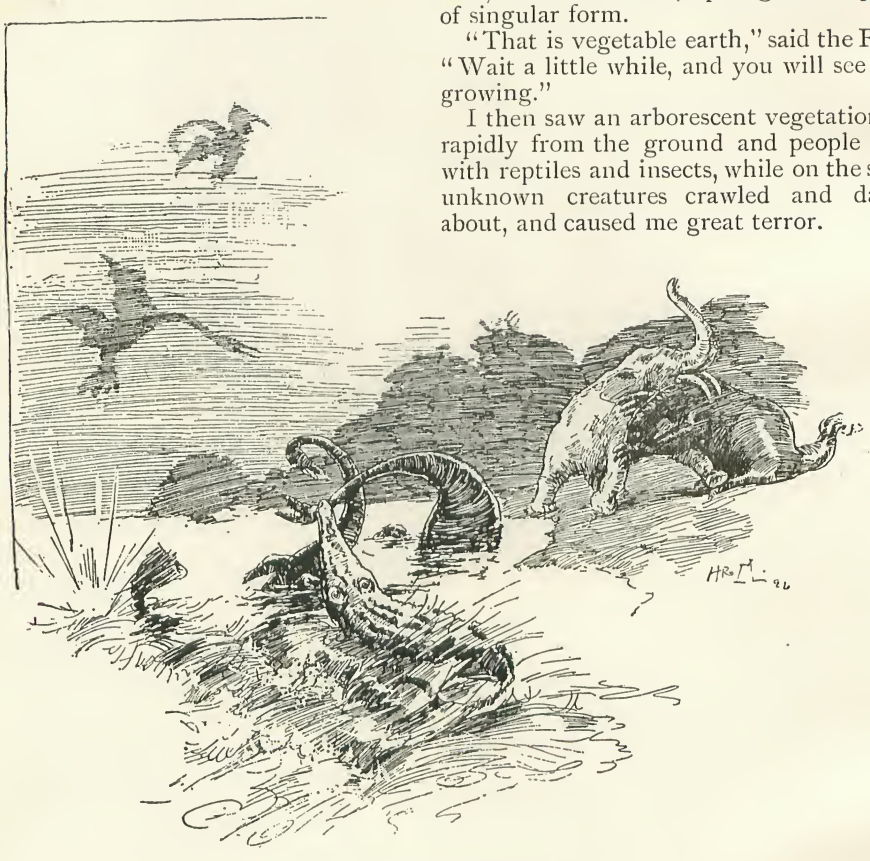
"You must ask that of your professors," she replied, laughingly. "Let us go on up the ladder."

She made me mount several stages through divers deposits, where I saw her manipulate the rust of metals, of which she made chalk, marl, clay, slate, jasper; and, as I questioned her as to the origin of metals:

"You want to know a great deal about it," she said. "Your inquirers may explain

many phenomena by fire and water ; but could they know what was passing between earth and heaven when all my dust, cast by wind from the abyss, has formed solid clouds, which clouds of water have rolled in their stormy whirl, which thunder has penetrated with its mysterious loadstone, and which the stronger winds have thrown upon a terrestrial surface in torrential rains ? There is the origin of the first deposits. You are going to witness these marvellous transformations."

We mounted higher, and came to chalks, marbles, and banks of limestone enough to build a city as big as the entire globe.



"A WORLD OF MONSTERS."

And as I was wondering at what she was able to produce by sifting, agglomerating, metamorphosing, and baking, she said to me :

"All that is nothing ; you are going to see a great deal more than that—you are going to see life, already hatched in the middle of these stones."

She approached a basin wide as a sea, and, plunging her arms into it, drew from it—first, strange plants, then animals, stranger still, which were as yet half plants ; then beings, free and independent of one another, living shells ; then, at last, fish, which she made leap, saying as she did so :

"That's what Dame Dust knows how to produce, when she pleases, at the bottom of water. But there's something better than that. Turn round and look at the shore."

I turned. The calcar and all its components, mixed with flint and clay, had formed on the surface a fine brown and rich dust, out of which had sprung fibrous plants of singular form.

"That is vegetable earth," said the Fairy. "Wait a little while, and you will see trees growing."

I then saw an arborescent vegetation rise rapidly from the ground and people itself with reptiles and insects, while on the shore unknown creatures crawled and darted about, and caused me great terror.

"These animals will not alarm you on the earth of the future," said the Fairy. "They are destined to manure it with their remains. There are not yet any human beings here to fear them."

"Hold !" I cried ; "here is a world of monsters that shock me ! Here is your earth belonging to these devouring crea-

tures who live upon one another. Do you need all these massacres and all these stupidities to make us a muck-heap? I can understand their not being good for anything else, but I can't understand a creation so rich in animated forms to do nothing and to leave nothing worth anything behind it."

"Manure is something, if it is not everything; the conditions it will create will be favourable to different beings who will succeed those on which you are looking."

"And which will disappear in their turn, I know that. I know that creation will go on improving itself up to the creation of Man—at least, that is, I think, what I have been told. But I had not pictured to myself this prodigality of life and destruction, which terrifies me and fills me with repugnance; these hideous forms, these gigantic amphibia, these monstrous crocodiles, and all these crawling or swimming beasts which seem to live only to use their teeth and devour one another."

My indignation highly amused Fairy Dust.

"Matter is matter," she replied, "it is always logical in its operations. The human mind is not—and you have proved it—you who live by eating charming birds, and a crowd of creatures more beautiful and intelligent than these. Have I to teach you that there is no production possible without permanent destruction, and would you like to reverse the order of nature?"

"Yes, I would—I should like that all should go well from the first day. If Nature is a great fairy she might have done without all these abominable experiments, and made a world in which we should all have been angels, living by mind only, in the bosom of an unchangeable and always beautiful creation."

"The great fairy Nature has higher views," replied Dame Dust. "She does not intend to stop at the things of which you know. She is always at work and inventing. For her, for whom there is no such thing as the suspension of life, rest would be death. If things did not change the work of the King of the Genii would be ended, and this king, who is incessant and supreme activity, would end with his work. The world which you see, and to which you will return presently when your vision of the past has faded away, this world of man, which you think is better than that of the ancient animals, this world with which you yet are not satisfied, since you wish to live eternally in a pure spiritual condition, this poor planet, still in a state of infancy, is destined to transform itself infinitely. The future will make of you all—feeble human creatures that you are—fairies and genii possessing science, reason, and goodness. You have seen what I have shown to you, that these first drafts of life, representing simply instinct, are nearer to you than you are to that which will some day be the reign of mind in the earth which you inhabit. The occupants of that future world will then have the right to despise you, as you now despise the world of the great saurians."

"Oh! if that is so," I replied, "if all that I have seen of the past will make me think the better of the future, let me see more that is new."

"And, above all," said the Fairy, "don't let us too much despise the past, for fear of committing the ingratitude of despising the present. When the great Spirit of life used the materials which furnished it, it did marvels from the first day. Look at the eyes of this monster which your learned men have called the ichthyosaurus."

"They are as large as my head, and frighten me."

"They are very superior to yours. They are at once long and short-sighted at will. They see prey at great distances as with a telescope, and when it is quite near, by a simple change of action, they see it perfectly at its true distance without needing spectacles. At that moment of creation nature had but one purpose: to make a thinking animal. It gave to this creature organs marvellously appropriate to its wants. Don't you think it made a very pretty beginning—are you not struck by it? In this way it will proceed from better to better, with all the beings which are to succeed those you now see. Those which appear to you poor, ugly, pitiful, are yet prodigies of adaptation to the place in the midst of which they have manifested themselves."

"And, like the others, they think of nothing but eating!"

"Of what would you have them think? The earth has no wish to be admired. The sky, which exists to-day and for ever, will continue to exist without the aspirations and prayers of tiny living creatures adding anything to the splendour and majesty of its laws. The fairy of your little planet, no doubt, knows the great First Cause; but if she is ordered to make a being who shall

perceive or guess that Cause, it will be in obedience to the law of time—that law of which you can form no idea, because you live too short a space to appreciate its operations. You think those operations slow, yet they are carried on with a bewildering rapidity. I will free your mind from its natural weakness, and show you in rotation the results of innumerable centuries. Look, and don't cavil any more, but profit by my kindness to you."

I felt that the Fairy was right, and I looked, with all my eyes, at the succession of aspects of the earth. I saw the birth and death of vegetables and of animals become more and more vigorous from instinct, and more and more agreeable or imposing in form. In proportion as the ground decked itself with productions more nearly resembling those of our days, the inhabitants of this widespread garden, in which great accidents were incessantly transforming, appeared to become less eager to destroy each other, and more careful of their progeny. I saw them construct dwelling-places for the use of their families, and exhibit attachment for localities, so much so that, from moment to moment, I saw a world fade away, and a new world arise in its place, like the changing of the scenes in a fairy-play.

"THE FAIRY HAD AGAIN BECOME YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.

"Rest awhile," the Fairy said to me, "for, without suspecting it, you have traversed a good many thousands of centuries, and Mr. Man is going to be born when the reign of Mr. Monkey has been completed."

I once more fell asleep, quite overcome by fatigue, and when I awoke I found myself in the midst of a grand hall in the palace of the Fairy, who had again become young, beautiful, and splendidly dressed.

"You see all these charming things, and all this charming company?" she said to me. "Well, my child, all that is *dust!* These walls of porphyry and marble are dust, molecules kneaded and roasted to a turn. These buildings of cut stone are the dust of lime or of granite, brought about by the same process. These crystal lustres are fine sand baked by the hands of men in imitation of the work of Nature. These porcelain and china articles are the powder of feldtspar, the kaolin of which the Chinese have taught us the use. These diamonds in which the dancers are decked is coal-dust crystallised. These pearls are phosphate of lime which the oyster exudes into its shell. Gold and all the metals have no other origin than the assemblage, well heaped, well melted, well heated, and well cooled, of infinitesimal molecules. These beautiful vegetables, these flesh-coloured roses, these stainless lilies, these gardenias which embalm the air, are born of dust which I prepared for them; and these people who dance and smile at the sound of those musical instruments, these living creatures *par excellence*, who are called persons, they also—don't be offended—are born of me, and will be returned to me."

As she said that, the hall and the palace disappeared. I found myself with the Fairy in a field of corn. She stooped, and picked up a stone in which there was a shell encrusted.

"There," she said, "in a fossil state is a

being which I showed you in the earliest ages of life. What is it now ?—phosphate of lime. Reducing it to dust, people make manure of it for land that is too flinty. You see, Man is beginning to understand one thing—that the master to study is Nature."

She crumbled the shell into powder, and scattered it on the cultivated soil, saying :

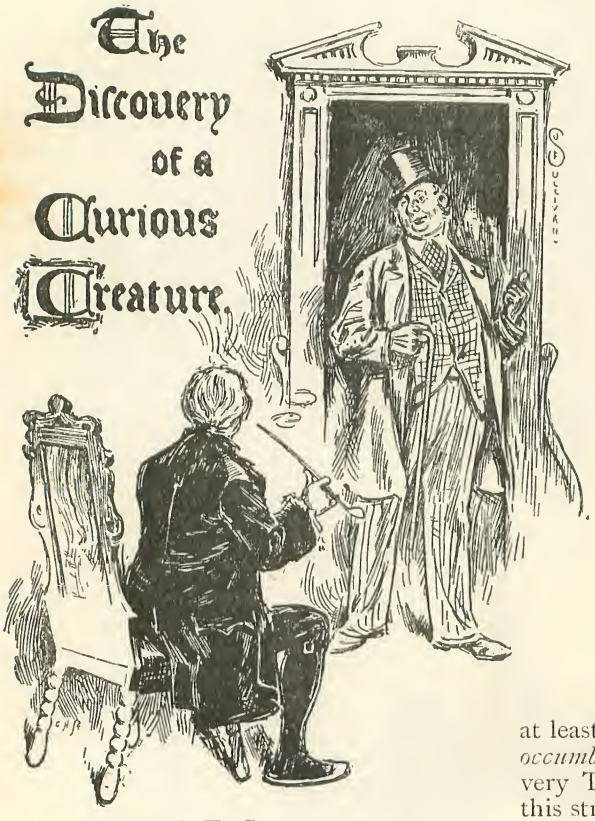
" This will come back to my kitchen. I spread destruction to make the germ spring. It is so of all dusts, whether they be plants, animals, or persons. They are death, after having been life, and there is nothing sad in it, since, thanks to me, they always begin again to live after having been dead. Farewell ! You greatly admired my ball dress : here is a piece of it, which you may examine at your leisure."

All disappeared, and, when I opened my eyes, I found myself in my bed. The sun had risen, and sent a bright ray towards me. I looked for the piece of stuff which the Fairy had put into my hand : it was nothing but a little heap of dust ; but my mind was still under the charm of the dream, and it gave to my senses the power of distinguishing the smallest atom of this dust.

I was filled with wonderment. There was everything in it : air, water, sun, gold, diamonds, ashes, the pollen of flowers, shells, pearls, the dust of butterflies' wings, of thread, of wax, of iron, of wood, and of many microscopic bodies ; but in the midst of this mixture of imperceptible refuse, I saw fermenting I know not what life of undistinguishable beings, that appeared to be trying to fix themselves to something, to hatch or to transform themselves, all confounded in a golden mist, or in the roseate rays of the rising sun.

" SHE STOOPED AND PICKED UP A STONE."

The Discovery of a Curious Creature.



By J. F. Sullivan.

ὁ ἥρως μὲν ἐν τῷ ὀδόντι κοιλῷ εὑρίσκει.
Works of Grammarian, *Book I.*

Mark how th' undaunted hero hastes to tear
The lurking quarry from its cavernous lair.
Translation.

I WILL offer no Apology for quoting the above beautiful Words, in View of their notable Aptness to the Subject which I am now to treat.

One Morning lately, as I sat a-musing upon the Worthiness of the good Knight Sir Ogre, who should break in upon me but a certain Fellow of my Acquaintance that has a most acute Nose for the Smelling out of such Things as may be amazing, eccentric, or curious; insomuch so that (seeing his Discoveries have often provided me with the Subject of entertaining Speculations) I hold it in nowise an Impertinence to introduce to my Reader that which this Discoverer introduced to me.

"You shall know," said he, "that I am come to carry you to a Creature of a very curious Interest that I have but now discovered; to wit, a Comic Artist"; whereat I fear me I grimaced upon him with no small Incredulity as on one that would be putting some Pleasantry upon me; whereupon (being most hugely diverted) "Zounds!" said he, "out upon your gaping and glaring, for I had as well spoken of the Sea-Serpent."

"Why," said I, "had you done so, I had been as near taking you seriously, seeing one mythological Monster is as likely a Thing as another."

But perceiving that it was the Humour of this Fellow that I should attend him, I set out with him; yet not without first selecting a stout oaken Plant in the Case this Creature should prove of a dangerous or ferocious Disposition; being, if not *fidens animi*, at least *in utrumque paratus*; either *certæ occumbere morti*, or to safely "contrive this very Thing"—to wit, the Unearthing of this strange Monster.

I was still casting about in my Mind what Manner of Pleasantry my Friend would be making with me; for in no Wise had I ever Conceived that a Being so outrageous

"SELECTING A STOUT OAKEN PLANT."

as your Comic Artist might in Truth exist in the Flesh, being contrary to that proper Orderliness of Things that Nature is ever for observing in her Works.

I had indeed observed at Times a certain perverse Kind of Illustrations that kept Company with Words of a Sort of problematical Humour and inconsiderable Trifling; yet I had been of a Persuasion that this Kind of Art was but an unintentional Lapse of the Draughtsman from the correct Delineation that he would be making.

Judge then of my Surprise when my Acquaintance solemnly assured me that he did but speak in very Seriousness, and that we should presently stand in the Presence of the Creature above-mentioned; at which

"AND RAPPED UPON A GRIMY DOOR."

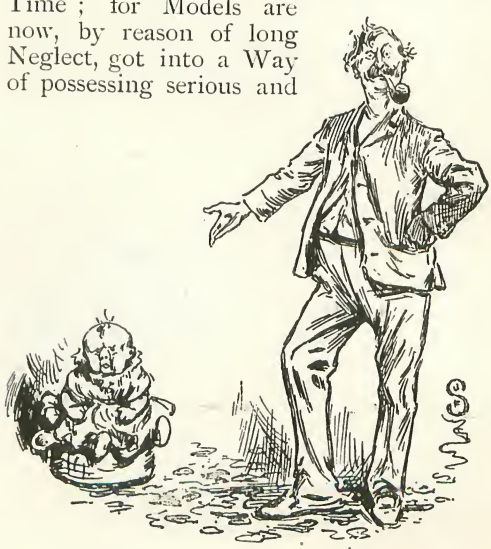
I made much Haste to tuck up the Skirts of my Coat and to prepare myself how best I might for this Encounter; "for," thought I, "if this be truly no actual strange Beast like to set upon us savagely, yet at the least it must be some Outcast which it were well not to touch!"

We now mounted several Flights of creaky Stairs and rapped upon a grimy Door, whereat I had like to turn Tail and run away, had not my Friend detained me; and, the Door being at this Time thrown open, I was for the Moment reassured at perceiving within no more terrible Being than a Person of most ordinary Aspect; and, on my asking with some Trepidation at what Moment we might look for the Comic Artist, I was told that this was he; whereon I was mightily comforted.

I was now plunged in a great Amazement by my Reflections, among these being how this curious Creature should possess the Means of a Subsistence, seeing that as it was not to be lightly credited that any should pay him Wages for his Trick of Buffoonery, neither was it to be expected that he should be of an Aspect like to an ordinary Person, nor eat the same Food; while here he was smoking a Pipe, and that in so ordinary a Manner that none might distinguish him from a Human Being!

"I would have you know," said he, "that I am possessed by a most huge Desire for the Advancement and Improving of the great Art of which I am an unworthy Practiser; insomuch that, to this End, I have matured a most notable Scheme for an Academy of Comic Art, which I do not" (he added modestly) "propose shall take Precedence over our present Royal Academy, but shall work Side by Side with it upon a Basis of Equality. Among the chiefest Elements of my Academy" (he continued) "there should be a Comic Art Training School (being an Institution which I have touched upon in a recent Article upon this Subject). You must know that this School would be for the right Training as well of the Public, as also of the Artists and their Models, to the End that each Class might be fitted for the nice Conduct and Understanding of this great Art.

"Let us consider, then, the Department for the supply of Comic Models, seeing these are a Thing most urgently needed yet by no means to be obtained at this Time; for Models are now, by reason of long Neglect, got into a Way of possessing serious and



"ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING INFANTS."

"PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE MODEL COME."

natural Outlines and an Aspect wanting in those humorous Departures from the natural Construction of the Human Frame which, though indeed in Accordance with serious Draughtsmanship, are ever at Variance with the true Principle and Instinct of Comic Art.

"Let us consider first," he continued, "my training School for Models; for is it not, alas! owing to the Want of these that our Art is presently in so decayed a Condition? I would be choosing my Models from among the most promising Infants that could be hit upon, that is to say, that promised to be of a humorous Aspect; and, by the means of a most ingenious Machinery of my own inventing, I would so encourage in their Persons those Efforts towards Humour which Dame Nature would be for making, as to fit them the more completely to carry out her Intentions. For I hold that, as Nature is often inclined toward a genial Humour and Pleasantry intended for the Delight and Comfort of Mankind; so are her efforts most sadly thwarted by a perverse striving in all Men after a Regularity and Normality of Form which was never intended.

FELIS LEO HERALDICUS IN HIS NATIVE JUNGLE.

"Therefore, finding an Infant of a notable development of Nose, I would, by the Use of augmentative Ointments, developing Moulds, and other cunning Inventions contrived by myself, so foster the first Effort of Nature that the Infant should, on arriving at Maturity, possess an Organ of a Size equal to its Head, or even of its whole Body. Picture to yourself how well-fitted such a Being would be, as well to fulfil the Requirements of the Comic Artist, as to minister to the Amusement, and therefore greater Happiness, of the Public!

"In Time," he proceeded, "and after a few Generations, my Academy would possess, by reason of this Treatment, a Staff of Models of the most humorous Aspect; some having Heads an hundred times as large as their Trunks (such as are seen in Pantomimes); and some being quite Flat, like a Sheet of Paper; while others would have developed most comical Tails, Web-Feet, Ears that resembled Wings, and many other most humorous Appendages.

"Nor would I confine my Attentions to the human Frame; for, even as Nature has purposed that a certain Vein of genial Pleasantry shall run through all her Works, equally I would strive to assist her in this her Intent by the extending of my Scheme to the Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, and to Landscape; so that I would have most laughable Lions and Griffins, having Tails that should develop into Scrolls and fantastic Leaves, such as are presently limned by the Heralds' College; which indeed is, in a fashion, a School of Comic Art itself, save that it does not go far enough in its carrying out of Nature's Plan.

"I am in truth of an earnest Opinion that a Menagerie filled with such Beasts as I have suggested would infuse into the Public a very intense overpowering Interest; even as it would in like Wise help in the restoring of that national Merriment and Hilarity which have been undermined and destroyed by long Continuance of our dismal Climate.

"As touching that Department of my Academy which should deal with the Education of the Public in the true Appreciation of Humour, I am of a very hopeful Persuasion, in that I hold it but necessary to shut them out from all Sight and Knowledge of our aforesaid dismal Climate, at the same time bringing them in familiar Contact with the Productions of our School, to bring about the desired End."

Having finished in his addressing to us this Discourse, the worthy Man was at some Pains to persuade us to drop a few Coppers into an old Hat which he kept by him for the Reception of Subscriptions towards the Cost of starting his projected Scheme; whereat we, being in too great Haste to plead a sudden Engagement elsewhere, and making hurriedly for the Stairs, by great good Fortune escaped a headlong Tumble, and so pell-mell into the Street.

I fell, in my Walk Home, into a profound exhaustive Speculation upon the Scheme of this ingenious Fellow; in the Outcome of which I became of a most pronounced Conviction that great Detriment would accrue to the Nation if it should be carried out; for it seemed to me that the Appreciation of Humour must involve so huge and radical a Change in the mental Constitution of my Countrymen as would be like to seriously endanger the Stability of the Constitution.

With a Purpose of establishing or rectifying this my Surmise for the satisfying of myself, I presently propounded to a

THE COMIC MODEL SITTING.

Fellow-Countrymen that happened to pass by the following Queries:—

"Do you perceive the Humour of rendering Necessaries more costly by means of Strikes?—the subtile Absurdity of being at so great Pains to provide a healthy Atmosphere for those that make chaotic Laws at St. Stephen's, while suffocating and freezing the Judges that try to decipher them in the High Courts?—the Mirth-provoking Pleasantry of permitting Billingsgate to

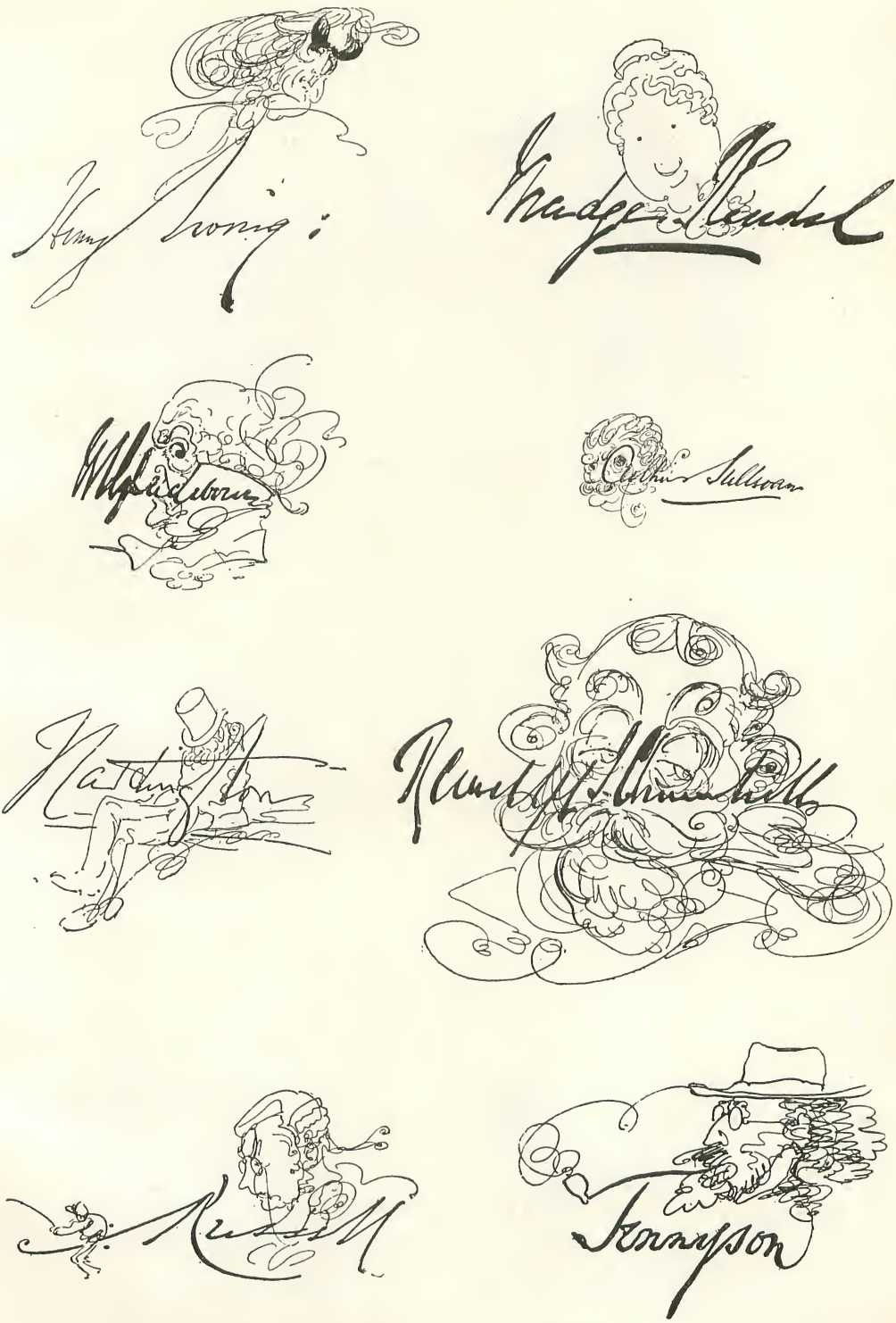
THE COMIC MODEL, HIS SON, AND DOG TRUDGING TO WORK.

deprive London of Fish?—the grotesque Insanity of our wild Rush of Juggernaut Fire-Engines through crowded Streets?—the hilarious Jocosity of a Coinage with its Values unindicated upon it?—in short, the Comicality of most of your Institutions?"

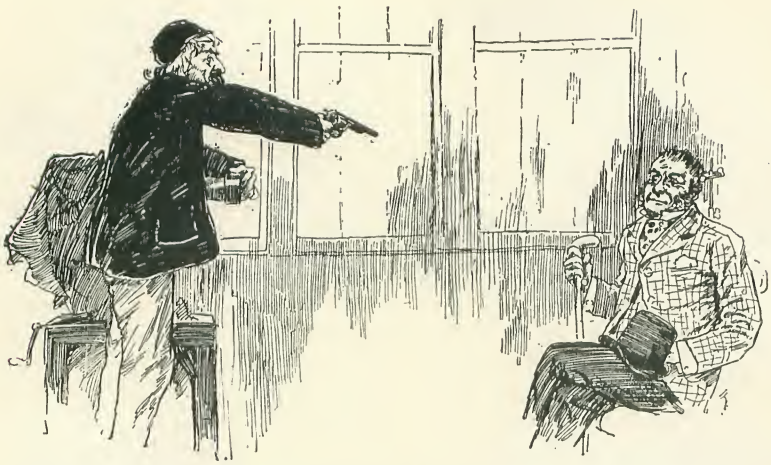
When I had made an End, the Fellow-Countryman fell to shaking his Head hopelessly; by Reason of which I am most firmly convinced that I need have no Manner of Misgiving on the Score of the great Change I have alluded to; seeing that the Change is too great to be anyway brought about.

With which most comforting Reflection I shall beg Leave to close the present Speculation.

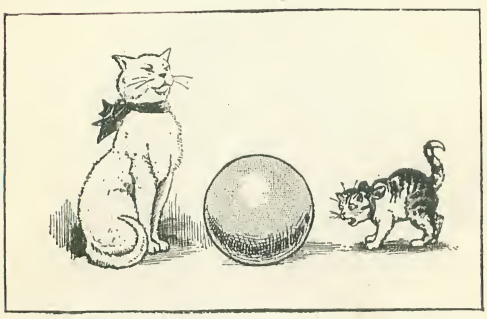
"DO YOU PERCEIVE THE HUMOUR?"



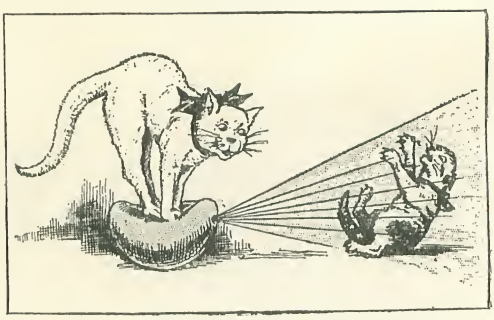
PORTRAIT SIGNATURES.



PHOTOGRAPHER (FRESH FROM THE FAR WEST): "MY REPUTATION IS AT STAKE. JUST LOOK PLEASANT, OR——"



"WHAT IS INSIDE, MOTHER?"



"WIND, MY SON, WIND!"

HE THINKS HE HAS GOT THE COW.

AN HOUR AFTER: HE THINKS THE COW HAS GOT HIM.

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. VI.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

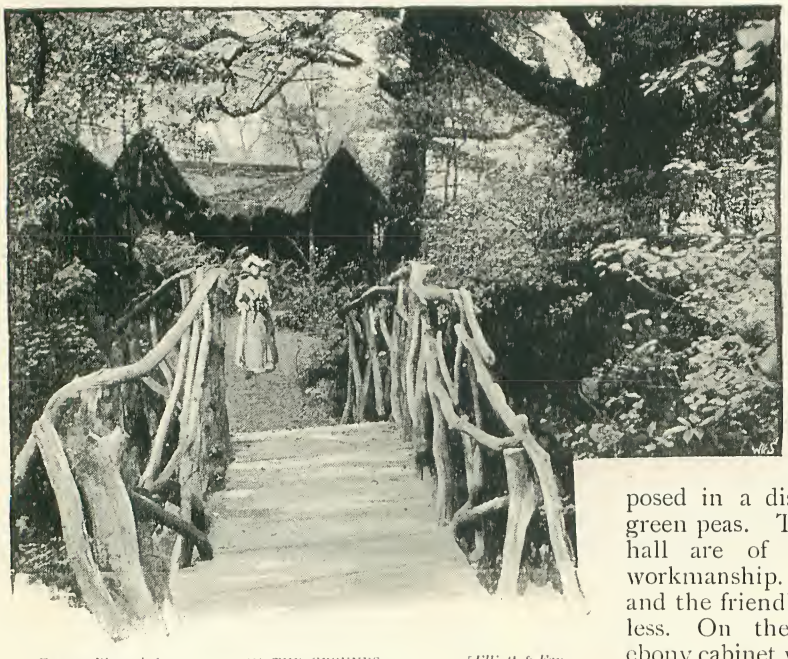
From a Photo. by] THE ELMS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

A MERRY Christmas! A merry, merry Christmas! Sir Augustus Harris enters at the happiest period of the year. His name is positively seasonable; at Christmas he is as inseparable from pantomime as the pudding is from the table on the five-and-twentieth day of this month. After spending a considerable time with this veritable Crichton amongst theatrical managers, wandering about Covent Garden and Old Drury, and watching the elaborate preparations for pantomime, one's pen seems to run away on the heartiest of best wishes ever expressed in a trio of words—A Merry Christmas!

I had much trouble in catching Sir Augustus. He is one of the six busiest men in London. Our long interview together was held in all sorts and conditions of places; over the breakfast table at his delightful home at "The Elms," Regent's Park, on the slopes of Primrose Hill; at the theatre, whilst he was buying rich and rare brocades, testing somebody's voice at Covent Garden, or sampling another's terpsichorean capabilities in the *foyer* of Drury Lane. And in all this the ex-Sheriff of London has a wonderful faculty. He can watch a couple of youngsters merrily trip a minuet, and give you at the same time unquestionable facts and figures. He seems to revel in transacting a dozen things at one and the same time, and comes through all successfully.

In appearance Sir Augustus is of medium height, stoutly built, and never at a loss for a smile. He is partially bald, but, as he declares, the hard work associated with management is sufficient to make any man lose his hair. No man has a keener eye than he; no man can scent a bargain quicker. He will bid for a voice one moment, and a

hundred guineas for some exquisite lace to put on a chorus singer's costume the next. At Regent's Park, where he lives with his wife and only child—Florence Nellie—a pretty little lady of eight summers, and the proud possessor of every animal pet imaginable, with a couple of tiny rabbits as particular favourites—he has a charming home. It seems to be right away from the world. To reach the house one passes up a long and leafy avenue, a glorious stretch of elms, about half way up which is St. Stephen's Church. The gates



From a Photo. by] IN THE GROUNDS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

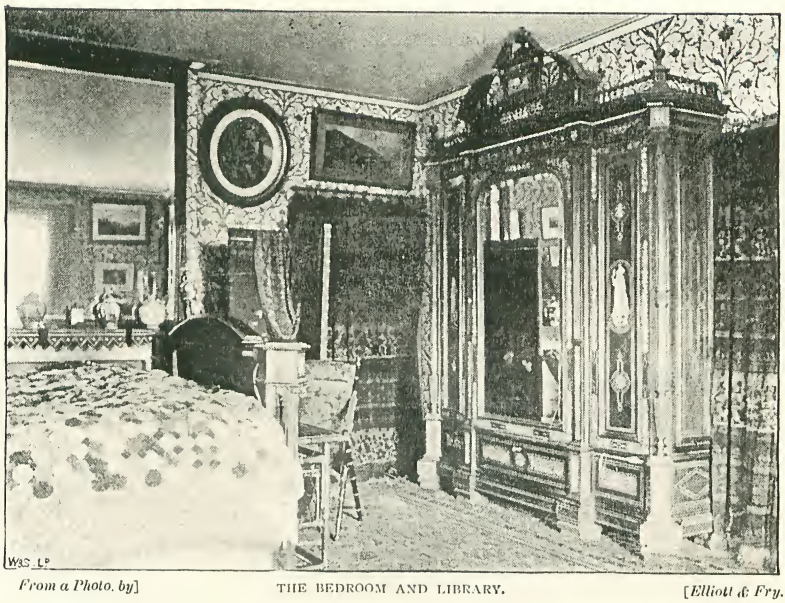
of "The Elms" are immediately in front. A few more steps and you are on the grand lawn in front of the house where Mario and Grisi once lived. Before entering the porch, over which the Virginia creeper is hanging, just stay to admire the pretty nooks about the grounds, with its delightful rustic summer-houses and quaint bridges, under which the ducks are swimming. The goat, Nan—the tiny chaise is near at hand—is making friends with Nelly, a St. Bernard with a coat to be envied, in a corner of the stable; and here, running along one side of the church, is the kitchen garden: in the midst of the rows of scarlet-runners and beds of potatoes stands a huge bust of Victor Hugo, which was brought from the National Theatre. There are numbers of old-fashioned thatched out-buildings—years ago a farm stood here, and the dairy and bake-house still remain as mementoes; indeed, this very spot was once known as Primrose Farm.

The entrance hall is crowded with pictures of operatic stars and theatrical celebrities, City magnates, men eminent in the world of art and letters, and many portraits of the master of the house in the various characters in which he has appeared, an autographed picture of the late General Boulanger, and close by the hall-stand a portrait group in which a fine duck has a corner. She was a pretty creature—one of little Florrie's pets—and would with the greatest alacrity sit on a chair to table. She would even accompany the cat for a stroll up the Avenue-road. This led to her loss. One day she disappeared, and has not been seen since—probably, long ere this, she has posed in a dish surrounded with green peas. The hangings in the hall are of exquisite Japanese workmanship. Walk up the stairs and the friendly photos are countless. On the landing is a fine ebony cabinet with numerous nicknacks, amongst which is a great silver-plated stick, engraved with signs fearful and wonderful—the magic wand of Professor Anderson, rescued from amongst the *débris* after the great fire at Covent Garden.

Just at hand is a photograph of a group of the members of the Drury Lane Fund at their annual friendly gathering at Burnham Beeches, with a few of their friends, amongst whom were Mr. Willard, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Harry Nichols, and Mr. Fred Latham. Another position was suggested. "Very well," said Augustus Harris; "Right about face!"—and everyone turned his back on the camera and was so taken.

Leading off from this landing is the bedroom. It is practically a workroom. In the bookcases are every conceivable work

on costumes of every period and country. Whilst running through a volume, a pretty combination in colours strikes Sir Augustus, and he jots it down for the coming pantomime. A hundred reference books are glanced through. I run over the pages containing the original score of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," which cost £200; and then, over an early cup of coffee, we turn over leaf after leaf of one of many volumes of odd cuttings of intense interest. Here is a letter from Lefroy, confessing his guilt. Lefroy, it seems, used to occupy his time in prison by writing such letters to prominent individuals. Then we come to many interesting pages in the family history. Sir Augustus's grandmother was Madam Elizabeth Ferron, the famous opera singer, who popularised the opera, "No song—no supper." We read through her engagement agreement—she was getting £30 a week in 1828 at the Royal English Opera House, now the Lyceum Theatre, and soon afterwards £40 a night at Drury Lane—at that time considered a big salary. On the next page is the engagement of Donata, the famous one-legged dancer, who danced himself to death; and the telegram announcing the burning of Covent Garden Theatre on March 5, 1856.



From a Photo. by] THE BEDROOM AND LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The bedroom suite—a work of art—is of walnut, inlaid with red tortoiseshell and ivory, and exquisitely engraved. Hanging to a convenient post at the head are telegram forms, slips of paper, and pencil. If the master of the house has an idea in the middle of the night, paper and pencil are handy. On a small table is a huge cut-glass bottle of what looks like smelling-salts.

"The finest remedy for headache in the world," says Sir Augustus. "It is Dr. Lennox Browne's recipe, and is simply lumps of carbonate of ammonia steeped in eau-de-Cologne."

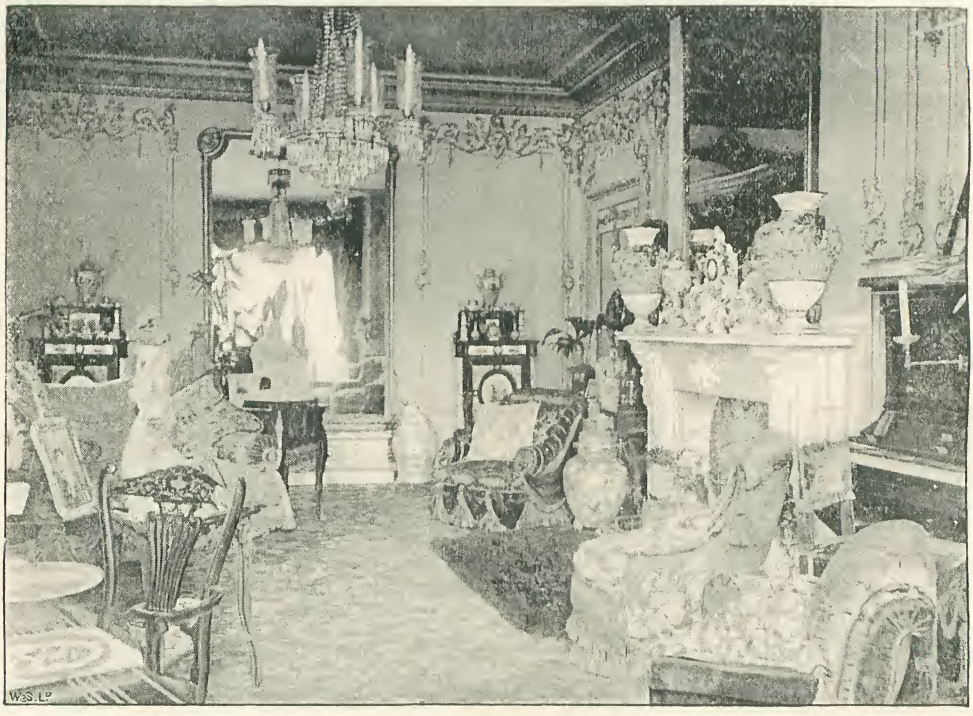
In a corner is the safe. Hey, presto! and I have in my hand the gold snuff-box studded with diamonds which he received on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit.

The two rooms next to the bedroom are not without interest. The first apartment is devoted to a score of testimonials, framed, and the various patents granted to him—among others, the approval of Her Majesty to his election as Sheriff, and the patent of a fact which will be new to many, namely, that of the knighthood conferred on him by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, ten years ago. The room adjoining this has a great cabinet containing all the sketches of past Drury Lane pantomimes, from the earliest time of the Dykwynkyn *régime*, and on a table near the window numbers of silver mementoes, one of which is a substantial silver snuff-box, presented by the renowned E. T. Smith to E. L. Blanchard, and afterwards passed on by his widow to Augustus Harris.

Downstairs a room is devoted to the storage of nearly every opera produced for the last eighty years, including the collection of his grandmother and father. On the wall hangs "The Glossop" pedigree, for Sir Augustus Harris's real name is Glossop, and Harris a *nom de théâtre*, originally assumed by his father. The pedigree starts from 1624, and it shows that nearly all the male members of the Glossop family for two centuries have been clergymen.

The drawing-room is a delightful apartment, and opens out into a conservatory, where is a wealth of fuchsias, lilies, azaleas, palms, and ferns. The walls are of cream delicately picked out in gold. Dresden china crowds the marble mantelboard and every nook, save for an occasional rarity in Japanese ware. Many portraits are here, and the little daughter is to be seen in no end of positions as chronicled by the camera—here with one of her pets, and in another in the costume of the "Queen of Hearts," as she

Lady Harris—a most charming woman—joins us, and we enter the dining-room, with its fine bronzes, and sideboard overweighted with silver flagons and tankards, salvers, and other choice examples of the silversmith's art presented to Sir Augustus by the members of his various companies. Many interesting oil paintings adorn the walls, including one, by Cecil M. Round, of Lady Harris, with her little girl in a blue frock and white hood rushing to her side. Another is an exceptionally clever work by W. L. Wyllie, painted in 1882. Two fine busts of



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

appeared at a recent Mansion House ball. Just then she bounds into the room and plays a small operatic air for our enjoyment. She is caught up by her father.

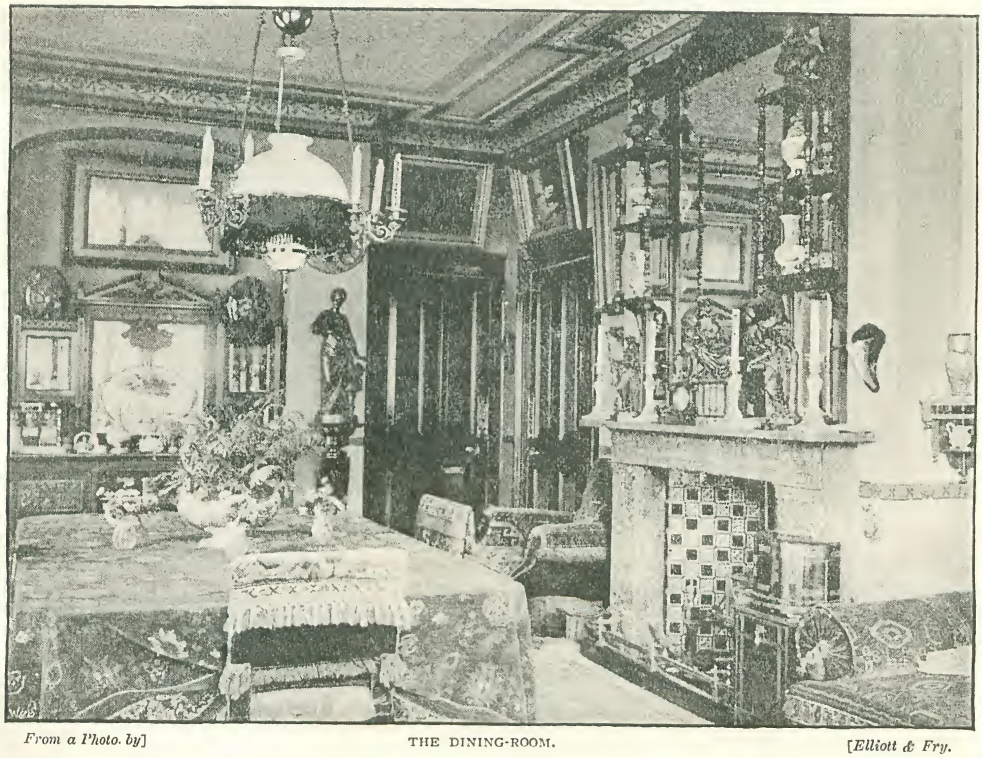
"This child has so many pets," he says, "that I am thinking of charging 6d. to anybody who wants to come and see them. Do you know, this place is often taken for the Zoo by strangers on their way to that popular resort? Only the other day a couple of boys walked up the path. 'We've got 'em, sir,' one said. 'What?' I asked. 'The tickets to admit us.' 'Where to—"The Elms?"' 'No, sir; the Zoo!' 'Bottom of the road and the first gate you come to!' I directed them."

Aunt Chloe and Uncle Tom occupy a position near the window, and everybody wants to know why Lady Harris puts an old straw hat on Uncle Tom. It is part of the modelling, but is so realistic as to cheat the eye. Then, all in a happy mood, we breakfast together, and a few minutes later I am seated by Sir Augustus Harris's side driving down to the theatre.

That drive—round Regent's Park, down Portland-place, and through the busy traffic of Regent-street—resulted in the story of many interesting incidents in his remarkable career. No man has worked harder than he, and he frankly admits that he has made his greatest successes out of the

very efforts of his enemies. He was manager of the National Theatre at twenty-seven, and ten years later had the two great patent theatres under his sole control.

"I was born in Paris, March 18, 1852—to-day I go to Paris as often as I go over Waterloo-bridge. I was brought to England shortly after. At the age of ten, I started as stage manager, author, and my own scenic artist—as *impresario* of a large model stage. I worried my father into giving it to me. It was some seven feet high, fitted up for me in a large room used as a laundry, at the back of the stables, and here I would perform 'The Miller and his Men,' and similar sensational plays to a very select audience. My efforts, however, soon led me into an original groove, and I really believe this early practice was of great service to me in after life. There was a big fire scene in 'The Miller,' and my anxiety to get realism even at that early age resulted in my having an explosion. I nearly blew the



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

laundry roof off one day, and shattered the nerves of my audience for a considerable period.

"Another incident in my early life which I always look back upon with astonishment, took place at school at Turnham Green. The boys were getting up a charade, just before the Christmas holidays. Some dresses were required, amongst others a clown's costume. My father had this made for me. The charade was a success, and the dress was put away in my play-box to take home. Now I fear I must tell you that as a youth I made up my mind never to be unjustly sat upon. Shortly after the charade, my master punished me for an offence of which I was not guilty, and sent me out of the room. I smarted under this very considerably, and determined to be even with him, and at the same time give my schoolfellows a bit of good fun. All was still, when suddenly the door opened, and I bounded into the room in the clowns' costume with a shout of 'Here we are again!' You can imagine what the result was, and no doubt I deserved it.

"At the age of thirteen I went to a college in Paris, where I remained some four or five years. From there I went to Hanover to learn German, and finally came to London, where I became treasurer to my father at Covent Garden theatre. Still I wanted to go into a commercial life, and,

through the influence of a great silk merchant, was allowed to study raw silk at the St. Katherine Docks, with the intention of going out to Japan. Day by day I went to learn the Chinese "chops," and to see every sample of silk that came into the London market. I was, however, offered the post of foreign correspondent at Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co., the financiers of Lothbury—a firm with branches in every great financial centre. I cast off the silk, and went in for finance. I remained there three years, and then accepted a much better position in Paris. I had only been in Paris about a month when my father died. Old John Ryder was in Paris. I consulted him, and he, after trying my histrionic capabilities, advised me to take to the stage. I went to Manchester to play *Malcolm* in 'Macbeth,' at the Royal. Then to Liverpool. There I had the hardest fortnight I have ever had in my life. I got the large sum of £2 a week to study twelve parts in a fortnight—which I had to do with the aid of strong tea to drink, and wet towels round my head to keep me awake.

From a Photo. by] SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Then I came across Mapleson, who appointed me stage manager for his Italian Opera Company. I was with him until he went to America.

"It was whilst with Mapleson that I met that grand artiste, Titiens. Poor Titiens! She might almost be said to have died in harness. Her first serious attack was at Portsmouth. She was playing *Leonora* in 'Il Trovatore,' and at the end of the opera she is supposed to fall dead. The curtain was rung down. She was found to be suffering terribly. She was a slave to her duty, and that night had performed every note before giving way. She underwent a series of operations, but all of no avail. She only played one night more, and then died. She was a brilliant artist, but she was never thoroughly appreciated to the full extent of her genius.

"Then I played in 'Pink Dominoes' for 500 nights. I produced pantomimes at the Crystal Palace in partnership with Charles Wyndham; and, being out of an engagement, went to see my friend Edgar Bruce, who was going to open the Royalty.

"'Do you want a treasurer?' I asked.

"'No,' came the answer.

"'A manager?'

"'No.'

"'A stage manager?'

"'No.'

"'An acting manager?'

"'No.'

"The 'Noes' had it, and I retired. However, I returned to the charge, and he engaged me as acting manager. I soon found myself also performing the duties of stage manager, treasurer, author, actor, all rolled into one. Bruce went to Egypt, leaving me in absolute charge of the theatre.

"About this time Drury Lane was advertised 'To let.' There was 'Drury Lane to Let' right in front of me. Why shouldn't I take it? Fortune seemed to favour me, and a gentleman of position and fortune said he would find the money. I applied for the theatre, and, though my youthful appearance stood terribly in the way, still, after weeks of anxious negotiations, I was accepted as tenant, and was asked for a deposit

of £1,000. I went to my friend, and he was *non est.* What was to be done? The money had to be found! I made up my mind not to be beaten, and I wasn't, for on the appointed day I paid the deposit, much to the satisfaction of the lawyers of my landlord, and to the surprise of my own. 'The World' was really my first great success, and from that day I have never looked back.

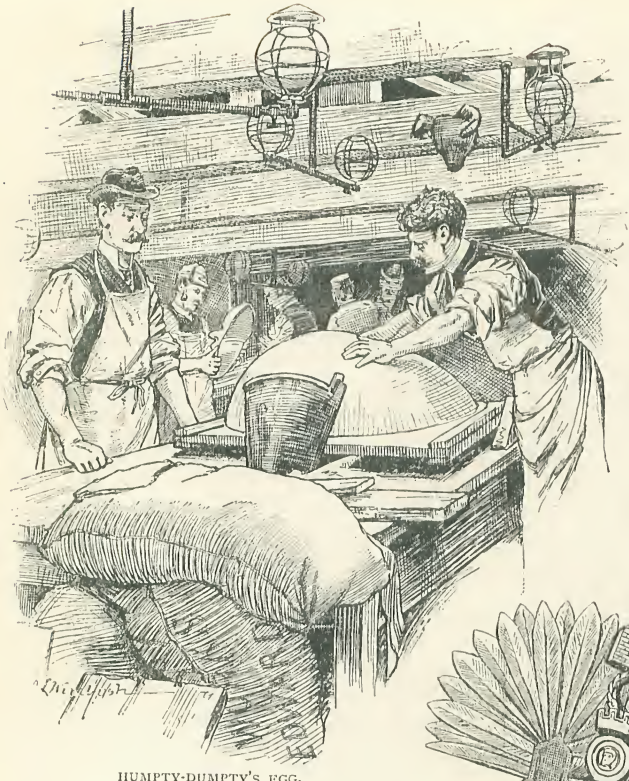
"There is a romantic side to the story. Soon after the death of Mr. Rendle, who helped me to open the old theatre, I married his daughter. We were married at 8 o'clock in the morning at St. Luke's, and I shall never forget poor Harry Jackson spreading the report that I was to be married at such and such a church at 11 o'clock, a joke he practised day by day on a number of people for over a fortnight, and in one instance hundreds of people assembled at Hanover-square to witness the ceremony, and in another quite a select party of well-known actors specially went to a quiet little church in the North of London on a similar fruitless errand."

From a Photo. by] LADY HARRIS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

As Sir Augustus laughed heartily at this little incident, we had reached Covent Garden Theatre. We stayed there for a moment to see the wardrobe, unrivalled for its beauty by any opera-house in the world. There are rooms filled with costumes—they hang up in the great cupboards wrapped in tissue paper, for all the world like so many hams. They are numbered up in hundreds —shoes, stockings, dress, belt, hat, gloves, all corresponding, a large proportion of the handsomest dresses being the personal property of Sir Augustus; the remaining part has been accumulating here for over forty years, and one comes across dresses once worn by the great Mario, and now allotted to a member of the chorus. The dresses cost from a few pounds to a hundred guineas apiece. In some instances two hundred has been paid.

"I have spent £15,000 on dresses this year for the opera alone," said Sir Augustus, taking up the delicate dress worn by Miss Eames as *Desdemona*, and pointing out its marvellous workmanship. "*Romeo* is the most expensive opera I have ever dressed; but as it always draws such enormous houses, and as I have purchased all rights in it for the British Empire, I could afford to be extravagant, and I have been.

"Gounod, when asked which opera he liked best, 'Faust' or 'Romeo,' replied: 'When I wrote "Faust" I was younger, when I wrote "Romeo" I was older.' Last opera season about balanced itself. The accountant's books show a return of £80,819. But the expenses of the artists were so great that little or nothing was left, but I wished the season should be a memorable one, and live in the recollection of those who appreciate true art, and I am perfectly content. There would have been a large profit had it not been for the influenza and the financial



HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S EGG.

crisis, which took away all the Stock Exchange men. When a man comes to the opera, you know that he is doing good business. As Rothschild said, 'Good business in the City means a good opera season.'

"It might interest you to know that the night the German Emperor visited Covent Garden Theatre the house was worth £5,658. His box alone cost £1,000 to decorate. When, in the Jubilee year, I determined to try Italian Opera somebody remarked to me 'It's dead.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'I'll either revive it or give it a decent burial.' I did revive it, but it cost me £16,000 in six weeks. However, the next year opera was living and in a healthier state than ever, and I got my money back and had done something in the cause of art.

And now for the home of pantomime — for old Drury Lane. We crossed Bow-street together, and entered through the great portals which lead into the theatre. It is a marvellous place; you can pass through fifty rooms and find another score awaiting your inspection. As for the staircases, they are positively a Chinese puzzle to the uninitiated. These are times of merriment, days when the happy laughter of the little ones ring to the roof of the theatre at the fun and frolic of the pantomime. We

MOULDING MASKS.

DRYING.

want to know all about it—what it costs, how it is produced—and Sir Augustus Harris is in possession of the key of knowledge.

"What does it cost?" he cries. "There

WIRING MASKS.

TOUCHING UP THE GROG BLOSSOM.

are my books." He turns over page after page in a great book. "A pantomime costs from £16,000 to £20,000 for dresses, scenery, &c. A big procession costs from £5,000 to £6,000. A good principal boy means £60 to £100 a week, a troupe of acrobats £70 or more, a first-class clown £30 or £40, and a sprightly dancer £30 to £50. Then there are many other salaries of £45, £30, £25, £10 a week each, whilst the ballet averages out at 30s. a week, with extra for mornings. More salaries, for the week: Carpenters, £191 3s. 3d.; property men, £129 12s. 6d.; gas and electric light men, £26 3s. 8d.; limelight men, £26 9s. 6d.; wardrobe, dressers, and others, £111 4s. 10d.; paint-room artist, £334 10s. 11d.; orchestra, £160 a week."

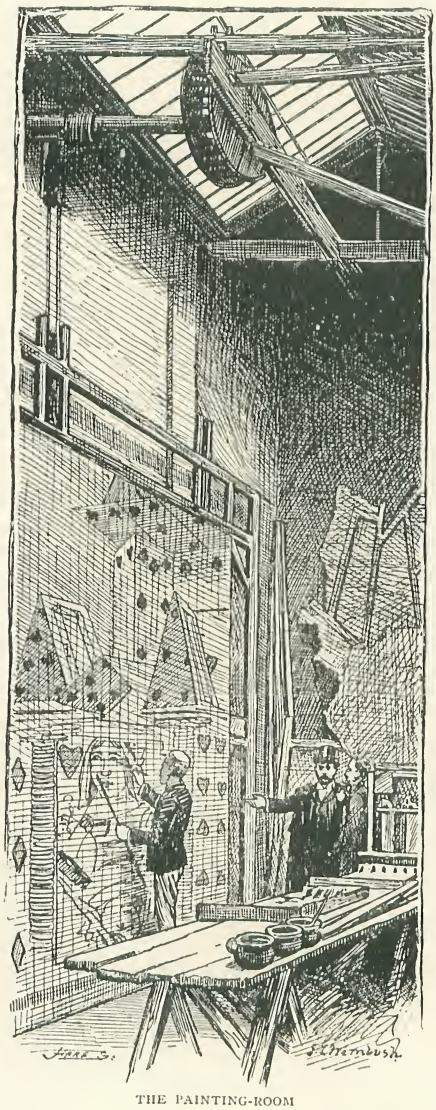
Then we go on to the stage. What a change from the brilliancy of the thousand lights at night! The auditorium is in darkness; the house clothed, as it were, in great white cloths. How different, too, the scene on the stage! The pupils of the school for dancing have been rehearsing, and there is a lull for a moment. The pianist has stopped; the young ladies arrayed in neat cotton "practice" dresses, are resting for the moment, though a quartet of the most industrious are still tripping to a one, two, three, four in a deserted corner.

They have a month's good work before them ere the curtain rises on "Humpty-Dumpty" on Boxing night, and plenty of practice in store previous to being drafted into the regular ballet. Little fellows are trying on their masks, waiting to be provided with a comfortable fit, and the tiniest and sweetest of little fairies are lightly walking about with wands in their hands, learning how to "stir the soup," as waving the wand is familiarly designated in pantomime circles. A pretty little mite is just passing before Sir Augustus. She must try and use that magic wand more gracefully, and he shows her how. Away she goes to practise in a corner. She will soon learn—earnestness is written on her little face; she wants to be noticed in the great stage picture on Boxing night.

"HOW'S THIS?

Leaving this busy scene, I visit the modelling or property-room. The men are handling heads and creating countenances upon them calculated to give rise to a smile on the most serious face. Here is the first stage of the immense egg out of which

Humpty-Dumpty will jump. It has just been moulded, and will go through a score of other stages until completed. Take this big giant's head for instance. It is just being modelled at the far end of the room. The interior of the gigantic cranium is filled with pots, pails, and odd things to hold the clay together; then a cast will be taken of it in plaster-of-Paris. When it is thoroughly set it will be cleaned and oiled, and then layers of paper will be placed in it, on which the features are to be painted. A wonderful array of models are being dried in front of the great fires — immense kitchen grates—huge Cavaliers' hats, Crusaders' heads, interspersed with legs, while a fine punchinello is quietly resting on the ground. A woman is wiring the edges of a mask to keep it firm, whilst on a wooden support is the wonderful cranium of a Crusader, with a sensational moustache, and a worker is giving the gallant knight's nose a finishing touch. Others are "trying on" to see the effect. Pussy's head looks capital on a white-aproned worker.



THE PAINTING-ROOM

"Twelve months will be occupied in making all we need for a pantomime," Sir Augustus said, handling a little toy nigger. "We have made in this room a giant's head six feet high; it needed the services of six men to creep inside and work all the machinery. It took three months to make. We use for a single pantomime five hundredweight of paper, three tons of clay, and over ten tons of plaster-of-Paris. Of course, the clay is used again and again—it may be a giant's head one week and the body of a little cupid the next." We hurry through the great store-rooms, where are silent mementoes of many a past Christmas production. Soldiers and sailors are no bigger than the six-feet human knives and forks which tripped along so merrily last year. Here are huge plaster bouquets and dishes of fruits, cherries, strawberries, luscious pears, and bunches of grapes, gilded columns and angels, imps of mischief—in short, a wonderful *olla podrida* of properties. Then to the work-rooms—the dress-making departments, where altogether a hundred women are busy with the needle. The treadles of the machines are being industriously worked, thousands of spangles, heaps of glittering jewels, are being sewn on to the richest of brocades, some of which material costs as much as fifteen guineas a yard. A *costumière* is cutting out the patterns. She has the design of the dress painted on a small card some nine inches long by five inches wide, and her experienced eye knows exactly what to cut, to half an inch.

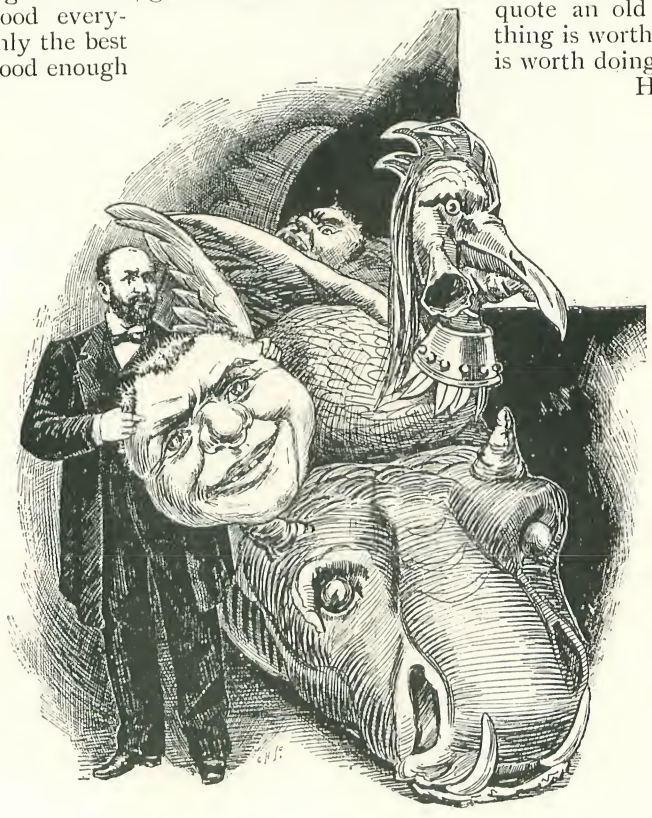
Then to one of the paint-rooms. The famous manager sits down in front of a little model stage—the trees, bridges, and paths are in cardboard, the very clouds of the same material. He looks at the scene. Down comes a bridge, a tree is uprooted to another position, and a cloud is moved away. From this model the artist will paint the great canvas. The palettes—set out on the bench which stretches through the centre of the room—have twenty-five or thirty different divisions filled with all the colours of the rainbow. Paint pots are

dotted about, the huge canvas sheets hang suspended from the roof, and already fairy-land is beginning to appear on some of them in response to the magic touch of the artist's brush. A second canvas reveals a huge comic kitchen—it will take a fortnight to paint. A single joint here would fill the window of an average butcher's shop. Every cut is prize meat, indeed ; the very penny bottles of ginger-beer are three feet high. Old Drury will ring with laughter on Boxing-night.

I asked Sir Augustus what class of entertainment he best preferred, pantomime, melodrama, spectacular, or opera ?

His reply was, "My acts speak for themselves. Do you suppose I should take all this trouble, subject myself to the fads and fancies of singers, if it was not that I delight in all that is most refined and most artistic ? I love good music, good flowers, good painting, good everything. In fact, only the best of everything is good enough for me, and my public. My friends say I am too lavish in my expenditure, but I am convinced that there is a large section of the public who fully appreciate a good thing when it is placed before them. Where is the proof ? Look at Covent Garden. I have applications for next grand opera season that would more than twice fill the boxes. If you want a good thing you must be prepared to pay for it, and I consider my great success in pantomime has been through trying to elevate the tastes of the public, for I cannot see why an endeavour should not be made to make pantomime a work of art, such as I have always tried to make it. But whatever the performance, whether it be Wagner's masterpieces, a child's Christmas entertainment, a popular melodrama, or an exquisite idyl like Gounod's 'Philémon et Baucis,' everything is worthy of the greatest care. In short, to quote an old maxim, 'If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.'"

HARRY HOW.



Two Kisses.

THAT Christmas Eve we were all seated cosily around the cheerful drawing-room fire; and, as my eldest brother was then on his way from Liverpool, where he was engaged in business, expressly to spend Christmas Day at home, we children had been graciously accorded permission to remain up and await his arrival. In the corner of the broad fireplace, reclining in her easy-chair, grandma looked smilingly from one young face to the other, evidently quite prepared for the demand made upon her on all such special occasions. Nor had she to wait very long; for scarcely had mamma looked at her watch and announced that Richard might be expected to knock his usual loud "rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat" at the door in just forty-five minutes punctually from that moment, when little Nellie turned to the white-haired old lady in the arm-chair and exclaimed, clapping her tiny hands: "Oh, grandma! Tell us a nice, pretty story."

"Yes, grandma, do!" we all chimed in.

"A lovely fairy tale," said Ethel, a young lady of nine summers.

"No, no, grandma," expostulated Master Ned, who was two years Ethel's senior; "let's have a ghost story—one that'll make our flesh creep."

"What rubbish!" said Ethel, contemptuously. "As if every sensible person doesn't know, nowadays, that there's no such thing as a ghost."

"Quite as many as there are fairies, anyhow," retorted Ned.

"Ah! but fairies are delightful," returned Ethel, determined to have the last word of the dispute, "and ghosts are always disagreeable."

"Well, well, children," said grandma, "we won't discuss the question. Fairies and ghosts both have their merits, no doubt, especially from the story-teller's point of view, and I should be sorry to say a single word against either. But, as tastes differ, I don't think it desirable to make any of you dissatisfied, so I shall avoid both goblins and fairies to-night, and tell you a story about a certain old lady of your acquaintance."

"A true, *real* old lady?" asked Edith, a quiet child of seven, who had not previously spoken.

"Yes, my love," replied grandma, smiling. "The old lady I mean is a very genuine

person—at least, I hope she is—and the story about her is perfectly true."

"All right, grandma," blurted out Master Ned; "if it's not going to be creepy, I hope it's funny, that's all."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed, my dear," continued grandma, shaking her head, "for the story is about myself, and I don't think I ever did anything funny in my whole life."

"About you, grandma?" we all exclaimed, joyfully. "Oh, do tell us!"

"Well, then, children," said grandma, "when I was Gertrude's age"—and here the good old lady glanced pleasantly at me—"I was much like what she is now; that is to say, tall for a girl of fourteen, slight of figure, with long, wavy, fair hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. In fact, if I may be allowed to say so, I was pronounced by good judges to be—ahem!—rather attractive. My eyes are still blue, but the rest of my description is considerably altered, as you see. Such changes will happen, you know, in the course of fifty years, so I shall not give way to fruitless lamentations.

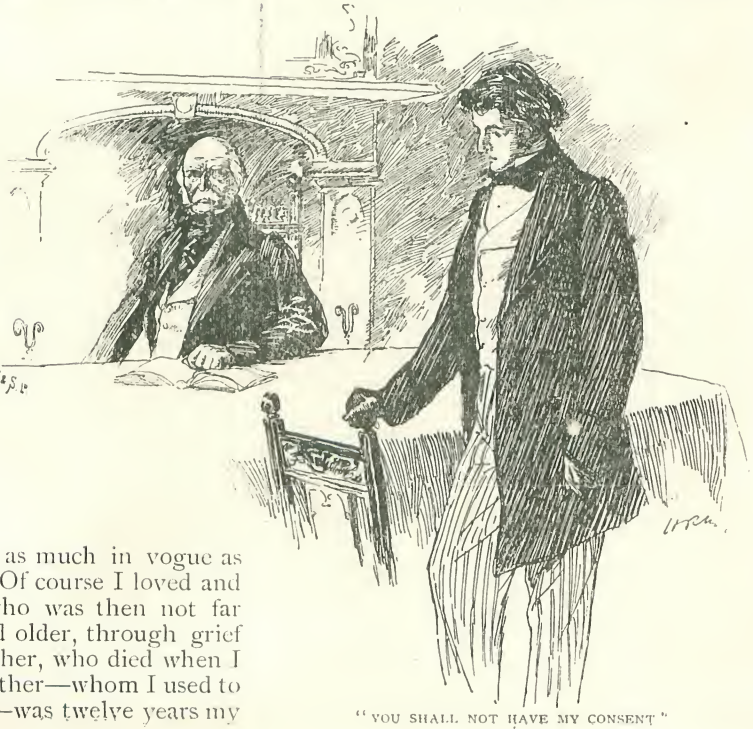
"At the time I mention I was no longer quite a child, but could scarcely be considered a young lady—don't forget that I am speaking of fifty years ago, and that the girls of that period were by no means so advanced and so clever as those of the present day." (I half suspect this was intended ironically.)

"However, when I was fourteen," grandma continued, "I fancy I must have been still very simple-minded, for my existence, apart from my studies, was wrapped up in two passions, love for my only brother, whom I worshipped, and an inordinate fondness for the game of battledore and shuttlecock, then as much in vogue as lawn tennis is now. Of course I loved and revered my father, who was then not far from sixty, and looked older, through grief at the loss of my mother, who died when I was an infant. My brother—whom I used to call 'my big brother'—was twelve years my senior, and we were Colonel Norton's only remaining children, a boy and girl having died before my birth.

"It was during the autumn holidays, one very rainy, unpleasant July day—we sometimes have such July days in London, even now!—and I was in the drawing-room, moping, instead of playing shuttlecock in the garden with my brother Frederick, who was always ready to do anything I asked, or, as he called it, commanded. I was dozing over a stupid book, when all at once I was roused by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, my father's study. In another moment, I heard my father and brother in evident altercation, the former speaking in loud and angry tones—so loud, indeed, that I could hear distinctly every word he uttered, whilst my brother's voice, though pitched in a lower key, was quite audible through the thin partition which separated the two disputants from me.

"'Father,' said Frederick, respectfully but firmly, 'I am resolved to make Mary Cuthbert my wife, because she is in every way worthy to bear our name, and because I love her.'

"'And I,' replied my father, 'am equally resolved that you shall not have my consent to marry a penniless governess. Now, if you persist in your intention,



"YOU SHALL NOT HAVE MY CONSENT"

you will know exactly the course I shall pursue.'

"'I understand you, father. I am deeply grieved to offend you, but if it must be so I shall leave your house. As I have already told you, I love Mary Cuthbert, she has consented to become my wife, and my word is pledged to her. I am twenty-six years of age, and you have no legal control over my actions.'

"'Very well, sir!' replied my father, after a painful pause. 'Do as you please, but bear in mind that from the hour of your marriage, you and the woman you are about to force into my family are strangers to me for ever.'

"'I hope, father, that time will convince you of the harshness and injustice of such a determination—that you will forget and forgive.'

"'Never, sir! Good-bye!'

"In another instant the study door opened, and my brother appeared in the room where I sat trembling and bewildered. He was quite calm, but very pale. Perceiving me, he came at once and took me in his arms.

"'Good-bye, darling,' he said, sadly. 'I am going away for a long, long time, and I don't know when I shall see my little sister again.'

"'No, no!' I cried. 'Don't say that, dear Frederick! You know *I* am not angry with you—how could I be angry with you, my dear, kind brother?'

"He looked at me inquiringly. 'Ah!' he said. 'You heard what passed just now, Maggie, did you?' Then, as if remembering the difference in our ages, he added: 'I wish I could explain all to you, dear, but I must not do that now. You are only a child, you know, little sister. These are matters which you will understand better when you are a few years older. All I can say to you at present is that I shall always love you tenderly, whether I am near you or far away.'

"'And I shall always love you, too, dear brother,' I sobbed.

"He took me once more in his strong arms, kissed my quivering lips, and was gone.

"A fortnight afterwards Frederick Norton married the woman to whom he had given his heart, and now gave his name. It was a severe shock to my father, whose soldier's notions of duty and obedience were thus set at defiance by his only son. 'I will never forgive him,' he declared, 'never!'

"From that day the undivided affection of the proud, imperious, self-willed, but kind-hearted old man centred in me alone. I became his constant companion, and rather than permit me to be away from him even for a few hours each day, he took me from school, and engaged professors to continue my education under his own immediate direction, whilst he himself yielded to all my girlish whims and caprices with the most absolute docility. This commenced the hour of my brother's departure, and increased as time went on. My father appeared to divine and anticipate my smallest wishes, and often when I went out with him I was afraid to admire any trinket or knicknack I happened to notice in the shop-windows, well knowing that if I did so he would be sure to buy it for me before the day was over.

"To this paternal indulgence there was only a single exception, and on that one subject—my discarded brother—Colonel Norton remained as immovable as a rock.

"Often and often I essayed to bring about a reconciliation, and in furtherance of this much-desired end I exerted all the vast influence I knew I possessed over my father, and every feminine artifice as well, but my efforts were totally unavailing. The moment I commenced the forbidden theme, his brow darkened, and he commanded me to be silent. The tone he adopted on these occasions left me no alternative but to obey. I knew his nature too well to resist compliance with his will. I was repulsed, but not vanquished. Indeed, my hopes of ultimate victory were not in the least diminished by many successive checks which might well have disheartened a feeble girl like me, had I not been firmly resolved to triumph in the end. I was a soldier's daughter, and I had read enough of Roman history to remember that to temporise is sometimes to win."

"I know what *that* means, grandma," interrupted Master Ned, eager to display his erudition.

"What does it mean, my dear?" replied the old lady, smiling.

"Why, Fabius Cunctator, the Roman Consul, who played the waiting game against Annibal," replied Ned, proudly.

"You are perfectly right, Edward, and I adopted the Fabian policy of caution, refusing to fight in the open field, but continually harassing the enemy by countermarches and ambuscades, like my wise Roman predecessor. Ah! what a clever

general or field-marshal I might have made, if only I had been a man!

"Well, time passed on, until between six and seven years had elapsed since my father and brother had separated in anger. A reconciliation seemed as far off as ever, and I was almost beginning to lose courage, when one day at a dinner-party given by a high functionary of that period, at which my father and I were present, an incident occurred that unexpectedly revived my drooping hopes.

"Amongst other subjects of dinner-table conversation, an allusion was made to a recent railway accident in which, it was stated, a young civil engineer who chanced to be a passenger in the train, had saved many lives by his coolness and intrepidity. The gentleman who described the event was a stranger, seated just opposite to my father. He related how the engine-driver had been suddenly seized with illness, and the locomotive left ungoverned to rush on at full speed, when the young man spoken of had crawled along the footboards of the carriages, and, at the risk of his life, succeeded in stopping the train just in time to prevent a terrible catastrophe.

"'And who was the brave young fellow?' inquired my father.

"For a moment there was an embarrassed silence; then our host said quietly:—

"'Well, Colonel Norton, I am pleased to tell you it was your own son!'

"'I am not surprised,' said my father, simply. 'My son only did his duty.'

"But at the same moment I stole a glance at him, and saw in his face the quick glow of pride which even he could not suppress.

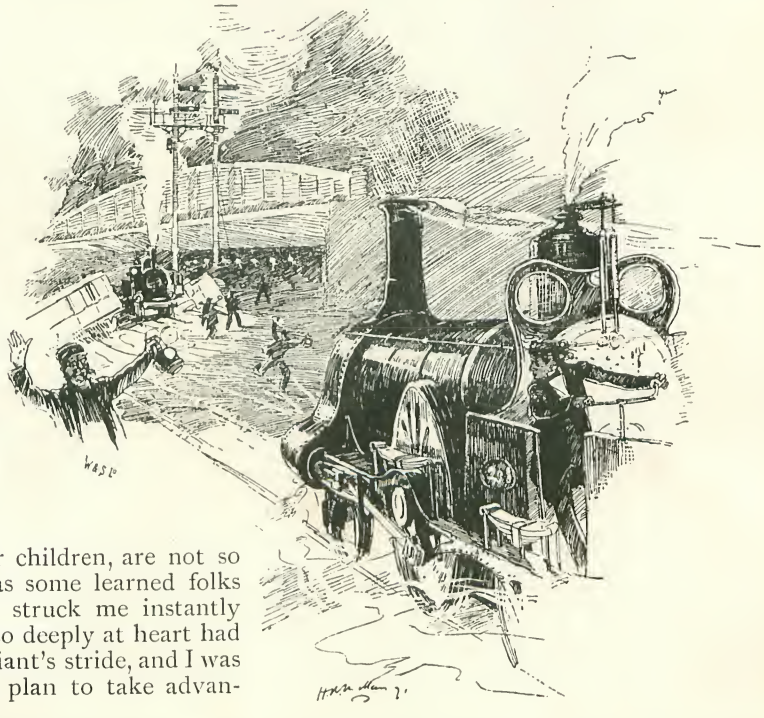
"Women, my dear children, are not so dull of apprehension as some learned folks pretend they are. It struck me instantly that the cause I had so deeply at heart had that instant made a giant's stride, and I was not long in devising a plan to take advantage of the situation.

"I need scarcely say that my brother and I had always kept up the most affectionate communications with each other, and, during the years which followed his marriage, we had often met, though I carefully concealed the fact from my father's knowledge.

"I was well aware that my brother had made his way in the world by his own unaided exertions, and that he was highly esteemed by all who came into contact with him, socially or professionally. I knew too, that in the helpmeet he had chosen he had happily found a most excellent and devoted wife, admired and respected by all who were acquainted with her good qualities.

"On the night of the memorable dinner-party, I went to bed with a serene and contented mind, firmly convinced that a very short time would suffice to bring my plans to a successful issue. I was determined that the enemy should surrender at discretion, arms and baggage.

"We were just then at the beginning of Christmas week, and the greatest festival of the year fell on a Wednesday. On the previous day, my father, who was always most punctilious in the observance of the old-fashioned English Christmas, including



"THE YOUNG MAN SUCCEEDED IN STOPPING THE TRAIN."

a substantial English Christmas dinner, called me into his study.

"'Now then, Maggie, my dear,' he said with a cheery smile, 'I want to consult my little girl on a matter of very serious importance. Of course, you haven't forgotten that to-morrow is Christmas? Now, my pet, listen; I am going to ask your advice.'

"'*My* advice, papa? Surely you must be joking!'

"'Not at all. In fact, I don't mind telling you in strict confidence that I'm at my wits' end, and it will be very kind of you to give me the benefit of your sage counsel. An intimate friend of mine has a charming daughter—a gentle, affectionate, devoted little girl who loves him, and he is very anxious to make her a nice Christmas present. He doesn't quite know what would please her best, and has asked me to suggest something. Now, as you and the young lady are of just about the same age, and I should be glad to oblige my old friend, I thought perhaps you might give me a hint. —Oh, hang long speeches and periphrase!' he burst out, impetuously. 'What would you like, Maggie, for a Christmas-box?—there!'

"Of course I knew from the beginning exactly what was coming, for it was merely a repetition of a little comedy my father repeated regularly every year at Christmas time. But I raised my eyebrows, in affected surprise, as if struck by the extraordinary novelty of the idea.

"'Good gracious, papa! Am *I* the young lady you mean?'

"'What other young lady should I mean, you little puss? Come now, speak out, and don't be afraid! I feel in a prodigal humour this Christmas, and you must take advantage of your old father's extravagance, my dear.'

"MY ADVICE, PAPA!"

"'Your generous intentions don't surprise me in the least, papa, because I know I am a spoiled child. But——'

"'Well?'

"'This year I should like you to give me something very, very special.'

"'What is it, my love?'

"'You won't be angry?'

"'Angry?" said my father, with a tinge of sadness. "Have I ever been angry with you?'

"'No, dear papa, never. Will you promise not to refuse me the Christmas-box I have set my heart on, whatever it may be?'

"'That's rather a strong promise, isn't it?'

"'Very well, papa. Then I don't want anything."

"'Stop, stop! Humph! I will go so far as to promise you anything it is in my power to give.'

"'*Anything?*'

"'Anything.'

"'Oh, dear papa, thank you!' And I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him on both his bronzed cheeks.

"'There!' I exclaimed. 'To-morrow, just before we sit down to dinner, I shall ask you for my Christmas-box.'

"'To-morrow, Maggie? How am I to buy your Christmas-box to-morrow? Why, all the shops will be closed!'

"'Ah, but what I shall ask you for is something you cannot buy! I see you are terribly perplexed, so I will relieve your anxiety by clearing up the mystery. For

my Christmas-box to-morrow you are to give me two kisses.'

"'Two kisses!' he exclaimed, delighted. 'I should rather think they are not to be bought, nor sold neither! If you like, my dear, you shall have them at once, and two to follow before dinner to-morrow. Kisses? That's not much of a Christmas-box for a girl of twenty!'

"'Never mind, papa; don't forget I have your promise—the word of a soldier.'

"'Oh, I'll keep it, never fear!' And then, as he went away, I heard him mutter. 'But, by Jove! I haven't promised not to give the child a better Christmas-box than a couple of kisses!'

"The next day, punctually at four o'clock, dressed in my prettiest frock, I knocked at the study-door, and, in the most impressive tones I could muster, announced, 'If you please, Colonel, dinner is on the table!'

"'All right,' replied my father, with a smile of satisfaction, 'you see, I am quite ready; and I've got a roaring appetite, in order to do honour to the feast.'

"'I am delighted to hear it,' I answered. 'Now will you have the kindness to let me conduct you to the banqueting-hall?'

"'Stop a minute, my dear. You must first permit me to offer you a little Christmas souvenir, which I have here for the occasion.' And, opening one of the drawers in his writing-table, he drew forth a beautiful and costly bracelet, set with pearls, which he clasped on my arm in the most gallant and courtly manner.

"'And now,' he added, 'this small affair having been disposed of to the satisfaction, I trust, of all parties concerned, it only remains for me to give you the two kisses you asked me for yesterday.'

"'Ah! yes, papa, you are quite right; but I didn't say the kisses were for myself. Wait a moment, and you will see!'

"Without giving him time to consider my meaning, I took his arm, and led him into the dining-room. Scarcely had we crossed the threshold, when a sweet little girl of four summers clasped my father's knee, and lisped 'Merry Christmas, g'anpa!' At the same moment a curly-headed, blue-eyed boy of six seized his coat-tail, and shouted, 'Merry Christmas, grandpa!'

"My father stopped short, turned sharply towards me, with brows contracted, and for a moment my heart sank within me. I thought my plan had failed. But the kind old man glanced at the two baby faces, and in an instant the threatened storm had passed away. Stooping, he lifted both the children in his arms and covered them with kisses, whilst I saw two big tears roll down the veteran's cheeks.

"'Now or never!' thought I, as I ran quickly to the door and returned, holding by one hand my brother Frederick and by the other his young wife. I must admit it was a most anxious moment for me, as my father looked from me to his son and the woman who had been the cause of their long estrangement. My father's expression was by no means reassuring, and it needed all my courage to speak as I did.

"'Father,' I said with desperate resolution, 'yesterday you pledged your word as a soldier that you would give me two kisses for a Christmas box. I am here to claim the fulfilment of your promise.'

"For an instant he hesitated. Then, holding out both hands towards my brother, he exclaimed:

"'Frederick! My son!'

"IT NEEDED ALL MY COURAGE TO SPEAK AS I DID."

"'Father!' and they were locked in each other's embrace.

"Turning to where Mary stood, with her two little ones at her side, my father said with deep emotion:

"'I know now that Maggie's Christmas-box was intended for you. If my white moustache doesn't frighten you, come!"

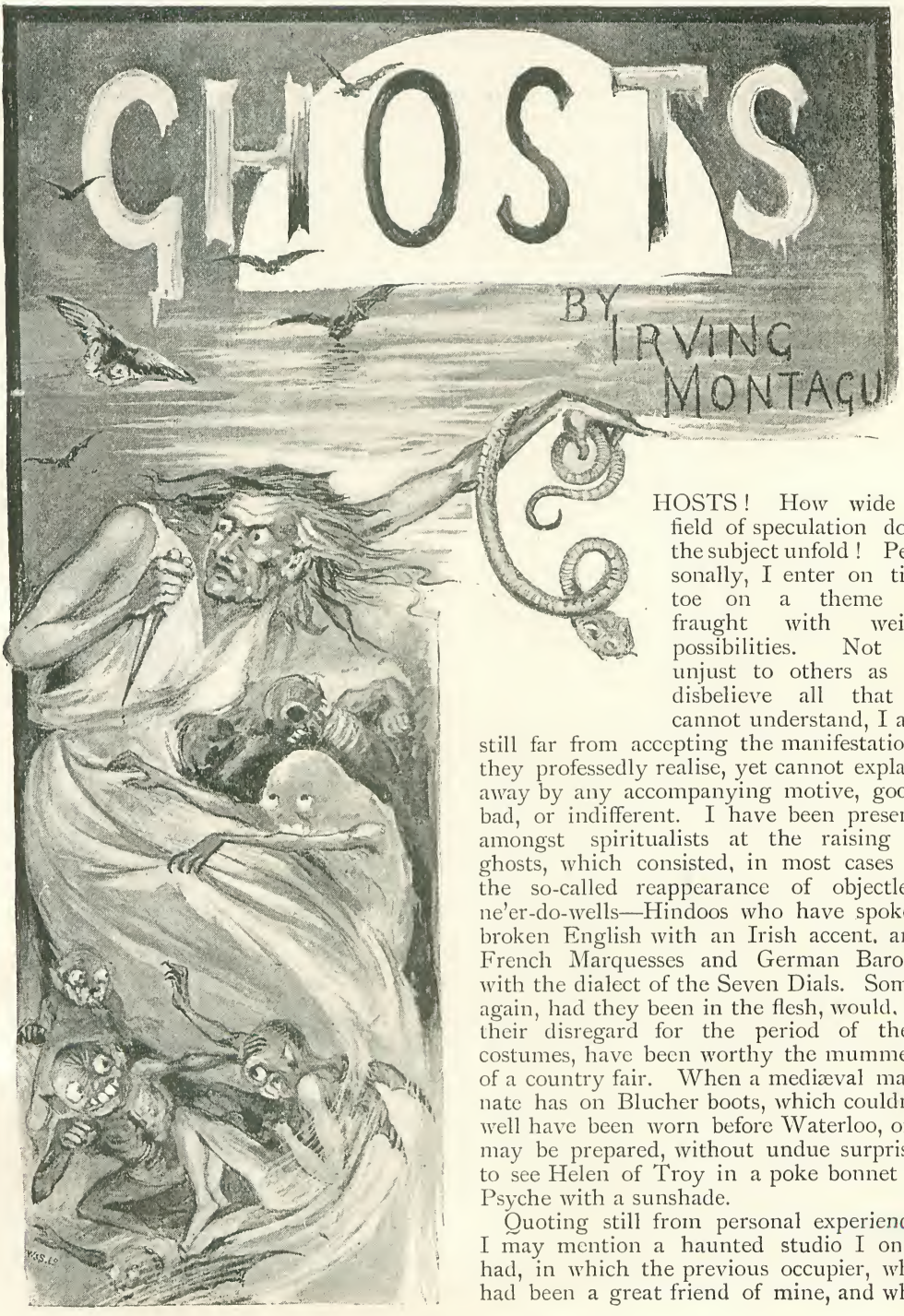
"She threw herself into his arms, and he imprinted two big, sounding kisses on her cheeks. 'Maggie's gift, my dear—and mine!'

"Mary cried, but her tears were tears of joy and thankfulness. I rather fancy, indeed, everybody cried a little, but my father pretended to blow his nose violently, and turned the matter off by taking Mary's hand, and conducting her to the place of honour at the head of the table. And never was there assembled together a happier Christmas party than was gathered that day around my father's festive board."

As the old lady spoke these words a loud rat-a-tat-tat! came at the street door.

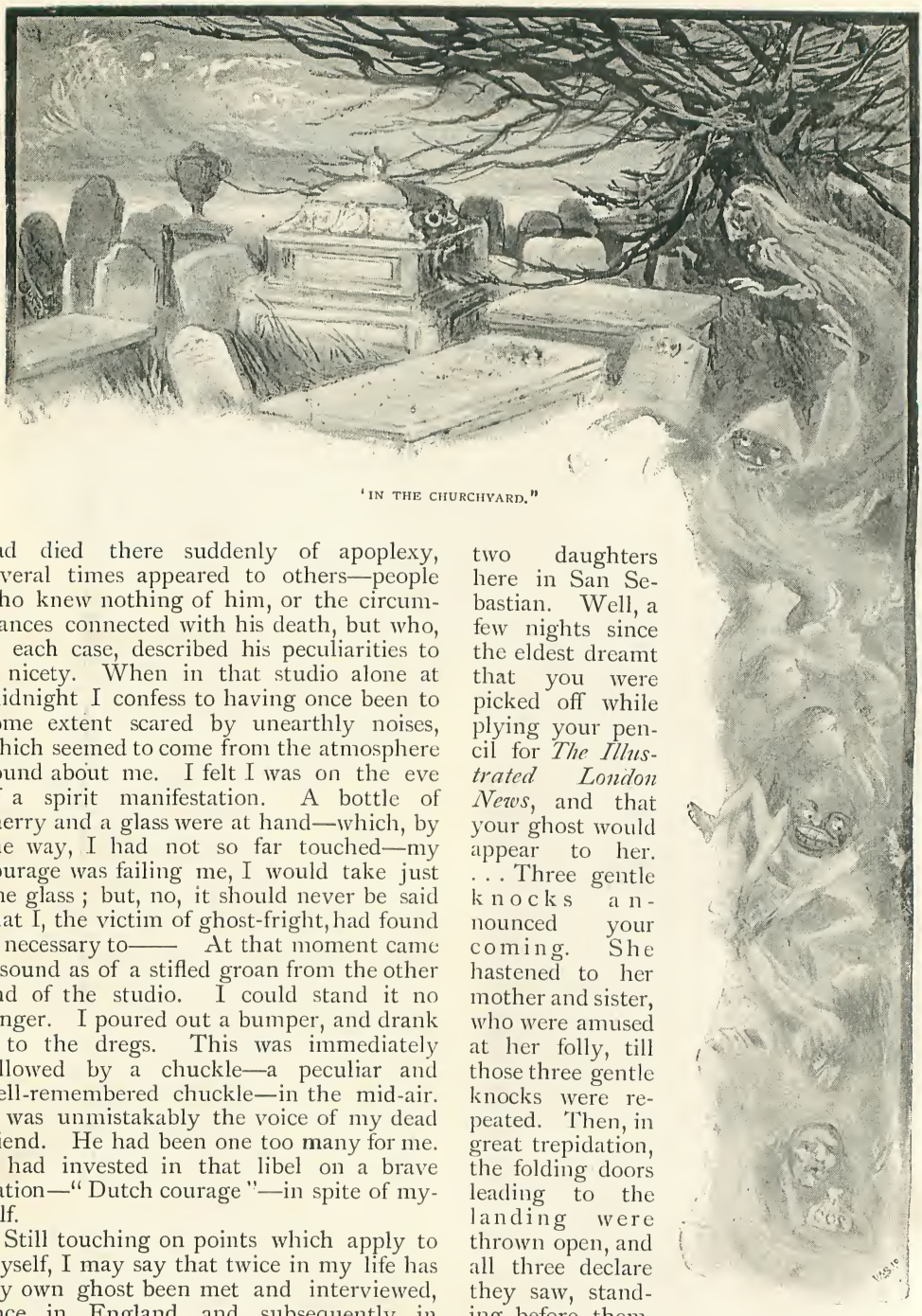
"Brother Richard!" we all shouted, in unison.

"And that," said grandma, "is the end of my story."



HOSTS! How wide a field of speculation does the subject unfold! Personally, I enter on tip-toe on a theme so fraught with weird possibilities. Not so unjust to others as to disbelieve all that I cannot understand, I am still far from accepting the manifestations they professedly realise, yet cannot explain away by any accompanying motive, good, bad, or indifferent. I have been present, amongst spiritualists at the raising of ghosts, which consisted, in most cases of the so-called reappearance of objectless ne'er-do-wells—Hindoos who have spoken broken English with an Irish accent, and French Marquesses and German Barons with the dialect of the Seven Dials. Some, again, had they been in the flesh, would, in their disregard for the period of their costumes, have been worthy the mummers of a country fair. When a mediæval magnate has on Blucher boots, which couldn't well have been worn before Waterloo, one may be prepared, without undue surprise, to see Helen of Troy in a poke bonnet or Psyche with a sunshade.

Quoting still from personal experience, I may mention a haunted studio I once had, in which the previous occupier, who had been a great friend of mine, and who



"IN THE CHURCHYARD."

had died there suddenly of apoplexy, several times appeared to others—people who knew nothing of him, or the circumstances connected with his death, but who, in each case, described his peculiarities to a nicety. When in that studio alone at midnight I confess to having once been to some extent scared by unearthly noises, which seemed to come from the atmosphere round about me. I felt I was on the eve of a spirit manifestation. A bottle of sherry and a glass were at hand—which, by the way, I had not so far touched—my courage was failing me, I would take just one glass; but, no, it should never be said that I, the victim of ghost-fright, had found it necessary to—— At that moment came a sound as of a stifled groan from the other end of the studio. I could stand it no longer. I poured out a bumper, and drank it to the dregs. This was immediately followed by a chuckle—a peculiar and well-remembered chuckle—in the mid-air. It was unmistakably the voice of my dead friend. He had been one too many for me. I had invested in that libel on a brave nation—"Dutch courage"—in spite of myself.

Still touching on points which apply to myself, I may say that twice in my life has my own ghost been met and interviewed, once in England and subsequently in Spain, as the following extract from a letter from my old friend Edmund O'Donovan, the late well-known special of *The Daily News*, will testify:—

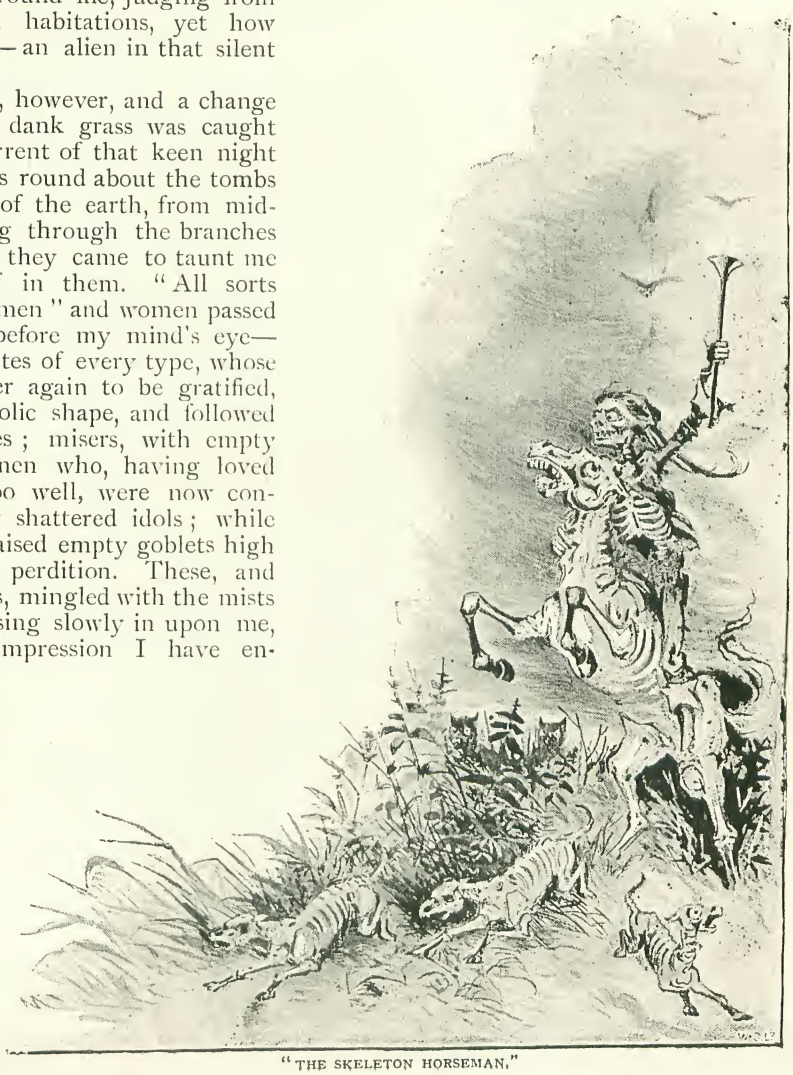
"You remember Mrs. Temple and her two daughters here in San Sebastian. Well, a few nights since the eldest dreamt that you were picked off while plying your pencil for *The Illustrated London News*, and that your ghost would appear to her. . . . Three gentle knocks announced your coming. She hastened to her mother and sister, who were amused at her folly, till those three gentle knocks were repeated. Then, in great trepidation, the folding doors leading to the landing were thrown open, and all three declare they saw, standing before them, the vapoury image of yourself, wearing your Boina in approved Spanish fashion, as you wore it many a time and oft at the front. Creepy, isn't it?"

It seems to me that the Old World family ghost is a sort of hall-mark of respectability. It's the next best thing to having come over with the Conqueror. There could be no ghosts without ancestors. By the way, talking of ancestors, what a thrilling topic tombstones might be made! One evening late last September I was wandering alone round about the tombs in a country churchyard not ten miles from town. The shadowy twilight was deepening into night, a funereal yew casting its broad, black, outstretched limbs athwart the flat-topped tombs, as if to protect their mouldering tenants from the chill breezes which now and again came sighing and sobbing through its interlacing branches. They were a goodly company around me, judging from these monumental habitations, yet how utterly alone I felt—an alien in that silent Campo Santa.

A moment later, however, and a change came. The long, dank grass was caught in the eddying current of that keen night air, and the shadows round about the tombs took shape. Out of the earth, from mid-air, and struggling through the branches of that giant yew, they came to taunt me with my disbelief in them. "All sorts and conditions of men" and women passed in silent review before my mind's eye—gamblers; profligates of every type, whose evil passions, never again to be gratified, had assumed symbolic shape, and followed them to the spheres; misers, with empty money-bags; women who, having loved wisely but not too well, were now confronted with their shattered idols; while bibulous sprites raised empty goblets high in air to pledge perdition. These, and many more besides, mingled with the mists of night, now closing slowly in upon me, conveying the impression I have endeavoured to give in my sketch, and which, as far as the lingering light would admit of, I drew in that same churchyard.

A few days later—still goblin-hunting—I ran to earth a veritable demon huntsman, the legend of whose wild quest is said to be the basis from which "The Isle of Dogs" and "Barking" (two neighbouring London suburbs) take their names.

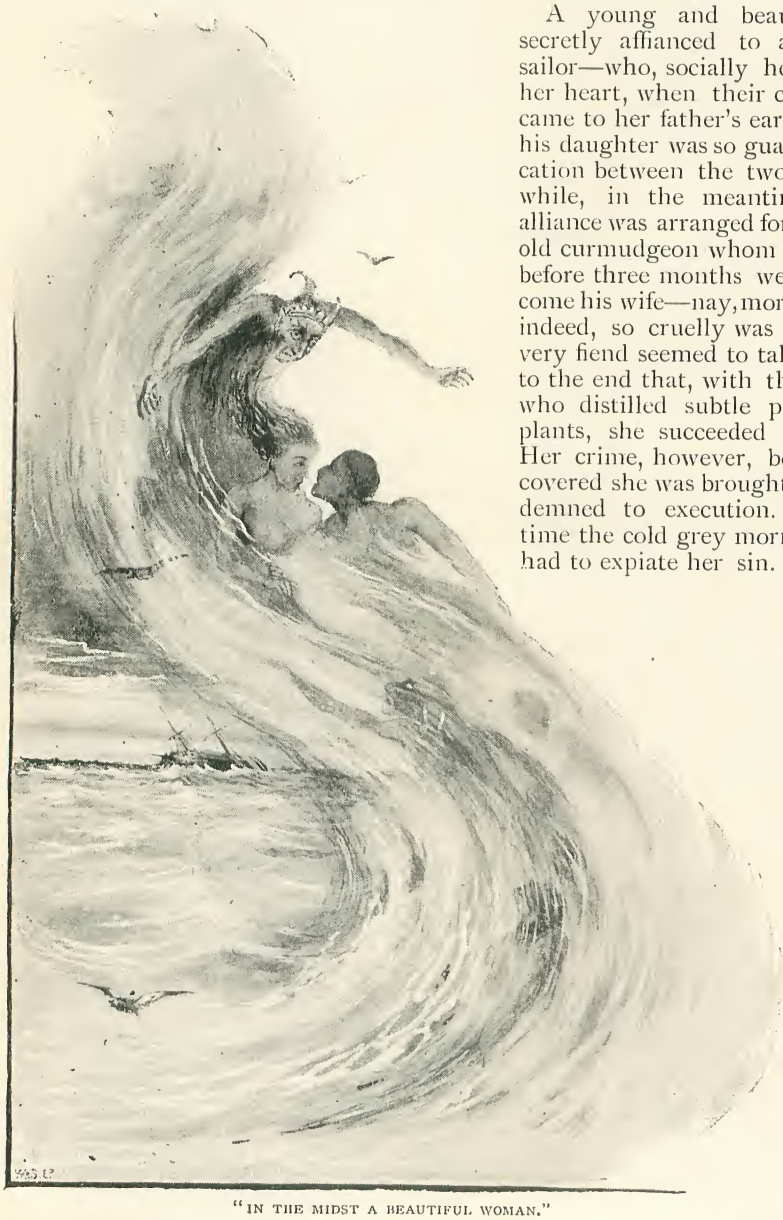
In old times the forest of Hainault, overrunning this part of Essex, lost itself in a swamp of Thames mud. The story is of a handsome young huntsman and his bride, who elected to spend their wedding-day boar hunting. Foremost in the chase, this Di Vernon of the period, forgetful in her excitement of impending pitfalls, dashed wildly on till she found herself beyond reclaim sinking, slowly but surely, in the quagmire from which now no escape was possible. Her lover—alas! too late to be of service—plunged gallantly into the slushy expanse, and was also lost in his effort



"THE SKELETON HORSEMAN."

to save his impetuous young bride. On this sad honeymoon is based the superstition that a skeleton horseman, on the boniest of steeds, is to be seen o' nights in this locality ; in fact, that—

"A hideous huntsman's seen to rise,
With a lurid glare in his sunken eyes ;
Whose bony fingers point the track,
Of a phantom prey to a skeleton pack,
Whose frantic courser's trembling bones
Play a rattling theme to the hunter's groans ;
As he comes and goes in the fitful light,
Of the clouded moon on a summer's night.



"IN THE MIDST A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."

Then, a furious blast from his ghostly horn
Is over the forest of Hainault borne,
And the wild refrain of the mourner's song
Is heard by the boatmen all night long,
That demon plaint on the still night air,
With never an answering echo there."

Of the earth earthy as this story of the then dismal swamp of Hainault is, it may be well to find in a storm-wave a fresh element for our next subject. Up to a certain point historical, its termination was also vouched for at the time by all the survivors of the ill-fated vessel it concerns.

A young and beautiful woman was secretly affianced to a comely youth—a sailor—who, socially her inferior, had won her heart, when their clandestine meetings came to her father's ears. Then it was that his daughter was so guarded that communication between the two became impossible, while, in the meantime, a matrimonial alliance was arranged for her with a wealthy old curmudgeon whom she detested. Thus, before three months were over she had become his wife—nay, more—his veriest slave ; indeed, so cruelly was she ill-used that a very fiend seemed to take possession of her, to the end that, with the aid of an old hag who distilled subtle poisons from certain plants, she succeeded in murdering him. Her crime, however, being ultimately discovered she was brought to justice and condemned to execution. In due course of time the cold grey morning came when she had to expiate her sin. She had but one last request to make, and this was granted—it was that her sailor lover might accompany her to the scaffold. This sad journey accomplished, at a sign from the executioner the two embraced "for the last time," when they were heard to make a half whispered compact which ended in mutual assurances, in a louder key. "You will," said the dying woman, whose smile was even now bewitching ;

"you promise me you will?" "I swear it," replied her heartbroken swain, who was now assisted down the scaffold steps, while the woman, apparently unconcerned, turned to meet her fate.

Three long years rolled on, and the next scene in this strange life-drama was that of a vessel helplessly, and almost hopelessly, floundering in the trough of a tempestuous sea, amongst the crew of which was the young sailor whom we last met at the "Gallows Tree." Every moment did the captain, as the storm increased in violence, expect his craft to be submerged. Yet the hurricane knew no abatement, wave after wave overlapping each other with fresh fury, till one huge billow, snapping the masts fore and aft like matchwood, and rebounding from the deck, shot upwards like a waterspout, till it seemed lost in the thunderclouds above. Now some hours later, when the gale had somewhat subsided, it was discovered that the young sailor had been spirited away, and, moreover, from that day to this, has never been heard of. "Washed overboard," you would naturally say, and so should I if I hadn't the testimony of the whole of that ship's crew to the effect that the devil himself rode the waves on that fearful occasion, surrounded by a posse of fiends who bore in their midst a beautiful woman, who, with the magnetism of love, drew her sailor sweetheart to her arms, whisking him from the deck of that shattered vessel into the obscurity beyond. There is, I understand, a prosaic reading of this legend, from which the more poetic may have been taken, or *vice versâ*.

However this may be, let us, without more ado, hurry off in a flight of fancy to Rosewarne Hall. What?—you never heard of it—never heard of the Ghost of Rosewarne? Then follow me closely, remembering at the same time that it is no business of ours how Ezekiel Grosse, the lawyer, became possessed of the fine

"THE MISER'S GHOST."

old estate of that name. He had at least secured it in its entirety, ghost and all, nor was it long before this family phantom (a hoary-headed and miserly Rosewarne), put in an appearance. It was in the drive, the third night after Ezekiel Grosse had come into possession, that he was first accosted. "Follow me," said the spectre, as he led the way to a lonely hollow in the adjacent wood, "Dig, and you will find," and he pointed to a huge moss-grown stone. "There will you see the accumulated hoard of Roger Rosewarne, the miser. I am he. In life I sent the poor and needy penniless from my door, and damned them for their impertinent supplications, for which I am doomed to experience the pangs of starvation throughout endless eternity, unless the hidden treasure be wisely dispensed!"

The next moment the bewildered lawyer found himself alone. It's needless to say that, before many days had passed, the whole of that buried wealth had been transferred by him to his own private coffers, and was soon being expended, regardless of the ghost's warning, in the wildest extravagance. Gallants more famed for their profanity than their wit, accompanied by powdered and painted beauties, now held high revel in those ancestral halls, more especially on one Christmas Eve, when, as the clock struck midnight, the lights grew dim and blue, and the miser's ghost, in a phosphorescence all its own, appeared slowly descending the broad oaken staircase, cursing, as it did so, the founder of the feast, who, squandering in debauchery his easily-acquired gold, condemned, by doing so, the perturbed soul of the Miser of Rosewarne to walk the earth to all eternity.

A certain clergyman, detained late one night at a friend's house, accepted, unhesitatingly, the offer of sleeping accommodation in the only disengaged room—the haunted chamber. Now, as the reverend gentleman made it a practice never to travel ever so short a distance without some abstruse theological work in his pocket for perusal at odd moments, it is not surprising that on this occasion he sat up till after the witching hour; indeed, it was nearly one o'clock a.m. when, in a complete but threadbare mediæval suit, the vapoury spirit of yet another miser—a skinflint ancestor of the clergyman's host—appeared before him, whom the ready-witted parson at once interviewed somewhat as follows:—

"Pardon me, sir, you are, doubtless, a resident in this neighbourhood?"

"I am!" replied the somewhat flabby phantom in sepulchral tones.

"Ah! just so. You *live*, if I may be allowed the expression, in this house; have done so, in fact, for some time past?"

"Three hundred years."

"Dear me! you don't say so?"

"I do."

"And have subscribed, naturally, to many local charities—eh?"

"Devil-a-bit," said the skinflint's ghost, clutching the bag of sovereigns he carried more closely to his bony sides. "Devil-a-bit, sir."

"Well, then," replied the cleric, "you'll pardon my saying so, I know, but don't you think it's about time you did?" and with this he politely presented a subscription list for the renovation of the parish church. "You will see," he went on, "I have here the names of some of the most influential——" He could proceed no further. The smell of sulphur was simply unbearable, and the miser's ghost was laid for ever. The room has since been converted into a nursery.

Immediately below the sketch which illustrates the preceding anecdote is to be found one of the late lamented Terese des Moulin, of whom our dear old friend Ingoldsby discourses so graphically in "The Black Mousquetaire;" how being haunted o' nights by the ghost of a beautiful nun of that name, whom he had deceived, his brother officers, fearing he would go mad, decided to disillusionise him by introducing into his room, at the hour when his victim was said to appear, none other than her twin sister "Agnes," who continued *also* as a nun, and, playing the part of a ghost, was at a given moment to be unmasked, so that, having been proved to be mortal, his hallucination might be explained away, as a practical joke. The opportunity, however, never came, for at one and the same moment the actual ghost of the injured one appeared, which was visible only to the Mousquetaire himself. She seated herself by the side of her living sister. Now, *two* sisters Terese were too much even for *that* devil-may-care officer. He raised himself in bed, glared at the double apparition, and shrieked, with a weird, almost diabolic halloo—

"Mon Dieu! V'là deux! By the Pope, there are *Two!*" whereupon he immediately collapsed, fell back, and—died.

As to the skeleton, my next sketch, well, the least said about him the soonest mended. He has not always led quite an exemplary life, hence it is that armour has been added, in expiation, to the weight he carries. He is one of the fine old crusted family brands, whose Sunday best suit of mail still hangs at the Hall, while his second quality, much battered, in which he did all his dirty work with the Saracens, is buried with him.

The following story of the Spectre Bridegroom is thrilling to a degree. Briefly, it is this :—Nancy Trenoweth, the heroine, was, as a matter of course, young and beautiful, and was, moreover, almost as good as she was attractive. No wonder, then, that young Frank Lenine should have fallen desperately in love with her. Their parents, however, being much averse to the prospective match, took every means in their power to frustrate their assignations ; efforts which, for some time, it is needless to say, were unavailing. Before long, however, young Frank was more effectually disposed of, by being sent on a long voyage to the West Indies, which, it was hoped, might cure him of his love sickness. For three long years Nancy yearned in vain for tidings of young Lenine, till it came about that one night, in a heavy gale, a huge merchantman went to pieces on the rocky coast not far from where her parents' cottage was situated. Now, among those who perished was her sailor lover, homeward-bound to make her his bride.

The finding of the body amongst the drowned, however, was so carefully concealed from her that, even on the day of the funeral, she was unaware of it. What followed?

That night when locking up, as was her wont, she peered out of the cottage door into the darkness beyond, and there, to her amazement, she saw Frank, her long lost

"THE TWO CHUMS."

Frank, as she had so often before seen him, mounted on his favourite colt. Turning in his saddle he addressed her in his old familiar voice. He shouted to her to mount beside him, and as he did so leant forward to receive her. In a moment she had leapt into his arms and clasped him about the neck the better to secure her seat. And then—hey, presto!—they were off at a breakneck pace before she could realise the horror of the situation: she was in the clammy embrace of a spectre horseman mounted on a phantom horse which was galloping at full speed towards the graveyard of that same old church where their marriage should have been solemnised—the ghost of her drowned love hurrying off with her to the spot which had that day closed over his mortal remains. Happily, according to this quaint old Cornish legend, "The village blacksmith intercepted them, and succeeded, by seizing her dress as she was being hurried past him, in saving her from being buried alive with the sprite of Lenine;" though it really mattered very little after all, as she only survived for two or three days from the horrors of that grim night ride.

Inclined as I am to vary as far as possible place and period, my next uncanny revelation shall concern the eighteenth century, when George the First was King. It is of two staunch college chums who, at about the same age, joined his Majesty's service. Their military careers, however, were destined to have very different issues. One having joined a fighting regiment did prodigies of valour on foreign service for his King and country, being ultimately killed in the thick of the fight, while the other, in a home regiment, wasted his substance in the wildest profligacy. Now the young hero who had fallen so gloriously was found to have bequeathed to his old friend the sword with which he had won so honourable a name, enjoining him at the same time to prove himself, as a soldier, worthy of the inheritance. Years passed. That sword—now rusting in its scabbard—was suspended with other curios over the mantelshelf of the man who was, as we have seen, a soldier by name only. It was past midnight. This jaded roué having gambled

"THE WHITE LADY

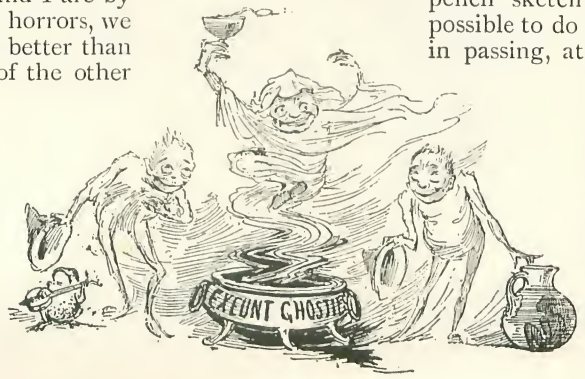
away his last shilling, was reviewing his misspent life when the door of his room slowly opened, the fire at the same moment emitting a vapour which at first half filled the apartment. Presently, this mist clearing away, there stood before him the stern soldierly sprite of his late companion in arms, which, with its bony fingers, pointed significantly at that rusty scabbard. "In my time," said the shade of the departed in sepulchral tones, "that sword would not have rusted thus: had your life been fuller of honours than of tricks you would have better served your country and your King."

With a hollow groan, the debauchee fell, an inert mass, to the ground—he was dead!

Steeped as you and I are by this time in ghostly horrors, we cannot, I take it, do better than seek out a denizen of the other world who has succeeded in preserving her good looks, for to this advantage in a marked degree "The White Lady," better known as Prechta von Rosenberg, may lay undisputed claim. Prechta, born in 1520, was married when in her teens to Baron von Lichtenstein, who so utterly crushed her young life by his continued cruelty and excesses, that she died while yet in the very heyday of her youth and beauty, and has ever since haunted the estates of the illustrious Bohemian family to which she belongs — sometimes at one castle, sometimes at another— while again she has been known to follow some of its members further afield, having been seen in December, 1628, in Berlin. She is said to affect somewhat scanty vapoury tissue as she floats through space, beckoning invitingly as she does so.

Since time began a belief in the supernatural has existed which was modelled to a considerable extent by the introduction of the Greek and Roman mythologies, the symbolic deities of which were supposed to come down now and again from Olympus to regulate the affairs of men, while side by side with these we have Hindoo, Persian, and Chinese spirits too numerous to mention, with whom wilder tribes have brought up the rear, accompanied by all sorts of grim monsters.

Then, in later years, came the canonisation of saints, who were for all sorts of worldly ends propitiated, and a belief in whose healing and other powers developed by easy stages into the propitiation of ghosts, fiends, sprites, and hobgoblins of every description. In this short pen and pencil sketch it has been impossible to do more than glance, in passing, at Ghostland. Yet the theme has been, at least to me, an interesting one, and may, I venture to hope, afford the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE some pleasure as well.



Told in the Studios.

By "Rita."

STORY THE THIRD—"NOT A MODEL."

THE third artist had not yet spoken.

He had always been somewhat of a mystery since he had been among them. By birth a Swede—by right of domicile and long residence almost as English as an Englishman, Helsinborg was already well known in art circles as a man of great genius. Pitiless, almost to cruelty, in the scathing truths he set forth upon his canvas, he was more feared than admired, even by those who praised him most loudly. He had only rented his studio for six months, as he was engaged upon a sea piece, representing a wreck on the Cornish coast.

It was finished now, and on the morrow he was to send it away for exhibition. As Norman Druce ended his story, he glanced up at the group who were regarding him expectantly.

"I fear there is nothing among my sketches worth speaking about," he said, and lifted a large portfolio from the floor as he spoke. "But you can see and select for yourself," he added, handing the case to Denis O'Hara.

The young Irishman seized it eagerly, and, sweeping the table clear from those it already contained, he emptied the portfolio of its contents, while the two other men drew near, and looked over his shoulder.

"HE EMPTIED THE PORTFOLIO."

For a few moments there was silence, broken here and there by disjointed sentences and exclamations. At last Denis, still acting as spokesman, turned to the silent figure by the fire, and held out a sketch. "We have selected this," he said.

The artist looked at it a moment. A dark shadow seemed to flit over his usually pale, impassive face.

"Was that among them?" he asked, hoarsely. "I had no idea;—I mean," resuming his usual composure, "the sketch is not mine, I only copied it from a friend's picture."

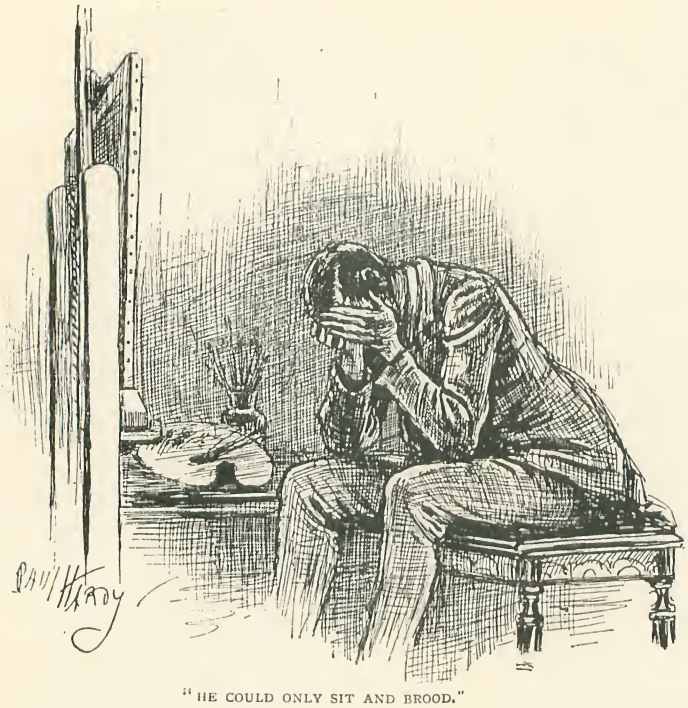
"But it has a story," said Jasper Trenoweth, quietly. The eyes of the two men met. Little as they had seen of each other, little as they knew of each other's history or life, yet both seemed to recognise instinctively that in that history and life there lived the memory of some tragic past, something that for both had turned the sunshine to darkness—the joy to pain.

"Yes," said Helsinborg gravely, "there is a story — a somewhat painful and tragic one. I am not sure that I ought to tell it; but perhaps it will not matter now, the actors in the drama are both dead."

He laid the sketch down gently, almost reverently; but the dark shadow on his face seemed to grow darker, and the firm mouth seemed a little tremulous.

"The picture," he said, "shows you an almost empty room, bare of everything save an easel, on which stands a picture. At the foot of the easel lies a woman, stretched on the bare floor—dead. It is called 'Not a model.' As far as I know, this is the story of it.

"When I was young and unknown, and fame was still a dream, I was staying in Paris with a friend, a countryman of my own, and a member of my own profession. We were young, we were enthusiasts, we were very poor, we worked hard, and I think we were very happy. It is so easy to be happy when one has youth, and strength, and hope; when life is full of dreams, and all is innocent and beautiful, and its mysteries have no menace, and its hopes no disillusion. Such a time is very brief. The gods perchance envy us, and soon draw the veil aside and show us that happiness is a myth, and innocence a dream, and love but an illusion, and fame the breath of envy forced to distil its gold, and only valuing what it purchases by weight of the world's coinage. And in that world there seems no truth, and no honour, only corruption and vileness. Men's lives and days are spent in greed and selfishness, and all noble dreams, and high endeavours, and all loveliness and purity and simplicity of life are of no account. But in the days I speak of we two dreamers and enthusiasts believed still in such things as honesty and purity, in unsullied fame and noble aims that the world must acknowledge and reverence. We were fools, you say; no doubt. But we did not know it then, and so were happy, though poor, and often even hungry and shelterless. But we always dreamed that dream of the world's acknowledgment, of the triumphs of success. We did not know that success meant the chicanery of knaves, the puff and clamour and brazen advertisement that gold alone could command, the endless subterfuge and tricks by which man outwitted man in the race, the prostitution of the highest gifts for the base wages of popularity. No, we did not know that then, and we were so unwise as to labour still in the cause of all that is divine and beautiful and God-given in art, believing the world would accept such teaching. We were rightly served. We starved. For myself I cared but little for hardships and troubles. I was strong, and had been reared by a hardy race; but he, my friend, was different. Less robust of frame, less capable of endurance; and, as money grew scarce and winter approached, I grew uneasy and fearful for his strength. To make matters worse, he fell in love. The girl was certainly lovely enough to make any folly excusable. She was an actress, playing small parts in a small theatre—a shallow, soulless thing, but beautiful as a dream; and my friend believed in her, and worshipped her with all the ardour of his nineteen years. Just when his love fever was at its height a sudden stroke of luck befel him. Some wealthy aristocrat saw a picture he had sold to a Jew dealer for a few francs. Struck by its merit, he took the trouble of tracing out the artist. He gave him a commission, and promised more, if satisfied. The ardent and enthusiastic nature of the youth leaped, in fancy, to the most impossible heights of success. The gold he touched seemed as an inexhaustible mine, and he clenched his madness by marrying the actress, and taking rooms furnished and fitted up in far too luxurious a style for their joint income. I remained in the old garret, painting as I had always painted—hoping as I had always hoped. I felt somewhat lonely at first, for I missed Christian terribly. I knew he would drift away from me, it could not be otherwise. Women's friendships seem rather cemented than interfered with by marriage; but a man loses his friend when that friend becomes a husband. I did not like the girl, and I felt she did not care for Christian as he did for her. But I said nothing, I only kept apart and waited. I had not long to wait. Christian took to dropping into the garret as of old; he seemed to need sympathy and companionship. His gay spirits were gone, a settled melancholy was visible in face and manners. His work was neglected, the commission which his wealthy patron had given him was still unfinished, and all the ardour and excitement he had been wont to bring to the design and execution of any work seemed lost and forgotten. I grew seriously uneasy, the more so as the usual frank confidence between us had changed to reserve and sullenness on his part, and he would tell me nothing of his troubles. Well, I won't dwell upon this part of the story. The end came to his love dream. He woke up one day to find he had been tricked and deceived. The girl whom he loved so madly repaid him by forsaking him at the first breath of poverty. She went off one day with the wealthy patron, leaving him no word of farewell, asking no forgiveness—flitting like



"HE COULD ONLY SIT AND BROOD."

the soulless butterfly she was to the sunshine and brightness offered by wealth. He came back to the old bare garret, and the old hard life. He could not work, he could only sit and brood listlessly day after day, or break out into passionate fits of rage and despair. At last he became very ill. I nursed him back to life ; but when he rose from that bed he was utterly changed. Aged as if by years ; sad, hopeless, embittered. That was a woman's work. How often and how successfully she has done it ! I got him away from Paris at last, and we came to England. I had a little money, and I worked—not for art's sake, but for his—at those popular trifles which have no merit save that they 'sell.' That word had only the merit of necessity for me ; but it was another's necessity, and I worked for him, and still hoped. Years passed. Success came slowly and grudgingly to both of us. We lived together, and tried to believe we were content, and had won something better than the fairy promise of our youth, and the illusions of its dreams of fame. One day Christian confided to me that he was unable to procure a satisfactory model for the picture he was engaged upon for the next Academy. It was to be a very large one, the subject was ambitious and needed careful treatment ; and, as I listened to his difficulty, I agreed that it would be almost hopeless to expect from any professional model such a combination of qualities as he desired.

"'Suppose you advertise,' I said. 'State exactly what you require—it is sure to be answered.'

"After some consideration, he decided to do so. Needless to say, he had many answers and applications; but none were suitable. That evening, however, as we were sitting at work, making the most of the brief daylight left to us, a knock came at the studio door. It was opened, on our invitation, by a woman, who stood hesitating a moment as if she did not like to enter.

"'Pray come in,' I said, laying down my brush. 'What is it we can do for you ?'

"'I—I saw your advertisement,' she said. Her voice was low and hurried, and she spoke with a foreign accent. 'I am not a model ; but if I could serve—if I could suit you——'

"Her face was veiled ; I could only see the flash of dark eyes, the loose masses of dusky hair.

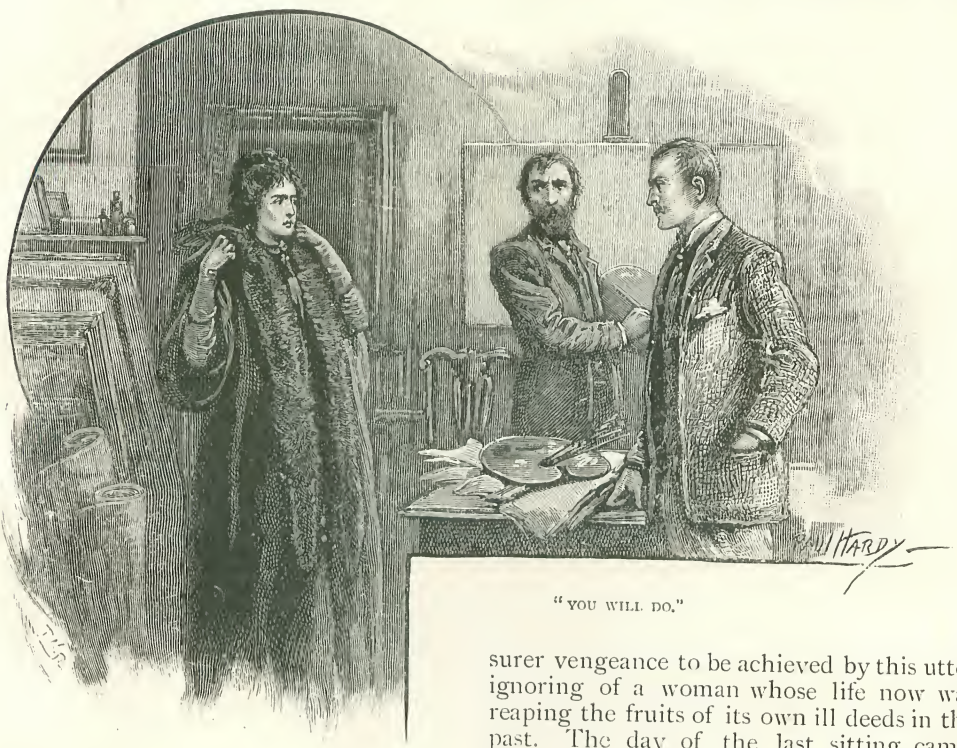
"'It is my friend who requires a model,' I said. 'It is not necessary that you should have sat professionally before. It is expression he desires, and—'

"'Oh,' she cried, clasping her hands with a passionate gesture. 'That surely would not be *difficile*. I have been actress—*comédienne—chanteuse*. I think it is in me to express what monsieur desires.'

"Christian came forward then and looked at her. I thought his face seemed strangely pale in the waning light of the sunset. The woman threw back her veil. I started as I looked. Young as was the face, great as once might have been its beauty, it was painfully haggard and lined, marred by suffering and passion, bearing only too plainly the stamp of sin and evil living. Christian looked at her silently for a moment. He asked no questions, only bent

on her that searching, steady gaze which seems to reach the soul. Whether it reached hers, whether any memory came back to her as she met those cold stern eyes, I cannot tell. She did not speak, only stood there as if mesmerised into silence or fear.

"'You will do,' said Christian, suddenly. 'Your face is all I want; the history of sin, and wasted years, and suffering, and retribution. Come here to-morrow at two o'clock. Your terms?'



"YOU WILL DO."

"'That is for monsieur to decide,' she said low and faintly.

"He named a sum that to me seemed extravagant, but I said nothing. As for the woman, she dropped her veil, and, with a murmured, 'Adieu, messieurs,' glided from the room.

"I wondered what fleeting memory, what ghost of the past that brief glance had recalled, but the reality evaded me again and again. She came the next day, and for many days after, and every time I saw her the same vague uneasiness, the same fleeting memory troubled my mind. My friend alone said nothing, but worked steadily, doggedly on, and she was singularly reticent for one of her sex and profession. I thought she seemed afraid of Christian, and I wondered that he, who was usually so courteous and gentle to women, should be always so *brusque* and stern to her. Well, the picture grew and approached completion, and the memory that had so long haunted me took at last a deeper shadow of certainty. I did not speak of it, I dared not; but it seemed to me impossible that Christian should not know whom he was using as a model. Was there—I asked myself—some purpose beneath that pretence of ignorance, some surer vengeance to be achieved by this utter ignoring of a woman whose life now was reaping the fruits of its own ill deeds in the past. The day of the last sitting came. When he at last made the signal of dismissal, she came over and looked timidly at the easel.

"'May I see it?' she asked; 'the picture, I mean.'

"'Certainly,' he said coldly, and stepped aside so that she might face the picture as it stood there in the full light. I watched her, wondering and fascinated. She looked at it a long, long time; her face was very pale, her great eyes had a sombre, vengeful look.

"'What do you call it?' she said at last.

"He smiled, as he wiped his brushes in a cool, indifferent fashion. Had he no thought, no regret, no fear for that living, passionate piece of womanhood, whose very soul and secrets he seemed to have laid bare

on that canvas, as pitilessly as a vivisector uses his victim.

"'I call it,' he said, '"Retribution." Do you like the title?'

"She only looked at him, drawing her shawl closely round her still beautiful figure; a shudder shook her from head to foot.

"'You are very merciless,' she said, and turned away; then paused, and looked back ere she reached the door. 'Take care,' she said, 'that I too may not be as merciless—that I too may not have revenge.'

"He made no sign of hearing. Calmly, indifferently as ever, he went on wiping his brushes and putting them aside for the day.

"As the door closed, I turned to him. 'Christian,' I said, 'don't you know who she was? How could you keep up that pretence of ignorance and indifference?'

"'I have known all along,' he said, 'who she *was;* but that woman died years ago—for me. This, this poor painted ghost has no name and no existence in my life, or memory. Why should she?'

"'And you used her—'

"'I used her to tell her own story to anyone who looks on—*this*,' he said, pointing to the picture. 'Fate gave me a better revenge than I could have demanded.'

"'It seems cruel,' I said, looking at the canvas, where the living story of the living woman spoke out in merciless fidelity.

"'No,' he said, 'it is only just.' He left the studio then, but I remained for long, studying every detail of that work of his, whose subject he had chosen with no thought that the real heroine should also be the model.

"It was simple; but it told a story, as all his pictures did. A room luxurious, but not pretentious. In the middle of the room stood a man. His face was half averted; but the figure—and the slight glimpse of that stern and handsome profile were eloquent with a determination as strong as death—relentless as justice. At his feet knelt a woman, her face agonised, despairing; the young haggard misery of it haunted one despite oneself. The loosened masses of dark hair swept the ground. Her clasped hands, her strange, imploring eyes, her parted lips that seemed tremulous with life, all spoke out appeal—appeal for mercy—for forgiveness; while on the face, with its lost youth and its feverish passions and haggard beauty, was stamped indelibly the history of a past where she had wronged, and he suffered.

"AT HIS FEET KNELT A WOMAN.

"The gesture of his outstretched hand that thrust her aside as some loathsome evil thing, the mute disgust and stern relentlessness of his whole attitude spoke out like a living voice. One heard it, and wondered what could have been the wrong that never would bring her forgiveness; yet, even while wondering, seemed to guess the truth. I looked at it until my eyes grew dim. So many years, and yet his wrecked youth, his wasted love had brought him vengeance. How deep a hold that one brief passion must have taken on his life and memory; even now, at this distance of time, it could arm him with strength to teach others the lesson he had learnt in the first years of youth and faith. I turned away at last. In some vague way I felt sorry for the woman whose vanished beauty, and evil life, and sore need, had left her at the mercy of

the man she had first wronged, the man who held the power to give her story to the world, even as he had shown it to herself. Calmly, coldly, with merciless fidelity, with never one word or hint of consciousness as to who she was, the artist had completed his study. The wronged husband spurned the guilty wife as remorselessly as she had once forsaken him. It was just—he had said so; but I found it in me to wish that justice were less cruel.

* * * * *

"It was still early next morning when Christian came to my room.

"'I find I have mislaid my key of the studio,' he said. 'Will you lend me yours?'

"'I am just going there,' I answered. 'We may as well walk together.'

"The studio was but a short distance from where we lived. To this day I remember that morning—the soft air, the budding green of the trees, the scent of spring flowers. Ah! if human life could but renew itself as nature does! . . . But I must hasten on. We reached the studio. I stopped in some consternation.

"'Why, Christian,' I said, 'your key is in the lock! How careless!'

"He looked disturbed.

"'I have no recollection of leaving it there,' he said; 'and you were the last to come away, you remember.'

"'True,' I said, 'and I certainly closed and locked the door as usual.'

"We spent no more time in words. A vague presentiment of evil oppressed us. In silence we hurried into the room. My first glance was for the picture. It stood there in the full glare of the morning light, tragic, wonderful as ever. But on the bare wooden floor beneath I saw outstretched a woman's prostrate figure. We sprang forward. A cry of horror burst from Christian. Face downwards on the floor she lay, half veiled by masses of loosened hair, her hand clasping a sharp and shining blade; her face, as he raised it, white and calm, set in the frozen peace of death.

"We raised her, and laid her on the couch, but even as we did so we knew that there was no hope. Her life's history had ended here, where its first chapter of retribution had been written by the man she had wronged.

"When the first shock of horror was over, and the medical verdict had been pronounced, I noticed that on the table there were some sheets of paper, closely written, and placed together. They were not addressed, but I drew Christian's attention to them, feeling certain they were meant for him. He read them silently, sadly, perhaps with something of regret at last. When he had finished, he folded them together, and turned to me.

"'You can guess, of course,' he said. 'She came here determined to destroy that picture; full of hatred and revenge. She writes here of all that was in her heart from the moment that she saw herself on that canvas. Some softer feeling, however, seems to have stolen over her as—as she wrote—some memory of our youth, our love—for she did love me, just for a brief space, as well as it was in her to love anyone. She leaves off abruptly, as you see. I think she must have gone over to the picture for one more look. The knife was in her grasp. Whether she faltered in intent, or whether, as the doctor says, the heart's action suddenly ceased under the effects of fierce excitement, we shall never know. There she lies—powerless now to plead for or receive forgiveness.'

"'You would not grant forgiveness, Christian,' I said sadly, as I covered the calm, dead face; 'yet, you see, it was not in your hands to give—retribution.'"

The speaker paused, and looked round at the grave and silent circle.

"That is all," he said, "only Christian did *not* send that picture for exhibition. It stood from that day in his studio, in a recess veiled by a heavy curtain. I think no one save he or I, ever lifted that curtain, or knew the history it hid from all the world, whose praises he has won, whose fame is his, at last, when he neither needs nor knows of it."

FINIS.

To C. CHAMBERS

Sept. 1, 1817.*

[It is probable that many attentive and earnest admirers of ELIA, if they were to be told that that admirable man and writer was entitled to a place among those who may be considered the modern disciples of Apicius, would ask a little time to consider and refer, before they agreed with such a proposition. In his earlier and poorer days, Lamb, so far as we can make out, had few opportunities of indulging in the pleasures of the table and the palate. But as his means improved, and his circle of friends widened, we easily discover evidences of his appreciation of certain delicacies, which in some cases showed his taste for such matters to be as idiosyncratic as his views about books. Almost the very latest of his essays was a contribution to the *Athenæum* called "Thoughts on Presents of Game," and as early as 1810 he exhibits an entertaining gusto on the subject of a pig, which had been sent up to him as a present by the Hazlitts from Winterslow. The series of notes to Keefe deals considerably with acknowledgments of oblations of game and "shining" birds; and scattered through the friendly correspondence are numerous hints that Lamb was by no means indifferent to toothsome dishes and flavorous *bonnes bouches*. The hitherto unprinted letter, which I give below, is addressed, as may be perceived, to "Mr. C. Chambers," of Leamington, and is a masterpiece of descriptive humour and opulent fancy. Canon Ainger has inserted in his edition of the "Letters" an expurgated text of a long letter to "Mr. John Chambers," whom he introduces as a colleague of Lamb in Leadenhall-street. That these were two different persons appears tolerably evident, for the present communication is not only endorsed as I have stated, but bears upon its face the testimony that the Christian name of the recipient commenced with the same initial as the writer's. They were possibly relations. The letter given by Canon Ainger was as undoubtedly sent to "John" Chambers, for I have taken the pains to verify that point. This is, however, a critical question, which may be reserved for another place and occasion.—W. CAREW HAZLITT.]

WITH regard to a John Dory, which you desire to be particularly informed about—I honour the fish, but it is rather on account of Quin who patronized it, and whose taste (of a *dead* man) I had as lieve go by as any body's (Apicius and Heliogabalus excepted—this latter started nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains as a garnish).

Else in *itself*, and trusting to my own poor single judgment, it hath not that moist mellow oleaginous gliding smooth descent from the tongue to the palate, thence to the stomach, &c., that your Brighton Turbot hath, which I take to be the most friendly and familiar flavor of any that swims—most genial and at home to the palate—

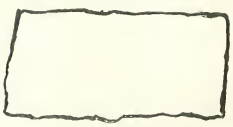
Nor has it on the other hand that fine falling off flakiness, that oleaginous peeling off (as it were, like a sea onion), which endears your cod's head & shoulders to some appetites, that manly firmness, combined with a sort of womanish coming-in-pieces, which the same cod's head & shoulders hath, where the whole is easily separable, pliant to a knife or a spoon, but each individual flake presents a pleasing resistance to the opposed tooth—you understand me — these delicate subjects are necessarily obscure.

But it has a third flavor of its own, perfectly distinct from Cod or Turbot, which it must be owned may to some not injudicious palates render it acceptable—but to my unpractised tooth it presented rather a crude river-fish-flavor, like your Pike or Carp, and perhaps like them should have been tamed & corrected by some laborious &

* This date is not in Lamb's hand; probably it was supplied by the recipient.

well chosen sauce. Still I always suspect a fish which requires so much of artificial settings - off. Your choicest relishes (like nature's loveliness) need not the foreign aid of ornament, but are when unadorned (that is, with nothing but a little plain anchovy & a squeeze of lemon) are then adorned the most. However, I shall go to Brighton again next Summer, and shall have an opportunity of correcting my judgment, if it is not sufficiently informed. I can only say that when Nature was pleased to make the John Dory so notoriously deficient in outward graces (as to be sure he is the very Rhinoceros of fishes, the ugliest dog that swims, except perhaps the Sea Satyr, which I never saw, but which they say is terrible), when she formed him with so few external advantages, she might have bestowed a more elaborate finish in his parts internal, & have given him a relish, a sapor, to recommend him, as she made Pope a Poet to make up for making him crooked.

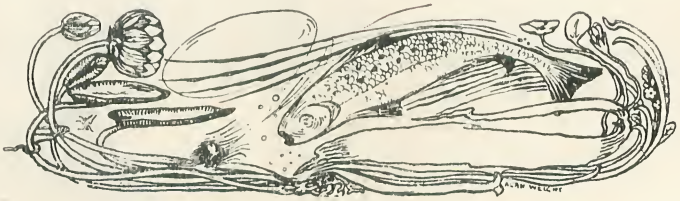
I am sorry to find that you have got a knack of saying things which are not true to shew your wit. If I had no wit but what I must shew at the expence of my virtue or my modesty, I had as lieve be as stupid as * * * at [1] the Tea Warehouse. Depend upon it, my dear Chambers, that an ounce of integrity at our death-bed will stand us in more avail than all the wit of Congreve or * * * * For instance, you tell me a fine story about Truss, and his playing at Leamington, which I know to be false, because I have advice from Derby that he was whipt through the Town on that very day you say he appeared in some character or other, for robbing an old woman at church of a seal ring. And Dr. Parr has been two months dead. So it won't do to scatter these untrue stories about among people that know any thing. Besides, your forte is not invention. It is *judgment*, particularly shown in your choice of dishes. We seem in that instance born under one star. I like you for liking hare. I esteem you for disrelishing minced veal. Liking is too cold a word. I love you for your noble attachment to the fat unctuous juices of deer's flesh & the green unspeakable of turtle. I honour you for your endeavours to esteem and approve of my favorite, which I ventured to recommend to you as a substitute for hare, bullock's heart, and I am not offended that you cannot taste it with *my* palate. A true son of Epicurus should reserve one taste peculiar to himself. For a long time I kept the secret about the exceeding deliciousness of the marrow of boiled knuckle of veal, till my tongue weakly ran riot in its praises, and now it is prostitute & common.—But I have made one discovery which I will not impart till my dying scene is over, perhaps it will be my last mouthful in this world, delicious thought, enough to sweeten (or rather make savoury) the hour of death. It is a little square bit about this size in or



[1] So in the original. Query Rye, one of Lamb's colleagues.

near the huckle bone of a fried joint of * * * * * * * fat I can't call it nor lean neither altogether, it is that beautiful compound, which Nature must have made in Paradise Park venison, before she separated the two substances, the dry & the oleaginous, to punish sinful mankind ; Adam ate them entire & inseparate, and this little taste of Eden in the huckle bone of a fried * * * * seems the only relique of a Paradisaical state. When I die, an exact description of its topography shall be left in a cupboard with a key, inscribed on which these words, "C. Lamb dying imparts this to C. Chambers as the only worthy depository of such a secret." You'll drop a tear. * * * * *

[Endorsed :]
Mr. C. Chambers,
Leamington,
near
Warwick.

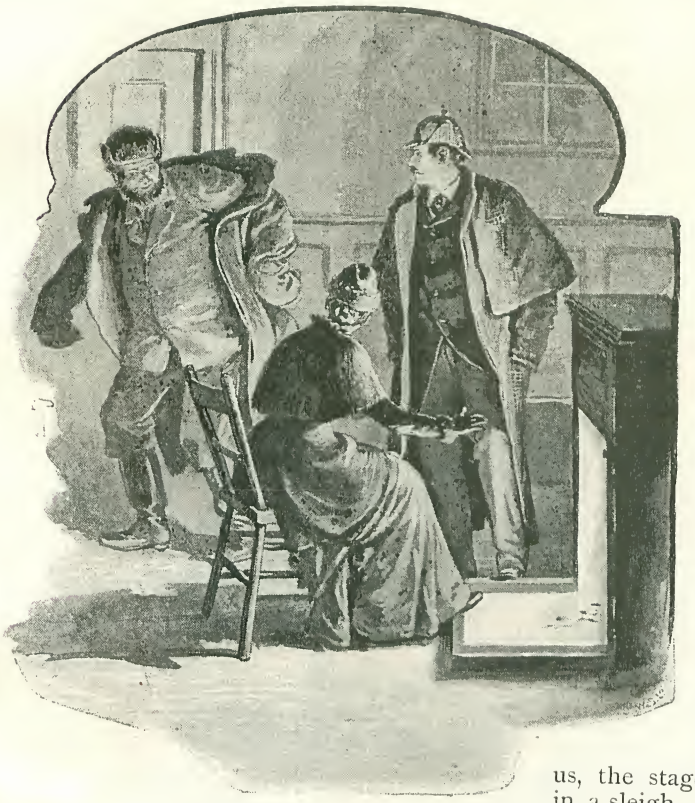


Major Pendallas.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Frank R. Stockton.

ON December 24, 1880, I was standing in a little American country railway station, in a state of perplexity. Near me, sitting in a chair by the stove, was a young lady, also in a state of perplexity. Facing us both stood the station-master, who had been in a state of perplexity, but was getting out of it.



"I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU."

"Just you wait here ten minutes," he said, "and I'll see what I can do for you," and putting on a fur cap and an ulster, he went out of doors.

The state of the case was this: Miss Welden, the lady by the stove, was on her way to join a Christmas party at the house of her uncle, Mr. Dolliver, some seven miles from the station, and I, invited to the same house, had been delighted to meet her on the train. We were good friends, and had studied art together in Paris. When we left the city in a morning train, a little snow was beginning to fall, and as we journeyed northward we found the snow-fall heavier and heavier, and we had arrived at this little village of Boynton at three o'clock in the afternoon, an hour behind time.

From Boynton to the Dolliver house we were to go by a stage coach, but the stage driver had left more than an hour previously, hurrying away before his ordinary time of starting, for fear the road would be blocked up before he could get to his home, a good twelve miles away, and assuring himself that there would be no passengers for him on such a day.

It was reasonable enough that we should be perplexed, for we could not see, nor at first could the station-master see, how we were to get to our journey's end that day. If we would wait until next day, he told us, the stage driver would be back in a sleigh. He said he would be sure to come—for Christmas packages, if not for passengers. But we could not wait until next day. It would be better to return to the city in the next down train, if, happily, one should come. We could not hope that the Dollivers would send for us, for if they saw the stage pass without stopping, they would be sure

we had not come by the train. The station-master was a good man, and did his best to get us out of our trouble. He had doubts about another train coming down that day—it was a branch road with one track—and he thought it would be a great pity if the Dollivers should be deprived of the company of two of their Christmas guests; a lot of them had come up the day before. Nobody in the village made a business of hiring out vehicles or carrying passengers, but an idea had struck the station-master, and he had gone out to see what he could do with it.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned.

"Well, sir," he said, "there is just one thing you can do. There isn't anybody in this village who will go to Dollivers' to-day, for there is no chance of getting back to-night, but the man who keeps the store here, Mr. Peter Chase, has got a horse and sleigh, and if you choose to hire that of him, and do your own driving, I think you can get it, if you are willing to pay him something extra, for he'll have to send a man over to-morrow with the stage driver to bring it back; and besides, in rough times like these, people always charge something extra."

I put the matter before Miss Welden, and she did not hesitate to say that, rather than take the risk of being obliged to remain in the village, where there were no accommodations for strangers, she would take the risk of letting me drive her to the Dollivers'.

"It is only seven miles," she said, "and if the horse is good enough, I don't see what there is to happen."

I tramped through the snow to Peter Chase's store, and quickly arranged with him for the hire of his horse and sleigh.

"Five dollars may seem a good deal, sir," he said, "for a trip like that, but this is a pretty deep snow, and we all ought to remember that Christmas comes but once a year. I'll have the sleigh round at the station in ten minutes."

In half an hour a little sleigh, drawn by a big brown horse, came up to the back door of the station.

"I would have been here sooner," said Mr. Chase, "but it was a good while before I could find the bells, and I knowed you wouldn't want to take a Christmas sleigh-ride without bells."

I did not complain of the delay, although I had been getting dreadfully impatient. The station-master had had a telegram from up the line, stating that a down train with a snow-plough was on its way, and I was very much afraid that Miss Welden would conclude to wait, and take this train back to the city, so without loss of time we bundled in. The Christmas-minded Mr. Chase had brought two heavy fur robes; our valises were packed in behind, the sleigh being of the box variety, and we were ready.

"A JOLLY SLEIGH-RIDE."

"There is no mistaking the way," said Mr. Chase. "You go straight ahead until you come to the house."

"Which I know perfectly well," added Miss Welden, and away we jingled.

The snow was still falling, but we did not mind that, and now that we had started off, I was glad that Mr. Chase had waited to find the bells. Their merry jingle suited my spirits well. A jolly sleigh-ride with Clara Welden was more enjoyment than I had counted on for this Christmas.

A young man and a young woman, both of lively dispositions, good friends, fellow-workers, and nothing more, are much more likely to have a merry time in a case like this, than if they were a pair of lovers, or even if one of them were a lover. True love implies a certain seriousness, and is not infrequently conducive to demureness.

The snow was deep on the road, and sometimes drifted, but the sleigh went through it well enough. The horse, however, probably not a very good traveller on the best of roads, made but slow progress. But although he was an animal of deliberate action, possessing, as Miss Welden thought, an æsthetic turn of mind, which made him object to destroy the virgin smoothness of the snow with his great hoofs, he was strong, and that was the main point. With reason to believe that we should safely reach our journey's end, it did not trouble me that we were making that journey slowly, and my companion appeared to be of my way of thinking. The beauty of the snow-decorated forests, fields, and hills was enough to make our artists' hearts satisfied, even if the horse should decline to do more than walk.

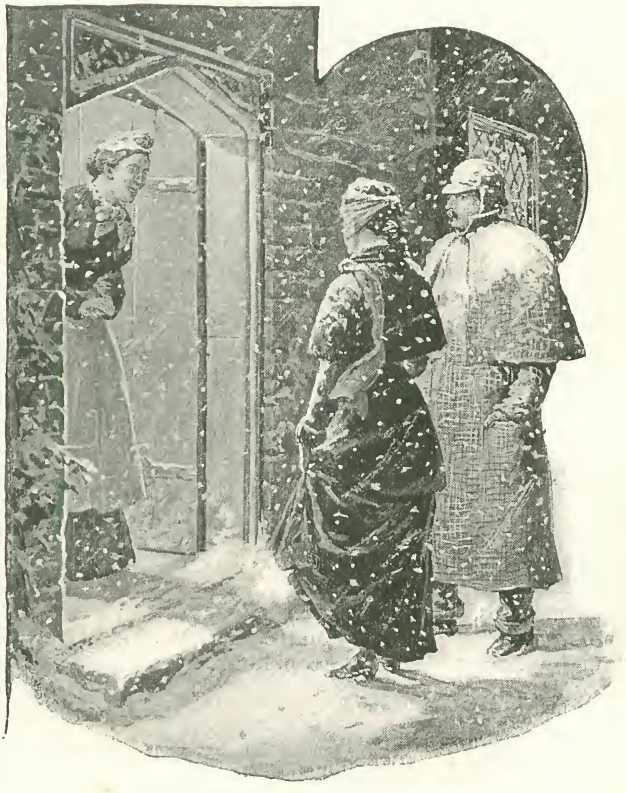
It began to grow dark, and we had not reached the hospitable mansion to which we were bound, but there was a beautiful weirdness in the snow scenes softened by the dusky light, and our hearts and the bells were still merry. But as it grew darker and darker, we both began to wish that we stood in the light and warmth of the Dolliver house. I whipped the horse, who made a few bounds through the snow and then relapsed into his former trot. It was of no use to try to hurry him.

Several times Miss Welden had assured me that she was not in the least anxious, and that she was sure we should now reach the house in a very short time; I think she was about to say something of the kind again, when suddenly she exclaimed, in a voice that had a ring of hearty cheerfulness in it, very different from her previous expressions of thoughtful encouragement—

"Here it is. Didn't I tell you? We are at the very gate."

Sure enough, there was the gate with a lamp on one of the posts, and there in the midst of its whitened grounds was the house, its windows lighted, and a lamp on the piazza.

When I pulled up to the door I attempted to bound from the sleigh, but my bound was a poor one, for I found my legs were somewhat stiffened by the cold. As I helped Miss Welden to alight, I could perceive she was not nearly so active as I had generally known her. The door opened before we had time to reach it, and an



"AN ELDERLY WOMAN STOOD IN THE PORTAL."

elderly woman, with a Christmassy look about her, which was absolutely warming, stood in the broad portal.

We stopped on the piazza before entering, stamping and shaking ourselves, for we were two figures of snow.

"Our valises are in the back of the sleigh," I said, and to my surprise my teeth chattered a little as I spoke. "I think the horse will stand until someone takes him."

We then went in. Suddenly Miss Welden stopped, and looked from right to left, and turning to the good woman, she exclaimed:

"This is not Mr. Dolliver's house?"

"Of course not," said the other, "did you think it was? Major Pendallas lives here."

Miss Welden and I looked at each other in dismay.

"We have made a mistake," I said. "How much further on is it to the Dolliver place?"

"It isn't farther on at all," the woman replied, "it is not on this road at all."

"It is too bad," I said, "they told us at Boynton it was a straight road, and we could not miss it."

"So it is, but three miles below here there is a fork that anybody might mistake, especially at night, with the roads unbroken. But come in and get warm, you must be half frozen. I'll have a man throw a blanket over the horse;" and with this she showed us into a large room with a wood-fire blazing on the hearth. She pushed two chairs before the fire.

"Sit down," she said, "and get a little warm. If I am not mistaken this is Miss Clara Welden. Yes, I thought so. It's been a long time since I have seen you. I am Mrs. Bardsley. I keep house for Major Pendallas. Excuse me for a moment."

"What a grand thing this fire is," said I, "and who is Major Pendallas?"

"I never saw him in my life," said Miss Welden, following my example, and drawing up closer to the fire, "but I have often heard of him. He used to be in the army, I think, and now he has a stock farm, and has all sorts of fine horses and cows. I wonder if he would be willing to send over to my uncle's? I can't bear to think of starting out again in that sleigh, and with that horse."

I was glad she did not include the driver in her objections, and said I hoped that the Major would be able to do something for us. But at the time I did not give much thought to the subject, for my whole soul was occupied in revelling in the genial heat. I had had no idea that I was so cold.

In about five minutes the door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing a heavy pea-jacket, and an unmistakable air of being the master of the house, entered the room. He was middle-aged, had side whiskers, and bright blue eyes. We both

"HE GREETED MISS WELDEN."

rose, and with outstretched hand he greeted Miss Welden.

"Delighted to see you," he said, in a hearty tone. "Mrs. Bardsley tells me you have lost your way, but that doesn't matter, I'll make that all right."

Then he turned towards me, and Miss Welden introduced me.

"Ashmead?" he repeated, as he grasped me by the hand.

"Yes," I replied, "Henry G. Ashmead."

As I spoke he gave me a quick look, and

seemed about to say something in reference to my name, but he checked himself, and urged us to sit down again.

"What you must do now is to get warm —get warm," he said, and he put two great logs on the fire.

With a few quick questions, and without sitting down, he made himself acquainted with the situation. For a moment he gazed down upon us, and then he said, "The first thing to do, now that you are a little thawed, is to get off your coats and wraps."

"That is hardly worth while," I replied, "for as soon as we are well warmed, we must get on, in some way or other, to the Dolliver house."

"Sir," said Major Pendallas, "there is no Dolliver house for you to-night. Here you are, and here you stay. It is three miles back to the main road, and then you would have two miles more to go, and before you reached the Dolliver house there is a long hollow, and at this present moment the snow is probably drifted five feet. If you had taken the right road you most likely would have been in that snow-drift now. I have sleighs and teams enough, and no doubt I could pull you through, but it is blowing now as well as snowing, and I am not going to let a young lady go out into a storm like this, especially when she has had already as much as she is able to stand of that sort of thing. Your bags will be brought in, and your horse put in the stable. Mrs. Bardsley will take charge of Miss Welden. I'll attend to you, sir, and supper will be ready in half an hour," and without waiting for an answer he left the room.

We looked at each other and laughed.

"That is just what I hoped he would do," said Miss Welden. "I have had all the sleighing I want for this day."

"Good," I cried, throwing off my overcoat; "I feared I might have to persuade you."

"That is really absurd," she said; "as if the storm and Major Pendallas were not quite enough."

"WE THREE SAT DOWN TO A BIG ROUND SUPPER TABLE."

In five minutes Miss Welden had been carried off by the beaming Mrs. Bardsley, while Major Pendallas conducted me to a bedroom on the ground floor, in which I found a crackling wood fire. The house was a large one, and seemed to be lighted from top to bottom.

We three sat down to a big round sup-

per table, and, as might have been expected, the meal was bountiful, hot, and most grateful and cheery to the two storm-beaten travellers, who had eaten nothing since breakfast except an unattractive luncheon on the train.

Our host did most of the talking, and we were well content to let him do it.

"You cannot imagine," he burst out, as soon as we were seated, "how glad I am to have you two people here. I expected to spend this Christmas Eve absolutely alone, and I should have felt that, for I never did anything of the kind before, and, from a boy, I have thought more of Christmas Eve than of Christmas Day. There is less of a strain in it. On Christmas Day you feel as if you ought to be awfully jolly, because if you don't, you won't have another chance for a year. On Christmas Eve one can be jolly without thinking of it. If there are any shortcomings they can be made up next day. Last year my niece was with me, and we had plenty of company; but now she's married and cleared out, utterly. Gone to Europe with her husband, and intends to stay there. But the storm has been good to me. Let me give you a piece of this chicken, sir, and some butter. This is Christmas butter, especially made from the cream of two cows, both granddaughters of the great Cavalier George."

The Major's anticipation of a truly jolly Christmas Eve was interfered with by Miss Welden, who declared, shortly after nine o'clock, that she was so fatigued by her day's experiences that she would be obliged to bid us good-night. When she had gone, the Major and I each lighted a cigar, and drew up before the big fire in the parlour.

"I can't help being disappointed," said he, "for I intended to get up a lot of games, and have Mrs. Bardsley and her daughter in. They are very respectable people, and at Christmas time we always have them in at the games. But bed is the best place for Miss Welden, after what she has pulled through this day. And I am so rejoiced to have you both in the house that I shan't grumble. It doesn't matter in the least that when the sun set to-day I had never seen either of you, nor you me. I know who you are, and you know who I am—at least, Miss Welden knows, and that's enough."

"But you don't know me," I said.

"Indeed I do," he exclaimed, slapping one of his spread-out knees, and leaning toward me. "I know you in the best kind of a way. I have one of your pictures. Now, don't go and say you are not the artist, Henry G. Ashmead."

"I am that man," I replied.

"I didn't doubt it," said the Major, leaning back in his chair, "you look like it. I am a bachelor, sir, and it takes a good deal to keep that sort of a man content and easy in his mind. Pictures and books help a lot in that way, and I make it a point every year to buy a good picture. I got one of yours last fall, and I am very fond of looking at it. Come with me, and I'll show it to you."

The Major then preceded me to a medium-sized room in the front of the house, which he called his reading-room.

"It isn't a study," said he, "for I never study; and it isn't a library, for it hasn't books enough for that; but it is as good a room to read in as I know. A fine light, and always cool in summer. There is the picture," and he held up a lamp before one of my large landscapes.

"I thought Burnet owned that," I exclaimed.

"Yes, he did, but he's been hard up lately, and had to sell off part of his collection. I snapped up that as soon as I saw it. There are things in that picture that you seldom see in paintings. That's timothy grass in that meadow, and a cut about the end of June would make hay worth about twenty dollars a ton. It's ready to cut now," said he, "and from the looks of the leaves on the trees, and the size of those mullein plants, I should say it was in June that you took it."

"I made my studies in June," I replied.

"Good," he cried, "I knew it. There's no nonsense about that meadow, such as you would see in most pictures. No bushes and straggling briers, or patches of red clover, and orchard grass. I am a straightforward and practical man, and I like a straightforward and practical picture. Of course, you couldn't help the daisies, and no more can I in my own meadows. Now, then," said he, when we were again before the fire, "you can see for yourself how I know you, and I can tell you that it delights me to have in my house the man who painted that picture. After awhile I'll brew a bowl of Regent's punch. But it isn't late enough for that. We'll have a bachelor night of it. By next Christmas, I suppose, the young lady will put a veto on bachelor nights."

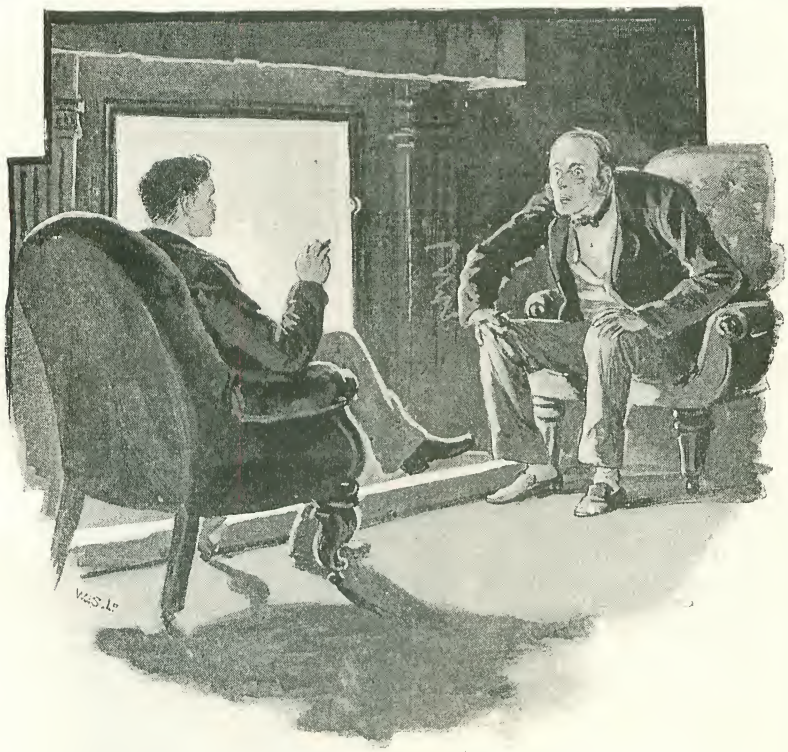
"Veto," said I, "what do you mean?"

"You will surely be married by next Christmas," he replied.

"Married!" I exclaimed, with a laugh. "We have never thought of being married."

The Major took his cigar from his mouth, put his hands upon his knees, leaned forward, and looked at me.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you and Miss Welden are not engaged to be married?"



"THE MAJOR LEANED FORWARD AND LOOKED AT ME."

"Not at all," said I, "we have known each other a long time, but we are friends and nothing more."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Major Pendallas, throwing away his cigar and rising abruptly from his chair. Then, standing with his back to the fire, he looked down upon me.

"Now I am disappointed. I surely thought you two were a team, and a fine one. I had made up my mind to it, and now I am set back. I feel as if I were driving a big Percheron and a polo pony. I'm a practical, common-sense man, and I don't mind asking practical, common-sense questions. I have done that all my life, and though I have made a good many people mad it has always been better for me in the end. Now would you mind telling me if that young woman is engaged to somebody else, or if you are? Don't get angry. If anybody is angry, I ought to be."

I was not in the least offended. There was an impetuous but kindly earnestness about the man which impressed me very agreeably. There are some people whose liberties are pleasant rather than otherwise. The Major was one of those people.

"I am not engaged," I said with a smile, "and I have no reason to believe that she is."

Major Pendallas thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, strolled to the other end of the large room, and, then turning, came back and sat down.

"I believe," said he, "that the man who lives alone does more thinking to the minute than other people. When she was pouring out the coffee to-night, and you were handing your cup to her, and both of you were laughing about the sugar, I stopped eating and I said to myself, 'That is as perfect a match as I ever saw.' And in regard to human beings it is very seldom that I think that. And now you turn around and tell me that you and she go single."

I could not help laughing at the serious way in which he discussed the subject.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said I, "but Miss Welden and I are not marrying people. For myself, I cannot afford matrimony."

"That's what I once thought," he said, "and for thirty-five years I have regretted that I was foolish enough to think so."

It was plain that my host was a man of nervous temperament. He could not sit

still while considering this subject, evidently of deep interest to him. He now rose, folded his arms, and looked at me steadily for fully a minute. As he gazed at me, his eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger. "It was my intention to make a business proposition to you, founded on what you and Miss Welden said about this part of the country, and how much you liked it. I considered it one of the happiest thoughts I had ever had."

"What was it?" I asked, a good deal amused, but careful not to show it. "I shall be glad to hear it, whether I can accept it or not."

"All right," said the Major, seating himself with decision, "you shall have it. I will make the proposition in the common-sense, straightforward manner in which I intended to make it. For over ten months I have been kicking and fuming at being obliged to live here in this lonely house. To-night I said to myself over and over again, 'What would I give if these two would eat all their meals with me; would come here and live in this house?' And then I said, 'Why shouldn't they? He's a landscape painter, and they would want to live somewhere in the country, and are not likely to find any place more beautiful than this. Now, perhaps, that's just what they want, and what they are looking for, and the best thing you can do is to make them the offer without loss of time.' While I was thinking of this, my spirits went up to about a hundred in the shade, but when you told me you were not an engaged couple, down they went, I don't know how far."

"What did you intend to offer?" I asked.

"Offer!" he said, "everything. I intended to put at your disposal, as soon after you married as you pleased, the handsomest room in the house, second floor front, with a beautiful flower garden in summer, directly under the side window. I would have given you the run of this house, reading-room and everything, and made you feel at home; if the lady is a musician, I would have bought a new piano; if you are fond of riding or driving, my stables should have been at your service. I have to pay men to exercise the horses, and it would be a favour to me to have you do some of it. Moreover, I have a carriage-house on the other side of my garden, which I do not use, and I would have fitted it up as a studio for you, with a big north light and all conveniences. Then, again, if you would have liked to come here to spend your honeymoon, I would have vacated the place for a month, and let you have it all to yourselves.

"For the accommodations I should have offered you, I should have charged you no more than what your living would cost me. Certainly not over seven dollars a week each. For the rent of my studio, I should have asked you one landscape picture every year."

I was most cheerfully impressed by the project thus laid before me.

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "you are generous, indeed. Will you make me the same offer if I bring some other lady here as my wife?"

"No, sir," cried the Major, striking his knee with his broad hand; "no, sir, I will not. I know all about Miss Welden, and I have formed a great fancy for her. I will run no risks with outside and unknown women."

"HE LOOKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT."

So saying, he rose abruptly to his feet, walked to a window, raised the shade, and looked out into the night. I remained gazing into the cheerful fire. The enthusiasm of this man had had a powerful effect upon me. I was actually thinking

what a delightful thing it would be to marry Miss Welden.

It was not the first time that this thought had come into my mind, but it had always been promptly expelled. As I told my host, I was not a marrying man, at least, I considered that my financial circumstances gave me no right to be one. But now the state of affairs seemed to be entirely changed ; so far as pecuniary considerations were concerned, there was no reason why I should not be married to-morrow, and the perception of this fact set me in a glow. The Major now returned to the fire.

"Hello," he cried, "your face looks as if you were getting converted."

"It may be that I am," I said. "You are a powerful preacher."

He stepped quickly towards me, and clapped his hand upon my shoulder.

"Now," he said, "you are in the right road ; don't hesitate ; don't look to the right or the left ; don't stop to consider ; don't reason, but go straight ahead, and ask that young woman to be your wife. The fact that you are beginning to feel converted shows that you want her, and indeed I should have a very small opinion of you if you didn't want her. Ask her to-morrow morning; ask her here in this house before you go into that crowd of Dolliver's, where you will have no chance at all. I'll see to it that you have every chance here."

"Major," said I, rising, "I have the greatest mind in the world to do it. You have put before me opportunities which I did not suppose to exist ; you have stirred up feelings in me that I thought were long ago conquered and quieted ; you have——"

"Now, my dear boy," interrupted the Major, "don't say another word. Go to your room while you are in this mind, go to bed and go to sleep. Don't consider this or that, or any other thing. Keep your mind on the one fact that you are going to propose to Miss Welden in the morning. Above all, don't think about me. Don't imagine that perhaps I'm not going to suit your fancies. I will give you my word that if I don't suit, or can't make myself suit, I'll clear out. I'll take the risk of all that."

"Very good," said I, "I'll go to my room, for it is past country bed time, and I'll keep my mind on the subject you have brought up before me. But what of that Regent's punch you were going to brew ?"

"Not a drop, sir, not a drop," exclaimed the Major. "When men want cheering up, and have nothing to do afterward, a glass of punch on a winter night is a very good thing, but in a case like this we want clear heads. Anybody can determine to marry almost anybody if he drinks enough punch. When I set out to drive a pair of horses in a storm or on a cold, chilly night, I never touch a drop of spirits ; no matter how much I feel that I need warming up at such times, I want to be sharpened, not comforted. But when I get safely home I mix myself a glass of something hot. Making up your mind at this time is much more important than driving any sort of horses in any kind of weather. The punch can wait until to-morrow, and if things turn out all right, I'll brew something out of the common, I assure you."

In my bedroom that night I gave no time to deliberation. Before I bade the Major good-night I had made up my mind to propose to Miss Welden.

I was downstairs before breakfast the next morning, and I met the Major just coming in from a visit to his stables.

"Merry Christmas," he cried, "and isn't this a glorious day—sun bright and sky clear ? But the snow is about a foot deep on the level, and nobody knows how deep in the drifts. I have a Canadian in my employment who walks on snow shoes, and I have sent him across the country to the Dollivers to tell them where you are, and let them know that you will be there in the course of the afternoon. I'll send out some men with a double team of oxen and a snow plough, to break the road, and after luncheon I'll drive you over myself. In the meantime, how are you going to spend the morning, sir ?"

I laughed as I gazed into his earnest countenance.

"I am going to try to break a road into the region of matrimony," I replied.

The Major's face shone like the morning sun.

"You're sound as a dollar !" he exclaimed. "After breakfast you two shall have this house to yourselves. I'll carry off Mrs. Bardsley and the rest of them to the Christmas-present business in the big barn. I suppose you can get through in an hour ?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "probably in less time."

The Major was now called off, and I strolled into the reading-room to look again at my picture. The room was full of the morning light, and as I turned to the wall on which my landscape hung, I stood

with eyes and mouth open—the paper on the wall was one designed by Clara Welden. I remembered when she was working on it in her studio. There was a tendril running through it which I had suggested. I clapped my hands, and felt like bursting out with a shout of pure enjoyment, but I restrained myself. The breakfast bell rang, and as I went out I closed the door behind me.

Miss Welden came down refreshed and lovely, and, as we exchanged Christmas salutations, I almost felt guilty in thinking of the conspiracy which we two men had hatched up against her, but I did not in the least swerve from my purpose.

It was about an hour afterward, when Miss Welden and I were sitting before a blazing fire in the parlour, that I declared my love for her, that I asked her to be my wife; and, in the ardour which increased as I spoke, I told her everything. I laid before her the whole glowing picture which Major Pendallas had painted for me.

When I began to speak, she looked at me in a quizzical way, as if she were amused at the sudden outcropping of my passion, but afterwards she began to listen with interest, as if it were due to me to give serious consideration to a matter which I urged so warmly, odd as it might be that I happened to be urging it just then. But when I told her what the Major had been talking about, her face flushed with indignation.

"IT IS A SHAME! SHE EXCLAIMED."

"It is a shame," she exclaimed, "that that man should discuss me in such a way! What right has he to meddle with my affairs, or give advice concerning me? If I can do it, I will leave this house this instant."

"You cannot do it," I said, "and I beg you will restrain your anger, until I explain the case. Major Pendallas takes a great interest in me on account of my work. You remember what he said at breakfast about my picture. He has taken——"

"I don't care anything about his interest in you," she interrupted. "I am thinking about myself. He has no right to take any interest in me—to discuss me. It is the most unwarrantable thing, the most——"

"Please do not say anything more against him," I implored. "I first want you to look at my picture. It is one of the few you have not seen."

"I don't want to see anything he owns," she said, sharply.

"But I beg of you to come and look at this, because I painted it. You may never have another chance, and I very much want you to see it."

She had a kind heart, and, angry as she was, she accompanied me to the reading-room. As we stood before the picture, her eyes wandered away from it, and over the wall. Then she turned and looked at me, and I looked at her, but said nothing.

"Do you suppose," she asked presently, "that he knew I designed this paper?"

"I am positive he does not," I replied, "for if he had known it, he would certainly have mentioned it to me, and beside, it is almost impossible that he should know it."

"It is wonderful," she said, in a softer tone. "What do you make of it?"

"I make this," I replied. "The soul of that man is in sympathy with yours, and with mine. The things we do touch his

tastes and his sensibilities. He covers his wall with your paper, and he hangs my picture upon it. He does not know either of us, but his soul is in sympathy with us. I think you can hardly say that he has no right to take an interest in you."

She looked at me and smiled.

"That is all very pretty," she said, "but rather sentimental."

"Not a bit too much so," I exclaimed. "Clara, I think you cannot any longer be angry with our host, and having set him aside, will you not consider me——"

"And consent to be a background to your work?" she asked. There was a bright sparkle in her eye, which made me feel justified in gently closing the door.

When Major Pendallas returned from the big barn, where, according to his custom, he had been making Christmas presents to all his people, he found Clara and me in the parlour. He approached us in a somewhat hesitating way, and as I looked around at him I could see an expression on his countenance which looked like a fear that he had come back before I had gotten through with the business of the morning, or perhaps before I had begun it. But as we both rose to meet him, I still holding Clara's hand, all doubt vanished from his handsome, honest, weatherbrowned face.

"I know it," he cried, as he looked from one to the other of us, "I know it. You needn't tell me anything," and he stretched out a hand to each of us. "This is a glorious Christmas," he said, "a glorious Christmas." It was plain he wanted to say a good deal, but could not find words, but Clara allowed no embarrassing silence.

"I have been very angry with you, Major," she said, with the kindest of smiles upon her still slightly flushed face. He looked at her inquiringly.

"It was because you were making all sorts of arrangements for me, without my knowing a word about them."

"Oh, that was because he didn't understand about the wall-paper," I said. "If he had known about that——"

"About what?" exclaimed Major Pendallas.

We two laughed, and then we took him into the reading-room. When all was explained to him he exclaimed—

"Upon my word!" and then, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his short coat, he turned about, and deliberately gazed upon the four walls of the room.

"Truly," he cried, "I can't take it in. To think that the two years I have been sitting in this room, surrounded by these warm, bright, delicate colours, these flowers of spring, these soft leaves, and these graceful spirals, this general impression of blossomy air, and then to think that you did it —I can't comprehend it. Why, I'll tell you, madam, when I went with my niece to a great city store, where they had thousands of patterns of wall-paper, I picked out this one in ten minutes; and, although there were a half-dozen others she fancied, I would have none but this for my reading-room. 'It is the flowers and air of spring,' I said, 'and I want to have it always around me.' I thought I liked you, madam, on account of what I had heard of you, and because of looking at you and listening to you; but that wasn't all—no, that wasn't all."

There was a moisture in Clara's eyes as she held out her hand to him.

"It is most marvellous and most charming," I said, "and I can see only one objection to the state of affairs—the picture should have been Clara's, and the background mine."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the Major. "The picture can be taken down, it can be stolen—lots of things can happen to it, and it occupies only a little space after all; but that beautiful wall is there, and it is here, and all around us; and here it will stay. It will last out my lifetime, and if any accidents happen to it I've got a lot more of it upstairs."

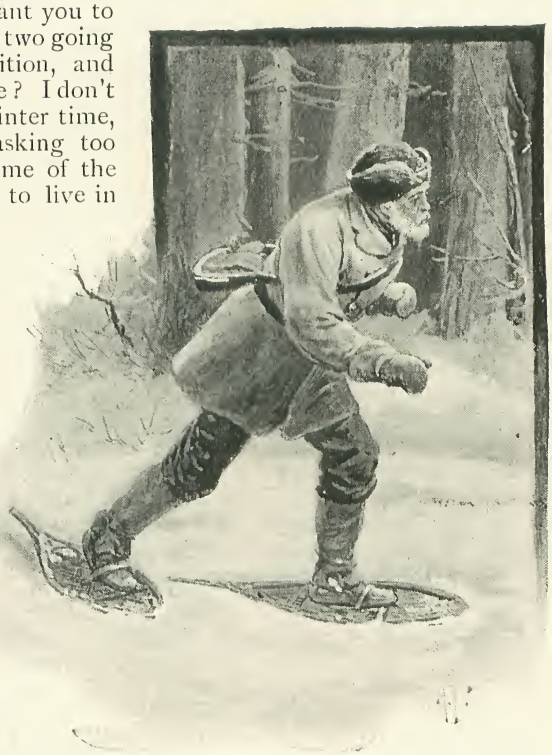
A servant now entered with a letter, which had been brought over from the Dollivers' by the man in snow-shoes. It was written to Clara, and she read it to us. Our friends were evidently overjoyed that we had not remained in the city, as they had supposed, and that we would soon be with them. They insisted that Major Pendallas should come over with us and spend the night. They had a large party of friends at the house, and were having a jolly time.

"Oh, I'll go," said the Major; "I intended to go, anyway; but as to jolly times, the times they are having there are no more to compare with what we are having here than an ashman's donkey is fit to run a three-mile heat with my colt Sapling. But we'll help to make them jolly. I'll take over the big silver punch bowl that I won four years ago, and have not used yet, for I have never had people

enough here to make it worth while. We'll christen the bowl on this happy day, and you, madam, shall have the first glass out of it. And now," continued the host, looking from the one to the other, "before we do any more, or say any more, or think of anything else, I want you to tell me this —are you two going to accept my proposition, and coming to live with me? I don't say anything about winter time, because that may be asking too much; but in the time of the year you would want to live in the country, anyway?"

"My dear Major," said Clara, "we have been talking about your proposition, and I don't see how we can help accepting it."

"Good," cried the Major, "good, better, best. I remarked before that this is a glorious Christmas, and I repeat the statement. Look you, the sun is beaming out of doors almost as brightly as we are beaming in here. There is a broad path cut to the stables, and I want to show you a sorrel mare with the most beautiful tail and mane you ever saw. I am going to have her put into training to carry a lady, and she is to be at your service, madam, whenever you want her; and as for you, sir, there are my stables. And if a beautiful country and fine horses help to make people happy, I think you will have no fault to find."



"A LETTER HAD BEEN BROUGHT BY A MAN IN SNOW-SHOES."

Early in the afternoon the Major drove us over to the Dollivers behind a pair of magnificent Cleveland bays. The grand action and spirit of the powerful animals, fired by the delight of being out of doors on this sparkling winter day, would have made Clara tremble, she said, under ordinary circumstances; but with the Major holding the reins she felt as safe as if she were dashing through the white caps with an old Cape Cod skipper at the tiller.

That was a grand old Christmas night at the Dolliver house. Our hostess, who was soon informed of what had happened in the morning, urged that our engagement should be made known, and when the punch-bowl was christened, and the first cupful of the Major's wonderful brew was presented by him to Clara, there was an outburst of congratulation which deeply stirred the hearts of three of us.

"And now," said Major Pendallas, "let us drink the health of the blessed storm of Christmas eve, eighteen hundred and eighty."

And we drank it

AGE 16.
From a Photo.

From a AGE 18. [*Photograph.*

From a Photo by] AGE 22. [*Barraud.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [*Vanderweyde.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Vanderweyde.*

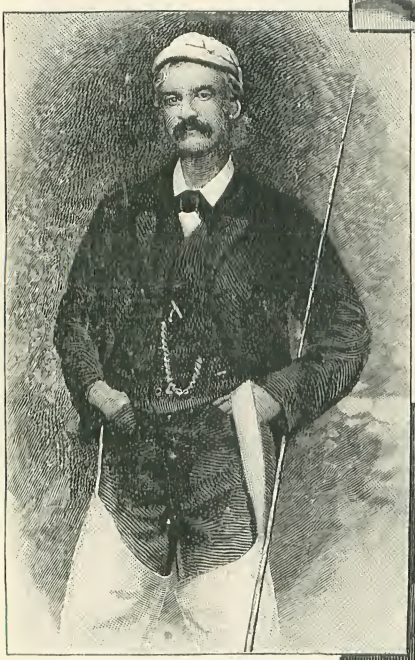
MISS MARY ANDERSON.
(MADAME ANTONIO NAVARRO).

MISS MARY ANDERSON was born at Sacramento, and made her first appearance on the stage as *Juliet* in her seventeenth year—the age at which our first portrait represents her. From that day down to the early part of 1890 her career was one long course of unchecked prosperity and popularity, only broken by her withdrawal from the stage on her marriage with M. Antonio Navarro de Viana, a citizen of New York. Madame Navarro and her husband have taken up their residence at Tunbridge Wells.

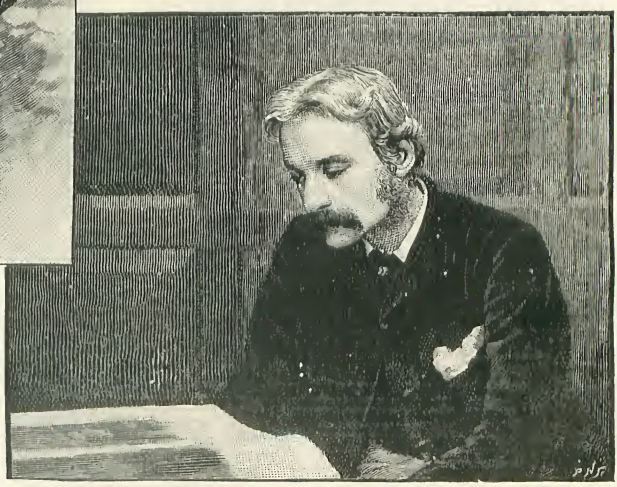
AGE 5.
From a Pencil Drawing.

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by T. Roger.

AGE 23.
From Photo. by Hills & Saunders.



From a] AGE 34. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 47. *[Frcd. Hollyer.*

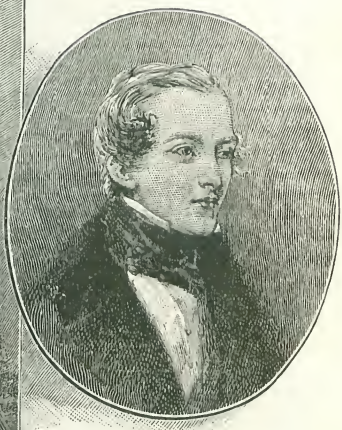
ANDREW LANG.

BORN 1844.

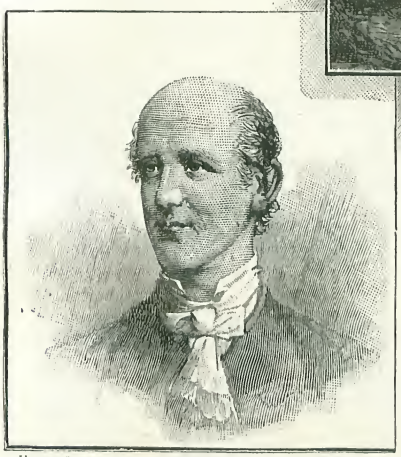
MR. ANDREW LANG was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844, and was educated at Edinburgh, St. Andrews, and Oxford, where he took high honours. Mr. Lang is well known as one of the most versatile and charming writers of the day. It apparently makes little difference to him whether he is producing a ballad, a set of society verses, a leading article in *The Daily News*, a translation of a classic, a history of religions, or a biography; everything he does is marked by the same peculiar charm of style and treatment which has made his name familiar to a host of readers.

From a] AGE 2. [*Miniature.*

AGE 16. R. TAYLOR & Co
From a Water-Colour by Mrs. Hawkins.



From a] AGE 19. [*Painting.*



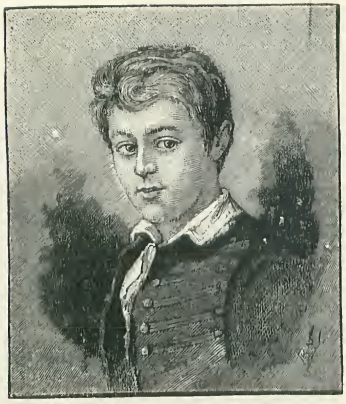
From a] AGE 50. [*Drawing.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 70. [*Whitlock, Birmingham.*

LORD COLERIDGE.

BORN 1821.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, Lord Chief Justice of England, was born at Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, and educated at Eton (at which time our second portrait represents him), and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he was an undergraduate at nineteen, the age of our third portrait. He was called to the Bar in 1846, and after a brilliant career was, at fifty, the age of our fourth portrait, made Attorney-General. Two years later he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary. In 1880 he was made Lord Chief Justice of England, and is, as need hardly here be added, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the British bench, which consists, now as ever, of some of the finest intellects and characters of their generation.



From a] AGE 13. *[Painting.*

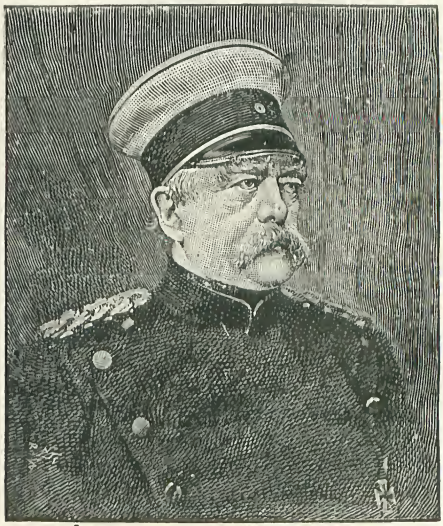
From a Drawing] AGE 17 *[by Von Kessel.*

From a] AGE 23. *[Drawing.*

From a] AGE 30 *[Drawing.*

AGE 40.
From an Oil Painting by J. Becker

From a Painting by] AGE 51. *[Von Leubach.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.*

PRINCE BISMARCK.

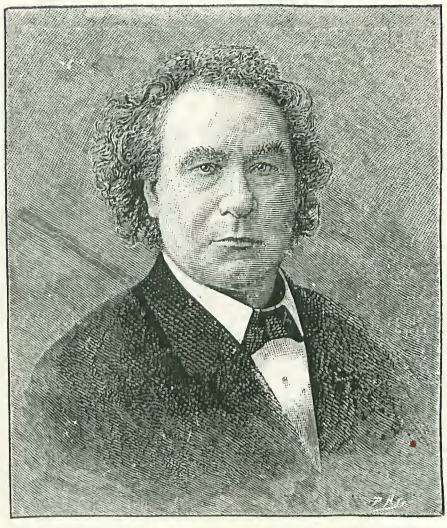
BORN 1815.

PRINCE BISMARCK was at 13 a pupil in the Frederick William Gymnasium at Berlin; at 17, a student at the University of Gottingen; at 23 and 30, a country gentleman on his father's Pomeranian estates; at 40, ambassador at Paris; at 51, the conqueror at Sadowa. What Prince Bismarck is at the present day is known to all the world.

From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[Duval & Co., Manchester.*

From a Photo.] AGE 33. *[by Petschler.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[London Stereo. Co.*



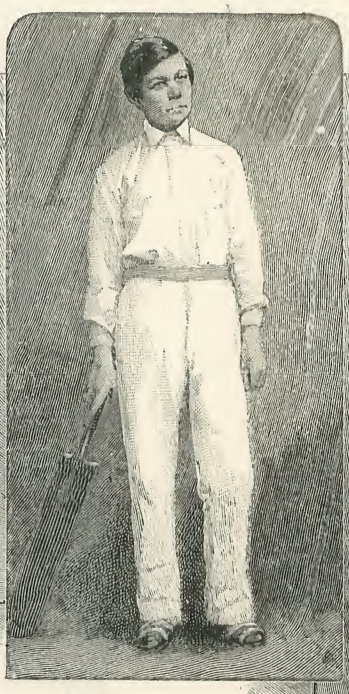
From a Photo. by] AGE 60. *[G. R. Lavis, Eastbourne.*

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

BORN 1830.

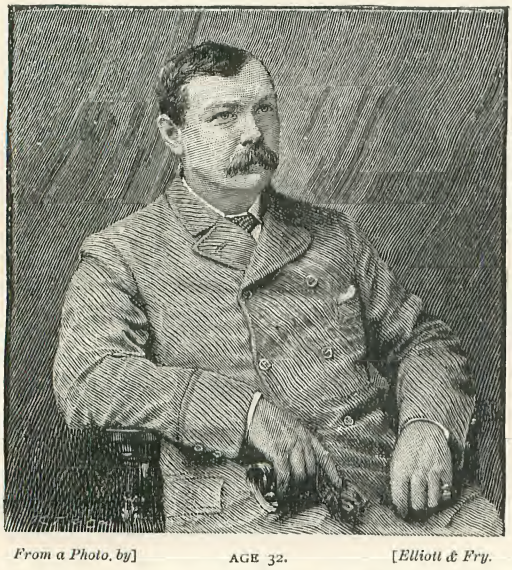
DR. PARKER, who was born at Hexham-on-Tyne, was educated at University College, London. At the age in which he is represented in our first portrait he had just left his pastorate at Bunbury to take up the work at Manchester, with which he was conspicuously occupied for over ten years. At forty, the age depicted in our third portrait, Dr. Parker had recently come to London, where he built the City Temple at the cost of £70,000, and where his fervid eloquence attracts huge congregations.

From a] AGE 4. [*Photo.*



AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Campbell, Edinburgh.

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. [*Bashford, Portobello.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 32. [*Elliott & Fry.*

A. CONAN DOYLE.

BORN 1859.

MR. A. CONAN DOYLE was born in Edinburgh. His grandfather was John Doyle the caricaturist, better known as "H. B.," and his uncles, Richard Doyle of *Punch*, James Doyle the historian, and Henry Doyle, C.B., director of the Irish Academy. He was brought up to medicine, and after two long voyages, one to the Arctic seas in a Greenland whaler, and the other to the West Coast of Africa, he settled into practice at Southsea. Ever since 1878 he had been a contributor to various magazines. Finally, he brought out "Micah Clarke," which, after being refused by five publishers, was eventually taken by Longmans, and is now going into its sixth edition. Finding literary work more and more engrossing, he gave up the medical profession and devoted his whole energies to authorship. There are few better writers of short stories than Mr. Conan Doyle, and it gives us great pleasure to announce that the extraordinary adventures of Sherlock Holmes, which have proved so popular with our readers during the past six months, will be continued in the new year. Mr. Conan Doyle is very keen on every form of sport —football, cycling, and especially cricket.

From a] AGE 8. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Hansen & Weller.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[Hansen & Weller.*

From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Vandyk.*

MADAME CATHINCA AMYOT.

MADAME AMYOT, the clever painter of "Tit-Bits," the picture which proved so popular when presented with the first number of this magazine, and also of the equally clever companion picture, entitled "Scattered Tit-Bits," which is given with the present number, was born at Copenhagen. She began to draw at a very early age, but she was twenty before her father allowed her to study art as a profession. At Dusseldorf, and afterwards at Christiania and Stockholm, she studied assiduously, and painted some important pictures. In 1877 and 1878 she had pictures on the line at the Paris Salon. In the latter year she married Mr. Thomas Amyot, an English doctor, and soon afterwards settled in London, where her pictures appear in all the chief exhibitions. It may be of interest to add that the boy in the two "Tit-Bits" pictures is a portrait of her own little son.

Otto's Folly.

From the German of P. K. Rosegger.

THEY called her Anna of the Forest Castle all along both sides of the river. Nobody would call her the forester's Annchen; they thought she deserved a grander name, for Annchen was very beautiful. She was but little more than fifteen years old. Hitherto her great dreamy, child-like eyes had looked openly and fearlessly out into the world and at all mankind, but just about that time the long lashes would droop and fall, and the girl became very quiet and reserved. It was only the hungry beggar who was favoured with a kindly glance from the bright star-like eyes, as she put a piece of bread into his hand. She would give no look of greeting, hardly even a civil word, to any of the men of high standing, or the gay, handsome young fellows who, coming from afar, stopped in passing at the door of the forester's lowly hut; and if she did sometimes vouchsafe a word or two to any of the youths, it was sure to be something sharp and cutting as a knife, and many a brave young fellow felt deeply wounded thereby.

On the other side of the river lived a youth who did not think that title grand enough. Anna was the only maiden in all the country round about who would not look at him, and yet he was the handsomest young fellow in the whole neighbourhood. He was past eighteen, the only son of the manager of the well-known ironworks over on the other side, and his name was Otto. He was away studying at the Gymnasium, but when he was at home for the vacation he was always out and about with horses and dogs, lording it over the other young fellows and teasing the girls.

"A KINDLY GLANCE."

It was the lovely time of spring, and the feast of Whitsuntide was at hand. Anna's parents were about to celebrate their silver wedding. The little church was to be specially decorated in their honour, and there were to be great doings all round about; many in the village had ordered new clothes for the occasion, and new shoes for dancing. Being the merry month of May wreaths and nosegays would be provided in plenty.

At the manager's house, on the other side of the river, all was bustle and life. He it was who was getting up the little fête for the forester and his wife, and the rooms

in his house were being prepared for the banquet.

Otto was busy in the stables and coach-house, and as he made ready his fireworks he kept saying to himself: "To-morrow I will force her to dance with me!"

Late in the afternoon Anna came up to the big house, round by the upper bridge; she had many things to talk over for the morrow with her friend, Adelheid, Otto's sister.

"Your dear mother is to have a lovely bridal wreath," said Adelheid, "but you must not tell her that it is already the second one I have made. Otto spoilt the first one altogether. I had taken such a lot of trouble over it, and put in rosemary and evergreens, and my three first peonies which flower so late this year, when up comes this mad boy, seizes the wreath out of my hands and runs dancing away with it on his own head. I think I cried for almost an hour just with rage and despair. Otto is sometimes so dreadfully high-spirited and wild he turns the house topsy-turvy. You don't know how wild he is, Anna; I must tell it you, even though he were ten times my brother. You should just see him when he fires up! But when the storm is over then he is ashamed of himself, and is very anxious to make peace."

How true was this description Anna was soon to learn.

When she was leaving, Otto wanted to row her across the river. His mother declared he was not capable of doing it. At last, however, she had to give in, and the headstrong lad, flinging away his riding whip, rolled up his sleeves, and running down to the river bank, launched the boat out on to the swelling waves and loosened the anchor.

When Anna came up, carrying her little basket, he took off his straw hat, and led her carefully along the plank and into the dancing boat.

"For Heaven's sake, children, take care of yourselves, and you, Otto, see you steer properly! Stay! I had better send the boatman with you!"

But Otto had already pushed off.

"Just as though I were still a boy!" he muttered.

With practised hand he dipped the paddle into the bright green waves, and the little boat glided on its way across the river.

Anna sat on the little bench and waved her handkerchief until Adelheid and her mother disappeared through the garden gate. Then she fixed her gaze on the water.

Suddenly, when they had nearly reached the middle of the river, Otto let go the paddle.

"I have something to say to you, Anna," he said.

She raised her head. The boat seemed to stand still, but the willows on the bank glided slowly onwards.

"Anna," said Otto, in a clear voice, "you *must* love me!" And his eyes seemed on fire.

The girl was silent.

"Anna, you *shall* love me!" he repeated.

"Why not?" answered the girl. "You have done me no harm. But I should hardly have thought you would have ventured to use *must* and *shall* to the 'noble maiden of the forest,' as you call me."

"Anna, do not laugh at me; I will not stand it; I am a man!"

"I shall believe that when you have grown a head taller."

The lad stood up in the boat, displaying his tall slender figure.

"You are always teasing me," he rejoined; "but I will show you that I have a good head on my shoulders, and that at any rate I have every bit as much sense and wit as any of those who stare at you and run after you—and perhaps a good deal more. Look me in the face, Anna!"

"Oh, I know what you look like."

"Look at me, Anna!" He stayed the paddle against the boat; his eyes gleamed.

"What will happen, if I don't? Perhaps you will tear my mother's bridal wreath in pieces, as you did the one your sister made this morning?" And she hid the basket behind her back.

"They shall keep their wedding-day without us!" he exclaimed, as he loosened the paddle from its fastening. "If you will neither look at me nor love me, Anna," he went on, trembling, "I will fling this paddle into the water!"

"Then fling it into the water," retorted Anna, coldly.

He turned, and without another word let the paddle drop over the side. It fell with a splash into the river, and floated away. Otto leaned back in the corner of the boat with folded arms.

Anna had jumped up, and tried to seize the paddle. She stood there pale and motionless.

The little boat glided quietly as the

waves carried it. Anna was speechless with horror. Otto leaned back with closed eyes, apparently thoroughly satisfied with himself, letting his hand hang over the boat's side and dip into the water.

The broad valley lay calm and peaceful before them. Green fields and meadows were on either side, and the high tree-tops were still illuminated by the rays of the setting sun.

Anna buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. Otto half rose up.

"Now," he said, "we are alone in the world—you and I!" And his voice was soft and gentle.

The girl roused herself. "You *must* take me across the water, Otto," she cried. "You undertook to do it, and a *man* never breaks his word!"

"I will take you across the river," he replied, relenting.

"But you must land me just opposite your house."

"Hush! Anna; you must see that now that would be quite impossible; our house is far behind us. Very soon we shall reach the fishing huts—we will stop there. Then I will get a carriage and horses at one of the farms, and in an hour's time you will be at home. Now, stop crying; surely you can understand a joke. I see I cannot force you to love me."

The little boat still drifted. It kept always in the middle of the river; the waves plashed and broke on either sandy bank. Often a little fish popped up and snapped after a fly, and the water bubbled over the place where it had been. The sun had gone down, banks of golden clouds floated in the skies, and the boat went dancing over purple-coloured waves.

At last, when it was dark, and the valley began to narrow, and the boat drew near the fisher-huts, Otto began to shout for help. His voice re-echoed back from the forest with a dull, empty sound. No one heard; no one came to help them. Then he tried to break off one of the benches and to make a paddle of it, but everything was firmly riveted together; and the little boat still drifted.

The young man clasped his hands in agony.

"I would give my life," he exclaimed, "to change our course, but I cannot do it! Anna, night is drawing near. If we float on like this a few hours longer," and he seized her arm, with a shudder, "we shall get into the Dragon's Hole!"

"Into the Dragon's Hole!" screamed Anna. She turned shudderingly away from Otto, and then clung to him as though she were already sinking in some bottomless abyss.

The "Dragon's Hole" was the name given to the mouth of the wild cavern through which the mountain river rushed, and flowing onwards underground for many miles, came to light again at last behind the mountain where the plain began. There the river is much narrower than where it

"SHE CLUNG TO HIM."

forces its way through the cavern, and often it carries with it mud, stones, fossils, and bones of animals forth into the plains beyond. The saying goes that, in the days gone by, a race of dragons lived in those unexplored grottos, and that is why the entrance to them is still called the "Dragon's Hole." That strange animals must have lived in these caves is proved by the curious bones and skeletons washed out by the river. For some time past many men of science had intended to explore these subterraneous regions; but the undertaking was by no means an inviting one—indeed, perhaps hardly feasible. The inaccessible cliffs, the unfathomable depths, were terrible merely from the thundering roar that proceeded from the cavern's mouth.

And it was towards this awful spot that the helpless little boat was drawing! As yet it still floated gently on the ripples, wafted by the mild breezes of the lovely night of May, while the stars, in all their beauty, were still shining overhead.

"The paddle must be floating after us," said Otto; "it will surely strike against the boat!"

The boat was driven slightly over to the right bank, and Otto strove to use his hands as paddles. Then he held his coat spread out to form a sail—but all in vain. The boat drifted back into the middle of the stream.

"We are foolish to exert ourselves like this," said Otto, wiping away the perspiration from his face; "of course my father will have gone on ahead of us with carriage and horses, and they will drag us ashore long before we reach the Dragon's Hole."

"How can he know that the paddle has been thrown into the water?" thought Anna; "and even if he has seen it there is no driving road through this wild country. The river alone keeps on its course; no one can come to our rescue!" But she did not give utterance to these thoughts, not wishing to increase Otto's distress.

"To-morrow we shall have a good laugh at the whole affair," said Otto suddenly; "we shall be twice as merry after a joke like this. There is to be music in the afternoon, fireworks in the evening and something else besides—but what it is I am not going to tell."

"Hush! Otto," rejoined the girl, sadly.

Again they were silent. Nothing was heard save the plashing and gurgling of the water. On both sides of the river wood-covered hills now rose high.

"One can hardly believe it possible that the river flows so quickly," muttered Otto to himself; "here is the ravine already!"

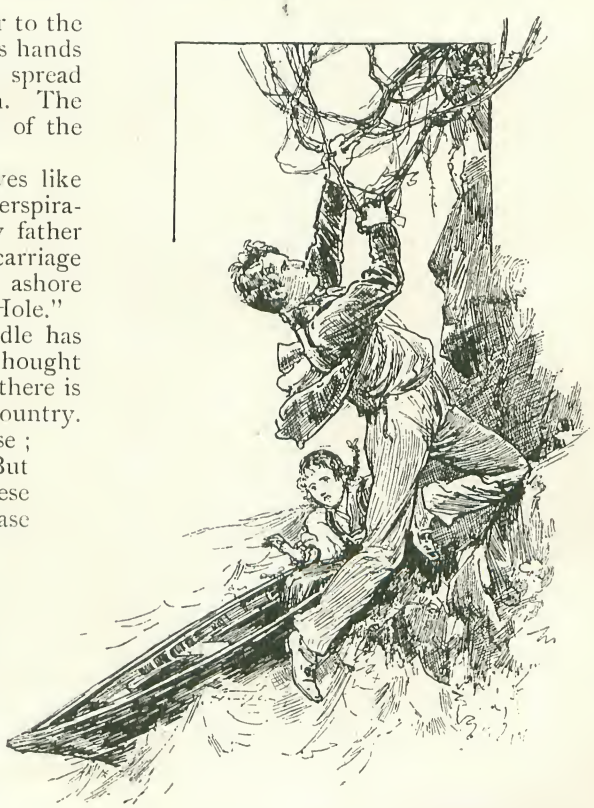
Standing up, he began to shout aloud—louder still. The sound re-echoed through the trees and against the rocks—then nothing was heard save the rushing waters as the boat glided on. Anna clung trembling to Otto's arm.

"If I take hold of you," he said, "and we throw ourselves into the water together, perhaps we can manage to reach the shore."

"You see how rough the water is, and the bank is steep. We must not foolishly court death, Otto; it would not be right. I will lie down now and close my eyes, and leave our fate to Heaven."

"Ah, it is easy for you, Anna," replied Otto, deeply moved. "But I—I shall die guilty of your death!"

The roaring of the waters grew louder and louder, and the waves dashed noisily



"OTTO SEIZED HOLD OF THE TWISTED ROOTS OF A BUSH."

against the cliffs on either side. At that moment the little boat rose high upon a wave ; then, diving downwards, was dashed against a rock.

Otto pushed forward, and, climbing up, seized hold of the twisted roots of a bush, and swung himself on to the stones with a great cry of joy. But, Anna ! he must save her. Again he jumped back into the boat to seize her and bring her ashore, when at the same moment the boat was driven from the rock, and darted again into the roaring waters.

The poor boy sank at her feet. "All is over !" he cried. "There is no help for us now, Anna !"

He took the little basket from behind her, and carefully lifting out the bridal wreath placed it on her brow. With an unspeakably loving and tender smile, she whispered : "Otto !"

The boat flew onwards, tossed and pitched upon the foaming waves. The water was seething and roaring as though alive ; high above them the cliffs nearly met, shutting out the stars of heaven.

Suddenly the boat was shot into black darkness. The roaring noise was fearful. The frail skiff plunged and tossed ; the waves dashed over the two terrified young creatures who, clinging together, cowered down at the bottom of the boat.

They had arrived at the "Dragon's Hole !"

Over the terrific roaring of the water they could hear how the boat groaned and creaked ; often it was dashed against the rocks and whirled round in an eddying pool. But its planks held firm. Quicker and quicker it darted forward into the grotto —forward to unknown and unimagined horrors.

Anna seemed to swoon, but Otto could feel that her lips moved gently. The cave was here so low that the bow of the boat struck more than once against the low-hanging rocks. The roaring of the waters grew louder and louder, and heavy drops fell on them from above. Then the cavern seemed to widen. In the distance was heard a dull booming roar, which came nearer and nearer, until in an incredibly short time it sounded like the noise of a most terrific storm. A thick wet mist, the spray of the breaking waves enveloped them, and the sound was in their ears like rolling thunder. Faster and faster flew the boat. Otto, raising himself, cried out, "Anna, once again I beg you to forgive me !"

She could not hear his words. The deafening noise half stunned her. The boat darted like an arrow through the deep water. Then came a fearful shock, and it stuck fast between the rocks.

Otto jumped up, and, seizing hold of Anna, lifted her out upon the stony ground. The boat was jammed between the rocks, her bow well out of the water, and the spray dashing over her.

But the two young people were on solid ground again. They clambered up over the rocks in pitchy darkness, till they felt themselves on a smooth, level spot. There they sank down, side by side.

"Perhaps we may find a way out of this, Anna !" shouted Otto, in fresh hope.

Suddenly the girl gave a piercing scream, and seized hold of her companion convulsively. An icy cold reptile had crawled over her foot. She shuddered as she shook it off.

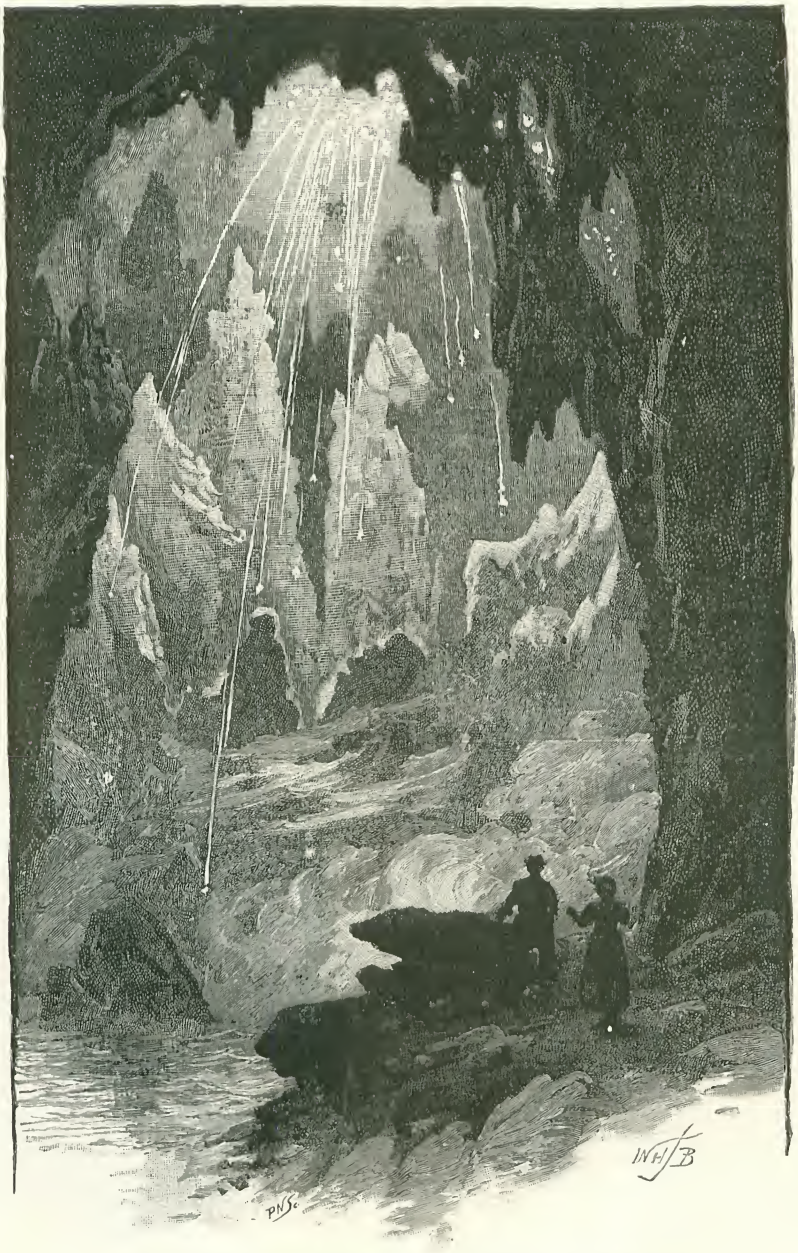
Then they tried to dry their clothes. As Otto turned his coat over, a light, thin stick covered with paper fell into his hands. It was one of the fireworks which he had prepared for the fête, and he must have put it into his pocket without thinking. A thought struck him. He hastily searched through all his pockets, and found a most welcome object in the shape of a tinder-box, which he was in the habit of carrying with him when he went out shooting.

"Now, Anna," he shouted in the girl's ear, "we shall have light !"

He began striking the rock with a bit of flint. At first no sparks came ; it was as though the very flint was deprived of all powers of light in this damp, dark grotto. However, he worked on untiringly ; he tried it at various places, and behold at last there came a starry spark. An exclamation of delight, continued efforts, and the sparks came more frequently, and at last the tinder was alight.

Otto placed his firework on a stone, with a little piece of the burning tinder close against it. Then he stood on one side, placing Anna at a safe distance behind him.

Round about them all was still dark as night. Then suddenly there came a flash of light darting upwards in dazzling brightness, high up along the grey and beetling crags ; everything was aglow ; wondrous shapes of many colours stood round about the vast grotto ; and down in the abyss below foamed and hissed the fiery vapours of the terrible torrent, while Anna stood there pale as any of the dripping fossil



"HIGH UP AMONG THE JAGGED PEAKS THE FIRE-BALL BURST ASUNDER.

figures, her lovely tresses hanging loose and dishevelled on her shoulders, a few leaves and flowers from the bridal wreath still clinging to her damp hair. High up among the jagged peaks the fire-ball burst asunder into thousands of gleaming sheaves and stars, pouring down a rain of fire into the depths below. Some sparks clung to the walls and shone brightly for a few brief moments; others fell and went out behind the demon-like shapes which stood grinning threateningly like so many visitors from the Inferno.

Then again all was darkness, thicker and blacker than before. A suffocating smoke and smell alone remained.

"This is heaven and hell together," said Otto. He could not hear a single word he

said, and yet all was perfectly quiet. The roaring of the water in his ears had ceased.

They groped about for a dry spot, and sat down together on a stone. Otto clasped the poor girl in his arms, and on his hands he felt her warm tears fall.

Thus they sat a long time. Anna had fallen into a kind of swoon, her head resting against Otto's shoulder, her wet locks streaming over his hands. He laid his burning cheeks against her head.

"Oh, forgive me, my own darling!" he murmured. "If you were to pass away like this I would throw myself into the torrent with your body in my arms."

Presently, bringing out his tinder-box, he struck a light, and slowly and cautiously began to climb down the rocks. He wished to find out what had become of the river, since all was now so still. As he stood there in the mud, he felt as though his feet rested upon crawling reptiles, and a cold shudder ran through him. At last he reached the spot where the boat was still stuck fast between the rocks, and, kindling his light afresh, gazed into the deep and shining waters.

Suddenly he saw upon the waves a glittering line—a kind of slab with little stars upon it, and steeped in a bluish light, almost like an imitation of the starry heavens. This slab floated backwards and forwards, now approaching, now receding. Behind it seemed to be a long, thin object, like a snake. Nothing more could he distinguish.

A sudden hopeful thought flashed across the young man's mind. He stepped out into the water up to his thighs, and stretched out his hand to reach the shining object. What he grasped was a block of wood, having a rope attached to it.

With both hands he pulled the heavy block of wood into the boat, and passed the end of the rope through the boat's iron ring to keep it firm. All this he did in a tumult of delight not to be described in words. Then he rushed, clambering and stumbling over the rocks, to Anna, shook her and roused her, crying with all the strength of his hoarse voice that she was to come with him directly; that they were saved at last.

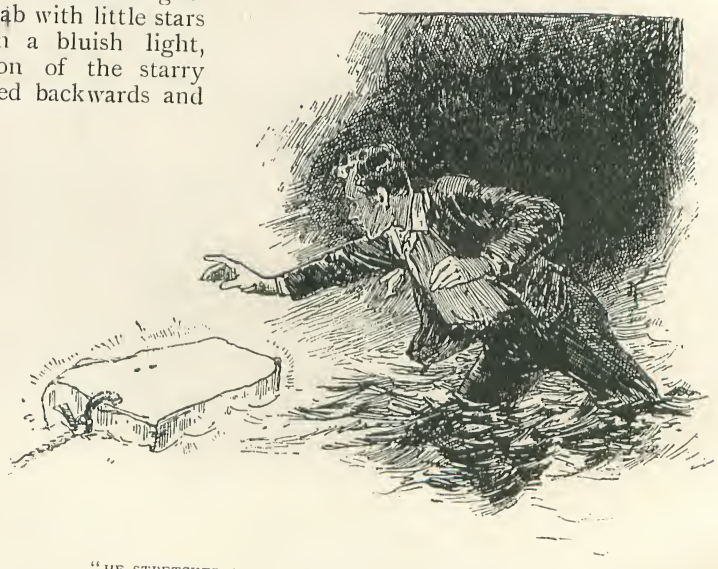
When they got down to the boat again it had already begun to move from the rock. By the fading light of the still burning tinder, and only just in the nick of time, they sprang into the boat, half-filled with water as it was, which, fastened firmly to the block of wood and highly stretched rope, slowly and heavily moved away.

For a while they were passing through smooth water under the overhanging rocks; then they reached the dreadful place beneath the cliffs where the waves were running high.

Then the two rescued from such peril covered their eyes with their hands. At last they were standing on dry ground, bathed in the bright, warm rays of the shining, sunny day!

On both banks of the river, close beside the Dragon's Hole, a great crowd of people had assembled. Many had climbed up on the rocks, to be the first to see the boat when it appeared. And now all was explained.

The evening before some fishermen had seen the paddle floating, and as soon as the young people were missed it was easily guessed what had happened to them. The whole night long hundreds of people were up and down along the banks of the river, searching for the missing ones, till finally it was clear to all that they must have drifted into the Dragon's Hole.



"HE STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND TO REACH THE SHINING OBJECT."

Then means of saving them were thought of. For hours the crowd waited, while the endless rope was uncoiled, and, together with the piece of wood, which had been made to shine with phosphorescent light, was floated into the Dragon's Hole. Then four strong men began hauling in the rope. No one dared to hope—hope seemed impossible. But when the block appeared again, out floated from the cavern's jaws the little boat!

And when the great crowd saw it, such a shout of joy went up as drowned the roaring of the torrent. The poor parents wept for joy, as they clasped their recovered children in their arms.

But they two were deathly pale, quite deaf, and almost blind. Slowly and only by degrees did they recover from the shock, and were able to look upon the happy faces around them, and hear the roaring waters and the shouts of joy.

Arm-in-arm they got into the softly-cushioned carriage; for they quite refused to be parted.

"What a bridal gift for our silver wedding!" exclaimed the forester. And his wife added: "Truly my prayers last night were not in vain!"

Thus they returned home through the forests to their own valley, the crowd following in procession, and dragging the little boat with them, like a trophy of victory—to be kept for Otto and Anna in everlasting remembrance of that terrible Whitsun eve.

Christmas Crackers.

IF there is one thing inseparable from Christmas in general and the little ones' seasonable gatherings in particular, it is —a cracker. With what a delightful look of expectation they have waited for it to go "bang," and how they have screamed as they scrambled after the surprise which came in response to the explosion, and revelled in a complete outfit in the way of paper garments, hats and caps, jewels, toys, puzzles, and what not. But there are others who love the cracker. Have you not seen them? She is merry eighteen, and he with just enough moustache to twirl. They each seize an end of that convenient little cracker—"bang" it goes. Why doesn't he pick up the gaily decorated paper cap, or she the piquant little apron with the blue bows? Simply because there is a tiny slip of paper inside, and they are eager to read it. That little scrap of paper may say:

"The sweet crimson rose
with its beautiful hue
Is not half so deep as my
passion for you.
'Twill wither and fade, and no more will be
seen
But whilst my heart lives
you will still be its
queen!"

and the next moment they are in the quietest corner of the room. It was Cupid himself who hopped out of that cracker. Christmas crackers have much to answer for.

Considering the many moments of merriment which these small rolls of paper will surely bring, and the countless chats

"BANG."

on courting topics they are sure to give rise to, we are inclined to hasten from romance to reality, and take a peep in upon the workers whose busy fingers provide the crackers—in short, to find out exactly how they are made, from the moment the paper arrives at the factory to the time the completed article is ready to be packed up in dozens and sent away. Messrs. Tom Smith & Co., of Wilson-street, Finsbury, are really the creators of the Christmas cracker as we now know it. About forty years ago a sweetmeat and love-motto was wrapped in a piece of fancy paper, and in those days answered the same purpose as Christmas crackers do now. They were called "Kiss Mottoes." Then it got converted into "Somebody's Luggage," and finally the elaborately got up Christmas Cracker of to-day. Oscar Wilde did much, however, for its welfare. Even the crackers caught the æsthetic movement and became wrapped up in æsthetic colours. Messrs. Tom Smith & Co. manufacture eleven millions in a single season. Our own country will claim some eight or nine millions of these, and the remainder will get scattered over the world, India claiming a big parcel.

The first room visited at their immense factory was on the ground floor. Here is a miniature quarry. Hundreds of stones imported from Germany are stacked everywhere. Men are busy in the far corner grinding and grinding them until a perfectly pure and level surface is obtained. If you feel inclined you might endeavour to raise from the floor the largest litho stone used. It measures sixty inches by forty, and would turn the scale at a ton. The stones are then passed on to the litho artists, for lithography plays a most important part in the manufacture of a Christmas Cracker. Upstairs is the artists' room. Clever artists are constantly engaged in making fresh designs year in and year out, and it is nothing extraordinary for some of them to spend weeks in completing a single set of designs. The literary work, too, is no small item, and a man who can write good verse can earn good money. Ladies seem to be the most adept at this sort of thing, which is paid for at so much a set of verses. Mr. Walter Smith, who accompanied us on our tour, goes to a desk and takes out a handful of sheets on which all sorts and conditions of bards have written. Some of them are very funny. Here is one, which is immediately waste-paper basketed :—

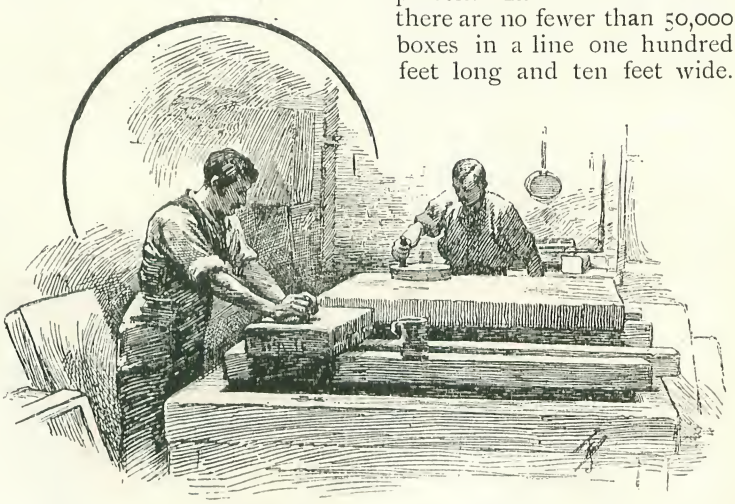
"Whilst sweets are eaten, and crackers cracked,
Naughty boys are sure to be whacked."

The poet asked five shillings for this, and offered to supply them in unlimited quantities at the same price.

The next one is a gem, and is at once accepted :—

"Half hidden 'neath the spreading leaves,
A purple violet bent its head ;
Yet all around the moss-grown path
In love its fragrance softly shed.
My living violet, whisper low,
That o'er my life your fragrance sweet
Will make a garden of my life,
Where love its counterpart may meet !"

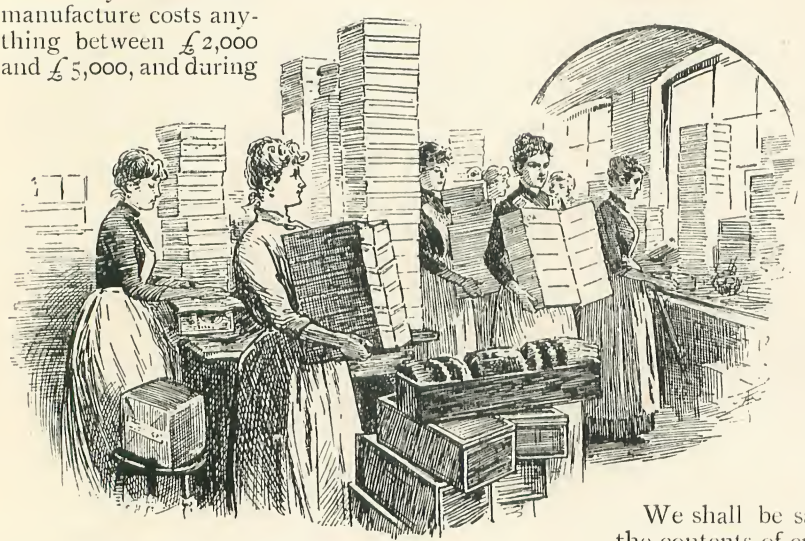
We now pass through innumerable avenues of Christmas crackers, all in huge parcels. In one stack alone there are no fewer than 50,000 boxes in a line one hundred feet long and ten feet wide.



"GRINDING LITHOGRAPHIC STONES."

This represents a month's work, and every one is sold. We can quite realise this when we are told that one retail firm alone in London will send in such an order for crackers that it would take sixteen of the largest delivery vans built to convey them, with 1,200 boxes packed away in each van. It is no unusual thing for an order of £500, £1,000, or £1,500 worth of Christmas crackers to be received, the biggest of all totalling up to £3,000, the highest in the trade. This

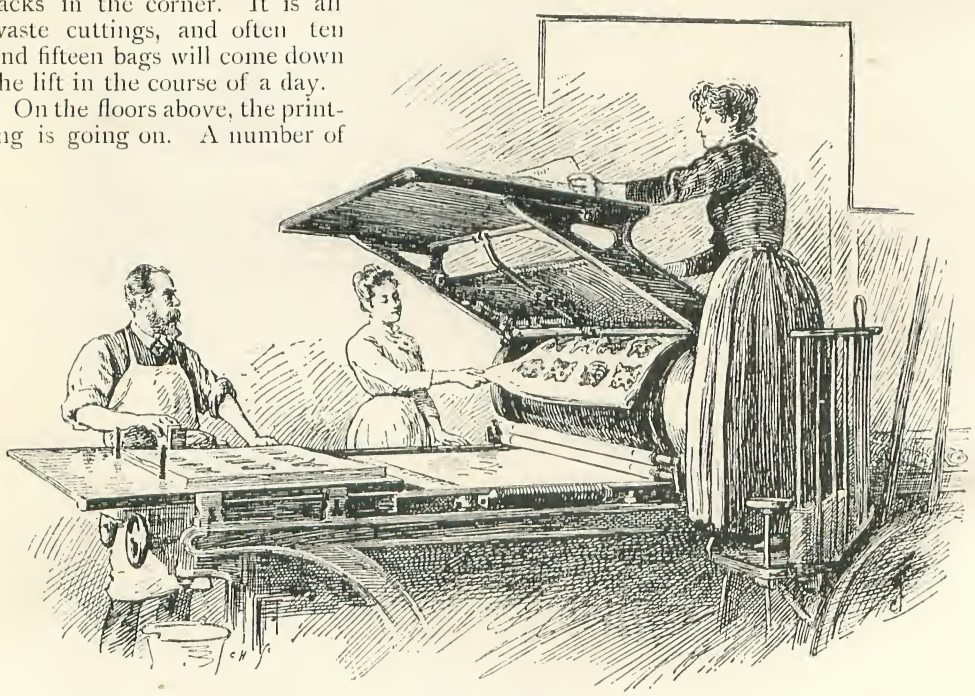
reminds us of the number of cardboard boxes which must be needed. The box-making is a distinct industry. A plant of machinery for their manufacture costs anything between £2,000 and £5,000, and during a busy week 30,000 would be made and used in that time. The card is all cut to shape and stacked away, and the patterns are many, for there are over 150 varieties of boxes. Just look at this pile of sacks in the corner. It is all waste cuttings, and often ten and fifteen bags will come down the lift in the course of a day.



THE PARCEL DEPARTMENT.

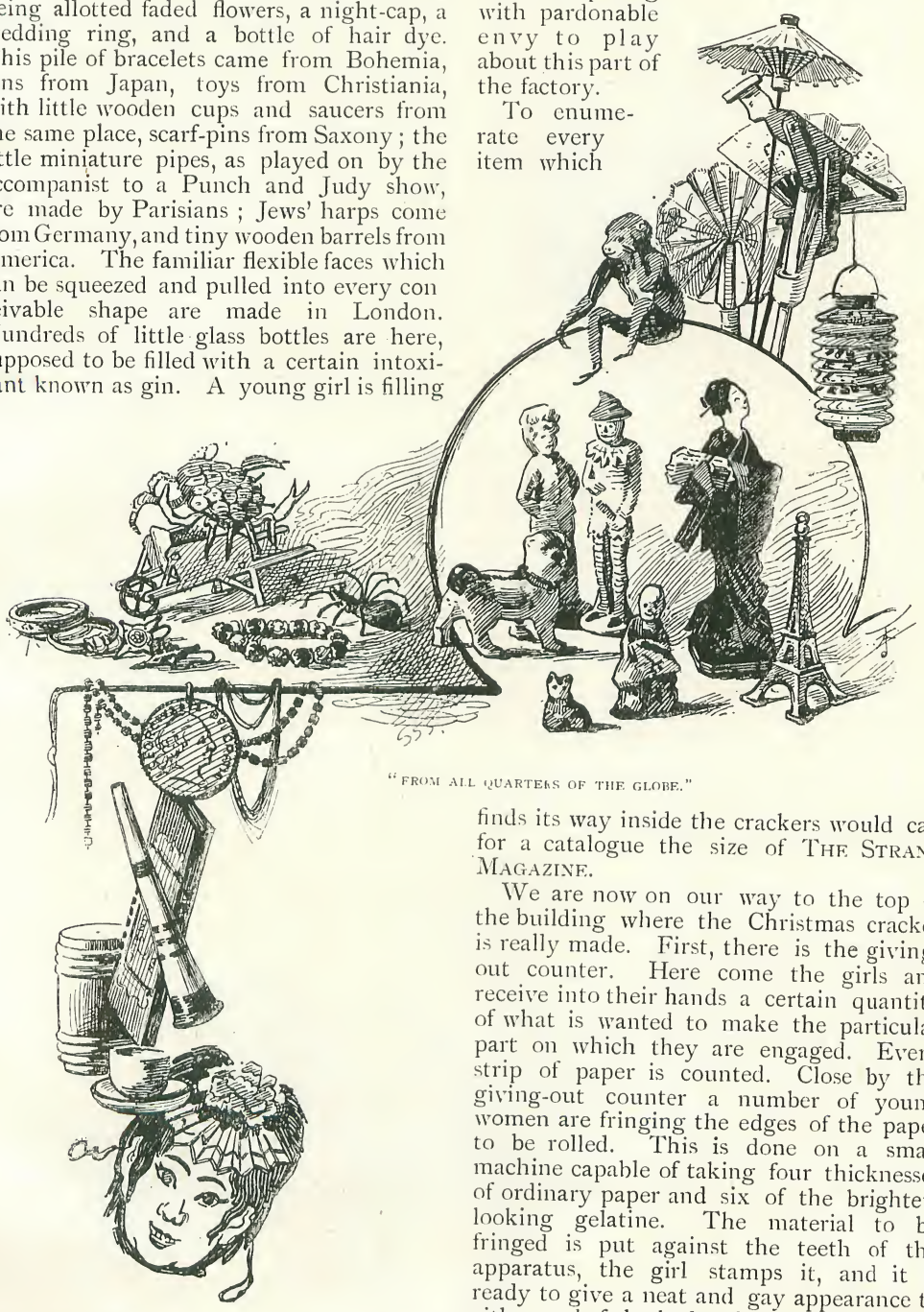
On the floors above, the printing is going on. A number of litho machines are running, for the most part presided over by men assisted by girls, who certainly take off the sheets with marvellous rapidity. One machine is printing funny faces to go outside the crackers, another is turning out sheets with hundreds of flowers on it, and yet another is giving us countless little Cupids. Every rose and Cupid is cut out, and it is the same with any other picture with which it is intended to decorate a cracker.

We shall be safe in saying that the contents of crackers come from every part of the world, and a peep into the store-room where they are kept in huge bins and great boxes, will substantiate this. On one corner of the counter are thousands of tiny pill boxes. These are filled with rouge and powder,



PRINTING MASKS.

with a little puff thrown in. Such are the contents of one of the "Crackers for Spinsters," those estimable single ladies also being allotted faded flowers, a night-cap, a wedding ring, and a bottle of hair dye. This pile of bracelets came from Bohemia, fans from Japan, toys from Christiania, with little wooden cups and saucers from the same place, scarf-pins from Saxony; the little miniature pipes, as played on by the accompanist to a Punch and Judy show, are made by Parisians; Jews' harps come from Germany, and tiny wooden barrels from America. The familiar flexible faces which can be squeezed and pulled into every conceivable shape are made in London. Hundreds of little glass bottles are here, supposed to be filled with a certain intoxicant known as gin. A young girl is filling



"FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE."

them with the very reverse of anything intoxicating, although the label on the bottle says "A 1,000,000 overproof." Italy, Turkey, India, China, and South Africa all contribute to the store. The sight would set a child pining with pardonable envy to play about this part of the factory.

To enumerate every item which finds its way inside the crackers would call for a catalogue the size of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

We are now on our way to the top of the building where the Christmas cracker is really made. First, there is the giving-out counter. Here come the girls and receive into their hands a certain quantity of what is wanted to make the particular part on which they are engaged. Every strip of paper is counted. Close by the giving-out counter a number of young women are fringing the edges of the paper to be rolled. This is done on a small machine capable of taking four thicknesses of ordinary paper and six of the brighter-looking gelatine. The material to be fringed is put against the teeth of the apparatus, the girl stamps it, and it is ready to give a neat and gay appearance to either end of the body of the cracker.

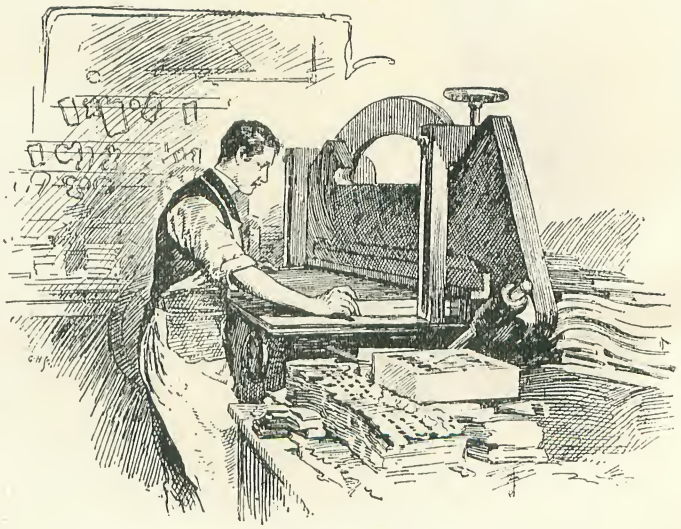
The main workroom presents a busy sight. It is nearing one o'clock, when the dinner bell will ring, and the hands are

FRINGING.

working at high speed so as to finish their self-allotted task ere the bell tolls. Four hundred feet of benches are ranged from end to end of the room, and here are scores of girls sitting in front of partitioned-off spaces ranged along the lengthy counters. Every girl has her glue-pot by her side. Turn round and look at the immense stove where twenty pots are being constantly warmed up, so that as soon as a worker's glue cools down she has only to cross to the stove and there is another pot ready at hand for her. It is noticeable how cheerful the young women are and to what a superior class they apparently belong. A good cracker hand can easily earn 14s., 16s., and at a busy time 18s. a week, and the cracker trade of this firm alone means the constant employment, directly and indirectly, of close upon 1,000 people.

One young woman is rolling the paper — paper of all the colours of the rainbow are before her, and dozens of completed crackers are arranged in front waiting to be carried away, and the manufacture of them booked to her credit. The paper is rolled on a brass tube, so that a trim appearance is obtained. Coloured string ties it up, and the gelatine is quickly placed round it. The girl we were watching said she could roll two dozen "best work" in a quarter of an hour, though she could do commoner work much quicker. Her next door companion was blessed with busy fingers. First she took a slip of paper—this was the inner lining; round this she wrapped the gelatine, added two decorating ends or fringes, and then put in the detonator, the explosive paper tape, and it was ready to receive its contents. She could do a gross an hour. Her fingers travelled faster than the pencil in our note-book. Passing girl after girl, we find them all surrounded by the brightest of colours in gelatine and paper. One is making paper dresses for a doll, a neat little white tissue frock trimmed with red braid. This formed part of rather a novel box of crackers. A good-looking doll is placed in the box, and each cracker has some article of attire inside, so that when every one was "pulled" the doll could be provided with a complete outfit. Others were making hats and caps. The paper is rolled round a tin to shape, pasted together, and there is your *chapeau*. All is very simple, but nothing could be more effective when the article is completed.

The cardboard alone used in the manufacture of the empty boxes in which the crackers are packed exceeds a hundred tons in weight during a single season, and the tiny strips of card constituting the detonators over five tons. Twenty tons of glue and paste, between 6,000 and 7,000



CUTTING THE PAPERS.

reams of coloured and fancy papers are used, whilst the total weight of the thin transparent sheets of coloured gelatine, which add so much to the brilliancy of a Christmas cracker, amounts to nearly six tons.

The process by which gelatine is manufactured is a most interesting one. The raw gelatine comes over in five hundredweight casks from Switzerland. It arrives on these shores in thick, rough sheets, measuring six feet by three feet, weighing

MAKING CRACKERS.

about three to four ounces each. It is then reduced to a liquid by steam power; water being added, it is clarified, and while in its liquid state dyes of the richest hues are poured in to render it of the shade of colour desired. While the gelatine is thus in a liquid form, it is poured upon frames of glass, measuring twenty-four inches by eighteen inches, much resembling window panes. Workmen, by the movement of the glass, allow the melted gelatine to spread over it, and so form a sheet of uniform thickness. These sheets of glass are then arranged in stacks, and the film of gelatine allowed to set. When the gelatine sheets are hard upon the glass, they are then transferred to a room in which a strong current of air is allowed to pass in and out, to complete the drying process. This takes from twelve to eighteen hours, after which a knife is run round the edges of the gelatine, which then being cut with a knife peels easily off the glass, and is now ready for use.

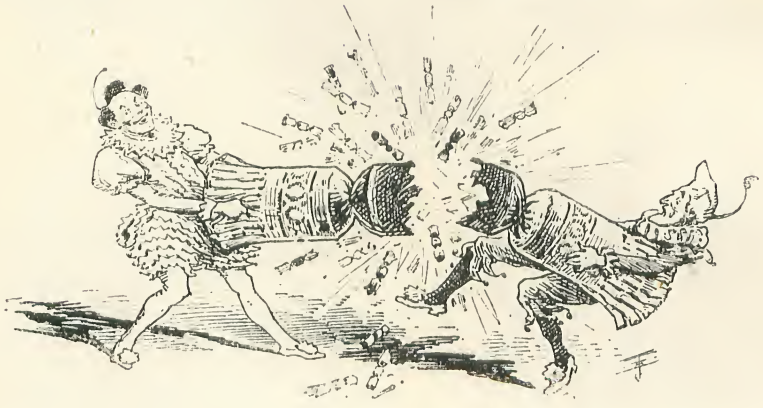
We were curious to know what was the biggest cracker ever made. Crackers are made three feet long, containing a full-sized coat, hat, collar, frill, whiskers, umbrella, and eye-glass. A story is told of a well-known

MAKING CAPS.

member of the aristocracy who entered a West-end shop one day and saw one of these gigantic crackers. He inquired the size, and when he heard it, exclaimed:

"Three feet! Not big enough for me. Just you order me three dozen crackers, each six feet long!"

The six feet crackers were made and delivered. Whether the nobleman congratulated himself on the fact that he had obtained the largest cracker up to date we do not know, but the biggest of all was that made every night for Harry Payne as clown to pull with the pantaloon in the pantomime at Drury Lane. It was seven feet long, and contained costumes large enough for the merry couple to put on, and a multitude of crackers, which were thrown amongst the children in the audience.



Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE VI.—THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED LIP.

By A. Conan Doyle.

ISA WHITNEY, brother of the late Elias Whitney, D.D., Principal of the Theological College of St. George's, was much addicted to opium. The habit grew upon him, as I understand, from some foolish freak when he was at college, for having read De Quincey's description of his dreams and sensations, he had drenched his tobacco with laudanum in an attempt to produce the same effects. He found, as so many more have done, that the practice is easier to attain than to get rid of, and for many years he continued to be a slave to the drug, an object of mingled horror and pity to his friends and relatives. I can see him now, with yellow, pasty face, drooping lids and pin-point pupils, all huddled in a chair, the wreck and ruin of a noble man.

One night—it was in June, '89—there came a ring to my bell, about the hour when a man gives his first yawn, and glances at the clock. I sat up in my chair, and my wife laid her needlework down in her lap and made a little face of disappointment.

"A patient!" said she. "You'll have to go out."

I groaned, for I was newly come back from a weary day.

We heard the door open, a few hurried words, and then quick steps upon the linoleum. Our own door flew open, and a lady, clad in some dark-coloured stuff, with a black veil, entered the room.

"You will excuse my calling so late," she began, and then, suddenly losing her self-control, she ran forward, threw her arms about my wife's neck, and sobbed upon her shoulder. "Oh, I'm in such trouble!" she cried; "I do so want a little help.

"Why," said my wife, pulling up her veil, "it is Kate Whitney. How you startled me, Kate! I had not an idea who you were when you came in."

"I didn't know what to do, so I came straight to you." That was always the way. Folk who were in grief came to my wife like birds to a lighthouse.

"It was very sweet of you to come. Now, you must have some wine and water, and sit here comfortably and tell us all about it. Or should you rather that I sent James off to bed?"

"Oh, no, no. I want the Doctor's advice and help too. It's about Isa. He has not been home for two days. I am so frightened about him!"

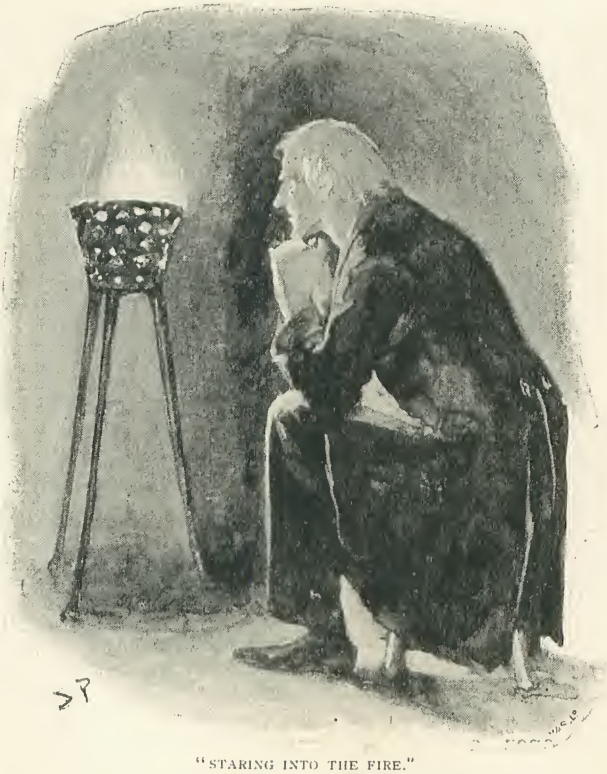
It was not the first time that she had spoken to us of her husband's trouble, to me as a doctor, to my wife as an old friend and school companion. We soothed and comforted her by such words as we could find. Did she know where her husband was? Was it possible that we could bring him back to her?

It seemed that it was. She had the surest information that of late he had, when the fit was on him, made use of an opium den in the furthest east of the City. Hitherto his orgies had always been confined to one day, and he had come back, twitching and shattered, in the evening. But now the spell had been upon him eight and forty hours, and he lay there, doubtless among the dregs of the docks, breathing in the poison or sleeping off the effects. There he was to be found, she was sure of it, at the "Bar of Gold," in Upper Swandam-lane. But what was she to do? How could she, a young and timid woman, make her way into such a place, and pluck her husband out from among the ruffians who surrounded him?

There was the case, and of course there was but one way out of it. Might I not escort her to this place? And, then, as a second thought, why should she come at all? I was Isa Whitney's medical adviser, and as such I had influence over him. I could manage it better if I were alone. I promised her on my word that I would send him home in a cab within two hours if he were indeed at the address which she

had given me. And so in ten minutes I had left my arm-chair and cheery sitting-room behind me, and was speeding eastward in a hansom on a strange errand, as it seemed to me at the time, though the future only could show how strange it was to be.

But there was no great difficulty in the first stage of my adventure. Upper Swandam-lane is a vile alley lurking behind the high wharves which line the north side of the river to the east of London Bridge. Between a slop shop and a gin shop, approached by a steep flight of steps leading down to a black gap like the mouth of a cave, I found the den of which I was in search. Ordering my cab to wait, I passed down the steps, worn hollow in the centre by the ceaseless tread of drunken feet, and by the light of a flickering oil lamp above the door I found the latch and made my way into a long, low room, thick and heavy with the brown opium smoke, and terraced with wooden berths, like the forecastle of an emigrant ship.



"STARING INTO THE FIRE."

Through the gloom one could dimly catch a glimpse of bodies lying in strange fantastic poses, bowed shoulders, bent knees, heads thrown back and chins pointing upwards, with here and there a dark, lack-lustre eye turned upon the new comer. Out of the black shadows there glimmered little red circles of light, now bright, now faint, as the burning poison waxed or waned in the bowls of the metal pipes. The most lay silent but some muttered to themselves, and others talked together in a strange, low, monotonous voice, their conversation coming in gushes, and then suddenly tailing off into silence, each mumbling out his own thoughts, and paying little heed to the words of his neighbour. At the further end was a small brazier of burning charcoal, besides which on a three-legged wooden stool there sat a tall, thin old man with his jaw resting upon his two fists, and his elbows upon his knees, staring into the fire.

As I entered, a sallow Malay attendant had hurried up with a pipe for me and a supply of the drug, beckoning me to an empty berth.

"Thank you, I have not come to stay," said I. "There is a friend of mine here, Mr. Isa Whitney, and I wish to speak with him."

There was a movement and an exclamation from my right, and, peering through the gloom, I saw Whitney, pale, haggard, and unkempt, staring out at me.

"My God! It's Watson," said he. He was in a pitiable state of reaction, with every nerve in a twitter. "I say, Watson, what o'clock is it?"

"Nearly eleven."

"Of what day?"

"Of Friday, June 19."

"Good heavens! I thought it was Wednesday. It *is* Wednesday. What d'you want to frighten a chap for?" He sank his face on to his arms, and began to sob in a high treble key.

"I tell you that it is Friday, man. Your wife has been waiting this two days for you. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

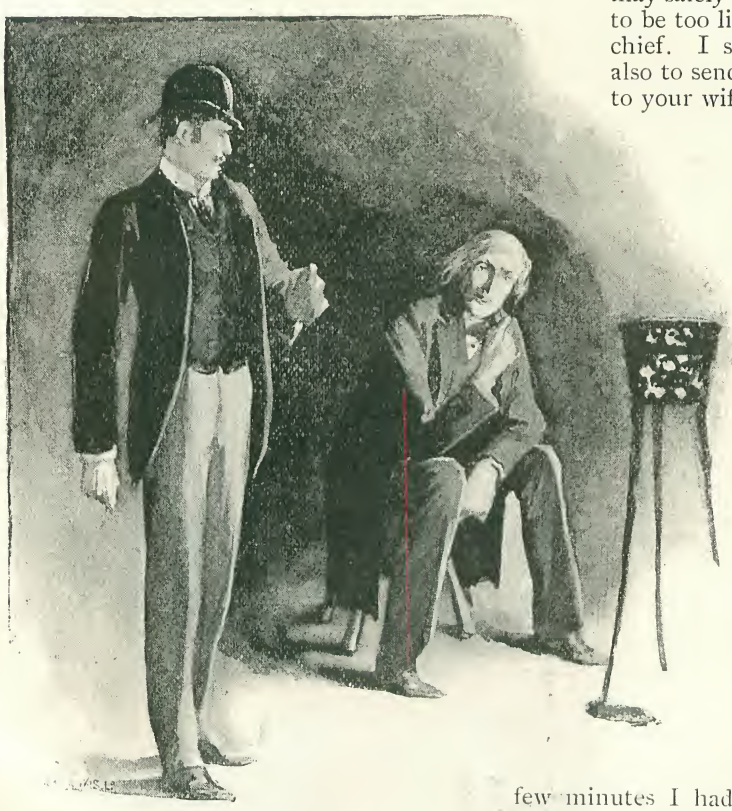
"So I am. But you've got mixed, Watson, for I have only been here a few hours, three pipes, four pipes—I forget how many. But I'll go home with you. I

wouldn't frighten Kate—poor little Kate. Give me your hand! Have you a cab?"

"Yes, I have one waiting."

"Then I shall go in it. But I must owe something. Find what I owe, Watson. I am all off colour. I can do nothing for myself."

I walked down the narrow passage between the double row of sleepers, holding my breath to keep out the vile, stupefying fumes of the drug, and looking about for the manager. As I passed the tall man who sat by the brazier I felt a sudden pluck at my skirt and a low voice whispered, "Walk past me, and then look back at me." The words fell quite distinctly upon my ear. I glanced down. They could only have come from the old man at my side, and yet he sat now as absorbed as ever, very thin, very wrinkled, bent with age, an opium



"HOLMES!" I WHISPERED."

pipe dangling down from between his knees, as though it had dropped in sheer lassitude from his fingers. I took two steps forward and looked back. It took all my self-control to prevent me from breaking out into a cry of astonishment. He had turned his back so that none could see him but I. His form had filled out, his wrinkles were gone, the dull eyes had regained their fire, and there, sitting by the fire, and grinning at my surprise, was none other than Sherlock Holmes. He made a slight motion to me to approach him, and instantly, as he turned his face half round to the company once more, subsided into a doddering, loose-lipped senility.

"Holmes!" I whispered, "what on earth are you doing in this den?"

"As low as you can," he answered, "I have excellent ears. If you would have the great kindness to get rid of that sottish friend of yours I should be exceedingly glad to have a little talk with you."

"I have a cab outside."

"Then pray send him home in it. You may safely trust him, for he appears to be too limp to get into any mischief. I should recommend you also to send a note by the cabman to your wife to say that you have thrown in your lot with me. If you will wait outside, I shall be with you in five minutes."

It was difficult to refuse any of Sherlock Holmes' requests, for they were always so exceedingly definite, and put forward with such a quiet air of mastery. I felt, however, that when Whitney was once confined in the cab, my mission was practically accomplished; and for the rest, I could not wish anything better than to be associated with my friend in one of those singular adventures which were the normal condition of his existence. In a few minutes I had written my note, paid Whitney's bill, led him out to the cab, and seen him driven through the darkness. In a very short time a decrepit figure had emerged from the opium den, and I was walking down the street with Sherlock Holmes. For two streets he shuffled along with a bent back and an uncertain foot,

Then glancing quickly round, he straightened himself out and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"I suppose, Watson," said he, "that you imagine that I have added opium-smoking to cucaine injections and all the other little weaknesses on which you have favoured me with your medical views."

"I was certainly surprised to find you there."

"But not more so than I to find you."

"I came to find a friend."

"And I to find an enemy."

"An enemy?"

"Yes, one of my natural enemies, or shall I say, my natural prey. Briefly, Watson, I am in the midst of a very remarkable inquiry, and I have hoped to find a clue in the incoherent ramblings of these sots, as I have done before now. Had I been recognised in that den my life would not have been worth an hour's purchase, for I have used it before now for my own purposes, and the rascally Lascar who runs it has sworn to have vengeance upon me. There is a trap-door at the back of that building, near the corner of Paul's Wharf, which could tell some strange tales of what has passed through it upon the moonless nights."

"What! You do not mean bodies?"

"Aye, bodies, Watson. We should be rich men if we had a thousand pounds for every poor devil who has been done to death in that den. It is the vilest murder-trap on the whole river-side, and I fear that Neville St. Clair has entered it never to leave it more. But our trap should be here!" He put his two fore-fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly, a signal which was answered by a similar whistle from the distance, followed shortly by the rattle of wheels and the clink of horses' hoofs.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, as a tall dog-cart dashed up through the gloom, throwing out two golden tunnels of yellow light from its side lanterns. "You'll come with me, won't you?"

"If I can be of use."

"Oh, a trusty comrade is always of use. And a chronicler still more so. My room at The Cedars is a double-bedded one."

"The Cedars?"

"Yes; that is Mr. St. Clair's house. I am staying there while I conduct the inquiry."

"Where is it, then?"

"Near Lee, in Kent. We have a seven-mile drive before us."

"But I am all in the dark."

"Of course you are. You'll know all about it presently. Jump up here! All right, John, we shall not need you. Here's half-a-crown. Look out for me to-morrow, about eleven. Give her her head! So long, then!"

He flicked the horse with his whip, and we dashed away through the endless succession of sombre and deserted streets, which widened gradually, until we were flying across a broad balustraded bridge, with the murky river flowing sluggishly beneath us. Beyond lay another dull wilderness of bricks and mortar, its silence broken only by the heavy, regular footfall of the policeman, or the songs and shouts of some belated party of revellers. A dull wrack was drifting slowly across the sky,

"HE FLICKED THE HORSE WITH HIS WHIP."

and a star or two twinkled dimly here and there through the rifts of the clouds. Holmes drove in silence, with his head sunk upon his breast, and the air of a man who is lost in thought, whilst I sat beside him, curious to learn what this new quest might be which seemed to tax his powers so sorely, and yet afraid to break in upon the current of his thoughts. We had driven several miles, and were beginning to get to the fringe of the belt of suburban villas, when he shook himself, shrugged his shoulders, and lit up his pipe with the air of a man who has satisfied himself that he is acting for the best.

"You have a grand gift of silence, Watson," said he. "It makes you quite invaluable as a companion. 'Pon my word, it is a great thing for me to have someone to talk to, for my own thoughts are not over pleasant. I was wondering what I should say to this dear little woman to-night when she meets me at the door."

"You forget that I know nothing about it."

"I shall just have time to tell you the facts of the case before we get to Lee. It seems absurdly simple, and yet, somehow, I can get nothing to go upon. There's plenty of thread, no doubt, but I can't get the end of it into my hand. Now, I'll state the case clearly and concisely to you, Watson, and maybe you may see a spark where all is dark to me."

"Proceed then."

"Some years ago—to be definite, in May, 1884—there came to Lee a gentleman, Neville St. Clair by name, who appeared to have plenty of money. He took a large villa, laid out the grounds very nicely, and lived generally in good style. By degrees he made friends in the neighbourhood, and in 1887 he married the daughter of a local brewer, by whom he has now had two children. He had no occupation, but was interested in several companies, and went into town as a rule in the morning, returning by the 5.14 from Cannon-street every night. Mr. St. Clair is now 37 years of age, is a man of temperate habits, a good husband, a very affectionate father, and a man who is popular with all who know him. I may add that his whole debts at the present moment, as far as we have been able to ascertain, amount to £88 10s., while he has £220 standing to his credit in the Capital and Counties Bank. There is no reason, therefore, to think that money troubles have been weighing upon his mind.

"Last Monday Mr. Neville St. Clair went into town rather earlier than usual, remarking before he started that he had two important commissions to perform, and that he would bring his little boy home a box of bricks. Now, by the merest chance his wife received a telegram upon this same Monday, very shortly after his departure, to the effect that a small parcel of considerable value which she had been expecting was waiting for her at the offices of the Aberdeen Shipping Company. Now, if you are well up in your London, you will know that the office of the company is in Fresno-street, which branches out of Upper Swandam-lane, where you found me to-night. Mrs. St. Clair had her lunch, started for the City, did some shopping, proceeded to the company's office, got her packet, and found herself exactly at 4.35 walking through Swandam-lane on her way back to the station. Have you followed me so far?"

"It is very clear.

"If you remember, Monday was an exceedingly hot day, and Mrs. St. Clair walked slowly, glancing about in the hope of seeing a cab, as she did not like the neighbourhood in which she found herself. While she walked in this way down Swandam-lane she suddenly heard an ejaculation or cry, and was struck cold to see her husband looking down at her, and, as it seemed to her, beckoning to her from a second-floor window. The window was open, and she distinctly saw his face, which she describes as being terribly agitated. He waved his hands frantically to her, and then vanished from the window so suddenly that it seemed to her that he had been plucked back by some irresistible force from behind. One singular point which struck her quick feminine eye was that, although he wore some dark coat, such as he had started to town in, he had on neither collar nor necktie.

"Convinced that something was amiss with him, she rushed down the steps—for the house was none other than the opium den in which you found me to-night—and, running through the front room, she attempted to ascend the stairs which led to the first floor. At the foot of the stairs, however, she met this Lascar scoundrel of whom I have spoken, who thrust her back, and, aided by a Dane, who acts as assistant there, pushed her out into the street. Filled with the most maddening doubts and fears, she rushed down the lane, and, by rare good fortune, met, in Fresno-street, a num-

"AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS SHE MET THIS LASCAR SCOUNDREL."

ber of constables with an inspector, all on their way to their beat. The inspector and two men accompanied her back, and, in spite of the continued resistance of the proprietor, they made their way to the room in which Mr. St. Clair had last been seen. There was no sign of him there. In fact, in the whole of that floor there was no one to be found, save a crippled wretch of hideous aspect, who, it seems, made his home there. Both he and the Lascar stoutly swore that no one else had been in the front room during the afternoon. So determined was their denial that the inspector was staggered, and had almost come to believe that Mrs. St. Clair had been deluded when, with a cry, she sprang at a small deal box which lay upon the table, and tore the lid from it. Out there fell a cascade of children's bricks. It was the toy which he had promised to bring home.

"This discovery, and the evident confusion which the cripple showed, made the inspector realise that the matter was serious. The rooms were carefully examined, and results all pointed to an abominable crime. The front room was plainly furnished as a sitting-room, and led into a small bed-room, which looked out upon the back of one of the wharves. Between the wharf and the bedroom window is a narrow strip, which is dry at low tide, but is covered at high tide with at least four and a half feet of water. The bed-room window was a broad one, and opened from below. On examination traces of blood were to be seen upon the window sill, and several scattered drops were visible upon the wooden floor of the bed-room. Thrust away behind a curtain in the front room were all the clothes of Mr. Neville St. Clair, with the exception of his coat. His boots, his socks, his hat, and his watch—all were there. There were no signs of violence upon any of these garments, and there were no other traces of Mr. Neville St. Clair. Out of the window he must apparently have gone, for no other exit could be discovered, and the ominous bloodstains upon the sill gave little promise that he could save himself by swimming, for the tide was at its very highest at the moment of the tragedy.

"And now as to the villains who seemed to be immediately implicated in the matter. The Lascar was known to be a man of the vilest antecedents, but as by Mrs. St. Clair's story he was known to have been at the foot of the stair within a very few seconds of her husband's appearance at the window, he could hardly have been more than an accessory to the crime. His defence was one of absolute ignorance, and he protested that he had no knowledge as to the doings of Hugh Boone, his lodger, and that he could not account in any way for the presence of the missing gentleman's clothes.

"So much for the Lascar manager. Now

for the sinister cripple who lives upon the second floor of the opium den, and who was certainly the last human being whose eyes rested upon Neville St. Clair. His name is Hugh Boone, and his hideous face is one which is familiar to every man who goes much to the City. He is a professional beggar, though in order to avoid the police regulations he pretends to a small trade in wax vestas. Some little distance down Threadneedle-street upon the left hand side there is, as you may have remarked, a small angle in the wall. Here it is that the creature takes his daily seat, cross-legged, with his tiny stock of matches on his lap, and as he is a piteous spectacle a small rain of charity descends into the greasy leather cap which lies upon the pavement beside him. I have watched the fellow more than once, before ever I thought of making his professional acquaintance, and I have been surprised at the harvest which he has reaped in a short time. His appearance, you see, is so remarkable, that no one can pass him without observing him. A shock of orange hair, a pale face disfigured by a horrible scar, which, by its contraction, has turned up the outer edge of his upper lip, a bull-dog chin, and a pair of very penetrating dark eyes, which present a singular contrast to the colour of his hair, all mark him out from amid the common crowd of mendicants, and so, too, does his wit, for he is ever ready with a reply to any piece of chaff which may be thrown at him by the passers-by. This is the man whom we now learn to have been the lodger at the opium den, and to have been the last man to see the gentleman of whom we are in quest."

"HE IS A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR."

"But a cripple!" said I. "What could he have done singlehanded against a man in the prime of life?"

"He is a cripple in the sense that he walks with a limp; but, in other respects, he appears to be a powerful and well-nurtured man. Surely your medical experience would tell you, Watson, that weakness in one limb is often compensated for by exceptional strength in the others."

"Pray continue your narrative."

"Mrs. St. Clair had fainted at the sight of the blood upon the window, and she was escorted home in a cab by the police, as her presence could be of no help to them in their investigations. Inspector Barton, who had charge of the case, made a very careful examination of the premises, but without finding anything which threw any light upon the matter. One mistake had been made in not arresting Boone instantly, as he was allowed some few minutes during which he might have communicated with his friend the Lascar, but this fault was soon remedied, and he was seized and searched, without anything being found which could incriminate him. There were, it is true, some bloodstains upon his right shirt-sleeve, but he pointed to his ring finger, which had been cut near the nail, and explained that the bleeding came from there, adding that he had been to the window not long before, and that the stains which had been observed there came doubtless from the same source. He denied

strenuously having ever seen Mr. Neville St. Clair, and swore that the presence of the clothes in his room was as much a mystery to him as to the police. As to Mrs. St. Clair's assertion that she had actually seen her husband at the window, he declared that she must have been either mad or dreaming. He was removed, loudly protesting, to the police station, while the inspector remained upon the premises in the hope that the ebbing tide might afford some fresh clue.

"And it did, though they hardly found upon the mudbank what they had feared to find. It was Neville St. Clair's coat, and not Neville St. Clair, which lay uncovered as the tide receded. And what do you think they found in the pockets?"

"I cannot imagine."

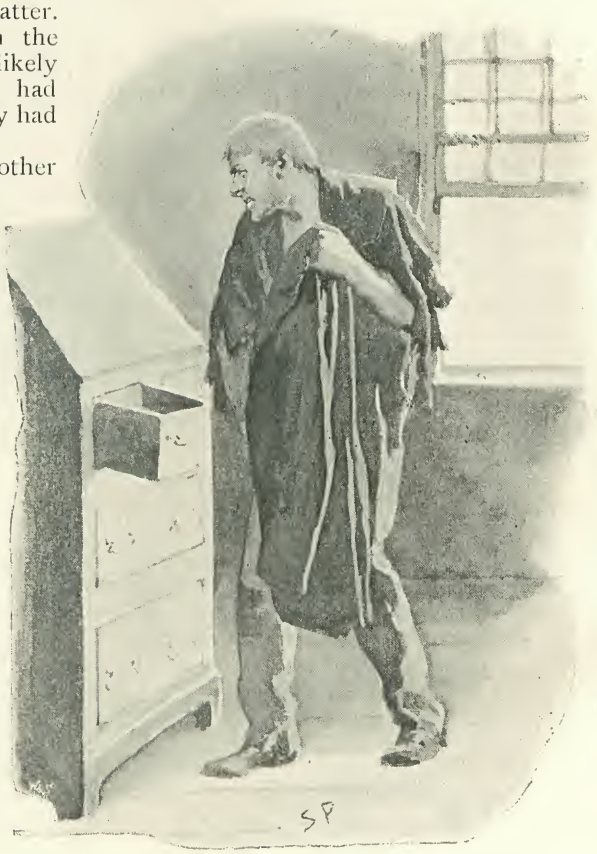
"No, I don't think you would guess. Every pocket stuffed with pennies and half-pennies—four hundred and twenty-one pennies, and two hundred and seventy half-pennies. It was no wonder that it had not been swept away by the tide. But a human body is a different matter. There is a fierce eddy between the wharf and the house. It seemed likely enough that the weighted coat had remained when the stripped body had been sucked away into the river."

"But I understand that all the other clothes were found in the room. Would the body be dressed in a coat alone?"

"No, sir, but the facts might be met speciously enough. Suppose that this man Boone had thrust Neville St. Clair through the window, there is no human eye which could have seen the deed. What would he do then? It would of course instantly strike him that he must get rid of the tell-tale garments. He would seize the coat then, and be in the act of throwing it out when it would occur to him that it would swim and not sink. He has little time, for he has heard the scuffle downstairs when the wife tried to force her way up, and perhaps he has already heard from his Lascar confederate that the police are hurrying up the street. There is not an instant to be lost. He rushes to some secret horde, where he has accumulated the fruits of his beggary, and he stuffs all the coins upon which he can lay his hands into the pockets to make sure of the coat's sinking. He throws it out, and would have done the same with the other garments had not he heard the rush of steps below, and only just had time to close the window when the police appeared."

"It certainly sounds feasible."

"Well, we will take it as a working hypothesis for want of a better. Boone, as I have told you, was arrested and taken to the station, but it could not be shown that there had ever before been anything against him. He had for years been known as a professional beggar, but his life appeared to have been a very quiet and innocent one. There the matter stands at present, and the questions which have to be solved, what Neville St. Clair was doing in the opium den, what happened to him when there, where is he now, and what Hugh Boone had to do with his disappearance, are all as far from a solution as ever. I confess



"STUFFS ALL THE COINS INTO THE POCKETS."

that I cannot recall any case within my experience which looked at the first glance so simple, and yet which presented such difficulties."

Whilst Sherlock Holmes had been detailing this singular series of events we had been whirling through the outskirts of the great town until the last straggling houses had been left behind, and we rattled along with a country hedge upon either side of us. Just as he finished, however, we drove through two scattered villages, where a few lights still glimmered in the windows.

"We are on the outskirts of Lee," said my companion. "We have touched on three English counties in our short drive, starting in Middlesex, passing over an angle of Surrey, and ending in Kent. See that light among the trees? That is The Cedars, and beside that lamp sits a woman whose anxious ears have already, I have little doubt, caught the clink of our horse's feet."

"But why are you not conducting the case from Baker-street?" I asked.

"Because there are many inquiries which must be made out here. Mrs. St. Clair has most kindly put two rooms at my disposal, and you may rest assured that she will have nothing but a welcome for my friend and colleague. I hate to meet her, Watson, when I have no news of her husband. Here we are. Whoa, there, whoa!"

We had pulled up in front of a large villa which stood within its own grounds. A stable-boy had run out to the horse's head, and, springing down, I followed Holmes up the small, winding gravel drive which led to the house. As we approached, the door flew open, and a little blonde woman stood in the opening, clad in some sort of light mousseline de soie, with a touch of fluffy pink chiffon at her neck and wrists. She stood with her figure outlined against the flood of light, one hand upon the door, one half raised in her eagerness, her body slightly bent, her head and face protruded, with eager eyes and parted lips, a standing question.

"Well?" she cried, "well?" And then, seeing that there were two of us, she gave a cry of hope which sank into a groan as she saw that my companion shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"No good news?"

"None."

"No bad?"

"No."

"Thank God for that. But come in. You must be weary, for you have had a long day."

"This is my friend, Dr. Watson. He has been of most vital use to me in several of my cases, and a lucky chance has made it possible for me to bring him out and associate him with this investigation."

"I am delighted to see you," said she, pressing my hand warmly. "You will, I am sure, forgive anything which may be wanting in our arrangements, when you consider the blow which has come so suddenly upon us."

"My dear madam," said I, "I am an old campaigner, and if I were not, I can very well see that no apology is needed. If I can be of any assistance, either to you or to my friend here, I shall be indeed happy."

"Now, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said the lady, as we entered a well-lit dining-room, upon the table of which a cold supper had been laid out. "I should very much like to ask you one or two plain questions, to which I beg that you will give a plain answer."

"Certainly, madam."

"Do not trouble about my feelings. I am not hysterical, nor given to fainting. I simply wish to hear your real, real opinion."

"Upon what point?"

"In your heart of hearts do you think that Neville is alive?"

Sherlock Holmes seemed to be embarrassed by the question. "Frankly now!" she repeated, standing upon the rug, and looking keenly down at him, as he leaned back in a basket chair.

"Frankly then, madam, I do not."

"You think that he is dead?"

"I do."

"Murdered?"

"I don't say that. Perhaps."

"And on what day did he meet his death?"

"On Monday."

"Then perhaps, Mr. Holmes, you will be good enough to explain how it is that I have received a letter from him to-day."

Sherlock Holmes sprang out of his chair as if he had been galvanised.

"What!" he roared.

"Yes, to-day." She stood smiling, holding up a little slip of paper in the air.

"May I see it?"

"Certainly."

He snatched it from her in his eagerness, and smoothing it out upon the table, he drew over the lamp, and examined it

"'FRANKLY, NOW,' SHE REPEATED."

intently. I had left my chair, and was gazing at it over his shoulder. The envelope was a very coarse one, and was stamped with the Gravesend post-mark, and with the date of that very day, or rather of the day before, for it was considerably after midnight.

"Coarse writing!" murmured Holmes. "Surely this is not your husband's writing, madam."

"No, but the enclosure is."

"I perceive also that whoever addressed the envelope had to go and inquire as to the address."

"How can you tell that?"

"The name, you see, is in perfectly black ink, which has dried itself. The rest is of the greyish colour which shows that blotting-paper has been used. If it had been written straight off, and then blotted, none would be of a deep black shade. This man has written the name, and there has then been a pause before he wrote the address, which can only mean that he was not familiar with it. It is, of course, a trifle, but there is nothing so important as trifles. Let us now see the letter! Ha! there has been an enclosure here!"

"Yes, there was a ring. His signet ring."

"And you are sure that this is your husband's hand?"

"One of his hands."

"One?"

"His hand when he wrote hurriedly. It is very unlike his usual writing, and yet I know it well."

"'Dearest, do not be frightened. All will come well. There is a huge error which it may take some little time to rectify. Wait in patience.—Neville.' Written in pencil upon the fly-leaf of a book, octavo size, no watermark. Hum! Posted to-day in Gravesend by a man with a dirty thumb. Ha! And the flap has been gummed, if I am not very much in error, by a person who had been chewing tobacco. And you have no doubt that it is your husband's hand, madam?"

"None. Neville wrote those words."

"And they were posted to-day at Gravesend. Well, Mrs. St. Clair, the clouds lighten, though I should not venture to say that the danger is over."

"But he must be alive, Mr. Holmes."

"Unless this is a clever forgery to put us on the wrong scent. The ring, after all, proves nothing. It may have been taken from him."

"No, no; it is, it is, it is his very own writing!"

"Very well. It may, however, have been written on Monday, and only posted to-day."

"That is possible."

"If so, much may have happened between."

"Oh, you must not discourage me, Mr. Holmes. I know that all is well with him. There is so keen a sympathy between us that I should know if evil came upon him. On the very day that I saw him last he cut himself in the bedroom, and yet I in the dining-room rushed upstairs instantly with the utmost certainty that something had happened. Do you think that I would respond to such a trifle, and yet be ignorant of his death?"

"I have seen too much not to know that the impression of a woman may be more valuable than the conclusion of an analytical reasoner. And in this letter you certainly have a very strong piece of evidence to corroborate your view. But if your husband is alive, and able to write letters, why should he remain away from you?"

"I cannot imagine. It is unthinkable."

"And on Monday he made no remarks before leaving you?"

"No."

"And you were surprised to see him in Swandam-lane?"

"Very much so."

"Was the window open?"

"Yes."

"Then he might have called to you?"

"He might."

"He only, as I understand, gave an inarticulate cry?"

"Yes."

"A call for help, you thought?"

"Yes. He waved his hands."

"But it might have been a cry of surprise. Astonishment at the unexpected sight of you might cause him to throw up his hands?"

"It is possible."

"And you thought he was pulled back?"

"He disappeared so suddenly."

"He might have leaped back. You did not see anyone else in the room?"

"No, but this horrible man confessed to having been there, and the Lascar was at the foot of the stairs."

"Quite so. Your husband, as far as you could see, had his ordinary clothes on?"

"But without his collar or tie. I distinctly saw his bare throat."

"Had he ever spoken of Swandam-lane?"

"Never."

"Had he ever shown any signs of having taken opium?"

"Never."

"Thank you, Mrs. St. Clair. Those are the principal points about which I wished to be absolutely clear. We shall now have a little supper and then retire, for we may have a very busy day to-morrow."

A large and comfortable double-bedded room had been placed at our disposal, and I was quickly between the sheets, for I was weary after my night of adventure. Sherlock Holmes was a man, however, who when he had an unsolved problem upon his mind would go for days, and even for a week, without rest, turning it over, rearranging his facts, looking at it from every point of view, until he had either fathomed it, or convinced himself that his data were insufficient. It was soon evident to me that he was now preparing for an all night sitting. He took off his coat and waistcoat, put on a large blue dressing gown, and then wandered about the room collecting pillows from his bed, and cushions from the sofa and arm-chairs. With these he constructed a sort of Eastern divan, upon which he perched himself cross-legged, with an ounce of shag tobacco and a box of matches laid out in front of him. In the dim light of the lamp I saw him sitting there, an old brier pipe between his lips, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the corner of the ceiling, the blue smoke curling up from him, silent, motionless, with the light shining upon his strong set aquiline features. So he sat as I dropped off to sleep, and so he sat when a sudden ejaculation caused me to wake up, and I found the summer sun shining into the apartment. The pipe was still between his lips, the smoke still curled upwards, and the room was full of a dense tobacco haze, but nothing remained of the heap of shag which I had seen upon the previous night.

"Awake, Watson?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Game for a morning drive?"

"Certainly."

"Then dress. No one is stirring yet, but I know where the stable boy sleeps, and we shall soon have the trap out." He chuckled to himself as he spoke, his eyes twinkled, and he seemed a different man to the sombre thinker of the previous night.

As I dressed I glanced at my watch. It was no wonder that no one was stirring. It was twenty-five minutes past four. I had hardly finished when Holmes returned with the news that the boy was putting in the horse.

"I want to test a little theory of mine," said he, pulling on his boots. "I think, Watson, that you are now standing in the presence of one of the most absolute fools in Europe. I deserve to be kicked from here to Charing-cross. But I think I have the key of the affair now."

"And where is it?" I asked, smiling.

"In the bath-room," he answered. "Oh, yes, I am not joking," he continued, seeing my look of incredulity. "I have just been there, and I have taken it out, and I have got it in this Gladstone bag. Come on, my boy, and we shall see whether it will not fit the lock."

We made our way downstairs as quietly

"THE PIPE WAS STILL BETWEEN HIS LIPS."

as possible, and out into the bright morning sunshine. In the road stood our horse and trap, with the half-clad stable boy waiting at the head. We both sprang in, and away we dashed down the London-road. A few country carts were stirring, bearing in vegetables to the metropolis, but the lines of villas on either side were as silent and lifeless as some city in a dream.

"It has been in some points a singular case," said Holmes, flicking the horse on into a gallop. "I confess that I have been as blind as a mole, but it is better to learn wisdom late, than never to learn it at all."

In town, the earliest risers were just beginning to look sleepily from their windows as we drove through the streets of the Surrey side. Passing down the Waterloo Bridge-road we crossed over the river, and dashing up Wellington-street wheeled sharply to the right, and found ourselves in Bow-street. Sherlock Holmes was well known to the Force, and the two constables at the door saluted him. One of them held the horse's head while the other led us in.

"Who is on duty?" asked Holmes.

"Inspector Bradstreet, sir."

"Ah, Bradstreet, how are you?" A tall, stout official had come down the stone-flagged passage, in a peaked cap and frogged jacket. "I wish to have a quiet word with you, Bradstreet."

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes. Step into my room here."

It was a small office-like room, with a huge ledger upon the table, and a telephone projecting from the wall. The inspector sat down at his desk.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Holmes?"

"I called about that beggarman, Boone—the one who was charged with being concerned in the disappearance of Mr. Neville St. Clair, of Lee."

"Yes. He was brought up and remanded for further inquiries."

"So I heard. You have him here?"

"In the cells."

"Is he quiet?"

"Oh, he gives no trouble. But he is a dirty scoundrel."

"Dirty?"

"Yes, it is all we can do to make him wash his hands, and his face is as black as a tinker's. Well, when once his case has been settled he will have a regular prison bath; and I think, if you saw him, you would agree with me that he needed it."

"I should like to see him very much."

"Would you? That is easily done. Come this way. You can leave your bag."

"No, I think that I'll take it."

"Very good. Come this way, if you please." He led us down a passage, opened a barred door, passed down a winding stair, and brought us to a white-washed corridor with a line of doors on each side.

"The third on the right is his," said the inspector. "Here it is!" He quietly shot back a panel in the upper part of the door, and glanced through.

"He is asleep," said he. "You can see him very well."

We both put our eyes to the grating. The prisoner lay with his face towards us, in a very deep sleep, breathing slowly and heavily. He was a middle-sized man, coarsely clad as became his calling, with a coloured shirt protruding through the rents in his tattered coat. He was, as the inspector had said, extremely dirty, but the grime which covered his face could not con-

ceal its repulsive ugliness. A broad wheal from an old scar ran right across it from eye to chin, and by its contraction had turned up one side of the upper lip, so that three teeth were exposed in a perpetual snarl. A shock of very bright red hair grew low over his eyes and forehead.

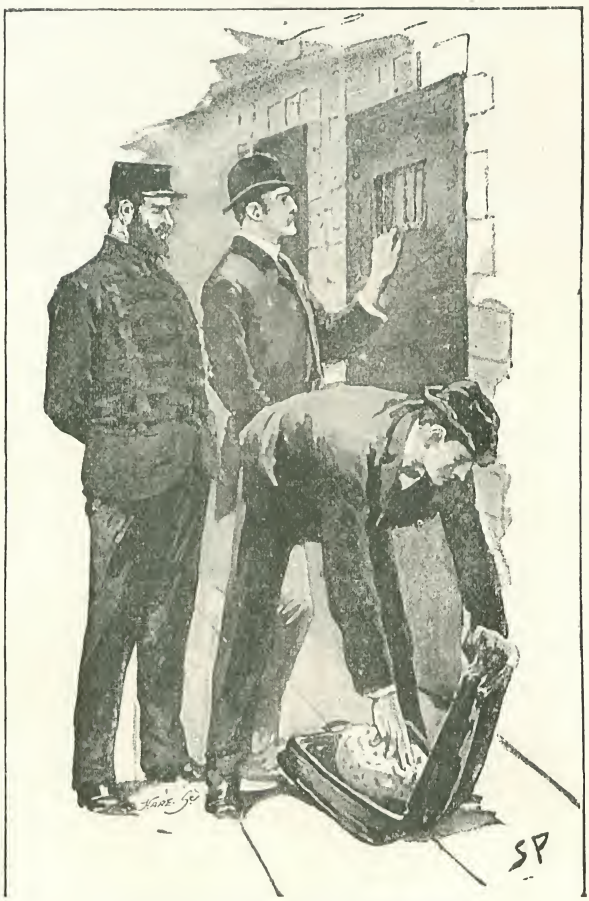
"He's a beauty, isn't he?" said the inspector.

"He certainly needs a wash," remarked Holmes. "I had an idea that he might, and I took the liberty of bringing the tools with me." He opened his Gladstone bag as he spoke, and took out, to my astonishment, a very large bath sponge.

"He! he! You are a funny one," chuckled the inspector.

"Now, if you will have the great goodness to open that door very quietly, we will soon make him cut a much more respectable figure."

"Well, I don't know why not," said the inspector. "He doesn't look a credit to the Bow-street cells, does he?" He slipped his key into the lock, and we all very quietly entered the cell. The sleeper half turned, and then settled down once more into a deep slumber. Holmes stooped to the water jug, moistened his sponge, and then rubbed it twice vigorously across and down the prisoner's face.



"HE TOOK OUT A VERY LARGE BATH SPONGE."

"Let me introduce you," he shouted, "to Mr. Neville St. Clair, of Lee, in the county of Kent."

Never in my life have I seen such a sight. The man's face peeled off under the sponge like the bark from a tree. Gone was the coarse brown tint! Gone, too, the horrid scar which had seamed it across, and the twisted lip which had given the repulsive sneer to the face! A twitch brought away the tangled red hair, and there, sitting up in his bed, was a pale, sad-faced, refined-looking man, black-haired and smooth-skinned, rubbing his eyes, and staring about him with sleepy bewilderment. Then suddenly realising the exposure, he broke into a scream, and threw himself down with his face to the pillow.

"Great heaven!" cried the inspector, "it is, indeed, the missing man. I know him from the photograph."

The prisoner turned with the reckless air of a man who abandons himself to his destiny. "Be it so," said he. "And pray, what am I charged with?"

"With making away with Mr. Neville St.—— Oh, come, you can't be charged with that, unless they make a case of attempted suicide of it," said the inspector, with a grin. "Well, I have been twenty-seven years in the force, but this really takes the cake."

"If I am Mr. Neville St. Clair, then it is obvious that no crime has been committed, and that, therefore, I am illegally detained."

"No crime, but a very great error has been committed," said Holmes. "You would have done better to have trusted your wife."

"It was not the wife, it was the children," groaned the prisoner. "God help me, I would not have them ashamed of their

"HE BROKE INTO A SCREAM."

father. My God! What an exposure! What can I do?"

Sherlock Holmes sat down beside him on the couch, and patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"If you leave it to a court of law to clear the matter up," said he, "of course you can hardly avoid publicity. On the other hand, if you convince the police authorities that there is no possible case against you, I do not know that there is any reason that the details should find their way into the papers. Inspector Bradstreet would, I am sure, make notes upon anything which you might tell us, and submit it to the proper authorities. The case would then never go into court at all."

"God bless you!" cried the prisoner, passionately. "I would have endured imprisonment, aye, even execution, rather than have left my miserable secret as a family blot to my children.

"You are the first who have ever heard my story. My father was a schoolmaster in Chesterfield, where I received an excellent education. I travelled in my youth, took to the stage, and finally became a reporter on an evening paper in London. One day my editor wished to have a series of articles upon begging in the metropolis, and I volunteered to supply them. There was the point from which all my adventures started. "It was only by trying begging as an amateur that I could get the facts upon which to base my articles. When an actor I had, of course, learned all the secrets of making up, and had been famous in the green-room for my skill. I took advantage now of my attainments. I painted my face, and to make myself as pitiable as possible I made a good scar and fixed one side of my lip in a twist by the aid of a small slip of flesh-coloured plaster. Then with a red head of hair, and an appropriate dress, I took my station in the busiest part of the City, ostensibly as a match-seller, but really as a beggar. For seven hours I plied my trade, and when I returned home in the evening I found, to my surprise, that I had received no less than twenty-six shillings and fourpence.

"I wrote my articles, and thought little more of the matter until, some time later, I backed a bill for a friend, and had a writ served upon me for £25. I was at my wits' end where to get the money, but a sudden idea came to me. I begged a fortnight's grace from the creditor, asked for a holiday from my employers, and spent the time in begging in the City under my disguise. In ten days I had the money, and had paid the debt.

"Well, you can imagine how hard it was to settle down to arduous work at two

pounds a week, when I knew that I could earn as much in a day by smearing my face with a little paint, laying my cap on the ground, and sitting still. It was a long fight between my pride and the money, but the dollars won at last, and I threw up reporting, and sat day after day in the corner which I had first chosen, inspiring pity by my ghastly face, and filling my pockets with coppers. Only one man knew my secret. He was the keeper of a low den in which I used to lodge in Swandam-lane, where I could every morning emerge as a squalid beggar, and in the evenings transform myself into a well-dressed man about town. This fellow, a Lascar, was well paid by me for his rooms, so that I knew that my secret was safe in his possession.

"Well, very soon I found that I was saving considerable sums of money. I do not mean that any beggar in the streets of London could earn seven hundred pounds a year—which is less than my average takings—but I had exceptional advantages in my power of making up, and also in a facility in repartee, which improved by practice, and made me quite a recognised character in the City. All day a stream of pennies, varied by silver, poured in upon me, and it was a very bad day upon which I failed to take two pounds.

"As I grew richer I grew more ambitious, took a house in the country, and eventually married, without anyone having a suspicion as to my real occupation. My dear wife knew that I had business in the City. She little knew what.

"Last Monday I had finished for the day, and was dressing in my room above the opium den, when I looked out of the window, and saw, to my horror and astonishment, that my wife was standing in the street, with her eyes fixed full upon me. I gave a cry of surprise, threw up my arms to cover my face, and, rushing to my confidant, the Lascar, entreated him to prevent anyone from coming up to me. I heard her voice downstairs, but I knew that she could not ascend. Swiftly I threw off my clothes, pulled on those of a beggar, and put on my pigments and wig. Even a wife's eyes could not pierce so complete a disguise. But then it occurred to me that there might be a search in the room, and that the clothes might betray me. I threw open the window, re-opening by my violence a small cut which I had inflicted upon myself in the bedroom that morning. Then I seized my coat, which was weighted by the coppers which I had just transferred to it from the leather bag in which I carried my takings. I hurled it out of the window, and it disappeared into the Thames. The other clothes would have followed, but at that moment there was a rush of constables up the stair, and a few minutes after I found, rather, I confess, to my relief, that instead of being identified as Mr. Neville St. Clair, I was arrested as his murderer.

"I do not know that there is anything else for me to explain. I was determined to preserve my disguise as long as possible, and hence my preference for a dirty face. Knowing that my wife would be terribly anxious, I slipped off my ring, and confided it to the Lascar at a moment when no constable was watching me, together with a hurried scrawl, telling her that she had no cause to fear."

"That note only reached her yesterday," said Holmes.

"Good God! What a week she must have spent."

"The police have watched this Lascar," said Inspector Bradstreet, "and I can quite understand that he might find it difficult to post a letter unobserved. Probably he handed it to some sailor customer of his, who forgot all about it for some days."

"That was it," said Holmes, nodding approvingly, "I have no doubt of it. But have you never been prosecuted for begging?"

"Many times; but what was a fine to me?"

"It must stop here, however," said Bradstreet. "If the police are to hush this thing up, there must be no more of Hugh Boone."

"I have sworn it by the most solemn oaths which a man can take."

"In that case I think that it is probable that no further steps may be taken. But if you are found again, then all must come out. I am sure, Mr. Holmes, that we are very much indebted to you for having cleared the matter up. I wish I knew how you reach your results."

"I reached this one," said my friend, "by sitting upon five pillows and consuming an ounce of shag. I think, Watson, that if we drive to Baker-street we shall just be in time for breakfast."

The Winding Walk

Moderato.

Words and Music by Frank L. Moir.

There's a wind-ing walk in a

mf

Ped. ✻

gar-den fair, With nut-trees o - ver - head, And ro - ses sweet, By the dear old seat, Per-

Cantabile.

- fum-ing the summer air: It was there we met in the long a - go, It was there we plighted

Cantabile.

Ped.

troth. Ah! dear, dear days, 'Neath the shaded ways, Where we walk'd in our sun - lit youth.

There's a wind-ing walk by the vil-lage green, That leads to the dear old

Ped. ✻

church, Where the pop-lars sigh To the clear blue sky, And the swallows flit be-tween: It was

f

there we met on that sweet day, It was there they made us one; And the bells rang out, 'Mid the

Più lento.

mer - ry shout Of the children, who cheer'd us on. It's a winding walk thro' the

land of love, With the shadows o - ver - head, But from our true hearts All the gloom departs, And the

Tempo 1mo.

light shines out a - bove. Take my hand, sweetheart, we must journey on; Say to me as you did that

Cantabile.

Ped.

day, 'Neath the rose-trees sweet By the dear old seat, "We will love till our days are done; We will

Ped. *

f *f* *ad lib.*

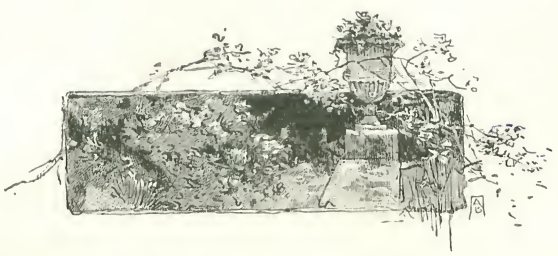
love, we will love, we will love till our days are done."

cres.

Col canto al fine.

f *f* *f*

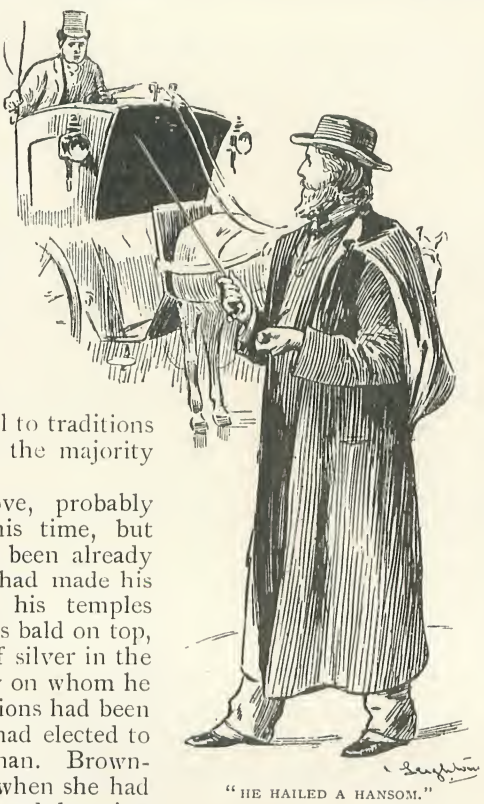
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*



A Day in the Country.

By David Christie Murray.

HIS name was Brown-Smith—he wrote it with a hyphen, and was hurt when people in familiar conversation neglected to mark that fact—J. Brown-Smith. He was a poet, not a very fine one perhaps, but certainly not a very bad one. Years of practice had given him the literary trick, which goes for more than an uninstructed person would be apt to fancy, and he had a good heart and an unaffected love for all things beautiful and gracious. He wore a slouched hat and a long paletot, and sported a big russet beard and moustache, so that he looked rather like a brigand out of business, until his mild and beneficent eye bewrayed him. He was generally to be seen with the amber stem of a big meerschaum between his lips, and he talked a good deal in a harmless way about Bohemia. When he had been younger Bohemia had had an actual existence, but Brown-Smith lived in the lights and shadows of a day which had for some time departed, and was faithful to traditions which were scorned by the majority of his compeers.



"HE HAILED A HANSOM."

He had been in love, probably more than once in his time, but once at least. He had been already middle-aged when he had made his final choice, and now his temples were grizzled and he was bald on top, and there were lines of silver in the russet beard. The lady on whom he had bestowed his affections had been but half his age, and had elected to marry a much younger man. Brown-Smith proposed to her when she had been a month engaged, and, learning the truth, went away sorrowful, and made his verses his wife, and the cronies of his club his family circle.

It befell upon an autumn morning that the breath of the dying year put him in mind of the country as he sat in his London lodgings, and awoke a craving in his mind for the sight of yellowing trees and misty pastures. Everybody he knew lived in town, and of late years, though he wrote a great deal about rural things, he had hardly seen the country at all. He hated constitutional walks and journeys without a purpose, and for awhile he could think of nowhere to go to. But on a sudden he bethought him of his old sweetheart, who was settled fifteen or sixteen miles away from London, and he fancied that it would not be an unpleasant thing to go down and look at her abiding-place. He had no idea of calling upon her, or of intruding himself in any way. His clumsy and futile courtship was now a matter of ancient history, and the probabilities were that he was long ago forgotten. He had a notion that in one way the theme might be fruitful. His muse of late had been a little sterile, and perhaps the journey might prove to have a set of verses in it. That is the way of poets, and, indeed, of men of letters in general. Any little flower of emotion we may grow goes to market, and is more or less consciously nurtured and watered to that end. When we have been long at the business we are market gardeners pure and simple, and grow rose, lily, and forget-me-not side by side with mandragora and the deadly hellebore, culling them and arranging them into bouquets to suit the fashion or

fancy of the moment. Brown-Smith arose, donned the sombrero and the long paletot, saw to it that his tobacco pouch and Britannia metal fusee box were well stocked, and, walking into the street, hailed a hansom. That was his constant habit. If ever he went further away from home than to his club, which was just round the corner, he went in a hansom. He hated railway carriages and omnibuses, and if he by rare chance tried to go anywhere on foot he succeeded only in losing himself, and had finally to call on a cabman to extricate him from the London maze. He had a handsome income of his own; indeed, if he had had a head for business, instead of rhyming, he might have been a wealthy man, and this was his sole extravagance. He was scarcely seated when the poetic spring began to show that it was wound up, and, whilst the cab clattered down Wellington-street and over Waterloo-bridge, the poet began to manufacture verses:—

Cabman, who pliest in the roaring Strand,
Sleepily pliest in the autumn weather,
Pause, at the signal of my waving hand,
And let's away together.

There at least was a beginning, and it hit the feeling of the moment. The measure, as the practised in such matters will observe, lends itself to gravity or gaiety, and the bard might glide from either to either, and might rumble along in sleepy musing between whiles. He got a verse in embryo out of a crowd of little children who danced about an organ, on the top of which a misanthropic ape scratched the hind quarter of disdain with the hand of dejection. Then in due time the lines of houses broke and scattered, and the cab ran between green fields. The poet filled and lit his pipe, and straightway the poetic spring gave another whirl:—

Lord! how the flavour of that first fusee,
Blends with the grateful smell of trodden grasses,
And how I joy in every leafy tree
The hansom passes!

Then he was conscious of his old sweetheart's face. She looked in on him like an actual bodily presence, and surprised him. Another verse came quite naturally, and others flowed easily after it, though he gave them rather a disingenuous turn perhaps, considering the business which took him afield that morning:—

Why, Clare! Sweet Clare! No thought of your bright eyes
Has touched my memory for half a lustre;
And now how fast, with what a sweet surprise,
The fancies muster!

Lads play at love, and think it pleasant play,
And maidens find it, too, a pretty pastime,
Until the god himself descends some day
For first and last time.

He never came to you and me, sweet Clare—
You quite forget me, and I live without you;
And only at a time like this I care
To think about you.

It was not altogether true, but the bard was not going to be over-sentimental. He was getting perilously near the fifties for one thing, and he was going out, of motive aforethought, to look at his old sweetheart's house. Perhaps, if he had formed no such purpose, he might have chosen another measure, and another method of expression. But, in the circumstances, if he must touch his ghost at all, perhaps it was well not to lay a finger of too much stress upon it. It slept, and had slept for many years. It would hardly pay to do more than half awaken it. He went on with his verse-spinning, and in a dreary, half-regretful way was happy. He did not often say a humorous thing, but his whole turn of mind was humorous, and he had never dared to take himself too seriously. Once in a way he had given his whole soul to a woman, but she had never cared for him, and he had been sent out of her presence with a sore heartache, which had faded away little by little into a tranquil regret with a sense of romance around it. These melancholies of the middle-aged are not unpleasant.

The journey came to an end, and the cabman pulled up quite naturally at a publichouse of the better sort, and Brown-Smith was welcomed at the door. Could he have luncheon there by and by? Anything would serve. A little cold meat and a salad? That would do. Their home-brewed was greatly esteemed in the neighbourhood, the curtseying landlady assured him. He would essay a glass at once, and so would the cabman. The cabman being appealed to, touched the brim of his hat and expressed a husky preference for something short. "Two of gin, if you please, ma'am." The bard drank his beer meditatively and slowly, and filled his pipe anew. He had meant to inquire of his old sweetheart's whereabouts. That was a simple thing enough, but the presence of the cabman somehow made it difficult, and when the driver had withdrawn with instructions to stable and feed his horse, and get a snack for himself in the tap-room, it seemed too late to proffer the inquiry. Brown-Smith was shy, in fine, and had a fear which he

himself confessed ridiculous, lest the sentimental character of his errand should be known.

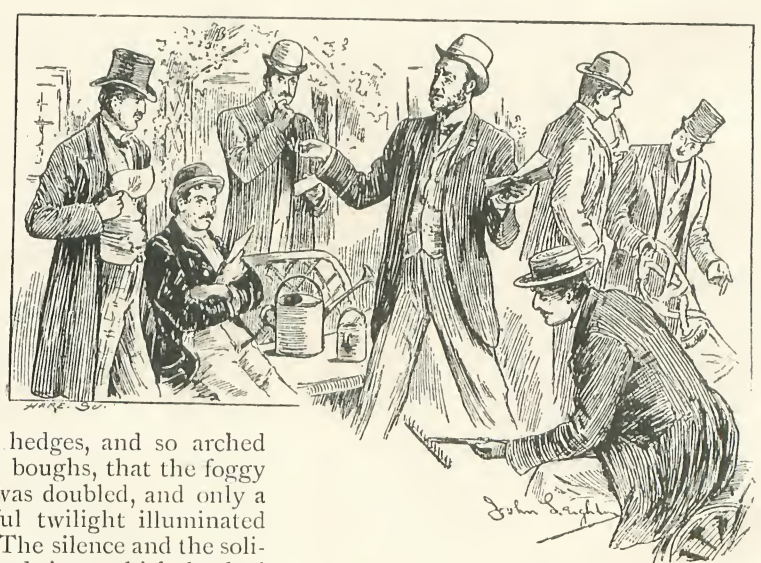
He wandered out a little disconsolately into the lane. It was high noon, but there was an autumn mist abroad, and autumn gossamer, clogged thick with congested frost drops, showed everywhere in the hedges. The lane was carpeted thick with fallen leaves, and an earthy odour rose from them, remindful of a hundred memories, all more or less of a mildly sentimental kind. Except when the poetical watchspring set his internal works agoing, and the poetic musical-box sounded its pretty little inward tunes, Brown-Smith was, in the main, a mildly cheerful person. But to-day, what with the train in which his thoughts had started in the morning, and his propinquity to his old sweetheart, and the signs of lovely decay everywhere about, he grew to feel actually downcast and dejected. All the mistakes of his life rose up before him, all its failures and follies. He felt forlorn and old, and life in general seemed to be a very bitter business.

In this melancholy mood he wandered on, until it occurred to him that he had made half a dozen aimless turnings, and had no idea of his present whereabouts. He got lost in his favourite London once a week, but there he had always the ubiquitous cabman to appeal to. Here there was nobody. The lane in which he found himself was just wide enough for the passage of an ordinary vehicle, and was so walled in by thick-leaved hedges, and so arched over by embracing boughs, that the foggy gloom of the day was doubled, and only a damp and mournful twilight illuminated his surroundings. The silence and the solitude suited the mood into which he had allowed himself to fall, and, since he had made it a life long practice to surrender himself to his own fancies, he found it easy to give way to this. He arranged his long paletot so that he might take no damage from the moist grass, and, sitting down upon a bank by the roadside, took the russet beard in both hands, and sat staring at the bank opposite like a model for a statue of a poet in reverie. Somebody might come by to guide him in a while; if not, no matter.

Just as he had arrived comfortably at the conclusion that there was nothing in the world in which it was worth while to be for a moment interested, he was recalled to his honest, natural self by the merest trifle of an incident, in the progress of which he immediately became absorbed.

"This way, gentlemen, if you please," said a voice at once suave and businesslike.

The poet turned, and looked across his shoulder in the direction of the voice. Just where he sat there was a slight gap in the hedge—a mere eyelet hole, large enough to afford him an unrestricted view, but so small that the hedge effectually concealed his presence. He saw before him a pretty little garden, a smooth-shaven lawn, and a small and unpretentious residence of the cottage-villa order. From its door emerged a bustling gentleman in a white hat, carrying a notebook in one hand and a pencil in the other. He was followed by some half-dozen men in various stages of dirty flashness, who had each and all beady eyes, and red lips, and thick hooked noses, and who each carried in one hand a pamphlet and in the other a pencil. The bard immediately recognised these gentlemen as brokers, and he knew, without need of explanation, that a sale of household effects



"BROKERS."

was going on in the pretty retired little villa. The man in the white hat bustled forward into the middle of the lawn, and the thick-nosed contingent grouped about him at varying distances.

"You see the next lot before you, gentlemen," said the auctioneer. "Seven garden seats, various. One patent duplex-action lawn mower, an iron roller, three watering pots, spade, rake, and hoe. How much for this lot, gentlemen?"

The handful of brokers wandered unconcernedly about the lawn, inspecting the various articles offered for sale with depreciating aspect and gesture.

"Come, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "we can't be here all day. How much? Give me a bid to start with."

"Ted bob," said one of the thick-nosed men.

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the auctioneer, and became fluent, almost passionate, in laudatory criticism of the articles offered for sale. His voice took a tone of pathetically remonstrant indignation. "Ten shillings! Oh, really, really, gentlemen! Let us be reasonable!"

Another thick-nosed gentleman soared so high into the air of pure reason as to increase the bid by sixpence. The auctioneer expostulated. The goods were being thrown away. He was there to sell without reserve, but it was grievous and hardly to be borne that the things he had to offer should have to be knocked down at prices so far below their real value. The Hebraic crowd listened to his diatribes with a dreary patience; but, nobody offering a further bid for the garden seats, various, and the rest, the lot was knocked down, and the whole party, headed by the auctioneer, meandered back to the house again.

This little episode had inspired the unsuspected onlooker with a variety of emotions, and, after the manner of his tribe, he had profoundly pitied half a dozen imaginary persons before the scene was over. His bardic bosom had been fired with scorn for the handful of money-grubbers banded together to take advantage of the straits of the widow and the fatherless; but when the curtain had fallen on the trivial act he fell into a dejection more mournful than before, and gazed at the ivy-covered porch of the small villa as if he read in it a decree of mysterious and all-embracing doom.

As he looked, a small boy—a boy of five, or thereabouts—came out, nursing a puppy, a smooth-haired, pot-bellied, helpless canine infant of a month or two. The boy, a sturdy little fellow, was evidently labouring under a sense of injury, which he did his best to conquer. He walked resolutely towards the poet, as if he had him in view, and plumping down on the wet grass within two yards of him, hugged his burden to his breast with a gesture so emphatic that the puppy uttered a yowk of remonstrance. At this the child released him, and the pup, in infantile glee, began, with a tottering jocundity, to charge about the lawn, and to bark with a pretence of valour at imagined intruders. He was at the age at which dogs learn to bark, and was obviously proud of his newly found accomplishment. When he had sufficiently asserted his own importance, and had expressed with especial vehemence his opinion of the people then within doors, he returned to his childish companion, and tumbled over him in an ecstasy of fawning affection. The boy gathered him up again in a loose armful, and began to cry silently, but at this instant a jeering call broke in upon his solitude, and the poet, peering through the leafy screen, saw a mean boy, a repulsive boy, with a face freckled all over like a toad's back, who had thrown one leg over the garden wall something less than a score of yards away.

"Yah!" said the freckled boy, "who's being sold up?"

At this the eyes of the infant with the puppy glittered suddenly, and his tears ceased. He clinched his white milk teeth, and put both arms about the puppy.

"Who's being sold up?" the repulsive boy repeated. "Yah!"

He detached small pieces of mortar from the top of the wall, and threw them at the object of his derision. Then, emboldened by the absence of retort, for he was obviously, at the first glance, a boy who loved to deride in safety, he threw the other leg over the wall, and dropped stealthily into the garden. Then, having assured himself by observation that his way of retreat was clear, and that, if need were, he could scale the wall before the enemy reached him, he threw a stone, and finding that this elicited no retort, he grew still bolder, and ventured forward. He was an older boy than the rightful occupant of the lawn, and topped him by three ungainly inches.

"Yah!" he said again, for he was a boy unfertile in resource, "who's being sold up?"

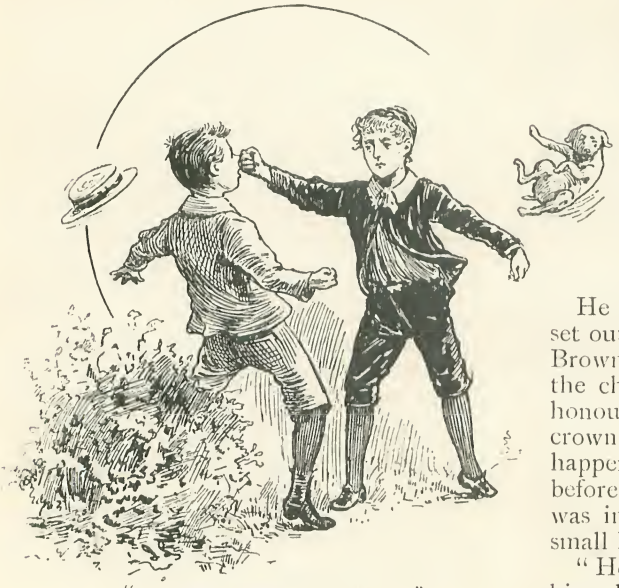
The little chap with the puppy was breathing hard, and to Brown-Smith's eye, looked likely to be dangerous. The poet had half a mind to steal silently along the lane until he found the gate, then to enter, and effect at least a momentary modification in the sentiment of the boy with the freckles. But he was a shy man, and contented himself with watching. The mean boy, quite secure by this time, stood over the object of his scorn, and goaded him still further.

"They've got the pup in the catalogue."

At this the smaller boy started to his feet, hugging his burden.

"No, they haven't," he said, defiantly, but yet with a tremor of doubt in his tone.

"Yes they have, though," said the freckled boy. "They're going to sell him.



"THE FRECKLED BOY WAS SMITTEN."

Not as he'll fetch much. Yah! You *have* got to be hard up before you'd sell a pup like that."

Then the pup and the bard and the boy with the freckles were all simultaneously startled. The pup was whirled wildly in air, the freckled boy was smitten with extreme violence on the very tip of his jeering nose, and the poet exulted, as a poet has a right to exult whenever he sees the trampled soul arise, and the tyrant tremble. The freckled boy was not valiant in fight, but he was robust of lung. He yelled manfully, and his screams brought out an excited nurse-girl, in a whirl of flounces.

"Look what your Bob's done," said the chastised tormentor. His nose was bleeding, and from the spectacle he presented there was no knowing what injury he had received.

"Oh, you bad, wicked, naughty, abominable child!" cried the nurse-girl, and in one second the champion of the right was on her knee, and every adjective took emphasis from a sounding slap. The little fellow struggled away from her and stood on the defensive.

"He said they'd sell my puppy."

"So they will," said the nurse-girl, spitefully angry. "I'll see to that. Oh, master Gordon, don't be making that noise, you'll have everybody thinking you're killed. Come indoors and let me wash your face."

With that she marched the discomfited intruder away. The puppy, at whose age emotions, however violent, are short lived, had forgotten his astonishment, and returned frisking to his playmate.

"They shan't sell you!" said the boy. "I won't let them sell you. You haven't done anything to be sold, have you, Tiny? Look here, I'll go away and be a cabin boy. I'll take you with me, and then they can't sell you."

He kissed the puppy on the nose, and set out at once, hot with determination. Brown-Smith arose with intent to meet the child at the gate and soothe injured honour with the plaster of a new half-crown, bright from the mint, which he happened to carry in his purse. But before he had gained the gate the boy was in the lane, running as fast as his small legs would carry him.

"He won't go far," said the poet to himself, and refrained from quickening his own pace, lest he should frighten him.

After a burst of thirty or forty yards the adventurer fell into a jog trot, and from that into a walk. But the walk was dogged and full of purpose. The poet would not have been a poet if he had not remembered his own childhood. He, too, had risen, though many years ago, against abuse and tyranny with a soul which flamed with all the passionate valour which inspired Garibaldi or Kosciusko. If all good men, so Brown-Smith mused, wistfully watching the little figure before him, kept the childish courage and the childish hate of tyranny the world would have had smooth going for the weakest long and long ago.

"We degenerate," said Brown-Smith. "The Hampden of five is a trimmer at five and twenty. The infant Cromwell grows up to vote at the order of a Caucus."

The boy walked on, and Brown-Smith followed him, recalling a certain experience of his own, when he too had, at the premature age of five, rushed to face the world. He recalled the fact that that determination had endured for some ten minutes, and he looked for the same rapid cooling of heroic intent in this case. The boy in front, however, held steadily on for a mile. By this time he had set down the puppy, who frisked irresponsibly at his heels. The poet began to find his long paletot oppressive, and disembarrassing himself of it, threw it over his arm. What thoughts filled the child's mind beyond the rooted sense of injustice and resolve it would be difficult to tell, but he pegged away at his best pace, looking neither to left nor right, for a full hour. Brown-Smith admired his energy and determination, but began to hope that they would be of brief duration. On a sudden, the puppy, after a frantic burst of high spirits, lay down panting in the road, and refused to be allured or commanded further. In the end, the child took him up again; but, in spite of anger and resolve, he was already growing weary, and when he had covered another hundred yards, he sat down upon a bank by the roadside to rest. The poet smilingly approached him and sat down.

"That's a nice little dog you have there," he said, by way of opening the conversation. The child looked shy, and returned no answer. "Do you think he would make friends with me? Let us see? He's tired, I fancy."

Brown-Smith's voice was naturally gentle, and his face was friendly and inviting. The child and the puppy, with the intuition natural to their several states and ages, trusted and believed in him at once.

"And where are we going to, my little man?" The boy hung his head at this query, and answered nothing. "Aren't we rather a long way from home? Do you know, it strikes me that if we go much further we shall lose ourselves. Don't you think we'd better be going back again?" No answer still. The boy fondled the head of the pup as he lay in Brown-Smith's lap, and looked up once at his strange companion. "Don't you think," asked Brown-

"THAT'S A NICE LITTLE DOG."

Smith, hazarding a guess, "that mamma will be likely to miss you?"

"She's gone away," said the child; "Betsy says she isn't coming back again."

"Now, do you know," said the poet, with an air of weight and gravity, "I don't believe in Betsy? I think it very likely that mamma's at home this minute. I don't *know*, mind you. I only say I think it very likely. Suppose we go and see."

"She went away this morning," the child answered. There was a catch in his voice, and the resolute corners of his mouth began to droop a little. "She went away before the sale, and Betsy says she's never coming back again."

"We won't trouble our heads about Betsy," said the bard, with an air of weightier decision than before. "Betsy's talking nonsense, evidently. Why, bless your soul," he continued, in a voice altogether convinced and intimate, "I daresay I'm twice as old as you are—three times as old, perhaps—and *I* never heard of such a thing. The idea of mamma going away and never coming back again! Why, that is obviously preposterous. Perhaps you don't know what it is to be obviously preposterous? But when a thing *is* obviously preposterous, people always laugh at it. I know that, because I have been obviously preposterous myself, and people have laughed at me."

This mild joke tickled him a little, and his own kindly humour had opened his heart, and made laughter easy. He laughed gaily, and his infant charge laughed also. The pup sat up in the bard's lap, and barked for company.

"Why, the little dog laughs to see such fun," Brown-Smith continued. "He knows when a thing is obviously preposterous, don't you, doggie? What's your name, old fellow?"

"His name's Tiny," said the infant wanderer, who was quite certain of his man by this time. "Mine's Bob. He's two months old, and I'm five years."

"How's Tiny going to be rated on the ship's books?" asked the poet. "Is he going to be a cabin boy?" The child looked at him half ashamed, and wholly wonderstricken. "I know a lot," said Brown-Smith, solemnly. "I could tell you a lot of things. I don't wonder at your punching Master Gordon, but perhaps you needn't have hit him quite so hard."

From that moment Brown-Smith's reputation was established. It was evident that concealment was absolutely worthless with a man like that, and Bob was easily won to the relation of his own short and simple annals. Papa, it seems, had died ever so long ago, when Bob was little. "Less than I am now," he said, explanatorily. Mamma, of course, was mamma. They lived at the Fir Trees. He could give her a local habitation, but no name.

"Are you ever hungry?" Brown-Smith demanded. "I am."

He thought of the cold meat and salad ordered now two hours ago, and his inner man yearned at the fancy.

"We passed a nice place five minutes back. A place that looked to my mind as if it had milk and biscuits in it. Not at all an unlikely place for cake, I should fancy. There might even be plum cake there. I knew a place of that sort once, where they had plum cake with frosted sugar on the top—frosted sugar as thick as that, upon my word of honour." He held up his thumb in illustration. "That's not a thing to be looked for every day," he hastened to add, "but still it might be there. Suppose we go and see, eh?"

The immediate resolution to escape from the tyrannies of Betsy, and to become a cabin boy, made itself air when the poet conjured up this splendid vision. Bob, resuming charge of the puppy, was hoisted on to Brown-Smith's shoulder, and presently the two invaded a tidy roadside inn, where, as good fortune would have it, plum cake and milk were actually obtainable. The poet himself sat down to beef and ale, and rejoiced wholesomely above them.

"You know this little gentleman?" Brown-Smith asked of the landlord.

"I've seen him afore," the landlord answered. "His mother's a widow. She lives about three mile from here. I did hear as she was to be sold up to-day."

"Have you such a thing as a trap handy?" asked the poet. "I should like to drive him home again."

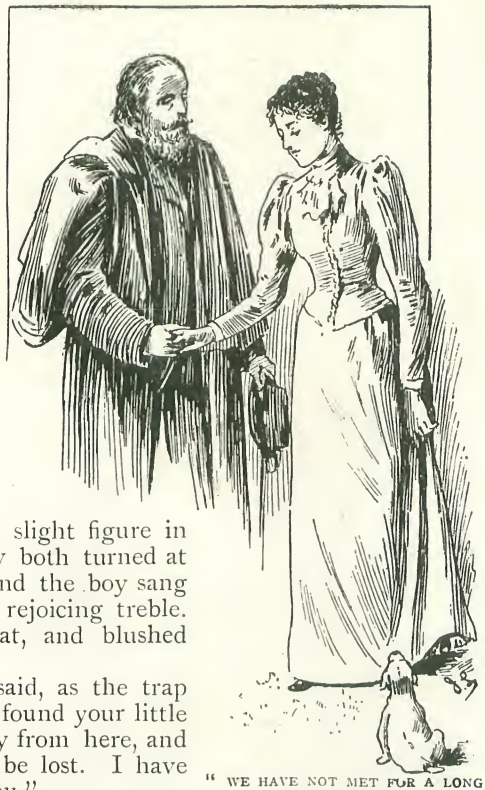
The landlord had a trap, and in ten minutes it was ready.

"Drive to Mrs. Barton's, Jim," cried the landlord, and Brown-Smith started at the name, and even paled a little. The old sweetheart, about whom he had been spinning verses all the morning, bore that name. It was hardly likely that there were two Mrs. Bartons in the same outlying village. It was by no means an impossible thing that there should be two, but to his mind it seemed improbable. Was his old

love really a widow, and in distress? And could it be really her child in whom he had taken a passing and kindly interest? He scanned the boy's face with a new eye, and even thought he read some likeness to her features in it. That might be no more than fancy, but it was enough to set his heart fluttering. That organ had so long been quiet that its mild disturbance seemed almost volcanic to him. He had never dreamed that anything would touch it again in this world. If the old Clara of his dreams were really free——.

He sat on thorns through the brief journey, and answered the boy's prattle at absent random. Suddenly the trap turned a corner of the lane, and the gate was in sight. Nursemaid Betsy was there with a slight figure in grey beside her. They both turned at the sound of wheels, and the boy sang out "Mamma!" in a rejoicing treble. The poet raised his hat, and blushed like any schoolboy.

"Mrs. Barton," he said, as the trap came to a standstill, "I found your little boy some distance away from here, and I was afraid he might be lost. I have brought him back to you."



"WE HAVE NOT MET FOR A LONG TIME," HE SAID.

He alighted, and lifted the child to the ground. The young widow was pale, and looked as if she had known trouble. She was embarrassed, too, and accepted the poet's proffered hand with a shyness which, as he thought, became her very prettily. The ten years which had elapsed since he had seen her last had left her girlish still, and he thought how wonderfully little she had altered. The old roses would come back with prosperity and happiness. He was amazed to find himself as much in love with her as ever.

"We have not met for a long time," he said.

"No," she answered. "It is a long time since we met. You are a little changed, I think."

"Am I?" he responded. "I don't feel changed at all."

Here he remembered the hostler, and dismissed him with a fare which sent off that simple fellow in astonishment. Nursemaid Betsy, milder under the maternal eye than when free of its controlling influence, had led the child away. The puppy alone remained as a witness to the interview, and he looked from one to the other with an inquiring sagacity, much as if he had expected things to take this turn so far, and were interested in the *dénouement*.

"I came down," said Brown-Smith, "on purpose to have a look at the place you lived in. I hope you don't think that a liberty."

She gave one brief glance at him, and lowered her eyes.

"I learn that you are lonely, Clara, and I am afraid from what I have seen and heard to-day that you are not too well to do. Excuse me, I am an old friend, you know, and I was always clumsy. If you could let me help you, Clara——"

He stopped there, not daring to speak all his mind at once.

"I have a place to go to," she answered. "Some friends of mine have found me a situation."

"Don't take it, Clara!" said Brown-Smith, impulsively.

"What else is before me?" she asked.

"My dear!" said the poet, with a directness such as poets rarely use, "*I* am before you. Take me, and let the situation go. I am no younger than I was, and I thought, until I heard the truth to-day, that I had cured myself of my old fancy. I find I have not."

She murmured something about it being all so strange—so unexpected.

"Strange and unexpected to us both," he answered. "I have kept lonely for your sake all these years."

Five minutes later the wanderer, his desire for naval adventure clean forgotten, found mamma and the friendly stranger sitting side by side in a little arbour, and clambered without hesitation on the poet's knee.

"Mamma," he said, "this gentleman found me when I was going to sea to be a cabin-boy."

"A true bill," said the poet. He was so bright and smiling, and in spite of his grizzled temples looked so young again that, for the time at least, the last ten years of heartache and of loneliness might have been clean wiped away from him. The little widow was smiling too, gravely and tenderly, and the roses of her youth were back again.

"I say," said Master Bob, boldly, dividing the poet's beard and looking up at him. "I told you what my name was. What's yours?"

"Mine?" asked the poet. "I am papa."

"Is that true, mamma?"

"Yes," said the little widow, taking the boy from his protector's knees and hiding her flushed face against his cheek. "It's quite true."

"Well," said Bob, with an accent of decision, "I call that jolly."

"I CALL THAT JOLLY."

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL

By H. Greenhough Smith.

THE battle of Sedgemoor had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old grey church of Weston Zoyland five hundred of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned.

The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. It might have been a gorge of the lost souls in the Inferno. The lurid glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron-shod heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement. The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was raving, mad with terror. And, in truth, he and his companions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the general of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolution—among them two who were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they must die at daybreak.

The elder of the two was a man of about thirty-five, with powerful thick-set frame, and strong and rugged features; a bad man to have against one, one might say. He was by trade a horse-breaker, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was some six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the West of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare: that of the elder man was John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but, until the day before, they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side, and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both.

The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it, and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast—but it was not a pipe; it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face—a look which said farewell.

Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat, he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Then, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other, "And yet my case is harder. I was in love—I *am* in love, God help me!—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!"

Dare looked at him with interest.

"What!" he said, "have you also the same trouble—a poor girl who will go dis-

IN THE CHURCH.

tracted when she hears of what has happened to you ? "

"No," said the other bitterly, "she will not go distracted ; she has had enough of me. And I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her ! "

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"Who was it ? " he inquired.

"Who was it ? " echoed the other. "Do you think, if I knew that, that I should now have cause to writhe at dying without crying quits with him ? No, I do not know him. I only know she loved me—that she cooled towards me—that, when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and a better-looking man, she confessed that it was true, and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so—in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her for his name, she would not tell me, fearing, I dare say, that I might twist his neck. I should soon have found him ; but then this war broke out, and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight, to cool my blood with blows. And so, here I am—going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to Heaven, if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute, I could die contented."

"You are right," said the other ; "I should feel the same."

Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast, and held it out to his companion.

"Look," he said, "is this a face to jilt a man ? though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it is not more innocent than this one, I dare swear."

The young man took the portrait, and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand—in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person !

Quixarvyn was the first to break the silence.

"What ! " he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a low laugh, which was both fierce and glad, "*you*, was it ? To think that I have found you after all ! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied."

The other returned his gaze.

"Well," he said, "it *was* I, it appears ; though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And," he added simply, "it has been no one's fault."

"No one's fault ? "

"No, no one's. Mary Seldon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your mad humours. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her

happy, and I could ; that's the whole case. Do you blame her ? "

"No," said Quixarvyn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast, "I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—I will never believe he acted by fair means—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself ; I give you warning."

Both men sprang to their feet at the same instant, and stood glaring at each other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum.

"BOTH MEN SPRANG TO THEIR FEET."

Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures turned to stone. Nor was the effect on their companions less remarkable. There was a moment's silence in the church, deep as the silence of the dead ; then a movement—a long thrill of horror. That summons meant that day was breaking, and that their hour was come.

The guards set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be led out of the church. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into the open air. The grey dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates ; but the whole village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement ; indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror-stricken gazers, as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor.

At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted, and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about forty, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed oddly in the midst of soldiers stained with battle. This was Lord Feversham—a man in whose nature vanity, callousness, and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expectation, as the rebels were drawn up before him.

"Good ! " he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they ? Sergeant John, draw up your firing party, and shoot down every man of them."

The order was instantly obeyed. The firing party was drawn up ; the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side by side.

An officer who sat on horseback at Feversham's right hand observed them.

"I know those two," he said, pointing to them with his finger. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the country side, and the other the best rider."

"Eh ? What ? " said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, Sergeant ; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, Major ?—a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the runner ? "

The Major was a man of some humanity. He reflected for a moment.

"THE PARTY OF DOOMED MEN WERE HURRIED THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS."

"Agreed!" he said. "And to ensure that both shall do their best, let the winner have the promise of his life."

Feversham received this proposal with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the delightful prospect of seeing two men racing for their lives, and of being able, after all, to shoot the loser, at length reconciled him to the scheme. He gave his orders, and the two prisoners were led out of the line.

Out upon the moor, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting-point. A double line of troopers was drawn up, stretching from the tree to the spot where the general was stationed, leaving a space between them like a racecourse, some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the Major sat opposite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his life and liberty.

And what were the sensations of the pair while these preparations were in progress?

David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a sudden thrill of hope, so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again. He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet horse urged by a skilful rider spurring for dear life his chance was likely to be small. Still there was hope again, and he could do his best. More he could not do, though success meant life—and life with Mary Seldon. At the last thought his eyes glistened, and he moved up the course between his guards with the keenness of a hound in leash.

In the meantime a trooper had dismounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spurs, having taken his place in the saddle, the horse was led by a couple of soldiers to the starting-point. Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment, on hearing the proposal, a gleam had come into his eyes; but now he rode with down-bent head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed to be constantly running in his head—the sentence used by Dare in their quarrel in the church, "You could not make her happy, and I could." He muttered the words over twenty times. It was not until the tree was reached, and the horse was halted with his head towards the spot where Feversham, discernible far off

between the lines, sat waiting, that he started, roused himself, and looked about him.

David Dare was standing on his right, stripped to the waist and without his shoes, ready for the starter's signal. Quixarvyn's guards dropped the horse's bridle; and Sergeant John, who stood between the two competitors, drew a pistol from his belt, to give the signal.

The excitement at that moment was intense. Not a sound was heard in the still morning air; but all down the double line were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the Major, with glasses at their eyes, sat motionless as statues. Even the condemned men, forgetful of their own approaching doom, stretched their necks to catch a glimpse of the strange contest on which depended life and death for two of their companions.

The Sergeant raised his pistol. The report rang out.

At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner, practised in flying from the start, and having less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen; then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining — slowly at first, but gaining surely, stride by stride. When half the course was covered the horse had drawn up level—and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more, the two ran locked together, side by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in the stirrups. And now the goal was only fifty yards away; but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining—was drawing out in front. For one instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse was failing. Then they saw a gallant sight: they saw the runner nerve himself for a last effort, and, close upon the goal, dash past the horse and past the judges, and fall headlong on the turf.

At that scene, in spite of discipline, a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly, as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement.

"THEY SAW THAT NOW THE HORSE WAS GAINING"

The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, one of whom poured a draught of brandy down his throat. The spirit almost instantly revived him, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about him.

A few paces off, his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him, and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile ; but it was not this, but something in his look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backwards like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little, he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear :—

"You pulled that horse!" he said.

Quixarvyn looked at him, but answered not a word.

"You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For *her* sake you did it."

Quixarvyn drove his nails into his palms; he had acted, he was acting, not without a bitter cost.

"Make her happy," he said, briefly.

As he spoke he turned away, and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up.

Dare turned his back upon the scene, and thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless, he could still hear, with horrible distinctness, the Sergeant's loud clear voice, with an interval between the words—

"Ready!"

"Present!"

"*Fire!*"

Almost as the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquer, he turned round with a shudder. The soldiers were lowering their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and a bullet through his heart.

A Poem for Children. By C. C. Moore.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little, old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;
" Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop, the coursers they flew,

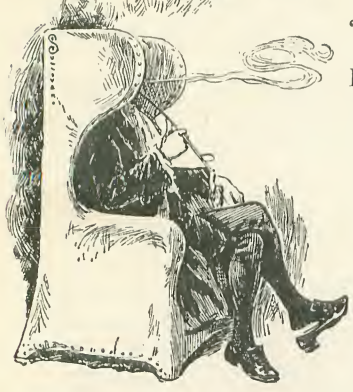
With the sleighful of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight—
" Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night ! "

THE ECONOMICAL CLUB.



"Umbrellam viridem canis nigri amici mei habes."—*Works of Grammarian.*

SEEING that an economical Mind is by some held to be of all Things the most admirable, and by others the most insupportable; I am well pleased to cast this present Discourse among my Fellow Creatures as an Apple of Discord which shall afford them Matter for Dispute and haply for Fisticuffs in the approaching Festive Season.

My Friend, Peter Clutchpenny, a most worthy Soul, but lately acquainted me that he was a Member of a Club that called itself the Economical Club: "For," says he, "it is composed of Persons of Sense and Calculation that would be curtailing the excessive Expenditure in Sustenance and other Necessaries at this Time prevalent."

With this the good Man, without more Ado, would hear of Nothing but carrying me with him to pass away Christmas with his Club, which, said he, had resolved to make their seasonable Festivities a Monument of Economy for the Admiration of Humanity.

I was for excusing myself, having my Eye upon a fat Goose and some prime Hog-puddings that were exposed by an honest Poulterer hard by, besides a right Plum-Porridge that was promised me by my friend Sir Ogre, by reason of the Delight that had taken him at the reading of my recent Discourse about him; but Peter made great Haste to propound to me the following Enigma:—

"HAVING MY EYE UPON A FAT GOOSE."

"Let me give you to know," says he, "that while we do indeed consume most homely Fare, yet we are by no Means in the Knowledge of it; but are of a settled Conviction that all the finest Delicacies of the Earth are spread before us: and while we are taking in Nothing but what is of a simple and digestible Nature, we are still convinced that we are most festively laying in a notable Store of Distempers and Indispositions. We will, I warrant you, devour cold Porridge with the Demeanour of a very Epicurus, and toss you down a Thimblefull of cold Water with all the enjoyment of Silenus himself. And you must know that we are able to pursue this Plan (which, by saving no less the Digestion than the Purse, while putting a Man in the Conviction that he is indulging in most ill-advised Excesses, must needs prove of a very abiding Comfort to Mankind) by the means of a surprising Art or Science, but lately come to Light."

When he had made an End of speaking, I was full of a huge Inclination to come at the Interpretation of this curious Enigma; insomuch that I could in no wise abstain from letting this fellow have his Humour, and agreed to wait upon him at the Sign of the "Moor with Three Heads," where his Club

held its Sittings. On the Evening appointed, being Christmas, I did not fail to present myself at the Place ; but with a certain mistrust of myself, how I might keep myself from Flight on being presented with such simple Fare ; to the which End I had secretly provided myself with the fat Goose and the Hog-puddings, which I had caused

"I HAD SECRETLY PROVIDED MYSELF WITH THE FAT GOOSE AND THE HOG-PUDDINGS."

to be cunningly divided into such small Portions as I might conveniently dispose in my Pockets, and consume unobserved.

I found the Members of the Club to be all Persons of a discreet Age, and of a practical Turn of Mind ; among them being several Spinsters. We had no sooner seated ourselves at Table but there entered a Gentleman of Colour, whom I at once recognised for a Moor ; for, I would have my Reader to know, for his Instruction, that all Men that are not white are Moors ; for, as there are Moors in Central Africa and in the Islands of the Southern Seas, no less are the People Moors that inhabit Japan, the East and West Indies, South America, and Malaya. These all wear Turbans and Scimitars, and are beautified with circular black Eyes and gold Chains. My Friend now whispered me in the Ear that this Gentleman was an East Indian Moor, or, as they are called, Hindoo ; and that it was he that would presently be putting them in the Belief that they were feasting sumptuously ; all which I by no means understood.

"A GENTLEMAN OF COLOUR."

At this time the Moorish, or Hindoo, Gentleman seated himself at the Head of the Table, and made certain curious Wavings of his Hands toward the Company ; and, there being presently served a cold Repast of Bread, Potatoes, Porridge, and Water—at which I could not repress a Shudder—they all fell to with a huge Enjoyment, expressing at the same time great Satisfaction at the Delicacy, Variety, and Richness of the Viands, and this with much Smacking of the Lips, and Sucking of the Fingers, as is the Mode in all good Society ; especially among the Tartars, who are the Moors inhabiting some Parts of the Continent of Asia.

"I do pray you make but a Trial of this Venison Pasty," says a Gentleman, passing a dry Crust to the good Lady that sat by him ; "for I vow it is of all Delicacies the most to be praised ! "

"I DO PRAY YOU MAKE BUT A TRIAL OF THIS VENISON PASTY."

"It hath indeed a very excellent palatable Flavour," cries she in an Ecstasy, "and bespeaks a Cook of no small Parts in his Calling." "This Claret is of a notable rare Vintage ! " cries a Third ; and in such Wise the Rest of them ; insomuch that I must needs stuff my Handkerchief in my Mouth to keep myself from laughing lustily. Then the whole Company were for pressing these Delicacies upon me, till I

had like to be hidden behind a Pile of dry Crusts and Porridge, which I would fain have let be ; but they would have Nothing but that I should fall to and consume them ; whereat I contrived with great Adroitness to pass most of the Mass beneath the Table, and so set Matters straight.

After that the Company fell to admiring the choice Plants which they would have it ornamented the Centre of the Table ; but, for the Life of me, I could swear there was no single Plant there, nor any Flower nor Fruit either ; nor was my Friend Peter of a different Persuasion from the Rest of them, vowing roundly that in his Life he had never seen finer Roses ; and presently made as if taking up one of them and presenting it to a Spinster that sat at his Right, at which she smirked in a gratified Way.

The Repast being finished, the whole Company were taken with a huge Admiration of the Panelling and Decoration of the fine Ancestral Hall in which they sat ; and this for all that it was among the barest whitewashed Rooms that I have set Eyes on, and of a very comfortless Aspect : and then what should they be at but all draw their Chairs toward a portion of Wall as flat and bare as any of it, being (as I gleaned) of a fixed Persuasion that there was a great Fireplace with a mighty comforting Fire of blazing Faggots therein !

At this time Peter would have me come with him into another Apartment that we might smoke a Pipe together, and as we passed out I overheard some of the Company admiring the Christmas Decorations of Holly and Ivy Boughs, and Wreaths ; of which, nevertheless, I would have been sworn there was not so much as a Vestige about !

No sooner were we come into the other Apartment but I cried out roundly on my Friend about this outrageous Pleasantry that he and the Others would be putting upon me ; whereat he was mightily diverted at my Perverseness in denying the Existence of the Delicacies, and the Elegance of the Surroundings.

"HE FELL PUFFING ANGRILY."

"For I would have you know," said he with some Warmth, "that we are here in a most venerable Country Mansion that was erected by our Ancestors Centuries ago ; and I am persuaded that you must be gone clean out of your Senses that you cannot perceive these Suits of their Armour on every side, nor cannot admire the most sumptuous Repast that has been spread before you !" And with this he fell puffing angrily at a long Pipe that in no way existed.

I now perceived the Moorish Gentleman from Hindustan approach me, and wave his hands before me ; whereupon I suddenly awoke to my previous Blindness and Lack of Perception, seeing that I now became aware of the very Truth of all that my Friend had averred ; for as there stood indeed the Suits of Armour on all Hands, so there were also the panelled Walls and the Christmas Decorations.

That I might be assured I was not taken with Dreams nor any Trick of the

"ADMIRING THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS."

"PUNCH."

Imagination, I straightway went into the Dining Hall; whereon I now perceived with no little Surprise that the great Fire was in fact blazing there, and this without a Possibility of Doubt; also that the Company were dressed with great elegance; moreover all else was as the Company had said.

The Moorish Hindoo now carried in a great Bowl of steaming Punch, to which we betook ourselves heartily, the while the Spinsters and some of the Gentlemen played a very pleasing Game of Blind Man's Buff; after that a Country Dance, in which we all joined; and then again to the Punch and mulled Ale, to which some of us applied ourselves with so great good Will that it was with no little Difficulty we compassed the arriving at the outer Door at some three of the Clock in the Morning.

But no sooner were we come into the Street, but Peter and I were as sober as any Judge; whereat I was overcome with a great Surprise and Marvelling what all this might mean; and Peter, who perceived what was exercising my Mind, made so knowing a Grimace upon me that I was but the more confounded.

"Now," says he, with a great Enjoyment of himself, "I will be solving you this Enigma that methinks sits too heavily on your Brain. You must know then, for the Truth's Sake, that you have had no delicate Meats, nor any Punch; but have indeed fared most wholesomely and economically upon plain Food, to the great sparing of your Digestion and the Avoidance of evil Humours; seeing all this Festivity has been but a Phantasy brought about by a new Science called Hypnotism. This Hindoo," he continued, "is none other than a most skilled and accomplished Juggler that came under our Notice by the means of a Narration in the Daily Paper: in the which it was set forth that a certain Traveller, having with him a Kodac, came haply upon a Hindoo Juggler that was engaged in causing a Tree to grow from Nothing under the Eyes of a Circle of Spectators; whereon the Traveller took the occasion to make a Photograph of the Scene, and was thereafter mightily astonished at finding that, for all the Photograph indeed reproduced the

"MADE SO KNOWING A GRIMACE UPON ME."

Spectators and the Juggler, yet it in no wise gave any trace of the Tree.

"From this Circumstance it was concluded that this Juggler must needs have put upon the whole Company an Hypnotic Influence, to the end they should imagine the Tree; whereupon certain of us would have Nothing but that We should form ourselves into an Economical Club, and invite this Performer to put upon us his Hypnotism; and with how great Success and Benefit I shall leave you to judge."

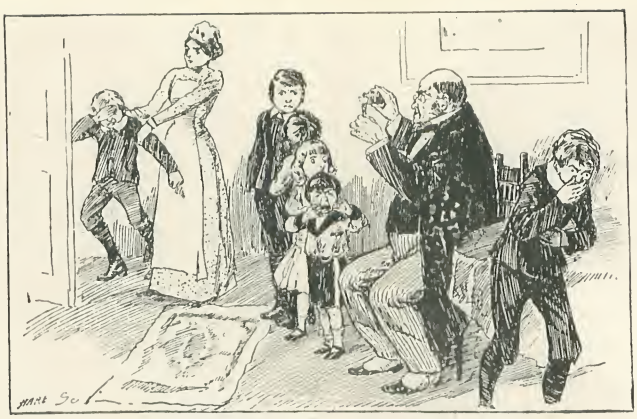
The more I reflected on these Circumstances and my Friend's Discourse, the more I was of a settled Persuasion of the Benefits of this System, for truly, in the reckoning up of it, the Balance is most hugely on the Side of the Plan :—

	£	s.	d.
Item : to one Banquet for twenty with Wine, Strong Waters, and other Sundries	35	4	9¾
Item : to Inconvenience of ten male Headaches and twenty assorted Indigestions and Dyspepsias, together with all Apothecaries' Bills, &c.	43	17	8
Item : other resultant Evils ...	10	1	2
Contra :	89	3	7¾
Item : to Hire of one Juggler	10	0	0
Balance to Credit of New Plan	79	3	7¾

I will but recommend the above to my Readers' intelligent Consideration and Digestion, for the great Benefitting of the latter; and close this Speculation with wishing them a Merry Christmastide, which, by the following of the New Plan, they will nowise fail to secure. J. F. Sullivan.

A PRIZE FAMILY.

Mr. and Mrs. HENRY JENKINSON and their children, of Lathom, Ormskirk, who gained the prize offered by *Tit-Bits* to the reader who had the largest number of children still living.



AFTER THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.
DOCTOR SQUILLS: "NEXT!"

2 A.M. A GHOST STORY.

ENTER GHOST: "WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO BED, DEAR?"

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